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THE

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DEVOTED TO

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VOLUME XXXIII.—NUMBER 195

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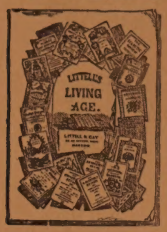

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article by DAVID A. WELLS in the first number of the year, will be followed by others from the same hand on questions of Finance and Political Economy.

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THE

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PRUDENCE PALFREY.

I.

IN WHICH PARSON WIBIRD HAWKINS RETIRES FROM BUSINESS.

PARSON WIBIRD HAWKINS was in trouble. The trouble was not of a pecuniary nature, for the good man had not only laid up treasures in heaven, but had kept a temporal eye on the fluctuations of real estate in Rivermouth, and was the owner of three or four of the nicest houses in Hollyhock Row. Nor was his trouble of a domestic nature, whatever it once might have been, for Mrs. Wibird Hawkins was dead this quarter of a century. Nor was it of the kind that sometimes befalls too susceptible shepherds, for the parson had reached an age when the prettiest of his flock might have frisked about him without stirring a pulse.

His trouble was the trouble of all men who, having played their parts nearly if not quite to the end, persist in remaining on the stage to the exclusion of more fiery young actors who have their pieces to speak and their graces to show off. These hapless old men do not perceive that the scene has been changed meanwhile, that twenty or thirty or forty years are supposed to have elapsed; it never occurs to them that they are not the most presentable poets, lunatics, and lovers, until the audience rises up *en masse*, and hoots them, gray hairs and all, from the foot-lights.

Parson Wibird Hawkins had been prattling innocently to half-averted ears for many a summer and winter. The parish, as a parish, had become tired of old man Hawkins. After fifty years he had begun to pall on them. For fifty years he had christened them and married them and buried them, and held out to them the slightest possible hopes of salvation, in accordance with their own grim theology; and now they wanted to get rid of him, and he never once suspected it, — never suspected it, until that day when the churchwardens waited upon him in his study in the cobwebbed old parsonage, and suggested the expediency of his retirement from active parochial duties. Even then he did not take in the full import of the deacons' communication. Retire from the Lord's vineyard just when his experience was ripest and his heart fullest of his Master's work, — surely they did not mean that! Here he was in his prime, as it were;

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enty-nine last Thanksgiving. He
he among them a young man fresh
the University on the Charles, he
given them the enthusiasm of his
th and the wisdom of his nature man-
od, and he would, God willing, continue
o labor with them to the end. He would
die in the harness. It was his prayer that
when the Spirit of the Lord came to take
him away, it might find him preaching
His word from the pulpit of the Old
Brick Church.

"It was very good of you, Deacon Wendell, and you, Deacon Twombly," said the poor old parson, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a large red silk handkerchief dotted with yellow moons; "it was, I must say, very considerate in you to think that I might wish to rest awhile after all these years of labor; but I cannot entertain the idea for a moment."

He had got it into his head that the deacons were proposing a vacation to him, were possibly intending to send him to Europe on a tour through Palestine, as the South Parish, Episcopal, had sent the Rev. Josiah Jones the year before.

"Not," he went on, "but I should like to visit the Holy Land and behold with my own eyes the places made sacred by the footsteps of our Saviour, — Jerusalem, and Jordan and the Mount of Olives, — ah! I used to dream of that; but my duties held me here then, and now I cannot bring myself to desert, even temporarily, the flock I have tended so long. Why, I know them all by face and name, and love them all, down to the latest ewe-lamb."

The latest ewe-lamb, by the way, was Deacon Twombly's, and the allusion made him feel very uncomfortable indeed. He glanced uneasily at Deacon Wendell, and Deacon Wendell glanced covertly at him, and they both wished that the duty of dismissing Parson Hawkins had fallen upon some of the other wardens. But the duty was to be performed. The matter had been settled, and the new minister all but decided on, before the deacons went up to the parsonage that afternoon. Even before the king was cold, his subjects had in a manner thrown up their caps for the next in succession. All this had not been brought about, however, without a struggle.

Some of the less progressive members of the parish clung to the ancient order of things. Parson Wibird had been their main-stay in life, sickness, and death for full half a century; they had sprung to manhood and grown gray under his ministrations, and they held it a shame to throw him over now that his voice was a little tremulous and his manner not quite so vigorous as it was. They acknowledged he was not the man he used to be. He wrote no new sermons now; he was turning the barrel upside-down, and his latest essay dated back as far as 1850. They admitted it was something of a slip he made, in resurrecting one of those bygone sermons, to allude to General Jackson as "our lately deceased President"; but then the sermon was a good sermon, enough sight better than those sugary discourses without a word of sound doctrine in 'em, which they had listened to from flibberty-jibberty young ministers from the city. There was one of them the other day, — the sabbath Parson Hawkins was sick, — who preached all about somebody named Darwin. Who was Darwin? Darwin was n't one of the Apostles.

"Fur my part," said Seth Wiggins, the butcher, "I 'll be shot ef I don't stan' by the parson. He buried my Merriah Jane fur me, an' I don't forgit it nuther."

As it was notorious that the late Maria Jane had led Mr. Wiggins something of a dance in this life, the unconscious sarcasm of his gratitude caused ill-natured people to smile.

Uncle Jedd, the sexton of the Old Brick Church, threatened never to dig another grave if they turned off Parson Wibird. Uncle Jedd had a loose idea that such a course on his part would make it rather embarrassing for Rivermouth folks. "Ther' is graves an' ther' is holes," Uncle Jedd would say; "I makes graves, myself, an' I 'm th' only man in th' county thet can."

Unfortunately the parson's supporters constituted the minority, and not an influential minority. The voice of the parish was for the dismissal of the Rev. Wibird Hawkins, and dismissed he should be.

Deacons Wendell and Twombly found their mission perplexing. "We tried to let him down easy, of course," remarked Deacon Zeb Twombly, relating the circumstance afterwards to a group of eager listeners in Ordione's grocery-store; "but, Lord bless you, you never see an old gentleman so unwillin' and so hard to be let down." The parson persisted in not understanding the drift of the wardens' proposition until, at last, they were forced to use the most explicit language, and in no way soften the blow which they suspected rather than knew would be a heavy one, however adroitly delivered. But when, finally, he was made to comprehend the astounding fact that the first Brick Church of Rivermouth actually wished him to relinquish his pastorate, then the old man bowed his head, and, waving his hands in a sort of benediction over the two deacons, retreated slowly, with his chin on his breast, into a little room adjoining the study, leaving the pillars of the church standing rather awkwardly in the middle of the apartment.

II.

A PARSON OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Ever since the death of his wife, some twenty-five years previous to the events I am relating, Parson Hawkins had lived in the small house at the foot of Horseshoe Lane. The house stood in the middle of a garden under the shadow of two towering elms, and was so covered by a network of vines, honeysuckle and Virginia creeper, that the oddities of its architecture were not distinctly visible from the street. Though the cottage was not built by the parson, its interior arrangements were as eccentric and inconvenient as if he had designed it. It consisted of three or four one-story Ls which had apparently been added to the main building at various periods, according to the whim or exigency of the occupant. At the right of the hall, which paused abruptly and went up stairs, so to speak, was the parson's study; opening from this was a smaller chamber, the sanctum sanctorum, lined to the ceiling with theological works; and beyond this again, not communicating with it, was the where the parson slept. At the l the hall was the parlor, redolent of hogany furniture and the branches pungent spruce which choked the wi chimney-place summer and winter, for th parlor was seldom used. Then came the dining-room, and next to that the kitchen. Leading from the former were two sleeping-chambers, one occupied by Salome Pinder, the parson's housekeeper. The second story of the main building had been left unfinished on the inside. Viewed from the garden gate, the zigzag roofs, touched here and there with patches of purple and gold moss, presented the appearance of a collection of military cocked-hats.

It was altogether a grotesque, ruinous, tumbledown place, and people wondered why Parson Hawkins, who was a forehanded man, should have given up his stately house on Pleasant Street and moved to Horseshoe Lane, and why he remained there. But Salome Pinder understood it.

"The parson, you see," said Salome, "is gittin' a leetle near in his old age. He 'pears to git nearer an' nearer ev'ry year. When Miss Hawkins was alive, why, bless you! there was n't nothin' too handsum nor expen*sive* for her, an' I won't say she was over an' above grateful, for she was n't; but she 's dead, the poor creeter, an' the best of us lack more 'n wings to be angils. The day after the funeral the parson says, 'S'lome,' says he, 'we 'll move into the cottage, it 's quite good enough for me.' 'Nothin' 's too good for you, Parson Wibird,' says I. But he did n't feel content in the great house, an' it was sort o' lonely; so move we did, to the disapp'intment of some, — I don't mention no names, — who thought that mebbe the parson would invite 'em up to Pleasant Street permanent. P'rhaps the Widder Mugridge was the most disapp'inted. But, Lord love you, the parson ain't one of them that is always runnin' after wimmin folks. He 's ben married oncet."

That was very true, and that Parson Hawkins's matrimonial venture was not

er of an encouraging complexion likely; for he declined to repeat experiment. For several years after translation of Mrs. Hawkins, the parsupposed he would take another helpeet, and, in fact, more than one seducive cap had been sedately set for him; but the parson had shown himself strangely obtuse. He was not an old man at that time, but he loved quiet, and perhaps his life had not been too tranquil under Mrs. Hawkins's *régime*. Besides, as Salome said, the parson was becoming a little near, not in a general way, but in his personal expenses. The poor knew how broad and practical his charity was. His closeness manifested itself only in matters pertaining to his own comfort. He seemed to regard himself as an unworthy and designing person, who was obtaining food and clothes under false pretences from Parson Hawkins. These economical tendencies had flowered out occasionally in his wife's time, but had been promptly taken up by the roots. Whenever his coat showed signs of wear or his hat became a trifle dilapidated, Mrs. Hawkins had made him buy a new one. It was whispered in and out of the parish that once, when the parson protested against replenishing his wardrobe, Mrs. Hawkins, who appears to have been a person of considerable executive ability, settled the question by putting the parson's best waistcoat on the kitchen fire. I do not vouch for the truth of the story, for, though nothing occurs in Rivermouth without being known, a great many things are known there that never occur at all.

This may have been one of them; but it is certain that after Parson Hawkins took up his abode in the small house he neglected himself frightfully. His linen was always scrupulously neat and fresh, for Salome saw to that; but he wore his coats until the seams stood out pathetically, like the bones of the late Mr. Jamison, the Living Skeleton, who used to travel with Van Amburgh's circus, and must have given Death very little trouble to make a ghost of him. Of course Salome could not put the old gentleman's coats into the kitchen stove when they became shabby. The parson's thriftiness increased with his years, and no doubt sorely cramped Salome, who had a New England housewife's appreciation of bountiful living, and to whom a riotous number of mince-pies was a necessity at Thanksgiving. She uttered no complaint, however, and was quick to resent any reflection on her master's domestic parsimony.

"We could live on the fat of the land if we wanted to," said Salome to Mrs. Waldron, who had dropped in of an afternoon to gossip. "The parson he 's a rich man as time goes, an' the pore oughter be thankful for it. He feeds the widder an' the fatherless, instead of a-stuffin' hisself."

"I wanter know, now!"

Salome's homely statement was strictly accurate. However severe the internal economy at the small house in Horseshoe Lane, the poor were not scrimped. The Widow Pepperell had her winter fuel regularly; and the two Clemmer boys, whose father had leaned against a circular saw in the Miantonomoh Mills, knew precisely where their winter jackets were coming from. Even wayside tramps — there were no professional mendicants in Rivermouth — halted instinctively at the modest white gate. Doubtless the parson helped many a transparent impostor on his winding way. There was a certain yellow dog that used to walk lame up to the scullery door for a bone, and then run away with it very nimbly on four legs. Sandy Marden's Skye-terrier was likely enough only a fair type of many that shared the parson's bounty.

He had been a prosperous man. When he first came to Rivermouth he purchased a lot of land at the west end of the town, as a pasture for a horse which he neglected or forgot to buy. The "minister's pasture" became a standing joke. It turned out a very excellent joke in the end. Several times he was tempted to sell the land for less than he gave for it; but it had cost him little, and he thought that perhaps it might be worth something more by and by; so he held on to it. As the town grew, fashion drifted in that direction. Then Captain Pendexter put up

his haughty Gothic mansion at the head of Anchor Street. That settled the business. A colony of French-roof houses sprang up as if by magic along Josselyn Avenue, and the "minister's pasture" was about as valuable a piece of property as there was in Rivermouth. So it came to pass that Parson Hawkins was a moderately rich man. The people thought the parson was pretty shrewd, when perhaps he was only pretty lucky: if he had been shrewd he would have sold the land long before it was worth anything. Another speculation he entered into at this time was not so successful. If the local tradition is correct, Colonel Trueworthy Dennett's daughter Dorcas got the best of that bargain.

But for many years now the parson's lines had fallen in pleasant places. The tumult and jar of life never reached him among his books in the seven-by-nine library in Horseshoe Lane. The fateful waves of time and chance that beat about the world surged and broke far away from the little garden with its bright row of sentinel hollyhocks and its annual encampments of marigolds and nasturtiums. To be sure he had had, four or five years before this chronicle opens, what he regarded as a grievous affliction. The wardens, contrary to his wishes, had removed the old pine-wood pulpit and replaced it with an ornate new-fangled black-walnut affair thick with grotesque carvings like a heathen idol. The old pulpit was hallowed by a hundred associations; it had been built in King George's time; eminent divines whose names are fresh in our colonial history had stood under that antiquated sounding-board: but, after all, what did it matter to him whether he expounded the Scriptures from pine or black-walnut, so long as he was permitted to teach his children the way and the life? His annoyance was but transient, and he came to look upon it as a vanity and vexation of spirit on his part. But now a real trouble had come to him.

While the two deacons were engaged with the parson in the study that May afternoon, Salome Pinder moved about the hall and the dining-room with strange restlessness. Few things went on in the cottage without her cogniza[nce] that Salome was given to eaves[dropping], but the rooms were contracted, th[e] tions thin, and words spoken in ev[en] usual conversational tone had a tric[k] repeating themselves in the adjacent [a]partments. The study-door was ajar, a[nd] Salome could scarcely help catching scra[ps] of the dialogue from time to time.

Long before the deacons took their departure she knew very well what had happened. In fact, when she saw Deacon Twombly and Deacon Wendell coming up the garden walk, she felt their visit to be ominous. Salome knew of the dissatisfaction that had been brewing in the parish for months past. That Parson Hawkins never dreamed of it shows how unfitted he was to serve longer. The appearance of the executioners, with warrant and bowstring, was the first intimation he had of his downfall.

Salome was appalled by what had taken place, though in a degree prepared for it. She was so flustered that she neglected to open the front door for the retreating deacons, but left them, as the parson had done, to find their way out as best they might.

It was some time before she could gather strength to cross the hall and look into the study. The parson was not there; he was in the little inner room, and the door was locked. Salome tried the latch and spoke to him several times without getting a reply. Then the parson told her gently to go away, he was engaged, he would talk with her presently. But Salome did not go away; she sunk into a chair and sat there with her hands folded listlessly in her lap, — a more abject figure, perhaps, than the old parson on the other side of the door.

The scent of the lilacs blew in at the open window, and the leaves of the vines trailing over the casement outside made wavering silhouettes on the uncarpeted floor of the study. The robins sang full-throated in the garden, as if there were no such thing in the world as care. Salome listened, and wondered vaguely at their merriment.

The afternoon sunlight slipped from the eaves and the shadows deepened under the great elms. The phantom leaves at Sa-

t had vanished; the songs of s had died away to faint and in- ent twitterings, and the early twi- crept into the study. Now and then fancied she heard the parson moving the little room; he seemed to be walk- g to and fro at intervals, like some poor aged animal. She could not tell.

It was nearly dark when the garden gate swung to with a sharp click, and a quick, light footstep sounded on the gravel-walk. Salome rose hastily from the chair, and reached the street-door just as some one stepped upon the porch.

It was a girl of nineteen or twenty, but looking younger with her hair blown about her brows by the fresh May wind. She held in one hand a chip-straw hat which had slipped from its place, and with the other was pushing back an enviable mass of brown hair, showing a serious, pale face, a little flushed at the cheeks with walking. It was a face which, passing it heedlessly in the street, you would be likely to retain in your memory unconsciously. The wide gray eyes, capable of great tenderness and great haughtiness, would come back to you vividly, maybe, years afterwards. The girl was not a beauty in the ordinary sense, but she had what some one has described as a haunting face. Who has not caught a chance expression on some face in a crowd, — a lifting of the eye, a turn of the lip, an instantaneous revelation of strength or weakness, — and never forgotten it? I have a fancy, which I do not thrust upon the reader, that the person who casts this spell on us would exert a marked influence over our destiny if circumstance brought us in contact with him or her. He or she would be our good angel or our evil star.

As the girl stood there now on the porch, she looked little enough like playing the part of a Fate. With her heavy hair blown in clouds over her eyes, she looked rather like a Shetland pony.

"O Miss Prue! is that you, honey?" cried Salome. "Do jest step in an' speak to the parson; he's in a peck of trouble."

"I was afraid so, Salome. Where is he?" asked the girl, pushing open the door of the study and seeing it unoccupied.

"He 's locked hisself in the sanctrum," whispered Salome.

"Locked himself in?"

"Yes, an' there he 's ben ever sence them plaguey deacons went away, more 'n two hours."

"Maybe he will not care to see me just now, Salome?"

"Mebbe, — dunno; but do jest speak a word to him."

"If you think I had better?"

"I do, honey."

"How strange, — to lock himself in!"

Then Prudence Palfrey crossed the study, and tapped softly on the panel of the inner door.

III.

MR. DENT AND HIS WARD.

And there we must leave her, with uplifted hand and listening ear, while the reader is made acquainted with the personages who figure in this little drama, and is put into possession of certain facts necessary to a clear understanding of it.

Among those who had been instrumental in removing Parson Hawkins from the pastorate of the Brick Church was Mr. Ralph Dent, a retired brewer of considerable wealth and much local influence. He was not, as a general thing, deeply concerned in parish affairs; he contributed liberally to every worthy charitable project, and was always to be seen in his pew at the morning service; but it was of comparatively small moment to him whether the parson's discourse was long or short, brilliant or dull, for he invariably went to sleep. Mr. Dent, for reasons which will appear, did not admire Parson Hawkins warmly; but if Mr. Dent had loved him he would have gone to sleep all the same. There are men who cannot, to save themselves from perdition, keep awake in sermon-time.

So Mr. Dent had no objection to Parson Hawkins as a parson; but he was aware that many in the parish had rather strong objections. The congregation embraced a large number of young people, chiefly women, who always like their minister sleek and interesting, and they were not content with what had satisfied their

grandparents. The old pastor was visibly breaking up, and a new man was wanted. Now it chanced that Mr. Dent, in one of his periodical visits to New York, had made the acquaintance of a Mr. James Dillingham, a young gentleman of fortune and aristocratic Southern connections, who was travelling in the North for his health. Mr. Dillingham had been educated for the ministry, but, owing to ill-health, and perhaps to his passion for travel, had never been settled permanently over a society. A quick friendship sprung up between the two men, despite the disparity of their years, for Mr. Dillingham was not more than twenty-eight, and Mr. Dent was well on in the second half of that ridiculously brief term allotted to moderns. In the course of various conversations, Mr. Dillingham became interested in Rivermouth, and thought that perhaps he would visit the lovely New England seaport before returning South. He would certainly do so, if he undertook his proposed pilgrimage to Quebec. But the Canadian tour, and even his return South, were involved in considerable uncertainty. The bombardment of Fort Sumter by the South-Carolinians had brought matters to a crisis; war was inevitable. Mr. Dillingham's property was largely invested in Western and Northern securities, fortunately for him; for, though he was Southern born and bred, he had no sympathy with the disunionists of his native State. In the mean time it might be necessary for him to make the North his home. It flashed on Mr. Dent that here was the very man for the Old Brick Church. Young, wealthy, in good social position, and of unusually winning address, he would be a notable acquisition to Rivermouth society. He broached the subject indirectly to his friend, who was not at first disposed to discuss it as a possibility; then Mr. Dent urged the matter warmly, and had nearly carried his point, when he was obliged to go back to Rivermouth.

At Rivermouth he laid the case before the wardens; they opened a correspondence with Mr. Dillingham, which resulted in his agreement to preach for them on the last Sunday in May following. "Then," he wrote, "we will be in a po[illegible] decide on the best course, should [illegible] cancy occur to which you allude i[illegible] letter." This was satisfactory. Mr. [illegible] lingham was not to be drawn into [illegible] inconsiderate engagement. But then M[illegible] Dillingham was rich, and not like thos[illegible] poor, drowning clergymen, dragged down by large families, ready to clutch at such frail straws of salary as Rivermouth could hold out. Upon this it was decided to relieve Parson Hawkins of his charge, and take the chances of securing Mr. Dillingham.

Throughout the matter Mr. Dent had acted on impulse, as the most practical man sometimes will, and had been in no way swayed by personal animosity towards Parson Hawkins, for he felt none. But when all was said and done, a misgiving shot across him. What would Prue say? She all but worshipped the old parson. Mr. Dent himself, as I have more than intimated, did not worship the parson. There had been an occasion, a painful passage in Prue's life, when it seemed to Mr. Dent that Parson Hawkins had stood between him and the girl. All that was past and nearly forgotten now; but the time had been when he thought the minister was alienating Prue's affections from him.

Prudence Palfrey was Mr. Dent's ward. His guardianship had a certain tinge of romance to it, though perhaps no man was less romantic than Mr. Dent. He was a straightforward, practical man, naturally amiable and accidentally peppery, who had had his living to make, and had made it by making beer. A romantic brewer would be an anomaly. There is something essentially prosaic in vats and barrels; but this did not restrain Mr. Dent in early life from falling in love with Mercy Gardner, — for brewers are human, though they may not be poetical, — nor is it likely that the brewery, which was then a flourishing establishment, had anything to do with her refusal to marry him. She married his bookkeeper, Edward Palfrey, and went to the Bermudas, where Palfrey had obtained a clerkship in an English house. There, after five years, he fell a victim to an

…e, and the widow, with her three-…d girl, drifted back to Rivermouth. … bore a constant mind, and would …bably have married his old love; but …rs. Palfrey died suddenly, leaving Prue …nd what small property there was to his charge.

He had been faithful to the trust, and had had his reward. The pretty ways and laughter of the child had been pleasant in his lonely home, for he never married. Then the straight, slim girl, looking at him with Mercy Gardner's eyes and speaking to him with Mercy Gardner's voice, had nearly consoled him for all: and now the bloom of her womanhood filled his house with subtile light and beauty. In all his plans Prue's interest was the end. Whatever tenderness there was in his nature turned itself towards her. For her sake he acquired a knowledge of books, and became an insatiable reader, as men always do who take to books late in life. He sold out the brewery, not so much because he was tired of it as that he did not want the townspeople to be able to say that Prudence Palfrey was only the brewer's girl. When she was of age to go into society, the best houses in town were open to Mr. Dent and his ward, — the Goldstones', the Blydenburghs', and the Grimses', — which might not have been the case if the old brewery had not faded into the dim and blessed past. It must be understood that there are circles in Rivermouth into which a brewer in the present tense could no more penetrate than a particularly fat camel could go through the eye of a remarkably fine cambric-needle, — charmed circles, where the atmosphere is so rarefied that after you have got into it the best thing you can do, perhaps, is to get out of it again. It is not well to analyze the thing closely. It is all a mystery. One is pained to find that the most exclusive people have frequently passed their early manhood in selling tape or West India groceries in homœopathic quantities. This is not an immoral thing in itself, but it is certainly illogical in these people to be so intolerant of those less fortunate folks who have not yet disposed of their stock. However, this is much too vast and gloomy a subject for my narrow canvas.

Mr. Dent was proud of social position for Prue's sake. There was no girl like her in Rockingham County. When he bought Willowbrook, a spacious house with grounds and outbuildings, a mile from the town, she sat at the head of his table like a lady as she was, for she had honest New England blood in her veins. That Prudence was as dear to him as if she had been his own daughter, he fully believed; but how completely she had curled about his heart, like a vine, he did not discover until his nephew, John Dent, fell in love with her and all but married her out of hand. This must also be told while Prue is kept waiting at the parson's study-door.

IV.

DRAGONS.

When Prudence was turning seventeen, — that is to say, nearly three years before that afternoon in May when she is introduced to the reader, — John Dent had come to Rivermouth. He had recently graduated, with not too many honors, and was taking a breathing-spell previous to setting out on his adventures in the world; for he had his dragons to overcome and his spurs to win, like any young knight in a legend. Poverty and Inexperience, among the rest, are very formidable dragons. They slay more young men every year than are ever heard of. The stripling knight, with his valise neatly packed by the tearful baroness, his mother, sallies forth in a spick-and-span new armor from the paternal castle, — and, snap! that is the last of him. Now and then one comes back with gold-pieces and decorations, but, ah! for the numbers that go down before the walls of great towns like New York and Boston and Chicago!

John Dent's family had formerly lived in Rivermouth, where he had lost his mother in infancy. At this time his father was associated in the proprietorship of the brewery, from which he subsequently withdrew to engage in some Western railroad enterprise. When Mr. Benjamin Dent moved to Illinois, John

was a mere child; he had not been in Rivermouth since; his vacations had been passed with his father, and he had only the vaguest memory of his childhood's home. It was a cherished memory, nevertheless; for an unwavering affection for the place of one's nativity seems to be one of the conditions of birth in New England. It was during John Dent's last term in college that his father had died, leaving his railroad affairs hopelessly complicated. Though communication between the two brothers had been infrequent of late years, the warmest feeling had existed on both sides, and Mr. Ralph Dent was eager with purse and advice to assist his nephew in any business or profession he might select.

John Dent was quite undecided what to do with himself. When some outlying personal debts were paid off there would be enough left to keep him afloat a year. Within that year of course he must have his plans definitely settled. He had come to Rivermouth to talk over those plans with his uncle, and a room had been provided for him at Willowbrook.

"Look here, Prue," Mr. Dent had said, laughingly, the day his nephew was expected, "I won't have you making eyes at him."

"But I will, though!" Prudence had cried, glancing back over her shoulder, "if he is anything like his uncle."

But John Dent did not resemble his uncle, and Prue did not make eyes at him. She found him very agreeable, nevertheless, a frank-hearted young fellow with dark hair and alert black eyes, — in every way different from the abstracted young student her fancy had taken the liberty to paint for her. He smoked his uncle's *cabañas* as if he had been born to them, and amused Prue vastly with descriptions of his college life and with the funny little profiles of his college chums which he drew on blotting-paper in the library. If he could have been examined in caricature, or allowed to graduate from the gymnasium, he would not have come off so poorly for honors.

Prudence had rather dreaded the advent of the gloomy scholastic, and had been rather curious about him also. They had played together at a period wh[e]n was learning to walk and John Den[t] pinafores. They had not met since [t]. It was odd for her old playfellow to be[come] utter stranger to her now. What sort [of] man was that little boy whom she ha[d] lost so long ago in the misty fairyland of babyhood? A solemn young man in black, she had fancied. She had pictured him prowling about the house and lawn, brooding like the young Prince of Denmark, not on psychological subtleties indeed, but on sordid questions as to how on earth he was going to get his living. How he was going to get his living did not seem to trouble John Dent in the least.

Reading one of Thackeray's novels in a hammock on the piazza, or strolling in the garden after supper, with his cigar glowing here and there among the shrubbery like a panther's eye, he did not appear much appalled by prospective struggles for existence. The Dents were always that way, Mr. Ralph Dent remarked; free and easy, with lots of latent energy. Put a Dent in a desert, and he would directly build some kind of a manufactory. A brewery likely enough.

And indeed there was something under John Dent's *insouciance* which seemed to give the assurance that when the time arrived he would overthrow the wicked giants and slay the enchanted dragons with neatness and despatch, like a brave modern knight in an English walking-coat and a mauve silk neckerchief drawn through an amethyst ring. Uncle Ralph thought there was a good deal to the boy, — and so did Prue.

He was superior to any young man she had ever seen. She had seen few, to be sure, for Rivermouth is a sterile spot in which to pick up a sustenance, and her young male eagles generally fly from the nest as soon as they are fledged, some seaward and others to the neighboring inland cities. They are mostly sickly eagles that are left. So Prue had encountered few young men in her time, and those she had not liked; but she did like John Dent.

John Dent had come to Rivermouth bearing about his person some concealed

s inflicted by the eldest daughter of reek professor; he had, in fact, been abbed with a white wench's black eye, ot through the ear with a love-song," s Mercutio phrases it; but before ten days were gone at Willowbrook these wounds had somehow healed over, leaving scarcely a cicatrice on his memory.

Given a country-house, with a lawn and a pine grove, and two young people with nothing in the world to do, — let the season be springtime or winter, — and it requires no wizard to tell the result. Prue, with her genuine fresh nature and trim figure and rich hair and gray eyes, was easy to like, and very much easier to love. I am not trying to find reasons for these young people. If people who pair were obliged to have good reasons for pairing, there would be a falling off in the census.

It came to pass, then, at the end of four weeks, that John Dent found himself thinking night and day of his uncle's ward. He knew it was a hopeless thing from the start. He was twenty-three, penniless, and without a profession. Nothing was less tenable than the idea that his uncle would permit Prudence to engage herself to a man who might not be in a position these five years to give her a home. Then as to Prudence herself, he had no grounds for assuming that she cared for him. She had been very frank and pleasant, as was permissible to the nephew of her guardian; her conduct had been from the beginning without a shadow of coquetry. She had made no eyes at him.

Prudence would not have been a woman and eighteen if she had not seen somewhat how matters were going with the young gentleman. She did not love him, as yet; but she liked him more than any one she had ever known. She knew as well as he that anything beyond friendship between them would be unfortunate. She determined to afford him no opportunity to speak to her of love, if he were so unwise. She would keep him at such a distance as would render it difficult for him to indulge in the slightest sentiment with her. Prue had passed to her eighteenth birthday without so much as a flirtation; but she at once set to work managing John Dent with the cool skill of a seaside belle in her second season. It is so a young duck takes to water.

There were no moonlight walks on the lawn any more; but it fell out so naturally that John Dent saw no diplomacy in it. Household duties, which she could have no hand in conjuring, rose up between them and the pine grove. People from the town, very stupid people, dropped into the drawing-room of an evening, or his uncle failed to drop out. When they were alone together, and frequently when Mr. Dent was present, Prue would rally him about the professor's daughter whom he had mentioned incidentally early in his visit. She suspected a *tendresse* in that direction, and in handling the subject developed powers of sarcasm quite surprising to herself. She was full of liveliness those days.

John Dent was not lively now; he was gradually merging into that saturnine and melancholy-eyed student whom Prue had so dreaded.

Mr. Ralph Dent was struck by this phenomenon. It seemed to him latterly that his ward laughed too much and his nephew not enough. It had been the other way. Mr. Dent was, as I have said, a practical man, except in this, that he expected other people to be practical. He did not dream that his nephew would have the audacity to fall in love with Prue. But the change that had come over the two gave Mr. Dent a twinge of uneasiness. Perhaps he had not been wholly wise in having John Dent at Willowbrook.

The more he reflected on Prue's high spirits and his nephew's sudden low ones, the less he admired it. If there had been any nonsense between them, he would put a stop to it before it went any further.

Running through the Willowbrook grounds was a winding rivulet spanned by a rustic bridge, at the farther end of which, under a clump of willows, stood a summer-house, — an octagon-shaped piece of lattice-work with four gilt balls suspended from a little blue spire on the roof: a Yankee's idea of a pagoda. Here John Dent was thoughtfully smoking a cigar one morning when he saw his uncle cross the birch-bark bridge and come towards him. Mr. Dent stepped into the

summer-house, seated himself opposite the young man, took out his cigar-case, and went directly to the business in hand.

"Jack," said Mr. Dent, "I hope you have n't been talking any nonsense to Prue."

"I don't think I understand you," said Jack, with a little start. "I have n't, to my knowledge, been talking any nonsense to her."

"For the last week or so you have not seemed like yourself, and I fancied that perhaps something had happened between you and Prue, — a little tiff maybe."

"Nothing in the world, sir."

Mr. Dent, like Hamlet, wanted something "more relative than this."

"You are sure you have not been making love to her, Jack?"

"I have certainly not been making love to Miss Palfrey, if that is what you mean."

Mr. Dent drew a breath of relief. If his nephew had one trait stronger than another, it was truthfulness. Mr. Dent was satisfied that no mischief had been done so far, and he intended to preclude the possibility of mischief. "How stupid of me," he reflected, "to put the notion into the fellow's head!" He would cover his maladroit move by getting his nephew into a New York banking-house or an insurance office at once. The sooner Jack made a start in life the better. Mr. Dent bit off the end of his cigar, and, taking a light from the young man, said, "Of course, Jack, I did n't seriously think you had."

With this he rose and was about to leave the summer-house.

"Are you going to town, uncle?" inquired John Dent, looking up.

"Yes."

"I 'll walk a bit of the way with you, if you like."

"Certainly, Jack."

As the garden gate closed on uncle and nephew, Prudence looked out of the bay-window over the hall door, and her busy, intelligent needle came to a dead halt halfway through a piece of cambric muslin. She was aware that her guardian was going to town; but it was not one of John Dent's habits to take long walks with his uncle. Prue pondered the circumstance for a minute or so, and then the ne went on again as busily as before.

"Uncle Ralph," said John Dent, they reached a rise of ground overlooking the spires and gables of Rivermouth and the picturesque harbor, where a man-of-war lay at anchor with its masts and spars black against the sparkling atmosphere, "I had half resolved to say something to you this morning, but after your question in the summer-house I feel it my duty to say it."

"What is that, Jack?"

"I told you I had not been making love to Miss Palfrey, but I am bound to tell you that I love her all the same."

"What! why, I never heard of such madness!" And Mr. Dent stopped short in the middle of the road.

"I did n't suppose it would meet with your approval, sir."

"My approval? I tell you I never heard of such insanity!"

"I know it is unfortunate," said John Dent, humbly; "but there are things which no man can help."

"But a man should help falling in love with a girl when he is not able to provide birdseed for a canary."

"The birdseed will come in good time; it always does."

Mr. Dent's glance, by the merest accident, rested on the red-brick Almshouse which loomed up on the left. John Dent followed his glance, and colored.

"Do you expect a young woman to waste the bloom of her life waiting for you, and finally go with you over there?"

"The girl who will not wait a year or two, or ten years, for the man she loves, is not worth working for," said John Dent, nettled.

Then Mr. Dent cursed his blindness in bringing these two together.

"And Prue loves you?" he gasped.

"I did n't say that, sir."

"What in the devil did you say, then?"

"I said I loved her. I think she does n't care a straw for me."

"But you spoke of her waiting for you a year or two."

"That was merely a supposititious case."

"Have you hinted anything of this to Prue?"

"No, sir."

"Then I depend on your honor not to. I won't have it! I won't have it!" And Mr. Dent stood there quite white with anger.

"You will bear in mind, Uncle Ralph, that I need not have told you this."

"That would have been dishonorable."

"It would have been dishonorable, sir; and so I came to you directly, without breathing a word to Miss Palfrey. I did not forget I was under your roof."

Certainly John Dent had not been dishonorable, however mad. Mr. Dent knew that his nephew was wrong in falling in love with his ward, and that he himself was right in being indignant; yet he was conscious that his young kinsman had in a fashion disarmed him.

"This is exceedingly awkward," he said, after a silence. "I was very glad to have you at Willowbrook, but with this extraordinary avowal — "

John Dent interrupted him: "Of course my visit is at an end. I knew that. I shall leave to-day."

"What are your plans?"

"I have none, that is, nothing definite."

"I mean, where are you going?"

"O, I shall take a room somewhere in the town for the present."

Mr. Dent did not like that. The nice sense of honor which had sealed the young man's lips while beneath the avuncular roof might take wing under different circumstances. Rivermouth was a strong strategical position from which to lay siege to Willowbrook. Mr. Dent did not like that at all.

"Why waste your time in Rivermouth? There is no opening for you there. Why not go to Boston, or, better still, to New York" (or to Jericho, Mr. Dent interpolated mentally), "where there are countless chances for a young man like you?"

"I can live more economically in the town. Besides, I do not intend to settle in any of our Eastern cities. I shall go to some new country where there are wider and less crowded fields for enterprise, where fortunes are made rapidly. I wish to make my pile at once."

"Quite a unique case," Mr. Dent could not refrain from remarking.

"Then," continued John Dent, shedding the sarcasm placidly, "I shall come back and ask Miss Palfrey to be my wife, if her heart and hand are free."

"You will do me the favor to delay the question until you come back," cried Mr. Dent, whose wrath was fanned into flame again. "If you insist on idling about Rivermouth, I insist on your promise that you will not explain your views to Miss Palfrey."

"I will not make any promises," returned John Dent, "because I have an unfortunate habit of keeping them."

Was it possible that Prue was tangled, even ever so slightly, in the meshes of the same net that had caught this luckless devil-fish? After his nephew's confession, Mr. Dent was prepared for almost anything.

Mr. Dent said: "But unless you do give me some such assurance, I shall be constrained to forbid your visits to the house, and that would cause people to talk."

"Even with that alternative I cannot make you any promise. To be candid, I have n't at this moment the faintest intention of telling Miss Palfrey what my sentiments are. It is not likely I shall see her again, since you have walled up the doors of Willowbrook," he added, with a smile. "Uncle Ralph, let us talk sense."

"Thanks for the compliment implied."

"Don't mention it," said Jack, politely.

"Look here, Jack," said Mr. Dent, resting his hand on his young kinsman's shoulder, "I do not want to shut my doors on you. It annoys me beyond measure to have my brother Ben's boy flying in the face of reason in this way, and setting himself up in antagonism to me, his best friend. Come, now, Jack, don't be a simpleton. Go to New York, look up some business or profession to your taste, and you shall have any capital you require, if you will give over this foolishness about Prue."

"I could not do it, Uncle Ralph. I love her!"

He had said that before quietly enough. The words were spoken passionately this time, and they went through Mr. Dent's heart with inexplicable sharpness.

"I love her, and I should despise myself if I could be bought. All the chances are against me, I know; but if I cannot have her, I can at least try to be worthy of her."

"Stuff and nonsense! How many girls have you fallen in love with before now?"

"Seven or eight, first and last, as nearly as I can remember," replied young Dent, candidly; "but there was no Prudence Palfrey among them. I think that when a man loves a girl like her, he loves but once."

"All this comes of your verse-writing and moonshine. I don't know where you got them from. Your father was a plain, practical man, and kept his head cool. When I was a young fellow — "

"You fell in love with Mercy Gardner," cried John Dent, "and never loved any but her."

Mr. Dent winced a little at this thrust, and parried it.

"But I could not have her, and I made the best of it, like a sensible man. You cannot have her daughter, and you are making the worst of it, like an obstinate fellow."

"But I am not sure I cannot have the daughter — some time."

"I tell you so."

John Dent decapitated a thistle with one impatient stroke of his cane. Off came his uncle's head — by proxy!

"When Miss Palfrey tells me with her own lips to go about my business, then it will be time enough for me to draw on those stores of philosophy and hard common-sense which are supposed to be handed down in the Dent family."

Mr. Dent's anger flashed out at that, and it must be owned his nephew was exasperating.

"I command you never to speak to her of this!"

"But I must, one of these days."

"You refuse positively to quit Rivermouth?"

"At present I do."

"And you will make no promise relative to Miss Palfrey?"

"I cannot do that, either, sir."

"Then you cannot call at the house, you know," cries Mr. Dent. "I forbid you to speak to her when you meet her, on the street or elsewhere, and I'll have nothing to do with you from this out!"

And Mr. Dent turned on his heel and walked rapidly down the road in the direction of Willowbrook, forgetful of those two ounces and a half of scarlet Saxony wool which he had been commissioned by Prue to purchase at Rivermouth.

"'How poor are they that have not patience'!" said the young man to himself; then he added, a second after, "How poor are they that have not prudence!" probably meaning Prudence Palfrey.

John Dent looked at his cigar. It had gone out. He threw the stump among some barberry-bushes by the stone-wall, and set his face towards the town.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD.

With fifty years between you and your well-kept wedding-vow,
The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is not a fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been through all your pleasant past,
Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the best wine is the last!

Again before me, with your names, fair Chester's landscape comes,
Its meadows, woods, and ample barns and quaint stone-builded homes,—

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten slopes, the boscage green and soft
Of which their poet sings so well from towered Cedarcroft.

And lo! from all the country-side come neighbors, kith and kin;
From city, hamlet, farm-house old, the wedding-guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse, mob-hunted, travel-worn,
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as victors now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in the long array,
And hearts are light and eyes are glad, though heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-Eight who saw with me the fall,
Midst roaring flames, and shouting mob, of Pennsylvania Hall;

And they of Lancaster who turned the cheeks of tyrants pale,
Singing of freedom through the grates of Moyamensing jail!

And, haply, with them, all unseen, old comrades gone before
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within your open door, —

The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave Garrett's daring zeal,
The Christian grace of Pennock, the steadfast heart of Neall.

Ah me! beyond all power to name, the worthies tried and true,
Grave men, fair women, youth and maid, pass by in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause fused all their hearts in one.
God give them now, whate'er their names, the peace of duty done!

How gladly would I tread again the old-remembered places,
Sit down beside your hearth once more and look in the dear old faces!

And thank you for the lessons your fifty years are teaching,
For honest lives that louder speak than half our noisy preaching;

For your steady faith and courage in that dark and evil time
When the Golden Rule was treason, and to feed the hungry, crime;

For the poor slave's house of refuge when the hounds were on his track,
And saint and sinner, church and state, joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon you! — What you did for that sad, suffering one,
So homeless, faint, and naked, unto our Lord was done!

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales and Longwood's bowery ways
The mellow sunset of your lives, friends of my early days.

May many more of quiet years be added to your sum,
And, late at last, in tenderest love, the beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there, alike below, above.
Our friends are now in either world, and love is sure of love.

John G. Whittier.

FOX-HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

On entering the Regent Hotel at Leamington the first object that attracts attention, after the stuffy old porter who hobbles about to see some one else handle your luggage, is a small frame, over the smoking coal-fire, which contains the following notice, decorated with an old cut of a fox's mask: —

MERRY & CO.'S HUNTING APPOINTMENTS, AND GUIDE TO THE DIFFERENT COVERTS.

December 30, 1872.

WARWICKSHIRE, — at 10.45.

Days.	*Meet at*	*Miles.*	*To go through*
M.	Goldicote House.	11.	Wellerbourne and Loxley.
Tu.	Radway Grange.	12.	Tachbrook and Kineton.
W.	Snitterfield.	7.	Warwick and Stratford Road.
Th.	Red Hill.	13.	Warwick and Snitterfield.
F.	Pebworth.	16.	Warwick and Stratford.

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE, — at 11.

M.	Solihull.	14.	Warwick and Hatton.
Tu.	Cubbington Gate.	2.	Lillington.
Th.	Stoneleigh Abbey.	4.	On Kenilworth Road.
F.	Tile Hill.	9.	By Kenilworth Castle.

PYTCHLEY, — at 10.45.

M.	Naseby.	26.	Princethorpe and Rugby.
Tu.	Hazlebeach.	31.	Dunchurch and Crick.
W.	Dingley.	33.	Rugby and Swinford.
F.	Cransley.	36.	Maidwell.
S.	Swinford.	19.	Princethorpe and Rugby.

ATHERSTONE, — at 11.

M.	Coombe.	12.	Bubbenhall and Wolston.
W.	Harrow Inn Gate.	20.	Coventry and Nuneaton.
F.	Brinklow Station.	12.	Bubbenhall and Wolston.
S.	Corley.	14.	Stoneleigh and Coventry.

BICESTER, — at 10.45.

M.	Fenny Compton.	12.	Radford and Ladbrook.
Tu.	Trafford Bridge.	19.	Southam and Wormleighton.
Th.	Hellidon.	14.	Southam and Priory Marston.
S.	Steeple Claydon.	40.	Gaydon and Banbury.

Twenty-two meets in the week, all within easy reach, by road or rail. Let us dine and decide. At table we will leave the *menu* to the waiter; but let him bring for consideration during the meal the list of *meets*. "Brinklow Station, twelve miles": that seems the most feasible thing in the catalogue for the morrow, and who has not heard that the Atherstone is a capital pack? But then the Pytchley is even better known, and the train reaches Rugby in time for the meet. Let the choice be decided with the help of coffee and cigars and possible advice, during the soothing digestive half-hour in the smoking-room. Dinner over, wander away through the tortuous, dim passage that leads to the sombre hall where alone in English inns the twin crimes of billiards and smoking are permitted, and, while writhing under the furtive glances of the staid and middle-aged East-Indian who evidently knows you for an American, and who is your only companion, decide, with your nation's ability to reach conclusions without premises, whether it shall be Pytchley or Atherstone. Don't ask your neighbor: he is an Englishman, and have we not been told that Englishmen are gruff, reticent men, who wear thick shells, and whose warm hearts can be reached only with the knife of a regular introduction? However, you must make up your mind what to do, and you need help which neither the waiter nor the porter can give; the "gentlemanly clerk" does not exist in England (thank heaven!) and you have not yet learned what an invaluable mine of information "Boots" is, — faithful, useful, helpful, and serviceable to the last degree. I salute him with gratitude for all he has done to make life in English hotels almost easier and more homelike than in one's own house. It is safe to advise all travellers to make him an early ally, to depend on him, to use him, almost to abuse him, and, finally, on leaving, to "remember" him. Not yet having come to know the Boots, I determined to throw myself on the tender mercies of my stern, silent companion, and I very simply stated my case. My stern, silent companion was an exception to the rule, and he told me all I wanted to know (and more than I knew I needed to know) with a cordiality and frankness not always to be found among the genial smokers of our own hotels. His voice was in favor of the Atherstone as being the most acceptable thing for the

next day. Ford, the veterinary surgeon of Leamington, had, on several occasions, done good service for friends who had gone before me over the hedges of North Warwickshire, and I went to him for advice about a mount. Here I found that I had made a mistake in not engaging horses in advance. To get a "hunter" for the next day would be impossible, but he would do what he could for a few days hence. All he could promise for the morning would be to lend me a horse of his own, a thoroughbred mare, not up to my weight, but tough and wiry, and good for any amount of road-work. He kindly volunteered to arrange for our going by the first train to Coventry, only a couple of miles from Brinklow (it turned out to be nine miles), so that we should arrive fresh on the ground. At seven o'clock in the morning he came to my room to say that everything was arranged, and that I should find the mare at the station in an hour. Swallowing a glass of milk as a stay-stomach, — my usual habit, — I put myself, for the first time since the war ended, into breeches and boots, and drove to the station. On a turn-out stood a "horse-box," one of the institutions of England, — a three-stabled freight-car for the transportation of horses. Paying five shillings for a horse-ticket to Coventry (only twice the cost of my own seat), I saw the mare snugly packed into one of the narrow stalls and made fast for the journey. Passing through a beautiful farming country, we came in due time to the quaint old town of Coventry, where several horse-boxes, coming from Birmingham and other stations, were discharging their freight of well-bred hunters. As we rode from this station another hard-shelled Englishman in brown top-boots and spotless white leather breeches accosted me pleasantly, reminding me that we had come from London together the day before, and asking, as he had recognized me for an American, if he could be of service to me.

"Pray how did you know that I am from America?"

"Only by your asking if you should change 'cars' at Rugby. An Englishman would have said 'carriages.'"

"Very well, I am glad my ear-mark was no greater. Can you direct me to an hotel where I can get a bite before I go on?"

"Certainly: you will find the Angel very comfortable; take the next street to the right, and you will soon reach it. Good morning; it is nine miles to the meet, and I will move on slowly. Command me if I can help you when you come up."

I did find the Angel comfortable, (as what English inn is not?) and soon fortified myself with cold pheasant and sherry, — a compact and little-burdensome repast to ride upon, — served in a cosey old coffee-room by the neatest and most obliging of handmaidens.

On the road I fell in with straggling groups of horsemen, in red coats and black coats, leather breeches and cords, white tops and black; all neat and jaunty, and all wearing the canonical stove-pipe hat. My little mare was brisk, and I had no hard riding to save her for, so I passed a dozen or more of the party, getting from each one some form or other of pleasant recognition, and finally from a handsome young fellow on a very spicy mount, "Excuse me, are you going to Brinklow? You must turn to the right."

Confound these Englishmen, thought I, where is their traditional coldness and reserve? And I reined up for a chat.

My companion came from the vicinity of Birmingham. Like so many of his class, he devotes three days a week to systematic hunting, and he was as enthusiastic as an American boy could have been in telling me all I wanted to know about the sport. To get hold of a grown man who had never seen a foxhound seemed an event for him, and my first instructions were very agreeably taken. Our road ran past the beautiful deer-stocked park of "Coombe Abbey," where the green grass of a moist December and the thick clustering growth of all-embracing ivy carried the fresh hues of our summer over the wide lawn and to the very tops of the trees about the grand old house. The few villages on our way were neither interesting nor pleasant, but the thatched farm-houses and cottages, and the wonder-

ful ivy, and the charming fields and hedges were all that could have been asked.

And then the roadsides! and the stiles and the foot-paths, and the look of age and richness of the well-kept farms; and again and everywhere the ivy clinging fast to each naked thing, and clothing it with luxuriant beauty!

There is in all our hearts an inherited chord that thrills in the presence of this dear old home of our race. Not this sport and not these scenes, but the air, the tone, the spirit of it all, — these are as familiar to our instincts as water to the hen-brooded duckling.

Brinklow Station has the modern hideousness and newness of railroad stations everywhere in country neighborhoods, and it was pleasant to leave it behind and follow the gay crowd down a sloping and winding road into the real country again, and into a handsome and well-kept park, beyond which there stood a fine old house of some pretension, and well set about with terraced lawn and shrubbery, — a charming English country-seat.

Here my eyes were greeted with the glory of my first "meet," and a glory it was indeed! Pictures and descriptions had suggested it, but they had only suggested it. This was the reality, and it far exceeded my anticipation. The grounds were fairly alive with a brilliant company of men and women, — happy and hearty, and just gathered for the day's sport. Red coats, white breeches, and top-boots were plenty, and the neat holiday air of the whole company was refreshing and delightful. Scattered about singly and in groups, mounted, on foot, and in carriages, were a couple of hundred people of all ages and of all conditions. Chatting from the saddle and over carriage-doors, lounging up and down the Drive, or looking over the hounds, the company were leisurely awaiting the opening of the ball. They had come from a circuit of twenty miles around, and they appeared to be mainly people who habitually congregate at the cover-side throughout the hunting-season, and to be generally more or less acquainted with each other. The element of coquetry was not absent; but coquetry is apparently not a natural product of the English soil, and that sort of intercourse was not conspicuous. The same number of handsome young men and women would be more demonstrative at a similar gathering in America. A similar gathering, however, would not be possible in America. We have no occasion on which people of all sorts come so freely and so naturally together, interested in a traditional and national sport, which is alike open to rich and poor, and meeting, not for the single occasion only, but several times a week, winter after winter, often for many years. Noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, manufacturers, professional men, snobs, cads, errand-boys, — everybody, in short, who cared to come seemed to have the right to come, and, so far as the hunt was concerned, seemed to be on an equal footing. Of course the poorer element was comparatively small, and mainly from the immediate neighborhood. The *habitués* of a hunt are seldom below the grade of well-to-do farmers. Servants from the house were distributing refreshments, riders were mounting their hunters, grooms were adjusting saddle-girths, too fiery animals were being quieted, and there was generally an air of preparation about the whole assemblage.

A little at one side, kept well together by the huntsman and a couple of whippers-in, were the hounds (the Atherstone pack), about forty of them, or, technically, "twenty couples," strong-limbed, large-eared, party-colored, wholesome-looking fellows. They attracted much attention and elicited frequent commendation, for they were said to be the very finest pack in England, — as was also each of the three other packs that I saw. To the unskilled eye, and simply viewed as dogs, they were not remarkable; but it was a case in which the judgment of an unskilled person could have no value.

The horses appealed to me much more strongly. Certainly I had never before seen together the same number of the same average excellence; and some of them were fit to drive one wild with envy. There was, on the whole, less of the "blood" look than would be expected by a man who had got his ideas of the hunting-field from Leech's drawings, but there was a good deal of it,

nevertheless, and in its perfection too; and where it was wanting there was plenty of bone to make up for it.

At eleven the hounds were led out to the cover, and the whole field followed slowly and irregularly and at some distance. There were about one hundred and fifty mounted for the hunt. Perhaps one third of these wore scarlet coats, white breeches, and top-boots; another third had black coats and some of them black boots; and the remainder of the field was made up of half a dozen ladies, a few stout old gentlemen of seventy or so on stout old cobs of discreet age, little boys on smart ponies, farmers and tradesmen and their clerks mounted on whatever they could get, and men of every intermediate grade and with all sorts of horses. A certain amount of riff-raff, not mounted at all, but good on their pins and ready for a run, were hanging about for a chance to pick up a whip or a hat, or catch a horse, or brush a muddy coat, or turn an honest shilling in any way that might offer in the chances of the day. Some of these fellows, rigged out with the cast-off clothing of their betters, sported red coats, black velvet caps, and leather leggings. One added to all this gorgeousness the refinement of bare feet.

The hounds were taken into the cover, a brambly, tangled wood near by, which had probably been planted and made a little wilderness to serve as a cover for foxes.

They soon found a fox, drove him to the open, and followed him out of the wood with a whimpering sort of cry which was disappointing after the notion that the "full cry" of the books had given, and which is heard in the very different fox-hunting of our Southern woods. The run lay up a steepish hill, several fields wide, and across an open country. One bold rider (not a light one) mounted on a staving black horse, went to the right of the cover, and made a splendid leap up hill, over a stiff-looking hedge, and landed at the tail of the pack. The "master" and his assistants had got away with the hounds. The rest of the field went to the left, waiting their turns through a farm-gate. Once through, some twenty of them dashed up hill, cleared a clever hedge, and kept the pack in sight. The rest took an easier place, where a farm laborer had pulled away the stakes by which a gap had been filled. Here there was much very light jumping, and much more of waiting until predecessors had made it lighter. In the mean time other gaps were found, and it was not many minutes before all were through; but during these minutes the fox, the hounds, and the harder riding men were putting a wide space between themselves and us, who were at the tail of the field. Yet there were some in the party who did not look like laggards, and whose horses were good enough for any work such a country could give them.

Even when across the gap, these men went with the rest of us, by gates and lanes, toward a point to which it was thought by the knowing ones that the fox would double, — and the knowing ones were right. Gradually, as their judgment indicated, they left the roads and took to the fields. This course was taken by three well-mounted young ladies. I followed the gate-openers for about half an hour, when, coming out on a high-road, I concluded that, with seventeen miles to ride home, it was only just to my little mare to give the thing up and head for Leamington. The hounds were far away on my right and quite out of sight.

Having come to look on and learn, I had probably seen and heard all that day had in store for me, — surely enough for one's first day at fox-hunting. When I had ridden for a few minutes I saw, far across the fields, that the hounds had turned to the left and were making for my road. Pressing forward, I came up in time to see them cross to the front, and go scurrying away over the grass, nosing out the scent as they ran. There had been a check, and "the field" was well up. The road was lower than the fields, and was bordered by a ditch at each side. From this the ground rose a little, and on each bank stood a three-and-a-half-foot thorn hedge. Neither leap was difficult, but the one out of the road was not easy. Here I sat and saw fully a hundred horsemen, dressed in the gay colors of the hunting-field and mounted as men rarely are

mounted out of England, all, horses as well as men, eager and excited in the chase, flying over hedge and ditch into the carriage-way, and over ditch and hedge into the higher field, beyond and away headlong after the hounds, every man for himself, and every man for the front, and on they went over another hedge and out of sight. In the thick of the flight were two ladies, riding as well and as boldly as the men, and two men were brushing their hats in the road, their empty saddles keeping well up with the run. More than satisfied with this climax of my first day's experience, I trotted out for home. The result of the run I never heard, and I leave its description where I lost sight of it. A mile farther on I did see a fagged-looking fox making his rapid way across my road again, and sneaking off under the hedge toward a thicket to the right, and I halted to listen to what sounded like the huntsman's horn over the hill to the left; but possibly the conclusion I drew was not a correct one.

I wish that words could give an idea of the life and action of the headlong flight I had just seen; but the inadequacy of all I had read to convey it to me makes it seem useless to try. Photography and description may, in a measure, supply the place of travel; but he who would realize the most thrilling intensity of eager horsemanship must stand in a hedge-bound English lane and see with his own eyes, and for the first time in his life, a hundred gayly dressed and splendidly mounted fox-hunters flashing at full speed across his path; and it is worth the while to see.

Rain never fell on a more lovely country than that part of Warwickshire through which my wet way lay. For ten miles of the seventeen it rained, gently as it rains with us in April; nor is our grass more green in April than this was in Christmas week. The all-prevailing ivy was filled with berries, and the laurestine was already in bloom.

No born Englishman could have cared less for the soaking rain; and wet to the skin, tired to the bone, and stiff to the marrow, I have rarely been more exuberant than when I gradually regained the use of my legs in the half-mile walk to the hotel, resolving that not even the glories of American citizenship should ever keep me away from England in winter, were I only able to afford the luxury of regular hunting. But the exuberance was moral rather than physical. I had not been so tired for years, — stiff as an old horse, after over thirty miles of really hard riding (the last seventeen miles in two hours). The cure was a hot bath and a dish of hot soup, followed by a log-like sleep of two hours on a sofa before a blazing hot fire, a sharp half-hour's walk, a very plain dinner, and a couple of hours' chat with my interested East-Indiaman in the smoking-room: the cure was complete; and all that was left of the day's sport was its brilliant recollection.

My second day was near Stratford-on-Avon, — on *Ay* von, the misguided English call it. The meet was to be at Goldicote House, one of the "fixtures" of the Warwickshire Hunt. There were about a hundred persons, including a few ladies, and one little bareheaded "blue-coat" school-boy (from Thackeray's school), who, with his folded umbrella, long skirt, low shoes, and yellow hose, was in for as much sport as his Christmas holiday could give him. As a further penalty for want of forethought, I was reduced to riding a friend's coach-horse. However, the reduction was not great, for whether by early instruction or by inheritance, he was more than half a hunter, and gave me a capital look at the whole day's chase; while his owner, on a most charming black blood mare, being out of condition for hard riding, kindly applied himself to urging me to severer work than one likes to do with a borrowed horse. He introduced me to a venerable old gentleman in a time-and-weather-stained red coat, velvet cap, and well-used nether gear, mounted on a knowing-looking old gray, and attended by his granddaughter. He could not have been less than eighty years old, and his days of hard riding were over; but constant hunting exercise every winter for over sixty years had protected him wonderfully well against the ravages of time, and it is rare to see an American of sixty so hale and hearty, and so cheerful and

jolly. I was told that if I would take him for my leader, I would see more of the run than I could in any other way with such a mount as I had. He seemed to know the habits of the foxes of South Warwickshire as thoroughly as he did every footpath and gate of the country, and he led us by cross-cuts to the various points to which Reynard circled, so that we often had the whole field in sight. It was not an especially interesting day, and the fox got away at last, among a tangle of railway lines that blocked our passage. My old mentor, who had given me much valuable instruction in the details of hunting, was vastly disgusted at the result, and broke out with, "Ah! it 's all up with old England, I doubt; these confounded railways have killed sport. There 's no hunting to be had any longer, for their infernal cutting up the country in this way. I 've hunted with these hounds under fifteen different masters, but I 've about done, and I sha' n't lose much, — it 's all up. However, I suppose we could never pay the interest on the national debt without the railways; but it 's all up with hunting." At that, he called away the young lady, bade me a melancholy "good by," and rode half sadly home. I galloped back to Stratford with my handsome old host, — a little more knowing in the ways of the field, but without yet having had a fair taste of the sport.

Seven miles from Peterborough, in the dismal little village of Wansford, near the borders of Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire, is, perhaps, the only remaining old posting-inn in England that is kept up in the unchanged style of the ante-railroad days. The post-houses are gone, but the posting-stables are filled with hunters; the travelling public have fled to the swifter lines, and Wansford is forever deserted of them; but the old "Haycock" keeps up its old cheer, and Tom Percival, who boasts that he has had the Princess Victoria for a guest and has slept five dukes in one night, has little occasion to complain of neglect. The good wine that needs no bush still makes his cellar known, and no one should criticise English cooking until he has dined once at the Haycock. Nowhere is the inn-maid of whom we have read so much to be found in such simple, tidy, and courtesying perfection; and nowhere, in short, can one find so completely the solid comfort of hostelry life. Half old farm-house and half wayside-inn; with a marvellous larder, through whose glass-closed side the guest sees visions of joints and jams and pastry in lavish profusion; backed by a stable-yard where boys are always exercising good horses; and flanked by a yardful of quaint clipped yews, — the old house at Wansford (in spite of its dull-looking road front) is worth a visit from those who would get out of the sight and sound of steam, and see the old, old country life of England. The visitor is not numbered and billeted and pigeon-holed, as in the modern hotel; but the old fiction of host and guest is well kept up. Your coming should be announced in advance; and you are received as in some sort a member of the family, whose ways are made to conform more or less to the wishes of yourself and your convives, mainly young swells from London, who are few, and who are there as you are, not for business, but for rest, good living, and regular sport. Three packs of hounds are within reach; and on the days when none of the meets is near, there is always the "larking" — the training of young horses — to supply a good substitute, as far as the riding goes. One who cares for hunting pure and simple, rather than for the gayer life of Leamington and Cheltenham, cannot do better than to make the season, or a part of it, at the Haycock, with regularly engaged horses for as many days in the week as he may choose to ride. It costs, — but it pays. One is none the less welcome among the guests for being an American.

I there had a day with the George Fitz William hounds. Not being, as yet, quite at home in the field, I took a wise old horse, "Cock Robin," who was well up to my weight, and who, as Percival told me, would teach me more than I could teach him. He was sent on early with the other hunters, and I took a

"hack" to ride to cover. We were a party of four, and we went through the fields and the lawns and the rain, to where the meet was fixed for eleven o'clock, at Barnwell Castle, a fine old Norman ruin, — square and low, with four large corner towers draped in magnificent ivy. It was a dreary morning, and not more than sixty were out; but among these, as always, there were ladies, and there was more than the usual proportion of fine horses. Our cover was drawn blank, and we moved to another, where a fox was found, and whence the run was sharp and too straight for a prudent novice to see very much of it; and it was some minutes before Cock Robin and his rider came up with the hounds, who had come to a check in a large wood. Throughout the day there was a good deal of waiting about different covers, between which the fox ran back and forth. Finally he broke away for a long, quick burst over the fields, which lay to the left of a farm-road down which we were riding, and which was flanked by a high and solid-looking hedge. Near the head of the party was a well-mounted blond of seventeen, who had hitherto seemed to avoid the open country and to keep prudently near to her mother and her groom. The sight of the splendid run, fast leaving us behind, was too much for her, and she turned straight for the hedge, clearing it with a grander leap than I had seen taken that day, and flying on over hedges and ditches in the direct wake of the hounds. A young German who followed her said, as we rode back to the Haycock, "It is vort to come from America or from Owstria to see zat lofely Lady —— go over ze country," — and it was.

Luck often favors the timid; Cock Robin and I were quite alone — he disgusted, and I half ashamed with my prudence — when the fox, who had found straight running of no avail, came swerving to the right over the crest of a distant hill, closely followed by the hounds, and, in splendid style, by the first flight of the field. Soon he crossed a brook which was fenced in with rails, and the horsemen all had to make a long *détour*, so that I, who had been last, now became first. I had the fox and the hounds all to myself; my horse was fresh, and the way was easy. My monopoly lasted only a moment, but it was not a moment of tranquillity. Finding an open gate and bridge, I followed the pack into a large low field, surrounded on three sides by the wide brook. The fox was turned by this and ran to the right along the bank; at the corner of the field he turned again to the right, still keeping by the edge of the stream; this gave the hounds an immense advantage, and cutting off the angle, they came so closely upon him that with still another turn of the brook ahead of him, he had but one chance for his life, and that was a desperate one for a tired fox to consider. He did not consider, but went slap at the brook, and cleared it with a leap of nearly twenty feet. The foremost hounds whimpered for a moment on the bank before they took to the water, and when they were across Reynard was well out of sight, and they had to nose out his trail afresh. He brought them again to a check, and finally, after half an hour's skirmishing, he ran down a railway cutting in the wake of a train, and got finally away.

Incidentally, here was an opportunity for an English gentleman to show more good temper and breeding than it is one's daily lot to see. He was one of a bridgeful of horsemen watching the hounds as they vainly tried to unravel the fox's scent from the bituminous trail of the locomotive, when, full of eager curiosity, one of the ladies, middle-aged and not "native and to the manner born," but not an American, rode directly on to his horse's heels. To the confusion of my lady, the horse, like a sensible horse as he was, resented the attack with both his feet. His rider got him at once out of the way, and then returned, bowing his venerable head in regretful apology, and trusting that no serious harm had been done. "How can you ride such a kicking brute!" was the gracious acknowledgment of his forbearance.

In this storied little island one is never for long out of the presence of places on

the traditions of which our lifelong fancies have been fed. Our road home lay past the indistinct mass of rubbish, clustered round with ivy and with the saddest associations, which was once Fotheringay Castle; and as we turned into the village my companions pointed out the still serviceable but long-unused "stocks" where the minor malefactors of the olden time expiated their offences.

We reached the Haycock at three, a moist but far from unpleasant body of tired and dirty men, having ridden, since nine in the morning, over fifty-five miles, mostly in the rain, and often in a shower of mud splashed by galloping hoofs. By six o'clock we were in good trim for dinner, and after dinner for a long, cosey talk over the events of the day, and horses and fox-hunting in general. My own interest in the sport is confined mainly to its equestrian side, and I am not able to give much information as to its details. Any stranger must be impressed with the firm hold it has on the affections of the people, and with the little public sympathy that is shown for the rare attempts that are made to restrict its rights.

It would seem natural that the farmers should be its bitter opponents. It can hardly be a cheerful sight, in March, for a thrifty man to see a crowd of mad horsemen tearing through his twenty acres of well-wintered wheat, filling the air with a spray of soil and uprooted plants. But let a non-riding reformer get up after the annual dinner of the local Agricultural Association and suggest that the rights of tenant-farmers have long enough lain at the mercy of their landlord and his fox-hunting friends, with the rabble of idle sports and ruthless ne'er-do-weels who follow at their heels, and that it is time for them to assert themselves and try to secure the prohibition of a costly pastime, which leads to no good practical result, and the burdens of which fall so heavily on the producing classes — and then see how his brother farmers will second his efforts. The very man whose wheat was apparently ruined will tell him that in March one would have said the whole crop was destroyed, but that the stirring up seemed to do it good, for he had never before seen such an even stand on that field. Another will argue that while hunting does give him some extra work on the repair of hedges and gates, and while he sometimes has his fields torn up more than he likes, yet the hounds are the best neighbors he has; they bring a good market for hay and oats, and, for his part, he likes to get a day with them himself now and then. Another raises a young horse when he can, and if he turns out a clever hunter, he gets a much larger price for him than he could if there were no hunting in the country. Another has now and then lost poultry by the depredations of foxes, but he never knew the master to refuse a fair claim for damages; for his part, he would scorn to ask compensation; he likes to see the noble sport, which is the glory of England, flourishing, in spite of modern improvements. At this point, and at this stage of the convivial cheer, they bring in the charge at Balaklava, and other evidences that the noble sport, which is the glory of old England, breeds a race of men whose invincible daring always has won and always shall win her honor in the field; — and Long live the Queen, and Here 's a health to the Handley Cross Hunt, and Confusion to the mean and niggardly spirit that is filling the country with wire fences and that would do away with the noble sport which is the glory of old England! Hear! hear!! And so it ends, and half the company, in velvet caps, scarlet coats, leathers and top-boots, will be early on the ground at the first meet of the next autumn, glad to see their old cover-side friends once more, and hoping for a jolly winter of such healthful amusements and pleasant intercourse as shall put into their heads and their hearts and into their hearty frames and ruddy faces a tenfold compensation for the trifling loss they may sustain in the way of broken gates and trampled fields.

I saw too little to be able to form a fair opinion as to the harm done; but when once the run commences no more account is made of what is carefully avoided when going at a slow pace, than if it were so much sawdust; fences are torn down, and there is no time to replace them; if gates

are locked, they are taken off the hinges or broken; if sheep join the crowd in an enclosure and follow them into the road, no one stops to see that they are returned: we are after the hounds, and sheep must take care of themselves. I saw one farmer, in an excited manner, open the gates of his kitchen-garden and turn the hounds and twenty horsemen through it as the shortest way to where he had seen the fox go; his womenfolk eagerly calling "Tally-ho!" to others who were going wrong. I have never seen a railroad train stopped because of the conductor's interest in a passing hunt, but I fancy that is the only thing in England that does not stop when the all-absorbing interest is once awakened.

Whatever may be the effect on material interests, the benefit of this eager, vigorous, outdoor life on the health and morals of the people is most unmistakable. Such a race of handsome, hale, straight-limbed, honest, and simple-hearted men can nowhere else be found as in the wide class that passes as much of every winter as is possible in regular fox-hunting; and to make an application of their example, we could well afford to give over many of our fertile fields to ruthless destruction, and many of our fertile hours to the most senseless sport, if it would only replace our dyspeptic stomachs, sallow cheeks, stooping shoulders, and restless eagerness with the hale and hearty and easy-going life and energy of our English cousins. Hardly enough women hunt in England to constitute an example; but those who do are such models of health and freshness as to make one wish that more women had the benefit of the amusement both there and here. It is very common to see men of over sixty following the hounds in the very *élite* of the field; they seem still in the vigor of youth. At seventy many are yet regular at their work; and it is hardly remarkable when one finally hangs up his red coat only at the age of eighty. Considering all this, it almost becomes a question whether, patriotism to the contrary notwithstanding, it would not be a good thing for a prosperous American, instead of settling down at the age of forty-five to a special partnership and a painful digestion, to take a smaller income where it would bring more comfort, and by a judicious application of the pig-skin to rehabilitate his enfeebled alimentation.

Fox-hunting is a costly luxury if one goes well mounted and well appointed. It can hardly be made cheap, even when one lives in his own house and rides his own horses. With hotel bills and horse-hire, it costs still more. As an occasional indulgence it is always a good investment. My own score at the Haycock was as follows, — by way of illustration, and because actual figures are worth more than estimates. (I was there from Thursday afternoon until Sunday morning, went out with a shooting-party on Friday, dined out on Friday night, and hunted on Saturday.)

THE HAYCOCK INN.

		£	*s.*	*d.*
Jan. 2.	Dinner and wine,		10	6
	Bed and fire,		3	6
" 3.	Breakfast,		2	6
	Apartments,* bed and fire,		5	0
	Attendance,†		1	6
" 4.	Breakfast,		2	6
	Dinner and wine,		10	6
	Apartments, bed and fire,		5	6
	Attendance,		1	6
" 5.	Breakfast,		2	6

STABLE.

Conveying luggage from station,	2	6	
Dog-cart to Sharks Lodge,	10	6	
" " " Oundle,	12	6	
" " " Peterborough,	8	0	

THOMAS PERCIVAL.

		£	*s.*	*d.*
Jan. 4.	Hire of hunter to Barnwell,	4	4	0
	" hack " "	10	6	

Eight pounds, twelve shillings, and sixpence; which being interpreted means $ 47.30 in the lawful currency of the United States. The hunter and hack for one day cost $ 23.52.

An American friend, living with his family in Leamington (much more cheaply than he could live at home), kept two hunters and a hack, and hunted them twice a week for the whole season (nearly six months) at a cost, including the loss on his horses, which he sold in the

* The run of the house.

† We are apt to consider this a petty swindle, but it has the advantage that you get what you pay for.

spring, of less than $1,500. I think this is below the average expense.

The cost of keeping up a pack of hounds is very heavy. The hounds themselves, a well-paid huntsman, two or three whippers-in, two horses a day for each of these attendants (hunting four days a week, this would probably require four horses for each man), and no end of incidental expenses, bring the cost to fully $20,000 per annum. This is sometimes paid wholly or in part by subscription and sometimes entirely by the Master of the Hounds. One item of my friend's expenses at Leamington was a subscription of ten guineas each to Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, Atherstone, and Pytchley hunts. Something of this sort would be necessary if one hunted for any considerable time with any subscription pack, but an occasional visitor is not expected to contribute.

A stranger participating in the sport need only be guided by common modesty and common-sense. However good a horseman he may be, he cannot make a sensation among the old stagers of the hunting-field. Probably he will get no commendation of any sort. If he does, it will be for keeping out of the way of others, — taking always the easiest and safest road that will bring him well up with the hounds, not flinching when a desperate leap must be taken, and following (at a respectful distance) a good leader, rather than trying to take the lead himself. However promising the prospect may be, he had better not do anything on his own hook; if he makes a conspicuous mistake, he will probably be corrected for it in plainer English than it is pleasant to hear.

One of the memorable days of my life was the day before New-Year's. Ford had secured me a capital hunter, a well-clipped gelding, over sixteen hands high, glossy, lean, and wiry as a racer. "You 've got a rare mount to-day, sir," said the groom as he held him for me to get up; and a rare dismount I came near having in the little measure of capacity with which Master Dick and I commenced our acquaintance, before we left the Regent. He was one of those horses whose spirits are just a little too much for their skins, and all the way out he kept up a restless questioning of his prospect of having his own way. Still he was in all this, as in his manner of doing his work when he got in the open country, such a perfect counterpart of old Max, who had carried me for two years in the Southwest, that I was at home at once. If I had had a hunter made to order, I could not have been more perfectly suited.

The meet (North Warwickshire) was at Cubbington Gate, only two miles from Leamington, and a very gay meet it was. The road was filled with carriages, and there was a goodly rabble on foot. About three hundred, in every variety of dress, were mounted for the hunt, a dozen or so ladies among them. Three of these kept well up all day, and one of them rode very straight. The hounds were taken to a wood about a mile to the eastward of Cubbington, where they soon found a fox, which led us a very straight course to Princethorpe, about three miles to the northeast.

I had done little fencing for seven or eight years, and the sort of propulsion one gets in being carried over a hedge is sufficiently different from the ordinary impulses of civil life to suggest at first the element of surprise. Consequently, though our initial leap was a modest one, I landed with only one foot in the stirrup and with one hand in the mane; but now I saw that Dick was but another name for Max, and this one moderate failure was enough to recall the old tricks of the craft. As the opportunity would perhaps never come again, this one was not to be neglected, and I resolved to have one fair inside view of real fox-hunting. Dick was clearly as good a horse as was out that day; the leaping was less than that to which we were used among the worm fences, fallen timber, and gullies of Arkansas and Tennessee; and there was but a plain Anglo-Saxon name for the only motive that could deter me from making the most of the occasion. Mr. Lunt, the Master of the Hounds, was not better mounted for his lighter weight than was I for my fourteen stone; and his position as well as his look indicated that he would probably

go by the nearest practicable route to where the fox might lead, so we kept at a safe distance behind him and well in his wake. The hesitation and uncertainty which had at first confused my bridle hand being removed, my horse, recognizing the changed position of affairs, settled down to his work like a well-trained and sensible but eager beast as he was. From the covert to Princethorpe we took seven fences and some small ditches, and we got there with the first half-dozen of the field, both of us in higher spirits than horse and rider ever get except by dint of hard going and successful fencing.

Here there was a short check, but the fox was soon routed out again and made for Waveley Wood, a couple of miles to the northwest.

Waveley Wood is what is called in England a "biggish bit of timber," and the check here was long enough to allow the whole field to come up. As we sat chatting and lighting our cigars, "Tally ho!" was called from the other side of the cover, and we splashed through a muddy cart-road and out into the open just as the hounds were well away. Now was a ride for dear life. Every one had on all the speed the heavy ground would allow. In front of us was a "bullfinch" (a neglected hedge, out of which strong thorny shoots of several years' growth have run up ten or twelve feet above it). I had often heard of bullfinches, and no hunting experience could be complete without taking one. It was some distance around by the gate, the pace was strong, and the spiney fringe had just closed behind Mr. Lunt's red coat as he dropped into the field beyond. "Follow my leader" is a game that must be boldly played; so, settling my hat well down, holding my bridle-hand low, and covering my closed eyes with my right elbow, with the whip-hand over the left shoulder, I put my heart in my pocket and went at it, and through it with a crash! An ugly scratch on the fleshy part of the right hand was the only damage done, and I was one of the very few near the pack. Dick and I were now up to anything; we made very light of a thick tall hedge that came next in order, and we cleared it like a bird; but we landed in a pool of standing water, covering deeply ploughed ground, the horse's fore-feet sinking so deeply that he could not get them out in time, and our headway rolled us both over in the mud, I flat on my back. Dick got up just in time for his pastern to strike me in the face as I was rising, giving me a cut lip, a mouthful of blood, and a black and blue nose-bridge. My appearance has, on occasions, been more respectable and my temper more serene than as I ran, soiled and bleeding, over the ploughed ground, calling to some workmen to "catch my horse."

I was soon up and away again. There seemed some confusion in the run, and the master being out of sight, I followed one of the whips as he struck into a blind path in a wood. It was a tangled mass of briers, but he went in at full pace, and evidently there was no time to be lost. At the other side of the copse there was a set of low bars, and beyond this a small, slimy ditch. My leader cleared the bars, but his horse's hind feet slipped on the bank of the ditch, and he fell backwards with an ugly kind of sprawl that I had no time to examine, for Dick took the leap easily and soon brought me into a field where, on a little hillock, and quite alone, stood the huntsman, dismounted, holding the dead fox high in his left hand, while with his long-leashed hunting-crop he kept the hungry and howling pack at bay. The master soon came up, as did about a dozen others, including a bright little boy on a light little pony. The fox's head (mask), tail (brush), and feet (pads) were now cut off and distributed as trophies under the master's direction. The carcass was then thrown to the pack, that fought and snarled over it until, in a twinkling, the last morsel had disappeared. This was the "death," — by no means the most engaging part of the amusement. From the find to the killing was only twenty-five minutes, into which had been crowded more excitement and more physical happiness than I had known for many a long day.

The second cover drawn was not far away. With this fox we had two hours' work, mainly through woods at a walk

and with the hounds frequently at fault, but with some good leaping. Finally he was run to earth and abandoned.

We then went to a cover near Bubbenhall, but found no fox, and then, with the same luck, to another east of Baggington. It was now nearly four o'clock, growing dusk, and beginning to rain. The hounds started for their kennels, and Dick and I took a soft bridle-path skirting the charming road that leads, under such ivy-clad tree-trunks and between such hedges as no other land can show, through Stoneleigh Village and past Stoneleigh Abbey to Leamington, and a well-earned rest.

My memorandum for that day closes: "Horse, £5 2*s.* 6*d.*; Fees, 2*s.*; and well worth the money."

George E. Waring.

THE TWO HOMES.

My home was seated high and fair,
  Upon a mountain's side;
The day was longest, brightest there;
  Beneath, the world was wide.
Across its blue, embracing zone
The rivers gleamed, the cities shone,
And over the edge of the fading rim
I saw the storms in the distance dim,
  And the flash of the soundless thunder.

But weary grew the sharp, cold wine
  Of winds that never kissed,
The changeless green of fir and pine,
  The gray and clinging mist.
Above the granite sprang no bowers;
The soil gave low and scentless flowers;
And the drone and din of the waterfall
Became a challenge, a taunting call:
  "'T is fair, 't is fair in the valley!"

Of all the homesteads deep and far
  My fancy clung to one,
Whose gable burned, a mellow star,
  Touched by the sinking sun.
Unseen around, but not unguessed,
The orchards made a leafy nest;
The turf before it was thick, I knew,
And bees were busy the garden through,
  And the windows were dark with roses.

"'T is happier there, below," I sighed:
  The world is warm and near,
And closer love and comfort hide,
  That cannot reach me here.

Who master is must be so blest
He 'll share with me his sheltered nest,
If down to the valley I should go,
Leaving the granite, the pines and snow,
And the winds that are keen as lances."

I wandered down, by ridge and dell;
The way was rough and long:
Though earlier shadows round me fell,
I cheered them with my song.
The world's great circle narrower grew,
Till hedge and thicket hid the blue;
But over the orchards, near at hand,
The gable shone on the quiet land,
And far away was the mountain!

Then came the master: mournful-eyed
And stern of brow was he.
"O, planted in such peace!" I cried,
"Spare but the least to me!"
"Who seeks," he said, "this brooding haze,
The tameness of these weary days?
The highway's dust, the glimmer and heat,
The woods that fetter the young wind's feet,
And hide the world and its beauty?"

He stretched his hand; he looked afar
With eyes of old desire:
I saw my home, a mellow star
That held the sunset's fire.
"But yonder home," he cried, "how fair!
Its chambers burn like gilded air;
I know that the gardens are wild as dreams,
With the sweep of winds, the dash of streams,
And the pines that sound as an anthem!

"So quiet, so serenely high
It sits, when clouds are furled,
And knows the beauty of the sky,
The glory of the world!
Who there abides must be so blest
He 'll share with me that lofty crest,
If up to the mountain I should go,
Leaving the dust and the glare below,
And the weary life of the valley!"

Bayard Taylor.

LIDA ANN.

AN ADIRONDACK SKETCH.

It was seven o'clock P. M. at the little red brick church out on the main road, and it was in the heart of an Adirondack winter. A bell, composed of a cheap patent mixture of pig-iron, pot-metal, and lead, was sending forth its dismal metallic clangor into the dark, sleety, biting evening air. The frosted panes of the church-windows were of a dull cheesy complexion, indicating that the tallow dips used for illumination were in full flame.

Sleigh-loads of people were arriving, and by half past seven o'clock three hundred and fifty persons had been deposited at the door. When they had all gone inside, the little structure was densely packed and very warm.

Perhaps the heat aided the excitement of the hour. A spiritual agitation like the surging of a flood was sweeping over the people of the neighborhood, and stirring the remote social life of the locality to its depths. There was to be a sermon. As a preliminary to the sermon, a prayer-circle was formed.

The pastor exhorted his flock in an agitated manner, urging upon them the importance of earnestness in prayer. He declared that he was himself desperate, and did not care what people thought of him, and that, even although they should take him for a lunatic, he had come to the conclusion "to get out of the way and let the blessing come down."

Perhaps there was too much excitement. The brethren of a sister denomination said afterward, that they feared it was excitement only. But the pastor's zeal was great, and he evidently had no apprehension, except that he might fail to arouse his people from their lethargy. His words brought out in response a tall, spare man, who began praying in a vehement tone of voice. He continued to pray. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and still he prayed; and as he went on he increased in power. There seemed not the slightest probability of his ceasing, because he reached new and more exciting themes at every step of his advance. There was a little brief whispering near the pastor, and then the brethren broke out into a hymn.

The praying brother did not cease his petition; on the contrary, he redoubled his earnestness, alluded to the sentiment of the hymn with provoking aptness and felicity, and exhorted the brethren to sing and shout "glory, glory."

The deacons of the church were finally compelled to take bodily hold of this brother and eject him from the building, as the only possible mode of bringing his protracted devotions to a conclusion. He was passed out into the cold night air, still praying and blessing the brethren, and congratulating himself upon suffering this persecution.

"Crazy Elkins," as the boys called him, or "poor Brother Elkins," as the church people termed him, having been thus disposed of, a hymn was sung, and the pastor apologized for "the excessive zeal, without knowledge, of our poor dear, and perhaps unbalanced, brother." At about this time Mr. Elkins was permitted to return and occupy a seat quietly by the stove.

The pastor announced that the hour for the sermon had arrived. He introduced to the congregation, as an evangelist who had been sent by a guiding Providence to aid them, Elder Hetchel, who was to preach the sermon upon this occasion. The pastor characterized this new-comer as one crying in the wilderness, a young evangelist of great promise.

Elder Hetchel stood up in the pulpit and preached. He was a man of reddish complexion and black curling hair. He was not young, as the pastor's words had seemed to imply, but in the meridian of life. His discourse indicated that he was an illiterate person. There was, however,

a coarse magnetism about his presence and speech that to some extent attracted the people.

After the sermon came a solemn hour, when the anxious-seats were filled and weird spiritual songs were sung.

The pastor and Elder Hetchel were not reserved in dealing with the young people upon the anxious-seats. They called them out by name as pointedly as possible before the entire congregation, and exhorted them to rise up and speak, and not to be ashamed of the cause.

Some of the young people *did* rise up and speak, and the prevailing ejaculations were stilled to catch the few faltering words which were uttered by these youths and maidens.

Among the young girls who spoke was little Lida Ann, the daughter of Deacon Fernwell, who was himself engaged with all his heart and soul in the good work.

The neat little figure of Lida Ann caught the eye of Elder Hetchel. She was still a school-girl, and wore short dresses. True she was fifteen, but then she was small of her age. She was so extremely nimble and spry that Logan, a hunter, used to say he could never think of anything but a saucy little red squirrel when he saw her tripping along to school. She was in truth as complete and perfect a mountain daisy as ever bloomed in the chill air of the Northern Adirondacks. Such she was at that evening meeting when Elder Hetchel looked upon her and listened to her little speech.

Lida Ann described her *feelings*, as the custom was, but in a manner more childish than womanly. When she concluded the account of her experience by saying that she never felt "so sentimental before in all her life," there was an amused titter among a few young fellows from Whiskey Hollow who occupied back seats. But the people generally understood that Lida Ann was only a child, and pardoned the mistake of a word; and Elder Hetchel, as Lida Ann sat down, pronounced an "Amen" with so much power and solemnity that it quite hushed the entire congregation. He exhorted the young sister to be faithful, and having once put her hand to the plough not to turn back.

The winter, with its raging storms and evening meetings and wild excitement, had passed away, and the tender wood-violet was springing up in the wilderness solitudes. It was a day of April sunshine, and the sweet, plaintive notes of the first bluebird of the season were heard among the elm-trees in the yard of Farmer Fernwell's home. Elder Hetchel, with his big red face, white necktie, and suit of sombre black, stood beside little Lida Ann in the parlor. She was dressed in a long white silk robe, and had orange-flowers in her hair. Some of Lida Ann's little playmates were there, half scared by the pomposity of the big bridegroom; and a few elderly staid church people were there also.

The Elder and little Lida Ann were married by a justice of the peace, the good pastor having discovered that he had business elsewhere on that particular day. The ceremony was quite imposing. The majestic little ways of the bride, as she endeavored to assume the airs due to that highest of social positions in the country, a minister's wife, were so exceedingly funny that they amused more than they provoked her playmates and friends.

The neighbors declared that "it was a burning shame, so indeed it was, — Lida Ann, the sweet little thing, not yet out of short dresses!"

"The boys," as the men of the locality were termed up to about forty years of age, held their special views of the matter also. Sol Davis said: "As a private opinion, between you and me, it is the wickedest thing ever cloaked over in these 'ere parts. Fernwell is too good to live in this world, but he no need to be a complete fool if he *is* so good. He no need to be so afraid of that air elder. May I be cat-a-wam-pussed if he won't swaller all the soap that old coot is a mind to give him!"

And so with much gossip Lida Ann's wedding and the honeymoon were over and gone. The June roses bloomed and July fervors came, and August sultriness, and still Elder Hetchel remained a fixture at the home of Farmer Fernwell. He apparently enjoyed life at the house of his father-in-law; and it seemed never

to have entered his mind that he was not entitled to remain there as long as he chose.

Elder Hetchel possessed one great talent, — the talent for maintaining a masterly inactivity of body. While Farmer Fernwell toiled in the field throughout the summer, the Elder stuck it out in black clothes and white choker in the parlor. His ministerial dignity and sanctity were neither compromised by too great familiarity with common things, nor contaminated by worldly pursuits. Through all the heated term he remained the same fearful object, a sombre column clad in heavy sables.

In the mean time little Lida Ann was as nimble and squirrel-like as of yore, running here and there and everywhere, vibrating in her manners between the pretty, childish ways which nature taught her and a sham dignity, which greatly amused her friends whenever she assumed it.

When the summer was over and gone, and the leaves had ripened to scarlet and yellow, and the Elder still incubated, the thing became very tedious to the father-in-law, the more so as the Elder was less popular now than in the exciting times when he had made his advent among the people. The polite practice of inviting this sensational evangelist into the pulpit to sit with the pastor on Sundays had somehow fallen into disuse of late. Perhaps this neglect was because the people thought the Elder's way a little unhappy. The Elder *had* a way in conference-meeting of curiously watching the proceedings with his eyes half closed, and a smiling expression of countenance; then, when the favorable moment came, he would suddenly spring to his feet and pronounce a few emotional words, with a great gush of tears that quite washed some of the brethren and sisters off their feet, at the first trial of it. There was sobbing all over the house. After the thing had been repeated several times, however, and there had been two or three sad attempts to imitate it, resulting in great discomfort to all concerned, it was generally voted a humbug; and when the Elder tried it again, those present resisted. It may have been this experience that led the people to speak of the Elder's style as "wishwashy."

However it was, Elder Hetchel was no longer in demand anywhere. They did not need him at the brick church, nor at the Sand Creek Road, nor down at The Bush. His only visible occupation, aside from incubating, consisted in leading the family devotions at the farm-house. This inactivity was galling to the farmer and his wife. They kept no "help," but, after the manner of this primitive region, performed with their own hands the services of their household. It was not agreeable to them to take care of this idle man thus billeted upon them by his religious tenderness and his sacred black clothes.

As winter came on again, and the Elder remained lethargic, the farmer ventured to expostulate with his son-in-law, and proposed to him a change in the domestic programme, involving another home for the Elder and his wife. The son-in-law was, of course, in tears about it immediately, and proposed to pray with the farmer upon the subject. He explained, moreover, that he had now prepared the arrows in his quiver, and expected a call. He was even then, he said, "in a state of dubiety" whether to rush forth and blow the trumpet of Zion unbidden, drawing the bow at a venture down at Skid Hollow, or to delay until he should be invited into the vineyard to labor.

It was soon midwinter, but the Elder still remained inactive as ever at the farm-house. The father-in-law's modest hints had grown into a demand that the Elder should leave, and the Elder's pathos upon the subject bade fair to become a fixed and settled melancholy.

The neighborhood, as a rule, sided with the farmer and his wife against the son-in-law. It was said by the sober-minded church people, that the Elder was acting the part of a sponge; but there were *some* who still believed in him. The young men, however, uniformly insisted that the Elder had no right to live upon Farmer Fernwell. About a dozen of them went so far, upon one cold evening in February, as to inveigle the evangelist into the school-house, upon pretence of important business, and then and there

gave him a free lecture upon the general subject of his duty as a husband and son-in-law, and citizen in that community. A quartet of the young men, profanely styling themselves "The Holy Roarers," interspersed the lecture with songs disrespectful to the Elder. Finally, warning was given to the Elder that he must speedily provide a home for his wife or leave town.

The persecuted man saw fit to leave town soon after this affair. The manner of his going seemed needlessly abrupt. He was incensed and at times peevish and irritable during the three days intervening between the school-house lecture and his departure. He intimated that some of the people of that cold region were likely to go to a warmer country, and pensively alluded to the fate of the cities of the plain. He finally left for parts unknown, very early on Monday morning, and apparently in a pet. Every one thought that he might at least have told his wife where he was going and what he intended to do.

The weeks went by, and it became evident that the Elder had "gone for good." The people generally accepted his departure quietly and gratefully; but a few insisted that a good man had shaken off the dust of his feet against the town. Little Lida Ann was as gay and happy as ever. She still maintained at times in her own childish way the dignity of a minister's wife.

Six months rolled away, and Elder Hetchel was a memory only, unheard of and uncared for. Then came a letter to Farmer Fernwell from his son-in-law. The son-in-law proposed in his letter to return to his wife and home in the beautiful and touching character of the prodigal son; and he expressed the hope and expectation that his "deer father would kil the fated caf," and make other preparations for welcome which he specified. The "deer father" did not see it in that light, but he prepared to meet his daughter's husband and to treat him as the circumstances required.

The prodigal came through the gloaming just as a sultry August day was cooling down into a delicious summer night. He came mounted upon a fine white Canadian charger. Having secured his steed, he entered the house. He was changed somewhat in appearance. His flashy vest and large watch-seal were conspicuous. His own greeting was enthusiastic, but he was repelled by measured terms of speech and coldness of demeanor. His consternation and grief speedily reduced him to a condition of gushing tenderness. It was really trying to see a man cry so much. His tears were not merely copious, they were a vast tidal wave sweeping over his existence, and trickling down upon the hard, unsympathizing kitchen floor. Mrs. Fernwell expressed the apprehension that the Elder would be completely dissolved, so that Lida Ann would have nothing left for a husband except a few pailsful of sweetened water.

The Elder's pathos finally triumphed. He was again received into favor and welcomed home. His return was speedily made known throughout the neighborhood. On the next sabbath, when he appeared at the brick church, he was greeted with some show of kindness. He was permitted to remain in the town without molestation.

It is not pleasant to record the fact that, by slow degrees and painfully, Lida Ann's husband settled down into a shoemaker. Hard pressed by his father-in-law to do *something*, he acknowledged to a lifelong familiarity with lasts and leather and the cobbler's trade. After some hesitation and questioning as to what the neighbors would think, a room was set apart for his shop at the farm-house, and tools and leather were procured for him. He proved a skilful workman. His first triumph was a pair of high morocco shoes for Lida Ann. They were noticed a good deal because they were the Elder's work. They were pronounced by the ladies worthy of that superlative feminine adjective "splendid." A friend of Lida Ann's required a pair immediately, and soon the Elder had all the orders he could take care of.

The neighbors generously overlooked the evangelist's decline from public honors. They respected his skill and indus-

try. Farmer Fernwell also had the kindness and good sense to commend his son-in-law heartily for his labor. But Mrs. Fernwell and Lida Ann were not at all enthusiastic upon the subject. It was the coming down from a minister's wife to a shoemaker's that was humiliating. The Daisy had married not so much Mr. Hetchel as "the Elder."

Three years rolled away. Life at the farm-house was cool, calm, and homelike, with the variety which country residence and alternating seasons give. The tap-tap of the Elder's hammer in the little shop-room up stairs had become a very familiar sound. A pair of little feet, too, were just beginning upon the farm-house floor a tap-tap, which as time progressed would become an immense series, constituting the weary march of another life. The Elder was recognized now as a settled-down citizen with a wife and a bright little child recently christened with the name of Ruth. His character had come to be pretty well understood by his neighbors. He was found to be sentimental and "swashy," but otherwise a reasonable creature and good-hearted. It was necessary to look out for him at prayer-meetings and other gatherings for religious worship. He was always contriving a sensational trap to catch the brethren and sisters, and produce a religious crying-spell.

A new and startling sensation came to the neighborhood. *The spirits* invaded this remote and bleak region. It was at the beginning of a rigorous winter. Most of the church people piously hoped and expected that the spirits would be frozen out. But "the medium" was unfortunately a *native*, returning from a visit to a milder climate, and, bringing the spirits home with him, he succeeded in rendering them so comfortable that they remained.

Elder Hetchel "took to the spirits." He spent many evenings at the houses where the circle gathered, and was a zealous and influential disciple. He could not have table-tippings openly at his father-in-law's house, for Deacon Fernwell stoutly declared that he would have no such nonsense upon his premises; but the Elder was suspected of practising alone slyly in his shop-room when he ought to have been pegging shoes. He often pleaded with his father-in-law and mother-in-law not to grieve and neglect "the dear, *dear* spirits," and he quite broke down with sobbing and tears when they finally laughed at him. He went up to his little shop-room, crushed, crying, and subdued, like a little boy who is whipped and abused at school. Mrs. Fernwell's motherly heart smote her when she saw this, and she went up after him and comforted him. The Elder was really proud of this. He told one of "the boys" (a goat in disguise) in a circle afterward, how he had "fetched the old lady," and he recommended it as a thing worth trying.

Lida Ann was between two fires. Her husband praised the spirits, and her father condemned them. To gratify her curiosity, she attended a table-tipping with her husband. From that time Lida Ann also took to the spirits. Her attention was strongly drawn to the doctrine of spiritual affinities, as it was expounded by a spiritualistic preacher who visited the new field to encourage the converts. She had grown towards a woman's estate since she became a wife, and her woman's heart was rebellious in regard to its belongings. It speedily became apparent in the circle that the Elder's little girl of a wife was particularly great upon the doctrine of affinities. It was no secret that "the dear, sweet angels were smiling upon the affinity of the souls of Sister Hetchel and Brother Skitchpin." This Skitchpin was the foreign preacher. He was very young, and, if a certain vacant expression was not felt, he was handsome. He had long curls carefully oiled and twisted into corkscrews, and an expression in his eloquent moments that seemed to the circle seraphic.

Lida Ann would have been shocked at any immorality, but there was something about "the twining of the blushing red rose with the golden bells of the lily" as described by Skitchpin that fixed the doctrine of spiritual affinities as firmly upon her young heart as if it had been fastened there by an adhesive plaster. It should be remembered that Lida Ann was only about twenty years of age, and the ro-

mance of her nature was drawing towards its prime.

It was a day of consternation and surprise when suddenly Lida Ann and the Rev. Skitchpin were found to be *missing*. The occurrence fell with a painful shock upon all the people. They had "such confidence in Lida Ann!" Logan stood up for her fiercely even yet. "No business to have married her to her great-grandfather if they did n't want her to cut up," he would say.

Ten days of suspense and great sorrow were passed at the farm-house. Then came a letter: it was signed by Slick and Spavin, attorneys, dating from Chicago. They "begged to inform Hezekiah Fernwell, Esq., that, as per previous arrangement, Rev. A. Z. Skitchpin had arrived on Friday last, and the previous affidavits of residence, etc., having been satisfactory, there was no delay in obtaining the divorce, and the couple were married on Saturday, and this letter sent as per request of the same." They enclosed with the letter a printed circular asking for patronage, and intimating that they had *peculiar* facilities for procuring divorces upon the *shortest* notice that could be desired.

This letter was a relief. Soon a letter came from Lida Ann to her mother. It was a curious mixture of romance, love, and wonder. It was apparent that the Daisy, who had never before slept away from her own father's roof-tree, and had always believed in the red brick church as paramount in architecture, was transported, dazed, and bewildered at sight of the great world.

Her elation at the fact that she would be "a minister's wife, after all, dear mother," would have been funny and childish if it had not been so sad.

Life at the farm-house after this was mournful and lonely. Three long, weary years and six months passed away, as slowly as time usually passes in lonely homes. Farmer Fernwell and his wife were becoming very gray. People were sorry for them, and they pitied the Elder, who continued to make shoes. Elder Hetchel was more sad and sober, and much less tearful and "swashy," than in former times. The boys said that the Elder was becoming "more elderly" every day. In all this time they heard nothing from the Daisy. Summers and winters came and went, and it was now summer again.

It was a very warm July evening, just like that when, seven years before, the Elder with his Canadian charger had played his little farce of the returning prodigal. The sharp yip-yip, and at intervals the brassy whirring jar, of a night-hawk high up in the dark air, out over the meadow, broke the stillness of the hour. The trio that now sat at the farm-house door enjoying the descending coolness and fragrance of the summer night had taken deeply to heart life's lessons of sorrow, and they were patient and forgiving towards each other. Little Ruthie was tucked away, fast asleep. It was quiet all through the house, except the ticking of the clock and the chirp of a cricket.

"I think it was wrong for me to marry her though; arter all," said the Elder, with a sigh.

"No, it was not all your fault, Elder, you must not say that; and I think she loved you," said Mrs. Fernwell, kindly.

It was a familiar theme with the trio.

"There comes lame Libby," said Farmer Fernwell, peering out toward the road.

The latch of the door-yard gate clicked, and the form of a woman, limping and unsteady, with a little bundle in her hand, was dimly seen coming to the door through the evening shadows. Half-way from the gate to the door she hesitated, stopped and stood crying, and then sank down.

"O my God, it is Lida Ann!" said Mrs. Fernwell.

It was true. For three bitter years, the poor, deserted, crushed, but proud Daisy had fought the fearful battle which an ignorant, lone, girlish little woman has to fight to hold on even to *life* in the wilderness of a great city. Here she was at last, footsore, sick, emaciated, ashamed, crying, and almost swooning before her own father's door. Her weak battle in a great town had brought her to this.

In a moment the trio got to her. Farmer Fernwell gathered her up in his

arms and sobbed, "Poor child, poor child!" as he carried her tenderly into the house. For a long time she had no word to say, but clung to her father's neck and hid her face upon his shoulder while she wept. The Elder stood sympathizing and trembling near by. A few honest tears trickled down his face, without his seeming to be aware of it. Mrs. Fernwell, after clinging for a while to her husband and her child as they were together, found herself weak and tottering. She had some difficulty in getting the lamps lighted, and when she had succeeded and gained a glimpse of Lida Ann's face, all shrunken and pinched and seamed with sickness and the scars of life's stern warfare, she, for the first time in her quiet career, fainted.

Lida Ann's return was an important item of news in the little neighborhood. The comments of the men revealed, for the most part, a manly generosity in judging of her conduct. The women declared that they would say nothing against Lida Ann; but they were somehow particularly struck with "the noble conduct of the Elder in taking her back so readily." He was really bespattered with feminine praises, and came as near to being generally popular as is possible to a sentimental mountebank recently reformed. A half-dozen or more little incidents, showing the romance and sentiment of his devotion to Lida Ann, were detailed with exquisite relish. He was very much surprised one morning, about a fortnight after Lida Ann's return, at finding in his room upon a table a long white cylindrical object, which proved to be a cane wrapped in white paper. It had a real gold knob for a head, and on it was engraved, "To the Rev. Walter Hetchel." A little card attached to it by a scarlet ribbon informed the Elder that *the ladies* had presented it.

The Elder *did* evince a disposition "to slop over" that morning at breakfast when discussing the cane, and began a premonitory snuffle, after the manner of his preaching days; but a hint from the deacon corrected him, and he restrained himself.

The Elder's second courtship was not very protracted. A little Chicago arrangement was speedily effected, and Mrs. Skitchpin, who had heard nothing from her spiritualistic and slightly rickety husband for about three years, was again, legally, an unmarried woman. A sabbath day about five weeks after her return was fixed upon as the time for the wedding. The people felt that they all had a right to take an interest in a romance that had now become so public, and the wedding was to be at the brick church.

It was a golden day, the first of September; the earth was rich with fruitage, the pulses of the air at rest. At ten o'clock in the morning the little wedding party left the house, and started on foot for the church. The Elder, with a glossy black coat and white waistcoat, a new beaver and his presentation cane, was a very presentable bridegroom. The little woman beside him in a muslin dress was hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed. Little Ruthie, after a childish protest of more than a week, had learned to call the little woman "mamma," and now clung lovingly to her hand, and prattled and trotted along at her side.

Farmer Fernwell and his wife came close on behind. The group of five trod the little dusty highway so familiar to their feet. In the bright sunshine through the crystal air, as they walked to church, they saw with familiar eyes to the northward the declivity of the mountains, — a vast descending wooded plain, stretching downward to the great St. Lawrence Valley, and still beyond a dim horizon vanishing away at a measureless distance into the sky. Lida Ann, having seen this from a child, had never noticed it before; but now its surpassing grandeur amazed and thrilled her.

At the church there was first the usual sabbath sermon, by the pastor, and then the marriage ceremony.

Lida Ann had been secluded since her return. Few of the people had seen her. After the formal words were said, and the Elder and Lida Ann were man and wife again, and the pastor had dismissed the congregation, the kind, simple-hearted women gathered around to welcome and kiss the bride; some of "the boys" too lingered to speak a good word to the Daisy. There

were many tears. They could hardly recognize at first "little Lida" in the stern eyes and pallid face that would not flinch nor quiver. But human hearts are wondrous kind in rustic bosoms. The mothers in Israel saw how it was. Good Mother Marshton took the little bride right into her kind arms, whether the Daisy would permit it or not, and cried over her as resolutely as though she had been at home in her own kitchen. This was hard to resist. Lida Ann's bosom began to heave painfully, the frost softened and trickled down upon the wan face, and soon the fountains were opened and she was a child again.

P. Deming.

CHANGED.

Fair is the night, ay, fair and deep;
The moonlight drowns the vale;
My eyes are heavy, but not with sleep,
And the night-moth droops her sail.

There 's not so much as the breath of a breeze;
The stars are ghostly and few;
And out in the cold and motionless trees
I hear the drip o' the dew.

But the haunting shadows are never still,
They wander all night alone,
And the sleepless insects drone and shrill
In a lonely monotone.

Ah! long ago was a summer night
Like this, — and yet other far,
For the moonlight flowed, and the air hung light,
And happy was every star;

The dew, that night, was a blissful balm,
And seemed on my heart to fall;
The calm was an overflowing calm,
And love was the life of all.

Then piping choirs shrilled high, as now;
But hushed is the sylvan flute
Of the nightingale that dreamed on the bough;
And a tenderer music is mute.

'T is the same save that, and yet all is strange,
As the soul of the night were fled;
Yes, I look and look, but can see no change,
Except that my world is dead.

Louisa Bushnell.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

I.

"Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content." — TOUCHSTONE.

Two comrades and travellers, who sought a better country than the United States in the month of August, found themselves one evening in apparent possession of the ancient town of Boston.

The shops were closed at early candlelight; the fashionable inhabitants had retired into the country, or into the second-story-back of their princely residences, and even an air of tender gloom settled upon the Common. The streets were almost empty, and one passed into the burnt district, where the scarred ruins and the uplifting piles of new brick and stone spread abroad under the flooding light of a full moon like another Pompeii, without any increase in his feeling of tranquil seclusion. Even the news-offices had put up their shutters, and a confiding stranger could nowhere buy a guide-book to help his wandering feet about the reposeful city, or to show him how to get out of it. There was, to be sure, a cheerful tinkle of horse-car bells in the air, and in the creeping vehicles which created this levity of sound were a few lonesome passengers on their way to Scollay's Square; but the two travellers, not having well-regulated minds, had no desire to go there. What would have become of Boston if the great fire had reached this sacred point of pilgrimage no merely human mind can imagine. Without it, I suppose the horse-cars would go continually round and round, never stopping, until the cars fell away piecemeal on the track, and the horses collapsed into a mere mass of bones and harness, and the brown-covered books from the Public Library, in the hands of the fading virgins who carried them, had accumulated fines to an incalculable amount.

Boston, notwithstanding its partial destruction by fire, is still a good place to start from. When one meditates an excursion into an unknown and perhaps perilous land, where the flag will not protect him and the greenback will only partially support him, he likes to steady and tranquillize his mind by a peaceful halt and a serene start. So we — for the intelligent reader has already identified us with the two travellers — resolved to spend the last night, before beginning our journey, in the quiet of a Boston hotel. Some people go into the country for quiet: we knew better. The country is no place for sleep. The general absence of sound which prevails at night is only a sort of background which brings out more vividly the special and unexpected disturbances which are suddenly sprung upon the restless listener. There are a thousand pokerish noises that no one can account for, which excite the nerves to acute watchfulness. It is still early, and one is beginning to be lulled by the frogs and the crickets, when the faint rattle of a drum is heard, — just a few preliminary taps. But the soul takes alarm, and well it may, for a roll follows, and then a rub-a-dub-dub, and the farmer's boy who is handling the sticks and pounding the distended skin in a neighboring horse-shed begins to pour out his patriotism in that unending repetition of rub-a-dub-dub which is supposed to represent love of country in the young. When the boy is tired out and quits the field, the faithful watch-dog opens out upon the stilly night. He is the guardian of his master's slumbers. The howls of the faithful creature are answered by barks and yelps from all the farm-houses for a mile around, and exceedingly poor barking it usually is, until all the serenity of the night is torn to shreds. This is, however, only the opening of the orchestra. The cocks wake up if there is the faintest moonshine and begin an antiphonal service between responsive barn-yards. It is not the clear clarion of chanticleer that is

heard in the morn of English poetry, but a harsh chorus of cracked voices, hoarse and abortive attempts, squawks of young experimenters, and some indescribable thing besides, for I believe even the hens crow in these days. Distracting as all this is, however, happy is the man who does not hear a goat lamenting in the night. The goat is the most exasperating of the animal creation. He cries like a deserted baby, but he does not do it with any regularity. One can accustom himself to any expression of suffering that is regular. The annoyance of the goat is in the dreadful waiting for the uncertain sound of the next wavering bleat. It is the fearful expectation of that, mingled with the faint hope that the last was the last, that aggravates the tossing listener until he has murder in his heart. He longs for daylight, hoping that the voices of the night will then cease, and that sleep will come with the blessed morning. But he has forgotten the birds, who at the first streak of gray in the east have assembled in the trees near his chamber-window, and keep up for an hour the most rasping dissonance, — an orchestra in which each artist is tuning his instrument, setting it in a different key and to play a different tune: each bird recalls a different tune, and none sings Annie Laurie, — to pervert Bayard Taylor's song.

Give us the quiet of a city on the night before a journey. As we mounted skyward in our hotel, and went to bed in a serene altitude, we congratulated ourselves upon a reposeful night. It began well. But as we sank into the first doze, we were startled by a sudden crash. Was it an earthquake, or another fire? Were the neighboring buildings all tumbling in upon us, or had a bomb fallen into the neighboring crockery-store? It was the suddenness of the onset that startled us, for we soon perceived that it began with the clash of cymbals, the pounding of drums, and the blaring of dreadful brass. It was somebody's idea of music. It opened without warning. The men composing the band of brass must have stolen silently into the alley about the sleeping hotel, and burst into the clamor of a rattling quickstep, on purpose. The horrible sound thus suddenly let loose had no chance of escape; it bounded back from wall to wall, like the clapping of boards in a tunnel, rattling windows and stunning all ears, in a vain attempt to get out over the roofs. But such music does not go up. What could have been the intention of this assault we could not conjecture. It was a time of profound peace through the country; we had ordered no spontaneous serenade, if it was a serenade. Perhaps the Boston bands have that habit of going into an alley and disciplining their nerves by letting out a tune too big for the alley, and taking the shock of its reverberation. It may be well enough for the band, but many a poor sinner in the hotel that night must have thought the judgment-day had sprung upon him. Perhaps the band had some remorse, for by and by it leaked out of the alley, in humble, apologetic retreat, as if somebody had thrown something at it from the sixth-story window, softly breathing as it retired the notes of Fair Harvard.

The band had scarcely departed for some other haunt of slumber and weariness, when the notes of singing floated up that prolific alley, like the sweet tenor voice of one bewailing the prohibitory movement; and for an hour or more a succession of young bacchanals, who were evidently wandering about in search of the Maine Law, lifted up their voices in song. Boston seems to be full of good singers; but they will ruin their voices by this night exercise, and so the city will cease to be attractive to travellers who would like to sleep there. But this entertainment did not last the night out. It stopped just before the hotel porter began to come around to rouse the travellers who had said the night before that they wanted to be awakened. In all well-regulated hotels this process begins at two o'clock and keeps up till seven. If the porter is at all faithful, he wakes up everybody in the house; if he is a shirk, he only rouses the wrong people. We treated the pounding of the porter on our door with silent contempt. At the next door he had better luck. Pound, pound. An angry voice, "What do you want?"

"Time to take the train, sir."

"Not going to take any train."

"Ain't your name Smith?"

"Yes."

"Well, Smith —"

"I left no order to be called." (Indistinct grumbling from Smith's room.)

Porter is heard shuffling slowly off down the passage. In a little while he returns to Smith's door, evidently not satisfied in his mind. Rap, rap, rap!

"Well, what now?"

"What 's your initials?"

"A. T.; clear out!"

And the porter shambles away again in his slippers, grumbling something about a mistake. The idea of waking a man up in the middle of the night to ask him his "initials" was ridiculous enough to banish sleep for another hour. A person named Smith, when he travels, should leave his initials outside the door with his boots.

Refreshed by this reposeful night, and eager to exchange the stagnation of the shore for the tumult of the ocean, we departed next morning for Baddeck by the most direct route. This we found, by diligent study of fascinating prospectuses of travel, to be by the boats of the International Steamship Company; and when, at eight o'clock in the morning, we stepped aboard one of them from Commercial Wharf, we felt that half our journey and the most perplexing part of it was accomplished. We had put ourselves upon a great line of travel, and had only to resign ourselves to its flow in order to reach the desired haven. The agent at the wharf assured us that it was not necessary to buy through tickets to Baddeck, — he spoke of it as if it were as easy a place to find as Swampscott, — it was a conspicuous name on the cards of the company, we should go right on from St. John without difficulty. The easy familiarity of this official with Baddeck, in short, made us ashamed to exhibit any anxiety about its situation or the means of approach to it. Subsequent experience led us to believe that the only man in the world, out of Baddeck, who knew anything about it lives in Boston, and sells tickets to it, or rather towards it.

There is no moment of delight in any pilgrimage like the beginning of it, when the traveller is settled simply as to his destination, and commits himself to his unknown fate and all the anticipations of adventure before him. We experienced this pleasure as we ascended to the deck of the steamboat and snuffed the fresh air of Boston Harbor. What a beautiful harbor it is, everybody says, with its irregularly indented shores and its islands. Being strangers, we want to know the names of the islands, and to have Fort Warren, which has a national reputation, pointed out. As usual on a steamboat, no one is certain about the names, and the little geographical knowledge we have is soon hopelessly confused. We make out South Boston very plainly: a tourist is looking at its warehouses through his opera-glass, and telling his boy about a recent fire there. We find out afterwards that it was East Boston. We pass to the stern of the boat for a last look at Boston itself; and while there we have the pleasure of showing inquirers the Monument and the State House. We do this with easy familiarity; but where there are so many tall factory chimneys, it is not so easy to point out the Monument as one may think.

The day is simply delicious, when we get away from the unozoned air of the land. The sky is cloudless, and the water sparkles like the top of a glass of champagne. We intend by and by to sit down and look at it for half a day, basking in the sunshine and pleasing ourselves with the shifting and dancing of the waves. Now we are busy running about from side to side to see the islands, Governor's, Castle, Long, Deer, and the others. When, at length, we find Fort Warren, it is not nearly so grim and gloomy as we had expected, and is rather a pleasure-place than a prison in appearance. We are conscious, however, of a patriotic emotion as we pass its green turf and peeping guns. Leaving on our right Lovell's Island and the Great and Outer Brewster, we stand away north along the jagged Massachusetts shore. These outer islands look cold and wind-swept even in summer, and have a hardness of outline which is very far from the aspect of summer isles in summer seas. They

are too low and bare for beauty, and all the coast is of the most retiring and humble description. Nature makes some compensation for this lowness by an eccentricity of indentation which looks very picturesque on the map, and sometimes striking, as where Lynn stretches out a slender arm with knobby Nahant at the end, like a New Zealand war-club. We sit and watch this shore as we glide by with a placid delight. Its curves and low promontories are getting to be speckled with villages and dwellings, like the shores of the Bay of Naples; we see the white spires, the summer cottages of wealth, the brown farm-houses with an occasional orchard, the gleam of a white beach, and now and then the flag of some many-piazzaed hotel. The sunlight is the glory of it all; it must have quite another attraction — that of melancholy — under a gray sky and with a lead-colored water foreground.

There is not much on the steamboat to distract our attention from the study of physical geography. All the fashionable travellers had gone on the previous boat or were waiting for the next one. The passengers were mostly people who belonged in the Provinces and had the listless provincial air, with a Boston commercial traveller or two, and a few gentlemen from the republic of Ireland, dressed in their uncomfortable Sunday clothes. If any accident should happen to the boat, it was doubtful if there were persons on board who could draw up and pass the proper resolutions of thanks to the officers. I heard one of these Irish gentlemen, whose satin vest was insufficient to repress the mountainous protuberance of his shirt-bosom, enlightening an admiring friend as to his idiosyncrasies. It appeared that he was that sort of a man that, if a man wanted anything of him, he had only to speak for it "oncet"; and that one of his peculiarities was an instant response of the deltoid muscle to the brain, though he did not express it in that language. He went on to explain to his auditor that he was so constituted physically that whenever he saw a fight, no matter whose property it was, he lost all control of himself. This sort of confidence poured out to a single friend, in a retired place on the guard of the boat, in an unexcited tone, was evidence of the man's simplicity and sincerity. The very act of travelling, I have noticed, seems to open a man's heart, so that he will impart to a chance acquaintance his losses, his diseases, his table preferences, his disappointments in love or in politics, and his most secret hopes. One sees everywhere this beautiful human trait, this craving for sympathy. There was the old lady, in the antique bonnet and plain cotton gloves, who got aboard the express train at a way-station on the Connecticut River Road. She wanted to go, let us say, to Peak's Four Corners. It seems that the train did not usually stop there, but it appeared afterwards that the obliging conductor had told her to get aboard and he would let her off at Peak's. When she stepped into the car, in a flustered condition, carrying her large bandbox, she began to ask all the passengers, in turn, if this was the right train, and if it stopped at Peak's. The information she received was various, but the weight of it was discouraging, and some of the passengers urged her to get off without delay, before the train should start. The poor woman got off, and pretty soon came back again, sent by the conductor; but her mind was not settled, for she repeated her questions to every person who passed her seat, and their answers still more discomposed her. "Sit perfectly still," said the conductor, when he came by. "You must get out and wait for a way train," said the passengers, who knew. In this confusion, the train moved off, just as the old lady had about made up her mind to quit the car, when her distraction was completed by the discovery that her hair trunk was not on board. She saw it standing on the open platform, as we passed, and after one look of terror, and a dash at the window, she subsided into her seat, grasping her bandbox, with a vacant look of utter despair. Fate now seemed to have done its worst, and she was resigned to it. I am sure it was no mere curiosity, but a desire to be of service, that led me to approach her and say, "Madam, where are you going?"

"The Lord only knows," was the utterly candid response; but then, forgetting everything in her last misfortune and impelled to a burst of confidence, she began to tell me her troubles. She informed me that her youngest daughter was about to be married, and that all her wedding-clothes and all her summer clothes were in that trunk; and as she said this she gave a glance out of the window as if she hoped it might be following her. What would become of them all now, all brand new, she did n't know, nor what would become of her or her daughter. And then she told me, article by article and piece by piece, all that that trunk contained, the very names of which had an unfamiliar sound in a railway-car, and how many sets and pairs there were of each. It seemed to be a relief to the old lady to make public this catalogue which filled all her mind; and there was a pathos in the revelation that I cannot convey in words. And though I am compelled, by way of illustration, to give this incident, no bribery or torture shall ever extract from me a statement of the contents of that hair trunk.

We were now passing Nahant, and we should have seen Longfellow's cottage and the waves beating on the rocks before it, if we had been near enough. As it was, we could only faintly distinguish the headland and note the white beach of Lynn. The fact is, that in travel one is almost as much dependent upon imagination and memory as he is at home. Somehow, we seldom get near enough to anything. The interest of all this coast which we had come to inspect was mainly literary and historical. And no country is of much interest until legends and poetry have draped it in hues that mere nature cannot produce. We looked at Nahant for Longfellow's sake; we strained our eyes to make out Marblehead on account of Whittier's ballad; we scrutinized the entrance to Salem Harbor because a genius once sat in its decaying custom-house and made of it a throne of the imagination. Upon this low shore line, which lies blinking in the midday sun, the waves of history have beaten for two centuries and a half, and romance has had time to grow there. Out of any of these coves might have sailed Sir Patrick Spens "to Noroway, to Noroway," —

> "They hadna sailed upon the sea
> A day but barely three,
> Till loud and boisterous grew the wind,
> And gurly grew the sea."

The sea was anything but gurly now; it lay idle and shining in an August holiday. It seemed as if we could sit all day and watch the suggestive shore and dream about it. But we could not. No man, and few women, can sit all day on those little round penitential stools that the company provide for the discomfort of their passengers. There is no scenery in the world that can be enjoyed from one of those stools. And when the traveller is at sea, with the land falling away in his horizon, and has to create his own scenery by an effort of the imagination, these stools are no assistance to him. The imagination, when one is sitting, will not work unless the back is supported. Besides, it began to be cold; notwithstanding the shiny, specious appearance of things, it was cold, except in a sheltered nook or two where the sun beat. This was nothing to be complained of by persons who had left the parching land in order to get cool. They knew that there would be a wind and a draught everywhere, and that they would be occupied nearly all the time in moving the little stools about to get out of the wind, or out of the sun, or out of something that is inherent in a steamboat. Most people enjoy riding on a steamboat, shaking and trembling and chow-chowing along in pleasant weather out of sight of land; and they do not feel any ennui, as may be inferred from the intense excitement which seizes them when a poor porpoise leaps from the water half a mile away. "Did you see the porpoise?" makes conversation for an hour. On our steamboat there was a man who said he saw a whale, saw him just as plain, off to the east, come up to blow; appeared to be a young one. I wonder where all these men come from who always see a whale. I never was on a sea-steamer yet that there was not one of these men.

We sailed from Boston Harbor straight for Cape Ann, and passed close by the

twin lighthouses of Thacher, so near that we could see the lanterns and the stone gardens, and the young barbarians of Thacher all at play; and then we bore away, straight over the trackless Atlantic, across that part of the map where the title and the publisher's name are usually printed, for the foreign city of St. John. It was after we passed these lighthouses that we did n't see the whale, and began to regret the hard fate that took us away from a view of the Isles of Shoals. I am not tempted to introduce them into this sketch, much as its surface needs their romantic color, for truth is stronger in me than the love of giving a deceitful pleasure. There will be nothing in this record that we did not see, or might not have seen. For instance, it might not be wrong to describe a coast, a town, or an island that we passed while we were performing our morning toilets in our state-rooms. The traveller owes a duty to his readers, and if he is now and then too weary or too indifferent to go out from the cabin to survey a prosperous village where a landing is made, he has no right to cause the reader to suffer by his indolence. He should describe the village.

I had intended to describe the Maine coast, which is as fascinating on the map as that of Norway. We had all the feelings appropriate to nearness to it, but we could n't see it. Before we came abreast of it night had settled down, and there was around us only a gray and melancholy waste of salt water. To be sure it was a lovely night, with a young moon in its sky, —

> "I saw the new moon late yestreen
> Wi' the auld moon in her arms," —

and we kept an anxious lookout for the Maine hills that push so boldly down into the sea. At length we saw them, — faint, dusky shadows in the horizon, looming up in an ashy color and with a most poetical light. We made out clearly Mt. Desert, and felt repaid for our journey by the sight of this famous island, even at such a distance. I pointed out the hills to the man at the wheel, and asked if we should go any nearer to Mt. Desert.

"Them!" said he, with the merited contempt which officials in this country have for inquisitive travellers, — "them 's Camden Hills. You won't see Mt. Desert till midnight, and then you won't."

One always likes to weave in a little romance with summer travel on a steamboat; and we came aboard this one with the purpose and the language to do so. But there was an absolute want of material, that would hardly be credited if we went into details. The first meeting of the passengers at the dinner-table revealed it. There is a kind of female plainness which is pathetic, and many persons can truly say that to them it is homelike; and there are vulgarities of manner that are interesting; and there are peculiarities, pleasant or the reverse, which attract one's attention: but there was absolutely nothing of this sort on our boat. The female passengers were all neutrals, incapable, I should say, of making any impression whatever even under the most favorable circumstances. They were probably women of the Provinces, and took their neutral tint from the foggy land they inhabit, which is neither a republic nor a monarchy, but merely a languid expectation of something undefined. My comrade was disposed to resent the dearth of beauty, not only on this vessel but throughout the Provinces generally, — a resentment that could be shown to be unjust, for this was evidently not the season for beauty in these lands, and it was probably a bad year for it. Nor should an American of the United States be forward to set up his standard of taste in such matters; neither in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, nor Cape Breton have I heard the inhabitants complain of the plainness of the women.

On such a night two lovers might have been seen, but not on our boat, leaning over the taffrail, — if that is the name of the fence around the cabin-deck, — looking at the moon in the western sky and the long track of light in the steamer's wake with unutterable tenderness. For the sea was perfectly smooth, so smooth as not to interfere with the most perfect tenderness of feeling; and the vessel forged ahead under the stars of the soft night with an adventurous freedom

that almost concealed the commercial nature of her mission. It seemed — this voyaging through the sparkling water, under the scintillating heavens, this resolute pushing into the opening splendors of night — like a pleasure trip. "It is the witching hour of half past ten," said my comrade, "let us turn in." (The reader will notice the consideration for her feelings which has omitted the usual description of "a sunset at sea.")

When I looked from my state-room window in the morning I saw land. We were passing within a stone's throw of a pale-green and rather cold-looking coast, with few trees or other evidences of fertile soil. Upon going out I found that we were in the harbor of Eastport. I found also the usual tourist who had been up, shivering in his winter overcoat, since four o'clock. He described to me the magnificent sunrise, and the lifting of the fog from islands and capes, in language that made me rejoice that he had seen it. He knew all about the harbor. That wooden town at the foot of it, with the white spire, was Lubec; that wooden town we were approaching was Eastport. The long island stretching clear across the harbor was Campobello. We had been obliged to go round it, a dozen miles out of our way, to get in, because the tide was in such a stage that we could not enter by the Lubec Channel. We had been obliged to enter an American harbor by British waters.

I approached Eastport with a great deal of curiosity and considerable respect. It had been one of the cities of the imagination. Lying in the far east of our great territory, a military and even a sort of naval station, a conspicuous name on the map, prominent in boundary disputes and in war operations, frequent in telegraphic despatches,— I had imagined it a solid city, with some Oriental, if decayed, peculiarity, a port of trade and commerce. The tourist informed me that Eastport looked very well at a distance, with the sun shining on its white houses. When we landed at its wooden dock we saw that it consisted of a few piles of lumber, a sprinkling of small cheap houses along a sidehill, a big hotel with a flag-staff, and a very peaceful-looking arsenal. It is doubtless a very enterprising and deserving city, but its aspect that morning was that of cheapness, newness, and stagnation, with no compensating picturesqueness. White paint always looks chilly under a gray sky and on naked hills. Even in hot August the place seemed bleak. The tourist, who went ashore with a view to breakfast, said that it would be a good place to stay in and go a-fishing and picnicking on Campobello Island. It has another advantage for the wicked over other Maine towns. Owing to the contiguity of British territory, the Maine Law is constantly evaded, in spirit. The thirsty citizen or sailor has only to step into a boat and give it a shove or two across the narrow stream that separates the United States from Deer Island and land, when he can ruin his breath, and return before he is missed.

This might be a cause of war with England, but it is not the most serious grievance here. The possession by the British of the island of Campobello is an insufferable menace and impertinence. I write with the full knowledge of what war is. We ought to instantly dislodge the British from Campobello. It entirely shuts up and commands our harbor, — one of our chief Eastern harbors and war stations, where we keep a flag and cannon and some soldiers, and where the customs officers look out for smuggling. There is no way to get into our own harbor, except in favorable conditions of the tide, without begging the courtesy of a passage through British waters. Why is England permitted to stretch along down our coast in this straggling and inquisitive manner? She might almost as well own Long Island. It was impossible to prevent our cheeks mantling with shame as we thought of this, and saw ourselves, free American citizens, land-locked by alien soil in our own harbor.

We ought to have war, if war is necessary to possess Campobello and Deer Islands; or else we ought to give the British Eastport. I am not sure but the latter would be the better course.

With this war spirit in our hearts, we sailed away into the British waters of the Bay of Fundy, but keeping all the morn-

ing so close to the New Brunswick shore that we could see there was nothing on it; that is, nothing that would make one wish to land. And yet the best part of going to sea is keeping close to the shore, however tame it may be, if the weather is pleasant. A pretty bay now and then, a rocky cove with scant foliage, a light-house, a rude cabin, a level land, monotonous and without noble forests, — this was New Brunswick as we coasted along it under the most favorable circumstances. But we were advancing into the Bay of Fundy; and my comrade, who had been brought up on its high tides in the district school, was on the lookout for this phenomenon. The very name of Fundy is stimulating to the imagination, amid the geographical wastes of youth, and the young fancy reaches out to its tides with an enthusiasm that is given only to Fingal's Cave and other pictorial wonders of the text-book. I am sure the district schools would become what they are not now, if the geographers would make the other parts of the globe as attractive as the sonorous Bay of Fundy. The recitation about that is always an easy one; there is a lusty pleasure in the mere shouting out of the name, as if the speaking it were an innocent sort of swearing. From the Bay of Fundy the rivers run up hill half the time, and the tides are from forty to ninety feet high. For myself, I confess that, in my imagination, I used to see the tides of this bay go stalking into the land like gigantic water-spouts; or, when I was better instructed, I could see them advancing on the coast like a solid wall of masonry eighty feet high. "Where," we said, as we came easily, and neither up hill nor down hill, into the pleasant harbor of St. John, — "where are the tides of our youth?"

They were probably out, for when we came to the land we walked out upon the foot of a sloping platform that ran into the water by the side of the piles of the dock, which stood up naked and blackened high in the air. It is not the purpose of this paper to describe St. John, nor to dwell upon its picturesque situation. As one approaches it from the harbor it gives a promise which its rather shabby streets, decaying houses, and steep plank sidewalks do not keep. A city set on a hill, with flags flying from a roof here and there, and a few shining spires and walls glistening in the sun, always looks well at a distance. St. John is extravagant in the matter of flag-staffs; almost every well-to-do citizen seems to have one on his premises, as a sort of vent for his loyalty, I presume. It is a good fashion, at any rate, and its more general adoption by us would add to the gayety of our cities when we celebrate the birthday of the President. St. John is built on a steep sidehill, from which it would be in danger of sliding off, if its houses were not mortised into the solid rock. This makes the house-foundations secure, but the labor of blasting out streets is considerable. We note these things complacently as we toil in the sun up the hill to the Victoria Hotel, which stands well up on the backbone of the ridge, and from the upper windows of which we have a fine view of the harbor, and of the hill opposite, above Carleton, where there is the brokenly truncated ruin of a round stone tower. This tower was one of the first things that caught our eyes as we entered the harbor. It gave an antique picturesqueness to the landscape which it entirely wanted without this. Round stone towers are not so common in this world that we can afford to be indifferent to them. This is called a Martello tower, but I could not learn who built it. I could not understand the indifference, almost amounting to contempt, of the citizens of St. John in regard to this their only piece of curious antiquity. "It is nothing but the ruins of an old fort," they said; "you can see it as well from here as by going there." It was, however, the one thing at St. John I was determined to see. But we never got any nearer to it than the ferry-landing. Want of time and the *vis inertia* of the place were against us. And now, as I think of that tower and its perhaps mysterious origin, I have a longing for it that the possession of nothing else in the Provinces could satisfy.

But it must not be forgotten that we were on our way to Baddeck; that the

whole purpose of the journey was to reach Baddeck; that St. John was only an incident in the trip; that any information about St. John, which is here thrown in or mercifully withheld, is entirely gratuitous, and is not taken into account in the price the reader pays for this article. But if any one wants to know what sort of a place St. John is, we can tell him: it is the sort of a place that if you get into it after eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, you cannot get out of it in any direction until Thursday morning at eight o'clock, unless you want to smuggle goods on the night train to Bangor. It was eleven o'clock Wednesday forenoon when we arrived at St. John. The Inter-colonial railway train had gone to Shediac; it had gone also on its roundabout Moncton, Missaquat River, Truro, Stewiack, and Shubenacadie way to Halifax; the boat had gone to Digby Gut and Annapolis to catch the train that way for Halifax; the boat had gone up the river to Frederick, the capital. We could go to none of these places till the next day. We had no desire to go to Frederick, but we made the fact that we were cut off from it an addition to our injury. The people of St. John have this peculiarity: they never start to go anywhere except early in the morning.

The reader to whom time is nothing does not yet appreciate the annoyance of our situation. Our time was strictly limited. The active world is so constituted that it could not spare us more than two weeks. We must reach Baddeck Saturday night or never. To go home without seeing Baddeck was simply intolerable. Had we not told everybody that we were going to Baddeck? Now, if we had gone to Shediac in the train that left St. John that morning, we should have taken the steamboat that would have carried us to Port Hawksbury, whence a stage connected with a steamboat on the Bras d'Or, which (with all this profusion of relative pronouns) would land us at Baddeck on Friday. How many times had we been over this route on the map and the prospectus of travel! And now, what a delusion it seemed! There would not another boat leave Shediac on this route till the following Tuesday, — quite too late for our purpose. The reader sees where we were, and will be prepared, if he has a map (and any feelings), to appreciate the masterly strategy that followed.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MOSE EVANS.

PART I.

I.

It was most unbusiness-like in me! Yet I cannot acknowledge it to be ungentlemanly, for I had no intention of the sort. Shot enough, Heaven knows, had come from my side already; the shattered houses all around us as I spoke testified to that. My engagement to Helen Sinclair, resulting in marriage that very noon, — I recall it as I write, — itself would have prevented me.

"Allow me to say, General," that was all I did say, "it was what your royalist ancestor did in coming over from England!"

It is to old General Theodore Throop of Charleston, South Carolina, I make the miserable remark, and in Charleston almost before the cannon are cold.

But, please let it be perfectly understood, there is to be no passing over, much less camping upon, the battle-fields of the Rebellion in these pages. I heartily agreed with Miss Sinclair that the man must be very wicked or very weak who would hinder the hand that is so surely reclothing these torn plains, and in

every sense, with grass and grain. I only record my blunder and the General's reply for — reasons!

"Yes, sir!" The General flushes, as he replies, not merely over his great face; I see the glow run far back under the white hair of his forehead, to the very tips of the large hands rested on the head of his yellow cane! The heart leaves no inch of the General's portly person untinged by its exasperation. "Yes, sir! And it was by Puritan fanaticism he was driven across the Atlantic! It is the same thoroughly detestable Puritanism which has ruined me, sir, compels me, sir, in my old age, to go to even a ruder West. I tell you, sir! —" There is tremor as well as deepening color in the grand old soul, as he rises from his seat and grasps the ivory-headed cane as if it were a sword. "I tell you, sir! —"

Now, what is the use? The General was born in South Carolina. I was born, I am proud to say, in New England. It is all over, — our being born and the war. Besides, it neither merits nor demerits anything. Moreover, here is the present and the future to be practically settled. I was a land-agent at the time. I violate no confidence when I say that I was, at that date, in charge of the extensive affairs, since very lucrative, of the Great Western Land Company, having been myself the author (a friend, "old New Hampshire," being, as you will see, the largest owner) of the whole scheme. I frankly say, as land-agent I made the acquaintance of General Theodore Throop, and our conversation took place the first day I approached him in reference to exchange of real estate. I knew — who did not know? — that the General was ruined in the ruin of Charleston by the war. As I succeeded, to our mutual advantage, in afterward showing him, he could make far more of property out West by settling it than he could ever hope for in relation to his Charleston estate.

Of course the reader has read of the magnificent mines of marl opened since the war, but lying undreamed of under the feet of the South-Carolinians till then. It is like the gold and the silver, and the value in the soil, nobler still, producing such splendid fruits and crops, over which Californian aborigines and Spaniards wandered with idle steps so long. Why should I have told General Throop all my reasons for our bargain? He would have despised the marl as portion of the new and detested era.

"Ever since I came here," I remarked to my young wife, — bride, in fact, — the very evening of my first conversation with General Throop, "those old lines have been ringing in my head, —

> 'O the holy Roman Empire!
> How holds it still together,' —

miserable doggerel, and where did I get it from?"

"Faust," my wife replies. "He sings it, or somebody does, in that wine-cellar."

"This Charleston suggests it less than does the General himself, who is himself Charleston. Such a steady grandeur in the General still, the inertia of two hundred years of position and power!" I go on to add.

"By the by, Henry, when and where did *you* make acquaintance with Goethe?" It is some two weeks after this that my wife asks the impertinent question, doing up or undoing down her hair for the night at the glass as she does so.

"I perfectly understand, Helen, the *you* of your question," I make placid return. "I *was* a newspaper-boy from my sixth year; *did* black boots, even, I do believe. I told you the whole story. Somehow, here, in my stay in your South, during my little runs over Europe, I have gathered something besides money."

"You know perfectly well, Henry," — my wife faces me in a magnificent background of loosened hair, — "that you are —"

"The exact opposite of General Throop. South Pole and North Pole. Old era and new. The largest good travel and reading have done me," I add, "is that I have come to see things as they exactly are!"

"You do not know how struck I was, dear," my wife said, on this occasion, after certain endearments which made it necessary to do all that wealth of hair entirely over again, "with your plans to

buy up Charleston property at its lowest ebb because — "

"The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide toward flood," I add. "Yes, I possess the money-making faculty, I do believe. And I happen, also, to know that General Throop possesses, apart from money and in himself, all the deference paid only to money. There is a certain something, — a James Madison, George Washington, — something in the man which compels from all a respect beyond — "

"That is why I loved you, Henry; not your having it, dear, your being able to see and acknowledge it in our people. But it is to please me you have made your home in Charleston; all that about business is only pretence."

But my wife was mistaken. General Throop never had reason to regret our real-estate transactions. I am living, as I write, in the former mansion of the Throops near St. Peter's Church in Charleston. I remember so well the evening I first entered this house. My conversation with the General, with which I begin these pages, was soon after my making his acquaintance. During the months after, it was long and hard work, — extremely delicate work on my part; he came not only to see the sound sense of my business suggestions, but to take a liking for me. I wonder — it flashes upon me as I write — if that was not largely because of my sincere respect and admiration for the General himself; for I can make all allowance for one who lived in a different era from myself, — more so than Oliver Cromwell made, I feel sure, for Charles I. But is not this very making all allowance for other people itself a part, not the least excellent part of our *new* era?

"Can you not take tea with us, Mr. Anderson?" he said to me, at last, during the conversation wherewith this narrative begins. "Let us say on Thursday evening. Thursday? No, that is the Fast of Saint Sebastian the martyr, — a matter of my wife's," the General explained, with a slight flush. "Say Friday evening?"

Now, I knew it was to the General very much as if an inhabitant of the Faubourg St. Germain had made like request of a denizen of the Faubourg St. Antoine. I was pleased at his liking me. I like the liking of any good man; so I said, "I thank you, sir, but it is not in my power." And I suppose there was a flush on my face now. "I am a married man, General, and Mrs. Anderson is with me at the hotel," I added.

"Ah, excuse me!" in return. For here was very grave matter. The General sat still in portly body before me in my office; really he was, on the instant, in his gloomy old parlor, laying the matter before his wife and daughter, and there, excusing himself almost immediately, he was in person two hours later.

"They will invite us, Henry," my wife said to me that night. "I am glad of it, because I am so tired of this solitary hotel life. I knew Agnes Throop at school. But, especially since I married *you*, she has to approach me first; has to, if she *is* an angel. Besides, it gives you a firmer position in business. And then the Throops give admittance to — Charleston!" And if my wife kissed me once, she did several times in the course of the evening, singing her gayest songs at the piano in the hotel parlor, no one but ourselves being in the room; dressing herself more brightly than since we came. Amazing the value women attach to certain things! If it had been ten thousand dollars cleared in a transaction, my wife could not have been more delighted.

"Because it shows I was right in loving you, Henry," she explained. "I knew General Throop would learn to know you. Did you tell him all?"

"There is nothing I am ashamed to tell him, I am sure," I began.

"Because I am almost afraid, at last," my wife said, more soberly. "You see, Henry, I know all about the Throops. There are only three of them now. Theodore, the only son, was killed by a splinter of rock in Sumter during the siege. Mrs. Throop and Agnes and — I suppose I should say — Mr. Clammeigh make up the family."

"Mr. Clammeigh! The lawyer?" I ask.

"Tall, black-haired, exceedingly neat, very composed, perfectly fitting clothes — "

"He is our legal adviser," I interrupt. "Very silent and cold, a perfect gentleman."

"Yes; O, of course," my wife replies, in a perplexed way. "I will tell you in a moment why I happen to know him." — It is the strangest way people have! (I make the remark here while my wife hesitates.) You cannot mention Mr. Clammeigh's name, but somehow, after a curious silence, there is somebody certain to say, "Now, you may say what you please, but *I* like Mr. Clammeigh!" in a defiant way, as if some one had attacked him. — "If he ever did anything wrong I never knew of it. But somehow —" And I saw that my wife, her hands resting upon the keys of the piano, was really looking at my lawyer in the full-length portrait of the mother of Washington hanging upon the wall before her and over the instrument. "They say they were engaged before the war," she added, beginning a low-tuned tinkling upon the keys as she said it.

"Engaged to Miss Throop? How do you know anything about it? I do believe you ladies had an instinct, through the globe, of the betrothal of the Emperor of China."

"Women do not always tell everything, Henry, when it is a matter of feeling and has reference to a man — I mean to another woman. Did I ever tell you that I was at a convent school with Agnes Throop?" And my wife, as she said it, played a little louder.

"I knew that you were born and educated in South Carolina," I said. "But why?"

"Because of your birth in New England, your — and my political opinions! I said to myself, Let the Throops find out who Mrs. Anderson is if they wish to; I do not care a picayune! What a fib! O, I do hope, Henry, we shall be asked!" And my wife turns to me, actually crying. "I love Agnes so, and we have not spoken to each other since we left school. And now that we are married, I want you to know her, Henry."

"Now that we are married?"

"Because you would have fallen in love with her desperately, but for that!"

"What a foolish remark! I beg pardon."

"Perfectly natural. Wait till you see Agnes, and you will understand!" my wife replies. I did wait and I did understand!

"Did you observe anything when you first mentioned Mr. Clammeigh, — in me, I mean?" my wife asked, after some long-continued tinkling upon the piano.

"Your face was from me, but I imagined at the moment you gave a little start," I said, wondering a little.

"Because," my bride replied, turning around on the screw of the music-stool, seat and all, looking me full in the face, paling a little, but her steady eyes of blue in mine, — "because I once supposed I was to — would — Henry, Mr. Clammeigh and myself were once engaged to be married!"

I rather think the pain was greater than the surprise on my part, and she saw it in my eyes.

"You remember, Henry, I told you of the fact without the name," she went steadily on, her eyes never leaving mine. "I was very young, *very* young! He is not a day older now than he was then, looks exactly the same in every respect now as then, — like a corpse! No, I mean like a wax image in a show. Never mind how it began, nor how it ended. He was teaching school near my father's plantation then. I had to conceal it from my father and brother, as they would have shot — no, they had too much sense. I did love that man then. I do not love him now." No special emphasis, but exceeding meaning in the way the words were spoken. "And I do love you, Mr. Henry Anderson, land-agent, from New England, with all my heart!" And I was perfectly satisfied, seeing, as I did, the entire woman in those loving eyes.

"It will be no barrier to our associating with them," my wife said half an hour afterward. "Mr. Clammeigh will know me. I know him. Agnes Throop will not be disturbed by me in the version of the matter her betrothed will hasten to give her. He is an admirable lawyer, — not before a jury, but for office-work, — which is all you care about in him; but

it is strange. And," my wife added, with clouded eyes, "the strangest part of all is in the future."

"How do you know, Miss Medea?" I ask.

"Wait, O Jason, and you will see!" she replies. It will sufficiently explain all this to say that we were together in Paris before our marriage and saw Rachel in the tragedy in question.

II.

In a week after the General's first allusion to the matter Mrs. Throop and their daughter made the formal call; after due return of which we *did* take tea with General Throop and his household.

"They thoroughly like you, Henry," my wife said to me after both events. "General Throop knows a genuine gentleman when he sees him, and by the instinct of a gentleman. Agnes and myself were, in an instant, as if we had parted only yesterday at the convent. And a true woman knows a true woman too. I have never met a woman — my mother died when I was an infant — to compare with Agnes Throop!"

Let me record it frankly just here: besides my dear wife, Agnes Throop is to me the woman best worth knowing of all the race. I hardly understand more of her style of beauty than I do of her dress, material and cut; but I know there was a peculiar loveliness in her — which I will not mar by attempting to describe — as indescribable as is the violet-characteristic of a violet, making that flower to differ — shall we say from a dahlia? for my wife is a brunette. Mrs. General Throop is a partial explanation of her daughter.

I understood all my wife told me of *her* as we were dressing to go there to tea, in the first half an hour after we were in the old-fashioned parlor. It is down stairs, as I write, curiously carved marble mantel and all. If I live — it is Helen's suggestion — till that next anniversary, I intend to have that same mantel carefully taken down, packed, and sent. But never mind about that just now.

It was in the cool of an early autumn, and Mrs. Throop was standing beside the mantel the evening we took tea there for the first time, when General Throop introduced me. Dressed in black, jet cross upon her bosom, jet hair silvered with the gray of her sixty years here and there. Of course, if my wife had not prepared me for it, I should have been unprepared. As it was, I brought my business faculty into unconscious exercise as I often — invariably — do when dealing with a stranger, — yourself, if you will allow me. It is experience, I suppose, but I make final decision, in the ten minutes after introduction, whether or no you are a trained swindler, or a rich ignoramus, or an insolvent ne'er-do-well, or simply what you say of yourself. So, when I met Mrs. Throop I intrenched myself rapidly, before those terrible eyes and her most peculiar manner, in that way. Whatever we were saying with our lips, what she said with those singular eyes was this: "I understand you perfectly, sir! you are a New-Englander. You were caught by business, when the war broke out, in Alabama. You hated secession more heartily every day by reason of being conscripted. You went through battles without firing your gun, holding yourself only by main force from shooting your own Confederate officers. You are heartily glad Mr. Davis was overthrown. You are speculating in land. You love money desperately because it is power. You have awful defects and —"

It was merely by way of parry, not thrust, that I crossed swords with those inexpressible eyes by saying, only with my eyes, to myself and to her: "All your life, madam, you were too rich, and thus made selfish, — yourself became your occupation and your weariness. The long siege of Charleston and the killing of your only son has kept you at such strain of nerves, in reference to yourself more than ever, as that you cannot sleep at night, — how intensely wide awake during the day! And you are a ritualist. I blame your forms of religion for that no more than I do the particular street a man in delirium of fever dashes down, escaping from his chamber. Except this, obeying a purer gospel, you would have gone utterly out of and apart

from yourself to the sufficient Saviour, standing away from you, but bidding you come, leaving yourself behind, to him. All your perpetual observances are but the workings of the same unceasing introspection. By long-continued, tensely strained gaze inward upon your own soul you have grown into the second nature of your exceeding insight as to the inmost souls of others — "

I think I am a sensible, practical man. I do heartily despise mesmerism and spiritualism, but I have met Mrs. Throop! I find I have to abandon the making you understand anything about her. Her soul had so worn the body threadbare, as by perpetually grinding spirit against the flesh, that she was to you almost purely a soul, having to do only with the soul in you too. Yes, I will stop. The reader who has met such persons will excuse my failure in describing this lady. Mr. Clammeigh was a great relief that evening. If you desire to interest a statue of Apollo in your conversation, your work is hard, — so steadily interested in all you are saying as to his eyes, so essentially uninterested in you and all your fly-like buzz as to his soul. Because I know land, know cotton, by having come pretty thoroughly to know the man who sells the same! What did I care, however, for Mr. Clammeigh's perfect propriety, accurate excellence, gentlemanly reticence? He had to do our law work to our company's satisfaction, or there were other lawyers. As to Helen? Here, too, being only a land-agent, having no facility with my pen, I cannot make you understand how perfectly we understood Mr. Clammeigh. So far as Helen or myself was concerned, he was a corpse with all of the death of a corpse, but untouched, I do assure you, by one of the tears generally dropped upon such!

And the reader must allow me to make an explanation here. I said I have no literary facility, being merely a man of business. Now a friend, whose painful task has been to look over my manuscript, entreats me to correct my style, or at least "put in more verbs." I have no objection to verbs, none at all, if I but knew what verbs and where to put them! My business correspondence has not been considered uninteresting, — for the matter, however, not the manner: please accept this narrative in that way.

I am not dealing with characters, but actual persons. I know I should let them live for themselves on these pages instead of trying to portray them, but neither Mrs. Throop nor Mr. Clammeigh express themselves at all in their words; you had to know them in person. Therefore I have a dozen times given up all idea of attempting to make this narration. But how can I help myself? The whole affair is, in certain senses, the most remarkable of my life; it will cease to press upon me when I have fairly written it out, — that is, as well as I can.

"Did you observe our meeting?" my wife asked me afterward.

"No, I completely forgot about all that," I said. "I was in the custody, at the moment, of Mrs. Throop."

"We were both perfectly prepared for it, of course!" my wife said. "I merely remarked, when introduced, 'We have met before, I believe.' I thought his steady pallor turned a shade of yellow at first, I don't know. It is amazing how keenly people can live and afterward utterly die; it almost shakes my belief in the immortality of the soul," my wife added.

"His soul seems, at least, to have withdrawn itself from the surface," I said. "The hand of a dead man has as little warmth and pressure. I dare say you have prejudiced me. The man has come to hide himself very perfectly in himself, but it may be mere timidity; a rabbit burrows as deeply in its hole from fright as a robber in his cave for ambush."

"Did you notice Agnes Throop?" my wife asks.

"How could I help it? At least after I passed from Mrs. Throop to the mere bodily presence of her husband. She is more frail and more beautiful than I had expected."

"But it was touching!" my wife continues. "I did not need that special tenderness in her eyes and her kiss at meeting and parting, to see that Mr. Clammeigh had told her everything. I was more vexed and touched than I can say! It was so at the convent," my wife continues,

after long thought. "The girl bewitched those pallid old nuns; they crossed themselves and petted and almost dreaded her. An unaccountable fascination of manner? eyes? — what is it?"

"Magnetism," I make reply, for I have not for nothing heard so many lectures in Boston. "Excess of electricity. She has instant, ready, amazing sympathy for almost every person she meets. She is giving her soul away all the time. And she requires and has everybody else's soul back in return. If she was to spend an evening in one of those five-acre parlors at Saratoga, every one of the five hundred who were thrown with her would say, — every man, child, even woman of them would say, — 'What a charming woman!' I would say myself that only love like hers could melt that man Clammeigh. Ah, how she loves him!"

"I wonder, wonder, wonder," my wife said, dreamily, and explained by adding, "O, never mind!"

"Mrs. Throop," I say, as much to myself as to my wife, "is what the French call — I know my pronunciation is wrong — a *femme exaltée*. Madame Roland in politics, Madame Krüdener in religion, possibly Madame Guyon in the same, Charlotte Corday in vengeance. In various forms it is all Joan of Arc over and over again. I never had exactly the same experience, — experience as to another individual I mean. She was to me as if my conscience had taken flesh and dress in her person and stood before me."

"And therefore you made so clean a breast of it at supper?" my wife asked.

"O, in mentioning — incidentally and very quietly, I am sure — that I was from New England; that, although you are from the South, you held through the war the same Union sentiments as myself? Yes, I think it always best to have no concealments."

"Frankness is your one weakness, dear," my wife saw fit to reply.

"I have always found it best, in society as in business, my love. It certainly places us all at our ease with each other."

"And the General and yourself are going West to look at that land?"

"Yes, the daughter naturally inherits from the mother," I say, in continuance of profound philosophical thought, and postponing, with a gesture, my wife and her question, "the power of the eyes without their ferocity, the fulness of soul without its violence. It is the father in her which tempers the mother."

"You told me that General Throop realized George Washington to you for the first time in your life. And when I was so pleased, you told me that Aaron Burr —"

"A New-Englander," I interpose.

"— had said Washington was far from being the demi-god people thought."

"And," I added, "that Adams had told a friend, waving his hand, after dinner, toward a portrait of the said Father of his Country, 'that old wooden head made his fortune by holding his tongue!' A little stolid, not swift enough for Wall Street, not having instinct for money as of a rat-terrier for vermin. It was not on carrion the eagles of those days fed, if they were slow of wing. Behind the times General Throop certainly is, absurd in his exasperation at the new era, intensely prejudiced — I do believe, however," I abruptly added, "if George Washington were to rise from the dead, he would be elected president!"

I could have proved the same, had not an old and very black woman from General Throop's entered our room at this moment with a courtesy as deep as her bright-colored handkerchief head-dress was high. She brought certain patterns of millinery matters for Helen, and I wish I had let her alone.

"Well, Aunt Mary Martha Washington," I said, — for Helen had thus made her known to me, — "how do *you* like the new things, aunty?"

"They 're not the things, marster, only patterns to make 'em with," she replies, seriously, for she suspects me.

"O, I mean your being free and all that!" And I wish, as I say it, that I had known better.

"I don't like them at *all*, sir!" she says, with a grave gladness for the opportunity. "We were chillern of body-sarvents of General Washington. General

Theodore Throop, he bought us at the break-up there. All my life I 've sat in our church, left-hand gallery. I 've heard a thousand sermons proving we was chillern of Ham, made slaves by our Heavenly Father! I am religious, sir, I hope. He permits these abolitionist fool folks and things, black and white! It 's sinful! It won't be for long — "

"Never mind, aunty!" Curious the command with which this Southern wife of mine checks her on the spot. It lay in certain inflections of voice, the heritage in the blood for generations. But the black woman knows I am a Yankee, as marked in her coldness to me as she is deferential to Helen thereafter!

III.

Not three weeks after this, and General Theodore Throop and myself were making together our last day's ride before reaching the lands I was endeavoring to exchange with him for his Charleston property. So far as steamer and railway could carry us on our journey we had gone. For the last week the prelocomotive horse had been our only conveyance possible to the dense forests and miry roads far west of the Mississippi. Roads, horse, cabins, coarse food, shuck beds, people as of a stone age prior even to the taming of horses, — at all these I winced in sympathy with the aversion, greater still, of the General. Not that he intimated it by a word. A hundredth part of the annoyance then endured occurring before the war, or even now in Charleston, would have kept him an Etna in perpetual eruption. I could not but admire, almost venerate and love, the thorough gentleman in my aged companion. A removal was essential to the support of wife and daughter. Such a trip would have been the business of Theodore the son; possibly would have been unnecessary had Theodore lived. But Theodore was now part of the dust — how wholly in vain! — of Sumter. The General rode by my side, feeble but erect, and resolved to make the best of everything, — an old soldier upon a campaign, a cavalier of Charles and Prince Rupert retreating before the Roundheads. And, riding with a Roundhead, too, the old General clothed himself in endurance as in his necessary coat of mail. Silent in regard to bodily inconvenience, the negroes swarming about us everywhere, less, with all his kindness, than the other insects in his regard; the war and its results a powder-magazine between us from which we both instinctively held back the torches of our tongues, — these things excepted, my companion is as genial as when in his parlor at home. Only somehow I am the host now in this very extensive parlor of the West, whose duty it is to entertain, — as hard a business as devolved on Virgil playing the host to Dante through Malbolge; for we rode upon a causeway through a vast swamp on either side, every pool thereof venomous beneath its green scum with snakes and terrible with alligators, nature itself turned vicious in the vines strangling, anaconda-like, the decrepit trees, and leaping through the air upon fresh victims. Now and then the crash of a falling tree sounding through the slimy silence, decayed trunks falling, on three occasions, across our very road!

"But some ten miles more to Brownstown," I say to the General as we ride soberly along through the live-oaks craped in moss.

"Fifty, if necessary," the General adds, cheerfully, "although I *am* a little fatigued."

"And here comes some one who can tell us," I add; for during the last twenty miles we have not been so certain we are on the right road. I turn to speak to a horseman who has joined us, but am, at first, too dazzled to speak. For, instead of some rough backwoodsman, I behold a Philadelphia exquisite! The fool is young, and not bad-looking in his waxed mustache, pomaded hair, broadcloth suit, gauntleted hands, well-brushed hat a little to one side. The instant I address him I am, in imagination, at the office of a first-class hotel in the East, confronting the exceedingly cool clerk thereof. And to him am I the dusty and tired and probably disreputable and insolvent traveller, the nuisance inevitable to his calling.

"I intended to ask about the road," I say, as soon as I can adjust myself to the occasion; "but I see you are a stranger like myself."

"Road to Brownstown nine miles." And our hotel clerk lifts his silver-handled whip to pass us, with a contemptuous cut on the flanks of his very bright bay, then consents to endure us, seeing the road is so lonely. He had not looked at my companion.

"Are you acquainted in this region, sir?" the General asks after some silence; and I observe, on the instant, that our new arrival recognizes in the General a millionnaire, pecuniary or social, and modulates his entire tone and bearing. As I rein my horse in from between the two that they may ride together, I demand of myself: Culture, manner, social position, — just how do these mould the very body of a man or woman? This old General wears them like the purple of a king, bowed to as such, no man plainer in person or attire. And what amount of dress or diamonds could make this fop other than himself? Yet it does speak well for the fellow that he defers to, recognizes, unbosoms himself to the old General. We soon have his history. He was born and has lived all his life in Brownstown. His father and family live there now. He lives there himself, a regular physician. He is back but a few months from medical lectures in Philadelphia. This whole region, sir, is a miserable wilderness, fit only for alligators and negroes. He would not stay in it an hour if he could help it. The people are disgusting savages. He avenges himself "by dosing them, sir, dosing them most deucedly!" only his language is more highly colored as he warms to the companionship. Incidentally, as cool matter of course, he refers with contempt to Christianity as an exploded superstition, a species of Buddhism lingering for a little longer, chiefly in such benighted regions, sir, as we are riding through. As we journey rather slowly, the nine miles suffice to reassure us as to the tremendous strides of science, sir; in the very foremost rank of which marches Dr. Alexis Jones,— for the honor of his name, intensely illuminated upon a cream-colored card, is also intrusted to the General, who has slowly to unbutton many wrappings to place the same in his pocket. Here a sudden turn of the road brings us upon a horse tied to a sapling a little off the edge of the highway to the left; the dismounted rider, his saddle-bags at his feet, just turning from a huge oak as we come upon him unawares, owing to the mud which deadens the sound of our horses' hoofs. The General and myself see nothing beyond this, merely bowing as we ride by. Dr. Alexis Jones is both nearer to the person and sharper-sighted; reins up a moment, then rides on, breaking into a peal of insolent laughter.

"Would you believe it, sir," he explains to the General at last, "that fellow was standing by that tree shaving! See the lather on his face? Had hung up one of those little round looking-glasses to the bark by his knife stuck in. Was going to black his boots, brush his clothes and hair, — saw all the things lying on his saddle-bags. Put on a clean shirt, too, sure as you live!" But Dr. Jones is far more profane than can be here recorded. "You see? He is fixing up before he goes into Brownstown. Like a circus, wants to make an awn-tray! Road so lonely, never thought anybody would happen along, see?" And as our companion goes off into another fit of laughter, I recall a certain hurried movement and shamefacedness in the person surprised, who seemed from my hasty glance to be a gentleman and very young.

"And I know who it is!" Dr. Jones bursts out a moment after, with an oath and a downward cut of his whip-hand which causes his horse to bound. "The preacher! — See the black clothes and the peculiar face?" Dr. Jones is evidently speaking of a species of being entirely distinct from, exceedingly inferior to, himself.

The way remaining before we enter Brownstown hardly suffices for even the rapid and condensed information imparted in this connection. There once had been a flourishing church in the little town. No regular minister had lived there for years, — "dying out, gentlemen, the whole

thing, even here as everywhere!" Terribly fallen the membership had become; horse-racing, gambling, hunting on Sundays but varieties of the apostasy into which the brotherhood had fallen, the very officers of the church participants of the same. "There is old Squire Robinson, very pillar of the ex-church, worst of all. Nice time this preacher will have there! You see, that will be his home while he stays, — yes, *while!*" The securing of a pastor being hardly by action of the apostate church itself, said pastor more probably sent by some Board of the denomination outside, "this young fellow shaving there" is to be the pastor of the scattered sheep.

"It will be fun alive," our friend adds, "to see how the thing will work! And the idea of his actually stopping to fix up before meeting his people, brushing up to go to Squire Robinson's!" Our friend sees a degree of amusement in the matter which we cannot appreciate until afterward.

"There 's about only one Christian — never mind the women, their weakness, poor things! — in this Brownstown that has stood it out. New Hampshire they call him, queer old soul! I suppose he came from there. Postmaster. Office, you know, in his store. Grim as death. And this, gentlemen," — unspeakable scorn in our friend as he waves his hand toward a neglected graveyard on the roadside as we enter the street of straggling cabins which constitutes the town, — "this is our Laurel Hill, our City Cemetery. Added dozens to its denizens myself since I began my practice, — practice, you observe, *practice!* And this," halting his restless horse as we get fairly into the ragged hem, so to speak, of the village, and regarding the same with disgust beyond words, — "this is our Philadelphia! Our Continental Hotel is that long, low, double, villanous old cabin on the right, with the tumble-down porch in front; Dick Frazier — sheriff also by profession, gambler and sot by occupation — hotel-keeper. I hope to see you again, to show you our churches, libraries, museums, galleries of art, Fairmounts, navy-yards. If you survive Dick Frazier!"

I saw that the very horse of the man was restless because laden with such an ass, glancing at me with intelligent eye which said, "Is n't he a fool? How would *you* like to carry him?" The offensiveness of the fellow being in manner more than in words.

"And here," he continued, as a man rode toward us from the village, "is a representative specimen of our lovely city, — a genuine, unadulterated Brownstownian in the original package. Hold on a moment, Evans," he added as the countryman was riding by, "allow me to make Mr. Mose Evans known to you, gentlemen! I will merely add," he continued, as the other raised his hat to us, "that Mr. Evans is" — and he spelled without pronouncing the word — "a B-o-o-r. An I-g-n-o-r-a-n-t man. In fact, my friend Mr. Evans is a f-o-o-l!" There was for a moment a perplexity upon the wholesome face of the person in question, — was it possible he could not read? — coloring and looking sharply from the rascal to myself, followed by a glance of such good-humored but absolute contempt for Dr. Alexis Jones as he bowed to General Throop in silence and rode on, that I was sorry he had not shaken hands with me. I could have kicked the puppy as, with a wave of his hat, Dr. Jones turned down a side street and rode off; but I was busy, so to speak, in being ashamed to look the old General in the face, the aspect of the town was so particularly miserable. Yet I had told him of it before; and I recalled places up the Ashley and Cooper, not many miles from sacred Charleston even, as uninviting. But the brave old soul winced nothing at all. He was on a campaign, and rode as steadily up to the wretched old tavern as if it had been a battery!

Good climate, rich lands, navigable river rolling lazy with excess of mud in sight, — yet a more miserable town could not exist. I would cheerfully describe the scenery, had there been any. My field notes, for our company, of Brown County are, "Land dead level. Sandier soil, post-oaks. Bottom-lands, live-oak; soil, black, waxy, twenty feet deep, *very* rich, but will bake and crack in summer. Cor-

duroy roads. Mud. Alligators. Bayous full of 'cotton mouths,' i. e. venomous mocassin snakes. Crops, corn, splendid cotton. Register A 1."

Personally, horror and loathing of the place seized upon me; suicide even to sojourn there! Brownstown was, in fact, the very corpse of a town which had tumbled down and died in the mud in a drunken fit! It may be a singular remark to make, yet, if it were not so entirely unadvisable to do so, I would like dearly, at this very juncture, to give my views as to the resurrection of the dead! I do not mean the rising of dead men from their graves unknown ages hence, save, at least, so far as the doctrine to that effect is incidentally established by another thing. Allow me to state, as clearly as I can, that the thing I refer to is the capability of their resurrection, and complete and eternal transformation in the case of persons dead and buried for years in a figurative, yet good Saxon sense of the word! I am greatly pressed for time in our real-estate transactions, could find no leisure or disposition to enter on this narrative were it not for the remarkable illustration it affords in reference just to that! See if I am not right!

IV.

"I suppose I do have," I wrote the week of our arrival in Brownstown to my wife, "a quick sense of the ludicrous, but I could hardly keep from laughing outright that first morning at breakfast, the idea of our George Washington being so terribly bitten of vermin! Not that he spoke of it, but I knew his experience during the night from my own. Wherein *does* the nobility of this General Throop consist, that you reject any comparison of him to Uncle Toby, say, or to Mr. Pickwick, on the instant? The wearying journey, coarse food, miserable nights, with all the tremendous work of creating a new Carolina for himself out in these Western wilds, is enough to daunt a man thirty years younger; and the old General has lost twenty pounds by the scales in 'old New Hampshire's store,' is pale, tremulous, almost tottering, but uncomplaining and a perfect gentleman,—there *is* no other word; commanding, by his very aspect, the hats off the heads and the loose talk off the tongues of even the 'characters' of Brownstown! It is what Falstaff said of himself with a variation; the General is not only a gentleman himself, but the cause of gentlemanliness in others! We rode out to see the land the General is exchanging his Charleston property for the day after our arrival, three miles from Brownstown, and upon the bank of the river. We stayed all night, by the by, at the cabin, near by, of a Mrs. Evans, a red-faced virago, not worse, I dare say, than Queen Bess. The only member of her family is her grown son, Ike Evans, or Tom, or Bob, I have forgotten his name. He is our guide among these terrible woods, — a sort of mute, inglorious Milton; for you have read of the Oxford students who came upon that poet, when a boy, lying asleep in the summer woods in his yellow hair, and thought it was Pan. I will tell you more about this Romulus and his she-wolf of a mother, if I do not forget it.

"When, after riding over a few hundred acres of lands, rich as cream, we lighted off our horses and had our dinner upon a bluff of live-oaks overhanging the stream, I saw in his manner that he had made up his mind — the General — to close the bargain. One or two steamboats passed, as we sat, laden to the water's edge with cotton; but I think it was a remark made at breakfast by a certain Odd Archer, which went even further to settle the matter. Odd is, as he himself told us, 'a jack-leg lawyer,' the wild son of a distinguished minister of Georgia, a prodigal son heartily enjoying himself among the swine, and not having the least intention of coming to himself. 'For heaven's sake, General Throop,' he said, 'establish yourself here, and give existence and tone to society!' Dirty, drunken, worthless Odd Archer! and yet, the indescribable freemasonry of gentlemen between the General and the unprincipled scamp the moment they meet! Queer people, you Southerners, Helen!"

Thus far, and a good deal more, to my wife, awaiting results in Charleston.

The fact is, the General and myself are the sensation of the year in Brownstown. He is, in gossip there which I could not help overhearing, "the distinguished General Theodore Throop of Charleston, South Carolina, here to buy and make his home among us, sir!" I am, "O, a Yankee, anybody can see that; but I am told, gentlemen, a millionnaire, president of a new railroad to run through Brownstown to the Pacific! Besides, he is in company with General Theodore Throop!" I must confess I did hear a certain Job Peters reject this statement of Odd Archer, Esq., with a certain "Er-r-r-r!" like the strong purring of a contemptuous cat, ending in an unwritable "Ah-h-h, yah — yes! May be so! A dapper little sand-peep of a New-Englander!" For General Throop *is* a much larger and more imposing presence, I will admit. I did not put Peters in my letters to my wife, but *I* do not mind such things. As to his remark in continuation, — "Yes, and he has this big General from Carolina with him as protection, dars n't come by himself!" — of course, that is not worth denying. For I could not help overhearing Brownstown, as I sat writing in the back room of — I cannot see the use of writing out his real name, when every person knows it is old New Hampshire whom I refer to, postmaster, and proprietor of the one store in Brownstown, a store "bound to have" for sale everything any and every body could want, with extraordinary variety of customers, — a little weazen old man in a snuff-colored suit, small eyes that looked perfect experience of men, large ears with very red tips; though a very mummy of a man, yet Brownstown shows well that he is industrious as a beaver, shrewd as a fox, cool as a fish, fearless as a lion.

"Old New Hampshire! Now, *that* man!" — Odd Archer, the jack-leg lawyer, explains to me during our stay, on the front porch of our hotel this cool November noon, — "O, you have seen him! Blue steel! Why, sir, I 've seen our boys go in there during the war! You see they had no pay for a year, — Confederate money at that, — no clothes, feet on the ground, half starved. Go in his store, you see! When a fellow asked to look at a pair of boots, he always held on to one while the fellow was looking at the other. 'You let go!' fellow said to him one day, the counter between them, you see. 'Why, you can look at it just as well,' he said. Because, you see, the boys had helped themselves out of stores in every other town. 'You let go!' fellow said, aiming his revolver exactly between the old man's eyes across the counter. And he never even winked, — old New Hampshire, — holding on to the boot. Well, the fellow fired, just to scare him, missing his left ear by an inch; held on none the less; there 's the hole made by the bullet now! I saw one fellow walk in there one Saturday, — I suppose the fellow's wife was almost naked at home, — draw his knife and hold it between his teeth while he just took up an armful of bolts of calico piled on the counter, and turn and walk out. Sir, that old man was over that counter and after him! Like a hornet. Pulled away this bolt, that bolt, another bolt, fellow walking fast as he could toward his piebald mare hitched to a tree. The fellow went home to his wife without one yard; old New Hampshire came in, piled up the calico again, ready for the next customer! A New-Englander, I know," apologetically, "but you can't scare *him!*" Although I have left out the oaths of the speaker, oaths uttered with relish and moral meaning!

You understand how and why Odd Archer, Esq., is the most purely wicked of all the men you meet when you know of his parentage, — Satan himself, because fallen forever from heaven! If there is a peculiarly disreputable thing in such a man, it is the singular ease and suddenness with which you find yourself an intimate friend in his very familiar converse with you on the part of the same, pulling you on and off like an old glove! And that disreputable scoundrel would talk about his father, the distinguished minister, his wonderful success in pastorate and revivals, his long-suffering efforts to reclaim his prodigal. "No, sir!" he would add, "not a bit of it. I am a gone case, past praying for!" I am satisfied there is no crime known to men the fellow would not have committed with zest had it come in

his way, greed of the very wickedness involved for the very wickedness' sake. Singular world, ours! Now General Throop was as pure a knight as Sir Galahad, and how there could be that perfect understanding between the two, as of born gentlemen among peasants, is a matter which puzzles me as much to-day as ever.

As to New Hampshire, the postmaster, I saw he was hardened to things as are the rocks of his own coast to winter and the wash of wild waves. Sitting in his back room, I often paused from my writing at the rickety black desk, to listen to what said wild waves were saying while the mail was being opened, before, and after; or while a heavy rain held the assembled "crowd" from going home. Socially, politically, morally, irreligiously, a viler torrent of talk, especially when Odd Archer is present, speaker, prompter, applauder, fouls no kennel on earth. Now, as I came to know, there remains in New England no more sincerely Christian man than is this old gentleman, — the very life and soul and leader and purse afterward of the Rev. Mr. Parkinson's church; for it was the Rev. Mr. Parkinson himself, fresh from his college, whom we had come upon at his roadside toilet. I suppose the old postmaster had, by long practice, learned to abstract himself from the living mire around him morally, as Archimedes did philosophically from the storming — himself the centre of the same — of Syracuse. My theory is, he created a New England for himself, of the space behind his counter and of the small room back of the store in which I wrote, and in which he slept and had his meals; constructed a New England out of himself as he sorted letters, made entries on his journal, closed bargains, allowing all the hatred of the government, the profanity and obscenity, to dash unfelt, unheard, upon the granite coast of his weather-beaten exterior. The Puritan aroma was to him as its Cuban flavor to best cigars, as its peculiar excellence to choicest brands of wine, — the deeper and stronger in virtue of long and close keeping. He had been away from home so many years, a bewildered Rip Van Winkle he would have found himself, had he revisited the scenes of his youth. I said to him one day, I could not help it, "My dear sir, you have come not to mind all this ridicule of religion by these reckless Brown County loafers, as natural to you from them as cards, whiskey, oaths, obscenity, the crack of revolvers. Suppose you are East, and hear a perfectly polished but far deadlier assault upon your Christianity by ministers of the gospel from the pulpit on Sunday, hailed with glee as great by crowds there too. Heh? Just suppose? You *cannot* suppose? Well, I'll say nothing about the eloquent and overwhelming disproving there, by the very Rulers of the Synagogue, of everything you hold dear. But it is a good thing you landed so long ago from your Mayflower upon this remote West!"

Change the figure and say this postmaster flowed hither as from the molten furnace of his Hampshire home; in that case he certainly has hardened into cold steel among these moulding sands! If he ever relaxes the corner of mouth, even, or of eye, it is, at least, no man that knows it. Harry Peters himself in his jolliest story is as much to him, and no more, than yonder crow cawing from the dead top of that girdled post-oak over the way, in Dick Frazier's field, near the tavern. For Harry is the joker of all the world lying around Brownstown, — the Sir Charles Sedley, the Rev. Sydney Smith, the Grimaldi, and the Dickens of Brown County. Brown County? Harry was elected captain during the war, member of the Legislature since, simply as being the most popular man known, on account of his fun! Joking and laughing is nature to Harry, as much as digestion and sleep. A miserable merrymaking it would be considered if Harry Peters was not there. The simple announcement on such occasions of "O, yonder comes Harry Peters!" by any one on porch or at window, sent a laugh over every face in advance. You said, the next time you met him after introduction, "Why, how are you, Harry?" and from your heart, with warm grasp of hand, as if you had known him and he you from birth in the same village. I noticed it at New Hampshire's store, that dull, dreary

downpour of a fall day I was there. A duller, drearier, dirtier set than sat on nail-kegs and tobacco-boxes that hour, making the very weather dirtier, I never saw. Suddenly, some one said in joyful accents, "Hi, Harry!" And the entrance of that lame, pale-faced, stoop-shouldered, jeans-clad farmer, ex-planter, was like a blast of oxygen from a blow-pipe, every man wide awake, laughing already!

"You never drink, Harry," I heard Odd Archer say, with many an oath, "because you never need it."

"Yes, private distillery in here, large supply of best Bourbon always on hand!" replies Harry, his palm on his bosom. Nothing in the words, — mere champagne froth; not worth writing, anything he said; tone and manner and meaning all, and as impossible to define as any other magnetism. I know a powerful preacher in New York, whose hairs stand erect around his capacious head, on exactly the same principle as with the dolls having flowing locks which are insulated for that purpose; it is excess of electricity in the one case as in the other! And Harry Peters is magnetic, electric, as the torpedo-eel is, fun and laughter the special species of his fluid! Nothing foul or profane, his fun a simple force of nature, no more immoral or moral than lightning!

Rev. Mr. Parkinson having come, we have church on Sundays thereafter. When the postmaster lifted the lid of his old desk, as I sat at it in the back room, to get me letter-paper, I caught a glimpse of a little, worn, old book therein. How well I know what *you* are! I said to myself on the instant. Mainspring, disinfectant, companion, sole and sufficient, in this island among very foul waters. Judæa, New England, heaven. All this old soul loves of past, future, present! Merely a little black book? Not a prophet or apostle, or least Mary or leper in you, but is more of a living associate to this postmaster than all Brown County can afford! I wondered if, of Sundays and of nights and of mornings before his store is opened, my friend did not succeed in making out of that dismal surrounding an actual New England for himself, this living book assisting. Wondered if he had a turkey there to himself Thanksgivings. We won't mention Antæus, if you please, strengthened by touch of his mother earth: certainly the reviving force is from quite another direction in this case. But this old soul's religion must be, if figures may be multiplied, of a right royal Tyrian dye indeed, which can strike its purple so into the very fabric of the man. If some people are right, will it not be a sad stain in him eternally? But then, you see, there *is* no Eternity! What is climate and soil at last? South Carolina, for instance, is nothing whatever, except so far as it is — General Theodore Throop! That State will yet be another individual altogether when we once get at that bed of marl there six hundred feet deep and hundreds of miles long. Up to date Carolina is General Theodore Throop or nothing. I succeed the General in Charleston; am, I suppose, the typical South-Carolinian of the future. I do wonder if, in the end, the entire Republic is to be only one immense New England. I cannot say I hope so, — in every sense, I mean.

As I came out of the post-office, on my way back to Dick Frazier's and General Throop there, I stopped to shake hands with young Evans. I have already alluded, in my letter to my wife, to a sojourn with the General at his cabin near our lands. Allow me to speak more particularly here of the same; permit me, in fact, to make a new chapter of it, going back, therefore, a few days.

Wm. M. Baker.

IN KITTERY CHURCHYARD.

"Mary, wife of Charles Chauncy, died April 23, 1758, in the 24th year of her age."

Crushing the scarlet strawberries in the grass,
I kneel to read the slanting stone. Alas!
How sharp a sorrow speaks! A hundred years
And more have vanished, with their smiles and tears,
Since here was laid, upon an April day,
Sweet Mary Chauncy in the grave away, —
A hundred years since here her lover stood
Beside her grave in such despairing mood,
And yet from out the vanished past I hear
His cry of anguish sounding deep and clear,
And all my heart with pity melts, as though
To-day's bright sun were looking on his woe.
"Of such a wife, O righteous Heaven! bereft,
What joy for me, what joy on earth is left?
Still from my inmost soul the groans arise,
Still flow the sorrows ceaseless from mine eyes."
Alas, poor tortured soul! I look away
From the dark stone, — how brilliant shines the day!
A low wall, over which the roses shed
Their perfumed petals, shuts the quiet dead
Apart a little, and the tiny square
Stands in the broad and laughing field so fair,
And gay green vines climb o'er the rough stone-wall,
And all about the wild birds flit and call,
And but a stone's-throw southward, the blue sea
Rolls sparkling in and sings incessantly.
Lovely as any dream the peaceful place,
And scarcely changed since on her gentle face
For the last time on that sad April day
He gazed, and felt, for him, all beauty lay
Buried with her forever. Dull to him
Looked the bright world through eyes with tears so dim!
"I soon shall follow the same dreary way
That leads and opens to the coasts of day."
His only hope! But when slow time had dealt
Firmly with him and kindly, and he felt
The storm and stress of strong and piercing pain
Yielding at last, and he grew calm again,
Doubtless he found another mate before
He followed Mary to the happy shore!
But none the less his grief appeals to me
Who sit and listen to the singing sea
This matchless summer day, beside the stone
He made to echo with his bitter moan,
And in my eyes I feel the foolish tears
For buried sorrow, dead a hundred years!

Celia Thaxter.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LOCAL TAXATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

A NEW CHAPTER OF PROGRESS.

It is known to all who have examined the subject, that a hundred years ago or less the law-makers of England entertained very generally the same opinion in regard to the theory of local taxation which is yet popularly received in the United States, namely, that in order to secure exact justice and equality it is essential to attempt to subject all property of the tax-payer — real and personal, tangible and intangible, visible and invisible — to one uniform rate of valuation and assessment. And although it must then as now have been evident to every one on reflection, that in order to do this it would be necessary to endow the assessors with more than mortal powers of perception, so as to enable them to see what was invisible and measure what was intangible and incorporeal (debts and credits, for example), and that, in default thereof, this practical application of the theory must result in absurdity and injustice, yet it is curious to note that the change in English taxation, when it came about, was not due to any such process of reasoning on the part of the people, or to any positive enactment on the part of the state, but rather to a series of legal decisions by its courts, which gradually undermined the whole system of British local assessment, until it tumbled down, as it were, imperceptibly, and gradually became replaced from necessity by a theory which approximated more closely to the principle of political economy and the dictates of common-sense. Thus, one of the first of the old-time maxims which gave way under these decisions was the fiction of law that *all* property for the purpose of taxation followed the person or domicile of the owner (in virtue of which real estate was once taxed, under the British system, where the owner resided, in place of where the property was situated, used, and protected), and its replacement by the more rational principle that for all purposes of assessment the *situs* of property is where the property actually is: while other decisions of a similar character, following one another by intervals of years, forbade the taxation for local purposes of all evidences of national indebtedness, or "consols"; affirmed the *situs* of a vessel for taxation to be at the port of registry, irrespective of the domicile of the owner; and declared that all negotiable instruments are chattels personal, and the like; until the British system of local taxation, like the French, Belgian, and German, has come to be based on the assessment of comparatively few objects, and the avoidance in assessment to the greatest possible extent of all personal inquisition and arbitrary treatment.

So much, then, as preliminary to a circumstance of national importance and interest, to which the writer first asked the attention of the public in an article published some months ago in the columns of the New York Nation; and that is, that fiscal history in the Old World as thus related is repeating itself in a most curious manner in the United States, and that the abrogation and reform of the unjust and absurd systems of local taxation at present existing in most of the States, and for the effecting of which neither argument nor the lessons of experience have thus far availed anything, is in the process of gradual and certain accomplishment through the decisions of the courts of ultimate appeal and jurisdiction, — decisions given, furthermore, in each case as it were, abstractly and without any direct reference whatever to the important results certain to flow from their immediate and practical application. Among such decisions of the United States Supreme Court of recent date, with which the public are more or less familiar, the following may be cited: —

1. The denial to the States of the power to subject to any form of local taxation — direct assessment, license, or stamps — imported goods in their original packages, unbroken and unsold in the hands of the importer, on the general ground that the right to import carries with it an unrestricted right to sell. This decision, although first given by the United States Supreme Court many years ago, has been disregarded under various pretences by many State officials, especially those of Massachusetts, until within the past year, when, the question coming up under a new case, a new decision was given, so concise and unmistakable that all further misunderstanding and opposition are impossible.

2. The denial to the States of the power to tax United States bonds or other Federal instrumentalities, on the general ground that "*the power to tax involves the right to destroy*"; and again, "*that a tax on government stock is a tax on the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States.*" And as illustrative of the change in public opinion on this subject, consequent upon a better understanding of the principles involved in this decision, it may be stated that while at the present time no lawyer of repute can probably be found in the country who would be willing to maintain the independent and inherent right of a State to tax Federal instrumentalities, on the other hand, at the time of first issue of the 5-20's in 1863, an actual canvass of the bar association of one of our principal Eastern cities showed hardly one member who, when first questioned, entertained any other than an exactly opposite opinion. But notwithstanding this admitted change of sentiment, it is at the same time interesting to note that in most of the popular discussions which have taken place during the last few years in reference to the taxing of United States securities, the position is almost always taken, that although the right to tax the Federal bonds has not been given to the States, yet it would, nevertheless, have been just and expedient on the part of Congress at the time of the creation of the present national debt to have allowed the separate States to tax the evidences of such debt (i. e. the bonds) in the possession of their citizens, subject to a limitation, that the rate should not be different from that imposed upon other "moneyed capital." A full consideration of the whole subject will, however, suggest a doubt whether Congress possesses the power to grant any such authorization, inasmuch as to have done so would have been equivalent to authorizing the States to do an act which is in itself unconstitutional,—a thing which it is clearly evident that Congress cannot do. Thus "*the power to tax,*" says Chief Justice Marshall, in giving the opinion of the Supreme Court denying the right of the State of Maryland to tax the Bank of the United States, "*involves the power to destroy*"; and in the case of Weston *v.* The City of Charleston, the same court, by the same eminent authority, held further, "*that if the right to impose a tax exists it is a right which in its nature acknowledges no limits. It may be carried to any extent, within the jurisdiction of the State or corporation which imposes it, which the will of such State or corporation may prescribe.*" For Congress, therefore, to have authorized the States to tax "national instrumentalities" would have been equivalent to authorizing the exercise of a right to destroy, which right, the Supreme Court has held, "cannot from its nature, when once existing, be limited."

3. The affirmation of the principle that the *situs* of a vessel for State taxation is only at the home port where she is owned and registered, and not where the vessel may happen to be, and therefore denying in a specific case the legality of an attempt on the part of the city of San Francisco to tax the vessels of the Pacific Mail Company, whose steamers, although running on the Pacific from San Francisco to Panama, were registered in New York City. (Hayes *v.* Pacific Mail Company, 17 Howard, 713; St. Louis *v.* Ferry Company, 11 Wallace, 423).

4. The denial to any State of the power to tax "bills of lading" given for goods transported from one State to another, by stamps or otherwise, on the ground that such a tax is an interference with foreign commerce or with commerce between the

States. (Almy *v.* California, 24 Howard, 169.) The legitimate inference from this decision, which was unanimous, would further seem to be, that if bills of lading given for goods transported from one State to another are *interstate* instruments, and as such cannot be subjected to State taxation, so bills, drafts, bonds, notes, mortgages, etc., made in one State and payable in another, must be all likewise placed beyond the power of State taxation.

TAXATION OF NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS.

Following the above several decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States limiting and defining the power of State taxation, we have now another and more recent decision, no less interesting and important, and determining, it would seem definitely, the hitherto questionable *situs* for State taxation of all that large class of personal property comprised under the general term "*negotiable instruments*," i. e. State, municipal, railroad, and other corporate bonds, circulating notes of banking institutions, promissory-notes payable to bearer, etc., etc. The case which gave rise to and called forth the decision referred to is reported in the fifteenth and last volume of Wallace, under the title of "State Tax on Foreign-held Bonds," pp. 306, 328, and in brief may be thus stated: —

The State of Pennsylvania, by a law passed May, 1868, required the officers of every company, except banks or savings institutions, incorporated and doing business in the State, to retain a tax of *five per cent* upon every dollar of interest paid by such company to its bondholders or other creditors, and to pay over the same to the State treasurer for the use of the Commonwealth. The plaintiff in this specific case, the Cleveland, Painesville, and Ashtabula Railroad Company, denied the legality of the tax, and, appealing to the State courts, alleged, among other things, the following in support of their position: —

"That the greater portion of the bonds of the company having been issued upon loans made and payable out of the State, to non-residents of Pennsylvania, citizens of other States, and being held by them, the act in question in authorizing the tax upon the interest stipulated in the bonds, so far as it applied to the bonds thus issued and held, impaired the obligation of the contracts between the bondholders and the company, and is therefore repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and void."

The several State courts of Pennsylvania, however, affirmed the validity of the tax; but the case having been then carried on writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States, the latter, at the close of the December term, 1872 – 73, reversed the judgment of the State courts, and decided in favor of the plaintiff; the opinions of the court, as expressed by Mr. Justice Field, being substantially as follows: —

1. *The power of taxation of a State is limited to persons, property, and business within her jurisdiction; all taxation must relate to one of these subjects.*

2. *The tax laws of a State can have no extra-territorial operation; nor can any law of a State inconsistent with the terms of a contract made with or payable to parties out of the State have any effect upon the contract while it is in the hands of such parties, or other non-residents of the State.*

3. *Bonds issued by a railroad company are property in the hands of the holders, and when held by non-resident of the State in which the company was incorporated, are property beyond the jurisdiction of the State.*

It will be observed under the *third* head (the language above quoted being the official prefatory syllabus of the decision) that the court lays down the rule that negotiable bonds are property, not in the place where issued, as was claimed by the authorities of Pennsylvania, and not at the domicile of the owner irrespective of actual presence as is generally claimed by State-tax officials, *but in the hands of the holders at the place where the bonds are actually situated*, whether the holders be actual *bona fide* owners or otherwise; and the following is the exact language in which this decision is expressed: —

"It is undoubtedly true that the actual *situs* of personal property which has a visible, tangible existence, and not the

domicile of its owner, will, in many cases, determine the State in which it may be taxed. The same theory" (i. e. the actual *situs* determinative) "is true of public securities consisting of State bonds and bonds of municipal bodies, and circulating notes of banking institutions: the former, by general usage, have acquired the character of, and are treated as, property in the place *where they are found, though removed from the domicile* of the owner; the latter are treated and pass as money wherever they are."

If, now, there is any meaning in words, and if the authority of the United States Supreme Court in defining the powers and jurisdiction of the States is as absolute as is generally supposed, it is clearly evident that the first clause of the above-quoted opinion effectually establishes the unconstitutionality and illegality of the theory and practice of the assessors of Massachusetts and other States, namely, that, in virtue of jurisdiction over the person and domicile, a State has a right to tax so much of the visible, tangible, personal property of its citizens, i. e. horses, cattle, stocks of goods, money, bullion, and the like, as may be *without* its territory and jurisdiction equally with that which may be *within* its territory and jurisdiction; the law of Massachusetts, for example, defining personal property for the purpose of taxation to be "goods, chattels, money, and effects, *wherever they are.*" *

If it be objected that the court, by using the expression "in many cases," does not make its rule absolute and unqualified, the answer is, that the exceptions, when understood, will be found to be of a character which prove and strengthen the rule, rather than antagonize it. Thus, as has already been noticed, the Supreme Court some time ago decided that the *situs* for taxation of vessels which move about on the high seas or navigable inland waters must be at the home port where they are owned and registered; and it also stands to reason that the *situs* of such property as railroad cars, or other chattels which, as a condition of using, are perpetually *in transitu*, in order to avoid duplicate taxation and conflicting statutes, must be taxed, if taxed at all, under the head of the franchise of the company or owners. But in all cases where fixity or permanence are conditions of using, it may be unquestionably affirmed that the court intended to make no exceptions in its rule for determining where visible, tangible, personal property may be taxed, and where, also, it is of necessity exempted from taxation.

* In Massachusetts, within the last three years, a citizen has been threatened with arrest and imprisonment for objecting to pay taxes in that State on stocks of goods located in a store in San Francisco and paying taxes thereon in the State of California. Bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England has also been taxed to citizens of Massachusetts as personal property within a very recent period.

Taxation and Protection Correlative.

It ought to be superfluous, but, in view of existing opinions and practices, it is nevertheless expedient to say, that the reason of this rule is founded upon a circumstance alike conformable to law and common-sense, which is, that taxation and protection are correlative terms; or, in other words, according to the political theory of our governments, national and State, and, in fact, of every government claiming to be free, that taxes are the compensation which property pays to the State for protection, or, as Montesquieu, in his Spirit of Laws has it, and as the United States courts have again and again expressed it, that "the public revenues are a portion that each subject gives of his property in order to secure and enjoy the remainder." When, therefore, a State like Massachusetts assesses property situated beyond its territory and jurisdiction, and which its laws are not competent or able either to reach or to protect, or assesses one of its own citizens in respect to such property, the act has no claim to be regarded as taxation, but is simply arbitrary taking or confiscation, and a procedure which the Supreme Court has now, at least in this case, declared to be unconstitutional and, therefore, illegal and unwarranted. But the Supreme Court of the United States has placed itself on record before in respect to the principle that protection and taxation are correlative, and in one case, which appears to have almost wholly escaped the attention of the

bar and the public, its decision is invested with an historical as well as a legal interest. Thus, in September, 1814, the country being then at war with Great Britain, the town of Castine in Maine was captured by the British and remained in their exclusive possession until after the ratification of peace, in 1815. During this period the British government exercised all civil and military authority over the place; established a custom-house and allowed goods to be imported, which goods remained in Castine after it was evacuated by the enemy. After the re-establishment of the American government, however, the United States collector of customs, claiming a right to American duties on the goods in question, demanded payment of the same from the owners or importers, and, the claim being resisted, the case went up to the Supreme Court, where Judge Story, then upon the bench, gave judgment for the defendants as follows: —

"We are all of the opinion that the claim for duties cannot be sustained. By the conquest and military occupation of Castine, the enemy acquired that firm possession which enabled him to exercise the fullest rights of sovereignty over that place. The sovereignty of the United States over the territory was of course suspended, and the laws of the United States could no longer be rightfully enforced there, or be obligatory upon the inhabitants who remained there and submitted to the conquerors. By the surrender the inhabitants passed under a temporary allegiance to the British government, and were bound by such laws and such only as it chose to recognize and impose. From the nature of the case, no other laws could be obligatory on them; *for where there is no protection, or allegiance, or sovereignty, there can be no claim to obedience.*"

But to return to the subject more immediately under consideration. The court having thus affirmed the *situs* for taxation of personal property which has a visible and tangible existence, takes then a step farther forward, and in the second clause of the opinion above quoted, asserts that "the same thing is true of public securities, consisting of State bonds and bonds of municipal bodies and circulating notes of banking institutions"; namely, that their *situs* for assessment and taxation is wholly irrespective and apart from any whereabouts of the owner or his domicile, but is where the securities, bonds, and circulating notes actually are. So much, then, is so clear that even the most obstinate of assessors under the present arbitrary system will find it difficult in respect to the items specified to interpret the law and rule of action otherwise. But it is to be observed that negotiable railroad bonds are not, in the opinion quoted, mentioned specifically. That they, however, follow the same law as municipal and State bonds, and were intended by the court to be included in the same category, is, however, obvious, for the following reasons: 1st. The subject-matter of the case and of the decision was a railroad bond. 2d. The character of a railroad bond as a negotiable instrument is in all respects the same as a State or municipal bond. 3d. The reason which undoubtedly led the court (as it must every unprejudiced reader who thinks upon the subject) to the conclusion that State, municipal, and railroad bonds and bank-notes follow the same rule in respect to their *situs* for taxation as other personal property of acknowledged visible and tangible character is, that the property in all such instruments runs with the instrument, wholly irrespective of the residence of the owner, and consequently, in respect to title, passes by delivery. By public securities, also, the court undoubtedly means all negotiable securities which are payable to the public, that is, to bearer, whoever he may be; or, in other words, a public security, from its very nature, is subject to no previous equities between the original parties creating or issuing it, and the sum agreed to be paid is a liquidated and adjusted sum which must be paid to the public, that is, the holder; and the *situs* of such property from necessity follows the instrument to the public, and can be nowhere else than where the instrument actually is. On the other hand, if the instrument was subject to equities, the property might be where the parties creating it or owning it re-

sided. And if this position is not correct, dealings in all such securities or upon the stock exchange or in open market would be impracticable ; inasmuch as the purchaser would be obliged to institute an investigation as to whether the title for each specific bond vested in the vendor or some other person; and as there is no registration of the transfer of such property, as there is in the case of real estate, the investigation must be practically impossible. So, also, in the case of circulating notes of banking institutions, if their title did not pass by delivery, or, in other words, if their *situs* as property was not under all circumstances accepted as in the hands of the holder, their use as money would be impossible ; and the courts, recognizing this principle most fully, have always held that in cases where negotiable instruments or money have been stolen, and in consideration for value received have come into the hands of innocent third parties, the title to such property in the hands of the holders is perfect and irrefragable.

Again, the circumstance that State, municipal, and railroad bonds, and all other strictly negotiable instruments or public securities, even warehouse receipts payable to bearer, are subject to attachment by legal process only at the place where they actually are, and without regard to the whereabouts of the owner or his domicile, of itself also clearly defines and limits the *situs* of such property for taxation; for clearly a State which has the power to make a legal attachment operative against a given property has also the power to tax such property, while, on the other hand, a State which, through lack of possession and jurisdiction, cannot attach a specific property, certainly cannot enforce its tax laws against it, or give protection in case its rights or the rights of its owner are violated. And again, can the right to tax personal property exist in a State from which the property is so confessedly absent that there is neither right, power, nor possibility of passing title to it within the territory of the State by delivery?

That the view thus taken respecting the *situs* of negotiable instruments, and especially of railroad mortgage bonds, for taxation, is in strict conformity with the opinion of the Supreme Court, is also evident from the fact that, in summing up, the court held that not only was a mortgage bond issued by a railroad chartered by Pennsylvania, and in the hands of a non-resident, property out of the State, and as such beyond the jurisdiction of the taxing power of the State, but also that the State could not tax such property even when owned by a citizen and resident, unless the bond was at the time of assessment actually within the territory of the State. And as this point is a most important one, it is desirable to ask attention to the exact language of the court establishing it.

"We are clear," says Justice Field, "that the tax cannot be sustained; that the bonds, being held by non-residents of the State, are only property in their hands, and that they are thus beyond the jurisdiction of the taxing power of the State. *Even where the bonds are held by residents of the State,* the retention by the company of a portion of the stipulated interest can only be sustained as a mode of collecting a tax *upon that species of property in the State. When the property is out of the State, there can be no tax upon it for which interest can be retained.* The tax laws of Pennsylvania can have no extra-territorial operation."

Taxation of other Personal Property, "Choses in Action."

But there is yet another interesting feature of this case to be noted; for the court, having decided the *situs* for taxation of negotiable instruments, railroad bonds, etc., took occasion also to affirm the taxable *situs* of such other personal property or evidence of indebtedness as is generally included under the term *choses in action,* using in so doing the following language: —

"But other personal property, consisting of bonds, mortgages, and debts generally, has no *situs* independent of the domicile of the owner, and certainly can have none where the instruments, as in the present case, constituting the evidences of debt, are not separated from the possession of the owner."

As thus expressed the reason given by the court for separating the *situs* for taxation of the two classes of personal property under consideration is so clear and so in accordance with common-sense as hardly to require any further explanation; and, therefore, it seems only necessary to assist the reader, who, if a tax-payer, is certainly interested in knowing the tax liability of his property, by recalling that, while in the case of negotiable instruments the title to the property runs with the instrument and passes by delivery, in case of bonds, mortgages, and promissory-notes made to particular persons, and thus non-negotiable, the title, on the other hand, does not run with the instrument, but exclusively with the person of the owner; so much so, that the attachment of a mortgage, or the possession by theft, or finding, of a note payable to a person, does not in any degree alienate or impair its original and legitimate ownership. The decision of the court, therefore, brings all classes of personal property under one harmonious and consistent rule for the purpose of taxation, legal attachment, and protection, by affirming that their *situs* as property is only where they are; which in the case of visible, tangible objects and negotiable instruments is dependent, from the very nature of things, upon actual and not constructive presence, and in the case of *choses in action* upon the domicile of the owner. And in thus deciding the court simply follows English precedents of long standing and the highest character; Lord Ellenborough in the King's Bench (McNeilage *v.* Holloway, 1 Barnwell and Allison's Reports, 218) having decided that a negotiable note was a chattel personal, and not a *chose in action;* Lord Abinger (The Attorney-General *v.* Bouvens, 4 Meeson and Welsby, 171), that all foreign government bonds payable to bearer have a *situs* where they are actually situated and are then taxable; and the House of Lords (Attorney-General *v.* Hope), that *registered* stocks and bonds of the United States and of the several States not passing by delivery are not negotiable instruments, and therefore not taxable as goods and chattels.

Practical Results of this Decision.

It may, however, be objected that the practical effect of this decision will be to relieve all negotiable instruments from taxation, inasmuch as, removed beyond the territory and jurisdiction of the State in which their owner resides, they will not, by reason of ready concealment, be easily cognizable by the assessors of the locality in which they are deposited. But admitting the objection in full force, as in all reason we must, what then? The Supreme Court has given its opinion, clearly and unmistakably; and until this opinion is reversed it constitutes the legitimate rule of action for both assessors and tax-payers. But suppose it were possible to reverse the opinion in question, would it be expedient to do so? Would it be desirable to abandon the plain common-sense view, that the *situs* for the taxation of all personal property is where the law protects it, and where alone an assessment and a legal attachment against it can be enforced, and in its place make *situs* depend on visibility? And if visibility, what degree of visibility? Shall a diamond, a bar of gold, or a railroad bond belonging to A B residing in Boston, but openly displayed in a jeweller's or broker's window in Philadelphia, be taxable in Pennsylvania, and a similar diamond, gold bar, or bond of the same owner deposited in a drawer of the same shop or office and not so readily visible, be taxable in Massachusetts? Shall we make the *situs* of property for taxation depend upon the keenness of perception or visual organs of an assessor? Or shall we not, rather, admit that the attempt to raise revenue by taxing such property as negotiable instruments which from their very nature are in a high degree intangible and invisible, and thus easy of concealment, which, passing by delivery, are here to-day and somewhere else to-morrow, which are not taxed in any other highly civilized country, and which are in great part even in this country specifically exempted by law, — i. e. United States bonds, legal tender, national bank-notes, etc., — is in itself an absurdity and a wrong; inasmuch as to enforce a levy from one man for one spe-

cies of property, because through his honesty, ignorance, or inability to escape he can be laid hold of, and allow identically the same description of property in the possession of another man to escape because of varying circumstances beyond the control of the assessors, is not taxation in any sense, but simply arbitrary taking? The decision of the Supreme Court, of which an analysis has been given, ought therefore to be regarded, as has been assumed in the title to this article, as constituting a real chapter of progress in American local taxation, because by contributing powerfully to break down the present popular system, which, founded on an erroneous and impracticable principle, never has been and never can be executed with justice and efficiency, the time is hastened when a better system shall be accepted and inaugurated. The logic of this decision, moreover, will not only pervade courts, — State and Federal, — but it will be felt in legislative halls and will be impressed upon the conscience of the people. The Court itself, in referring to the tax under consideration, says, with great point and truth, "*It is only one of many cases, where, under the name of taxation, an oppressive exaction is made, without constitutional warrant amounting to little less than an arbitrary seizure of private property. It is, in fact, a forced contribution levied upon property held in other States, where it is subjected, or may be subjected, to taxation upon an estimate of its full value.*" Every State in the Union has in some form imposed such unreasonable and unwarrantable exactions. Personal property is generally, in this country, taxed by the absurd rule of *residence* of the owner; and thus all laws and rules of equity are violated when the rate of taxation is higher and the degree of protection and profit greater at the place of the owner's residence than at the place of the actual *situs* of the property, even if the location of the property is in the same State as the domicile of the owner. But this new decision teaches us that all personal property, if taxed at all, must be taxed in the city or town where found, and not elsewhere. The injustice and oppression is also the same as in the case of State ex-territorial taxation, when the tax is levied upon a person for property not within the taxing town-district, and at a higher rate than the rate in the district where the property is actually located and protected. It is only a question of degree of oppression, and this authoritative opinion of the United States Supreme Court will therefore be felt beyond the boundaries of court-rooms, and cannot fail to give a new impulse to the feeling that taxation without protection is merely legalized brigandage.

Recent Decision of the Supreme Court of California on the Taxation of Mortgages.

But any review of recent progress and the history of local taxation in the United States would be imperfect which failed to notice a most able and interesting decision given in May, 1873, by the Supreme Court of California, in regard to the taxation by its State authorities of real-estate mortgages. The question was one that for a considerable time had greatly interested the people of California, and the drift of popular sentiment, outside of San Francisco, seems to have been most unmistakably in favor of their taxation. But how to do it, and at the same time not increase the burden upon the borrower who had mortgaged his land as a security for a loan of capital to improve or stock it, was a problem that not a little troubled the law-makers in Legislature assembled. One proposition brought forward contemplated a deduction from the amount of land tax of the assessment on the mortgage; but as the lands of California were found as a rule to be taxed far below their value, and the mortgages for a value far in excess of the assessors' appraisement of the land they covered, it became soon apparent that this scheme was to a greater or less extent equivalent to exempting the land and taxing the mortgage. Another proposition embodied in a bill introduced into the Assembly by a member of the name of Wilcox was to make void all contracts by which borrowers agreed to reimburse lenders in the amount of the mortgage tax; while others again were exceedingly strenuous in favor of trying

the pleasing little experiment — which no community having once tried it ever desires to repeat — of providing that the person giving the mortgage should pay the taxes upon it, but be at the same time authorized to deduct the tax from the principal or interest in settling with his creditor. Pending these discussions, however, the Supreme Court, which had the question before it on a suit to which one of the savings banks of San Francisco was a party, rendered a decision, that in virtue of a clause in the Constitution of the State, requiring all taxation to be equal and uniform, the taxation of mortgages was unconstitutional and illegal; inasmuch as to tax a given property and then tax a mortgage on it, which mortgage is not in itself property, but like a deed or a lease, is a species of conveyance or acknowledgment of a conditional interest or right in the property, is not equal and uniform taxation, but an unequal and double tax on the property mortgaged. The importance of this decision, considered as an act reformatory of our popular theory of local taxation, does not require to be proved and illustrated; but as it is unquestionably a step in advance of any hitherto taken by either our Federal or State courts, and as, by reason of it, not only are mortgages now exempted from taxation in California, but also all promissory-notes and other evidences of indebtedness, it is desirable briefly to ask attention to the reasoning by which the Court was led to its conclusions.

The opinion was given by the Chief Justice Crockett, who, after reviewing the history of the case, is reported to have used the following language: —

"I come now to the point, whether a tax on land at its full value and a tax on a debt for money loaned, secured by a mortgage on the land, is in substance and legal effect a tax on the same property. We all know, as a matter of general notoriety, that almost universally, by a stipulation between parties, the mortgageor is obliged to pay the tax both on the land and on the mortgage. Practically he is twice taxed on the same value, if he has still in his possession the borrowed money to secure which the mortgage was made. The law taxes in his hand both money and land; and by his stipulation he is required to pay tax on the mortgage debt, and also, if the money has passed out of his hands into the possession of some other tax-payer, it is taxed in the hands of the latter, so that the money bears its share of taxation, and the land its share, in the hands of whomsoever they may happen to be."

"It is very true that a voluntary agreement on the part of the mortgagor to pay the tax on the mortgage debt cannot improve its *situs*. The State was no party to the contract, and is not bound by stipulation *inter alias*. The burdens of taxation cannot be shifted from those on whom the law imposes them by stipulations between private persons; but in the absence of such a stipulation, an inexorable law of political economy would impose upon the mortgagor the burden, in a different form, of paying the tax on the mortgage debt. Interest on money loaned is paid as a compensation for the use of the money, and a rate of interest as agreed on is the amount which the parties stipulate will be the just equivalent to the lender. If, however, by the imposition of a tax on the debt, the government diminishes the profit which the lender would otherwise receive, the rate of interest will be sufficiently increased to cover the tax, which in this way will be ultimately paid by the borrower. The transaction would be governed by the same immutable, inflexible law of trade, by reason of which import duties on articles for consumption are ultimately paid by the consumer, and not by the importer. The rate of interest on money loaned is regulated by the supply and demand which governs all articles of commerce; and the burdens imposed by law in the form of a tax on the transaction, which would thereby diminish the profits of the lender, if paid by him, will prompt him to compensate for the loss by increasing to that extent the rate of interest demanded. *If his money would command a given rate of interest without the burden, he will be vigilant to see that the borrower assumes the burden, either by express stipulation, or in the form of increased interest. This is a law of*

human nature, which statute laws are powerless to suppress, and which pervades the whole of trade governed by the law of supply and demand. Nor would the enactment of the most stringent usury laws produce a different practical result. Human ingenuity has hitherto proved inadequate to the task of devising usury laws which were incapable of easy evasion; and wherever they exist they are, and will continue to be, subordinate to that higher law of trade which ordains that money, like other articles of commercial value, will command just what it is worth in the market, no more and no less. Assuming these premises to be correct, and I am convinced that they are, it results that it is the borrower, and not the lender, who pays the tax on borrowed money, whether secured by mortgage or not; but if secured by mortgage, he is taxed not only on the mortgage and property, but on the debt which the property represents and which is held as a security for the debt."

Of the soundness of this decision there could probably be no more convincing illustration than the statement that, upon its announcement, the savings banks of San Francisco gave notice that they would immediately reduce the rate of interest on their loans secured by mortgages by the amount of the tax on the mortgage. And the Alta-California of May 9, in commenting upon the decision, says: "When the news arrived here yesterday morning" (that the Supreme Court had given a decision) "it was not unexpected; and the idea conveyed by the false rumors set afloat, that the decision was adverse to the savings banks, was accepted as a decision measured by expediency, and not based on sound legal principles. Special despatches received changed the result; and when it became evident that the banks and the mercantile community had triumphed, a general feeling of satisfacton was everywhere noticeable. Merchants, bankers, and tax-payers generally received the news with the feelings of men who felt relieved from a terrible incubus."

From the experience of the past year as above related, it must, therefore, be evident, that although public opinion is slow to change, and legislative bodies are unwilling to give the subject careful consideration, yet, notwithstanding, the work of tax reform goes forward; and that the day is not far distant when the theory that in order to tax equitably it is necessary to attempt to tax everything, will be as completely ignored and scouted from acceptance in the United States as it has been in every other country, our compeers in wealth, population, and civilization. It is also interesting to note how this record of recent decisions relative to local taxation coincides with and strengthens an observation made by more than one eminent writer on legal ethics and history, namely, that the law of judicial decision is not only absolutely necessary in every free and progressive society, but that it also contributes far more to the full and free development of such society than what may be termed, in contradistinction, the law of statute or legislative enactment; and that, in the action of our Courts, as in the instances referred to and others, we are but following the precedents of England, the jurisprudence of which country is, it is well known, based upon, or rather consists of, a mass of judicial decisions; and that England in turn has followed the precedents of Rome under the Republic, when the law-creating function resided for centuries far more in the Courts than in any legislative assembly.

David A. Wells.

THE LAST OF THE VALERII.

I HAD had occasion to declare more than once that if my god-daughter married a foreigner I should refuse to give her away. And yet when the young Conte Valerio was presented to me, in Rome, as her accepted and plighted lover, I found myself looking at the happy fellow, after a momentary stare of amazement, with a certain paternal benevolence; thinking, indeed, that from the picturesque point of view (she with her yellow locks and he with his dusky ones) they were a strikingly well-assorted pair. She brought him up to me half proudly, half timidly, pushing him before her, and begging me with one of her dovelike glances to be very polite. I don't know that I am addicted to rudeness; but she was so deeply impressed with his grandeur that she thought it impossible to do him honor enough. The Conte Valerio's grandeur was perhaps nothing for a young American girl, who had the air and almost the habits of a princess, to sound her trumpet about; but she was desperately in love with him, and not only her heart, but her imagination, was touched. He was extremely handsome, and with a more significant sort of beauty than is common in the handsome Roman race. He had a sort of sunken depth of expression, and a grave, slow smile, suggesting no great quickness of wit, but an unimpassioned intensity of feeling which promised well for Martha's happiness. He had little of the light, inexpensive urbanity of his countrymen, and more of a sort of heavy sincerity in his gaze which seemed to suspend response until he was sure he understood you. He was perhaps a little stupid, and I fancied that to a political or æsthetic question the reply would be particularly slow. "He is good and strong and brave," the young girl however assured me; and I easily believed her. Strong the Conte Valerio certainly was; he had a head and throat like some of the busts in the Vatican. To my eye, which has looked at things now so long with the painter's purpose, it was a real perplexity to see such a throat rising out of the white cravat of the period. It sustained a head as massively round as that of the familiar bust of the Emperor Caracalla, and covered with the same dense sculptural crop of curls. The young man's hair grew superbly; it was such hair as the old Romans must have had when they walked bareheaded and bronzed about the world. It made a perfect arch over his low, clear forehead, and prolonged itself on cheek and chin in a close, crisp beard, strong with its own strength and unstiffened by the razor. Neither his nose nor his mouth was delicate; but they were powerful, shapely, and manly. His complexion was of a deep glowing brown which no emotion would alter, and his large lucid eyes seemed to stare at you like a pair of polished agates. He was of middle stature, and his chest was of so generous a girth that you half expected to hear his linen crack with its even respirations. And yet, with his simple human smile, he looked neither like a young bullock nor a gladiator. His powerful voice was the least bit harsh, and his large, ceremonious reply to my compliment had the massive sonority with which civil speeches must have been uttered in the age of Augustus. I had always considered my god-daughter a very American little person, in all delightful meanings of the word, and I doubted if this sturdy young Latin would understand the transatlantic element in her nature; but, evidently, he would make her a loyal and ardent lover. She seemed to me, in her blond prettiness, so tender, so appealing, so bewitching, that it was impossible to believe he had not more thoughts for all this than for the pretty fortune which it yet bothered me to believe that he must, like a good Italian, have taken the exact measure of. His own worldly goods consisted of the paternal estate, a villa within the walls of Rome, which his scanty funds had suffered to fall into sombre disrepair. "It 's the

Villa she 's in love with, quite as much as the Count," said her mother. "She dreams of converting the Count; that 's all very well. But she dreams of refurnishing the Villa!"

The upholsterers were turned into it, I believe, before the wedding, and there was a great scrubbing and sweeping of saloons and raking and weeding of alleys and avenues. Martha made frequent visits of inspection while these ceremonies were taking place; but one day, on her return, she came into my little studio with an air of amusing horror. She had found them *scraping* the sarcophagus in the great ilex-walk; divesting it of its mossy coat, divesting it of the sacred green mould of the ages! This was their idea of making the Villa comfortable. She had made them transport it to the dampest place they could find; for next after that slow-coming, slow-going smile of her lover, it was the rusty complexion of his patrimonial marbles that she most prized. The young Count's conversion proceeded less rapidly, and indeed I believe that his betrothed brought little zeal to the affair. She loved him so devoutly that she believed no change of faith could better him, and she would have been willing for his sake to say her prayers to the sacred Bambino at Epiphany. But he had the good taste to demand no such sacrifice, and I was struck with the happy promise of a scene of which I was an accidental observer. It was at St. Peter's, one Friday afternoon, during the vesper service which takes place in the Chapel of the Choir. I met my god-daughter wandering happily on her lover's arm, her mother being established on her camp-stool near the chapel door. The crowd was collected thereabouts, and the body of the church was empty. Now and then the high voices of the singers escaped into the outer vastness and melted slowly away in the incense-thickened air. Something in the young girl's step and the clasp of her arm in her lover's told me that her contentment was perfect. As she threw back her head and gazed into the magnificent immensity of vault and dome, I felt that she was in that enviable mood in which all consciousness revolves on a single centre, and that her sense of the splendors around her was one with the ecstasy of her trust. They stopped before that sombre group of confessionals which proclaims so portentously the world's sinfulness, and Martha seemed to make some almost passionate protestation. A few minutes later I overtook them.

"Don't you agree with me, dear friend," said the Count, who always addressed me with the most affectionate deference, "that before I marry so pure and sweet a creature as this, I ought to go into one of those places and confess every sin I ever was guilty of, — every evil thought and impulse and desire of my grossly evil nature?"

Martha looked at him, half in deprecation, half in homage, with a look which seemed at once to insist that her lover could have no vices, and to plead that, if he had, there would be something magnificent in them. "Listen to him!" she said, smiling. "The list would be long, and if you waited to finish it, you would be late for the wedding! But if you confess your sins for me, it 's only fair I should confess mine for you. Do you know what I have been saying to Camillo?" she added, turning to me with the half-filial confidence she had always shown me and with a rosy glow in her cheeks; "that I want to do something more for him than girls commonly do for their lovers, — to take some step, to run some risk, to break some law, even! I 'm willing to change my religion, if he bids me. There are moments when I 'm terribly tired of simply staring at Catholicism; it will be a relief to come into a church to kneel. That 's, after all, what they are meant for? Therefore, *Camillo mio*, if it casts a shade across your heart to think that I 'm a heretic, I 'll go and kneel down to that good old priest who has just entered the confessional yonder and say to him, 'My father, I repent, I abjure, I believe. Baptize me in the only faith.'"

"If it 's as a compliment to the Count," I said, "it seems to me he ought to anticipate it by turning Protestant."

She had spoken lightly and with a smile, and yet with an undertone of girlish ardor. The young man looked at her

with a solemn, puzzled face and shook his head. "Keep your religion," he said. "Every one his own. If you should attempt to embrace mine, I 'm afraid you would close your arms about a shadow. I 'm a poor Catholic! I don't understand all these chants and ceremonies and splendors. When I was a child I never could learn my catechism. My poor old confessor long ago gave me up; he told me I was a good boy but a *pagan!* You must not be a better Catholic than your husband. I don't understand your religion any better, but I beg you not to change it for mine. If it has helped to make you what you are it must be good." And taking the young girl's hand, he was about to raise it affectionately to his lips; but suddenly remembering that they were in a place unaccordant with profane passions, he lowered it with a comical smile. "Let us go!" he murmured, passing his hand over his forehead. "This heavy atmosphere of St. Peter's always stupefies me."

They were married in the month of May, and we separated for the summer, the Contessa's mamma going to illuminate the domestic circle in New York with her reflected dignity. When I returned to Rome in the autumn I found the young couple established at the Villa Valerio, which was being gradually reclaimed from its antique decay. I begged that the hand of improvement might be lightly laid on it, for as an unscrupulous old *genre* painter, with an eye to "subjects," I preferred that ruin should accumulate. My god-daughter was quite of my way of thinking, and she had a capital sense of the picturesque. Advising with me often as to projected changes, she was sometimes more conservative than myself; and I more than once smiled at her archæological zeal, and declared that I believed she had married the Count because he was like a statue of the Decadence. I had a constant invitation to spend my days at the Villa, and my easel was always planted in one of the garden-walks. I grew to have a painter's passion for the place and to be intimate with every tangled shrub and twisted tree, every moss-coated vase and mouldy sarcophagus and sad, disfeatured bust of those grim old Romans who could so ill-afford to become more meagre-visaged. The place was of small extent; but though there were many other villas more pretentious and splendid, none seemed to me more deeply picturesque, more romantically idle and untrimmed, more encumbered with precious antique rubbish, and haunted with half-historic echoes. It contained an old ilex-walk in which I used religiously to spend half an hour every day, — half an hour being, I confess, just as long as I could stay without beginning to sneeze. The trees arched and intertwisted here along their dusky vista in the quaintest symmetry; and as it was exposed uninterruptedly to the west, the low evening sun used to transfuse it with a sort of golden mist and play through it — over leaves and knotty boughs and mossy marbles — with a thousand crimson fingers. It was filled with disinterred fragments of sculpture, — nameless statues and noseless heads and rough-hewn sarcophagi, which made it deliciously solemn. The statues used to stand there in the perpetual twilight like conscious things, brooding on their gathered memories. I used to linger about them, half expecting they would speak and tell me their stony secrets — whisper heavily the whereabouts of their mouldering fellows, still unrecovered from the soil.

My god-daughter was idyllically happy and absolutely in love. I was obliged to confess that even rigid rules have their exceptions, and that now and then an Italian count is an honest fellow. Camillo was one to the core, and seemed quite content to be adored. Their life was a kind of childlike interchange of caresses, as candid and unmeasured as those of a shepherd and shepherdess in a bucolic poem. To stroll in the ilex-walk and feel her husband's arm about her waist and his shoulder against her cheek; to roll cigarettes for him while he puffed them in the great marble-paved rotunda in the centre of the house; to fill his glass from an old rusty red amphora; — these graceful occupations satisfied the young Countess.

She rode with him sometimes in the tufty shadow of aqueducts and tombs, and sometimes suffered him to show his

beautiful wife at Roman dinners and balls. She played dominoes with him after dinner, and carried out in a desultory way a daily scheme of reading him the newspapers. This observance was subject to fluctuations caused by the Count's invincible tendency to go to sleep, — a failing his wife never attempted to disguise or palliate. She would sit and brush the flies from him while he lay picturesquely snoozing, and, if I ventured near him, would place her finger on her lips and whisper that she thought her husband was as handsome asleep as awake. I confess I often felt tempted to reply to her that he was at least as entertaining, for the young man's happiness had not multiplied the topics on which he readily conversed. He had plenty of good sense, and his opinions on practical matters were always worth having. He would often come and sit near me while I worked at my easel and offer a friendly criticism. His taste was a little crude, but his eye was excellent, and his measurement of the resemblance between some point of my copy and the original as trustworthy as that of a mathematical instrument. But he seemed to me to have either a strange reserve or a strange simplicity; to be fundamentally unfurnished with "ideas." He had no beliefs, or hopes, or fears, — nothing but senses, appetites, and serenely luxurious tastes. As I watched him strolling about looking at his finger-nails, I often wondered whether he had anything that could properly be termed a soul, and whether good health and good-nature were not the sum of his attributes. "It 's lucky he 's good-natured," I used to say to myself; "for if he were not, there is nothing in his conscience to keep him in order. If he had irritable nerves instead of quiet ones, he would strangle us as the young Hercules strangled the poor little snakes. He 's the natural man! Happily, his nature is gentle and I can mix my colors at my ease." I wondered what he thought about and what passed through his mind in the sunny leisure which seemed to shut him in from that modern work-a-day world of which, in spite of my passion for bedaubing old panels with ineffective portraiture of mouldy statues against screens of box, I still flattered myself I was a member. I went so far as to believe that he sometimes withdrew from the world altogether. He had moods in which his consciousness seemed so remote and his mind so irresponsive and dumb, that nothing but a powerful caress or a sudden violence was likely to arouse him. Even his lavish tenderness for his wife had a quality which I but half relished. Whether or no he had a soul himself, he seemed not to suspect that she had one. I took a godfatherly interest in what it had not always seemed to me crabbed and pedantic to talk of as her moral development. I fondly believed her to be a creature susceptible of the finer spiritual emotions. But what was becoming of her spiritual life in this interminable heathenish honeymoon? Some fine day she would find herself tired of the Count's *beaux yeux*, and make an appeal to his mind. She had, to my knowledge, plans of study, of charity, of worthily playing her part as a Contessa Valerio, — a position as to which the family records furnished the most memorable examples. But if the Count found the newspapers soporific, I doubted if he would turn Dante's pages very fast for his wife, or smile with much zest at the anecdotes of Vasari. How could he advise her, instruct her, sustain her? And if she became a mother, how could he share her responsibilities? He doubtless would assure his little son and heir a stout pair of arms and legs and a magnificent crop of curls, and sometimes remove his cigarette to kiss a dimpled spot; but I found it hard to picture him lending his voice to teach the lusty urchin his alphabet or his prayers, or the rudiments of infant virtue. One accomplishment indeed the Count possessed which would make him an agreeable playfellow: he carried in his pocket a collection of precious fragments of antique pavement, — bits of porphyry and malachite and lapis and basalt, — disinterred on his own soil and brilliantly polished by use. With these you might see him occupied by the half-hour, playing the simple game of catch-and-toss, ranging them in a circle, tossing them in rotation, and catching them on the back of his hand. His skill was remarkable; he

would send a stone five feet into the air, and pitch and catch and transpose the rest before he received it again. I watched with affectionate jealousy for the signs of a dawning sense, on Martha's part, that she was the least bit strangely mated. Once or twice, as the weeks went by, I fancied I read them, and that she looked at me with eyes which seemed to remember certain old talks of mine in which I had declared — with such verity as you please — that a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard, might be a very good fellow, but that he never really respected the woman he pretended to love; but for the most part, I confess, these dusky broodings of mine spent themselves easily in the charmed atmosphere of our fine old Villa. We were out of the modern world and had no business with modern scruples. The place was so bright, so still, so sacred to the silent, imperturbable past, that drowsy contentment seemed a natural law; and sometimes when, as I sat at my work, I saw my companions passing arm-in-arm across the end of one of the long-drawn vistas and, turning back to my palette, found my colors dimmer for the radiant vision, I could easily believe that I was some loyal old chronicler of a perfectly poetical legend.

It was a help to ungrudging feelings that the Count, yielding to his wife's urgency, had undertaken a series of systematic excavations. To excavate is an expensive luxury, and neither Camillo nor his latter forefathers had possessed the means for a disinterested pursuit of archæology. But his young wife had persuaded herself that the much-trodden soil of the Villa was as full of buried treasures as a bride-cake of plums, and that it would be a pretty compliment to the ancient house which had accepted her as mistress to devote a portion of her dowry to bringing its mouldy honors to the light. I think she was not without a fancy that this liberal process would help to disinfect her Yankee dollars of the impertinent odor of trade. She took learned advice on the subject, and was soon ready to swear to you, proceeding from irrefutable premises, that a colossal gilt-bronze Minerva mentioned by Strabo was placidly awaiting resurrection at a point twenty rods from the northwest angle of the house. She had a couple of grotesque old antiquaries to lunch, whom having plied with unwonted potations, she walked off their legs in the grounds; and though they agreed on nothing else in the world, they individually assured her that properly conducted researches would probably yield an unequalled harvest of discoveries. The Count had been not only indifferent, but even averse, to the scheme, and had more than once arrested his wife's complacent allusions to it by an unaccustomed acerbity of tone. "Let them lie, the poor disinherited gods, the Minerva, the Apollo, the Ceres, you are so sure of finding," he said, "and don't break their rest. What do you want of them? We can't worship them. Would you put them on pedestals to stare and mock at them? If you can't believe in them, don't disturb them. Peace be with them!" I remember being a good deal impressed by a vigorous confession drawn from him by his wife's playfully declaring in answer to some remonstrances in this strain that he was veritably superstitious. "Yes, by Bacchus, I am superstitious!" he cried. "Too much so, perhaps! But I 'm an old Italian, and you must take me as you find me. There have been things seen and done here which leave strange influences behind! They don't touch you doubtless, who come of another race. But they touch me, often, in the whisper of the leaves and the odor of the mouldy soil and the blank eyes of the old statues. I can't bear to look the statues in the face. I seem to see other strange eyes in the empty sockets, and I hardly know what they say to me. I call the poor old statues ghosts. In conscience, we 've enough on the place already, lurking and peering in every shady nook. Don't dig up any more, or I won't answer for my wits!"

This account of Camillo's sensibilities was too fantastic not to seem to his wife almost a joke; and though I imagined there was more in it, he made a joke so seldom that I should have been sorry to cut short the poor girl's smile. With her smile she carried her point, and in a few days arrived a kind of explorer, with

a dozen workmen armed with pickaxes and spades. For myself, I was secretly vexed at these energetic measures; for, though fond of disinterred statues, I disliked the disinterment and deplored the profane sounds which were henceforth to break the leisurely stillness of the gardens. I especially objected to the personage who conducted the operations, an ugly little dwarfish man who seemed altogether a subterranean genius, a mouldy gnome of the under world, and went prying about the grounds with a malicious smile which suggested more delight in the money the Signor Conte was going to bury than in the expected marbles and bronzes. When the first sod had been turned the Count's mood seemed to alter, and his curiosity got the better of his scruples. He sniffed delightedly the odor of the humid earth, and stood watching the workmen as they struck constantly deeper with a kindling wonder in his eyes. Whenever a pickaxe rang against a stone he would utter a sharp cry, and be deterred from jumping into the trench only by the little explorer's assurance that it was a false alarm. The near prospect of discoveries seemed to act upon his nerves, and I met him more than once strolling restlessly among his cedarn alleys, as if at last he had fallen a-thinking; he took me by the arm and made me walk with him, and discoursed ardently of the chance of a "find." I rather marvelled at his sudden zeal, and wondered whether he had an eye to the past or to the future — to the beauty of possible Minervas and Apollos or to their market value. Whenever the Count would come and denounce his little army of spadesmen, a set of loitering vagabonds, the little explorer would glance at me with a sarcastic twinkle which seemed to hint that excavations were a snare. We were kept some time in suspense, for several false beginnings were made. The earth was probed in the wrong places. The Count began to be discouraged and to prolong his abbreviated *siesta*. But the little explorer, who had his own ideas, shrewdly continued his labors; and as I sat at my easel I heard the spades ringing against the dislodged stones. Now and then I would pause, with an uncontrollable acceleration of my heart-beats. "It *may* be," I would say, "that some marble masterpiece is stirring there beneath its lightening weight of earth! There are as good fish in the sea — I *may* be summoned to welcome another Antinous back to fame, — a Venus, a Faun, an Augustus!"

One morning it seemed to me that I had been hearing for half an hour a livelier movement of voices than usual, but as I was preoccupied with a puzzling bit of work I made no inquiries. Suddenly a shadow fell across my canvas, and I turned round. The little explorer stood beside me, with a glittering eye, cap in hand, his forehead bathed in perspiration. Resting in the hollow of his arm was an earth-stained fragment of marble. In answer to my questioning glance he held it up to me, and I saw it was a woman's shapely hand. "Come!" he simply said, and led the way to the excavation. The workmen were so closely gathered round the open trench that I saw nothing till he made them divide. Then, full in the sun and flashing it back, almost, in spite of her mouldy incrustations, I beheld, propped up with stones against a heap of earth, a majestic marble image. She seemed to me almost colossal, though I afterwards perceived that she was of perfect human proportions. My pulses began to throb, for I felt she was something great, and that it was great to be among the first to know her. Her marvellous beauty gave her an almost human look, and her absent eyes seemed to wonder back at us. She was amply draped, so that I saw that she was not a Venus. "She 's a Juno," said the explorer, decisively; and she seemed indeed an embodiment of celestial supremacy and repose. Her beautiful head, bound with a single band, could have bent only to give the nod of command; her eyes looked straight before her; her mouth was implacably grave; one hand, outstretched, appeared to have held a kind of imperial wand, the arm from which the other had been broken hung at her side with the most classical majesty. The workmanship was of the rarest finish, and though perhaps there was a sort of vaguely modern attempt at character in her expression, she was wrought, as a whole,

in the large and simple manner of the great Greek period. She was a masterpiece of skill and a marvel of preservation. "Does the Count know?" I soon asked, for I had a guilty sense that our eyes were taking something from her.

"The Signor Conte is at his *siesta*," said the explorer, with his sceptical grin. "We don't like to disturb him."

"Here he comes!" cried one of the workmen, and we made way for him. His *siesta* had evidently been suddenly broken, for his face was flushed and his hair disordered.

"Ah, my dream, — my dream was right then!" he cried, and stood staring at the image.

"What was your dream?" I asked, as his face seemed to betray more dismay than delight.

"That they 'd found a Juno; and that she rose and came and laid her marble hand on mine — eh?" said the Count excitedly.

A kind of awe-struck, guttural *a-ah!* burst from the listening workmen.

"This is the hand!" said the little explorer, holding up his perfect fragment. "I 've had it this half-hour, so it can't have touched you."

"But you 're apparently right as to her being a Juno," I said. "Admire her at your leisure." And I turned away; for if the Count was superstitious, I wished to leave him free to relieve himself. I repaired to the house to carry the news to my god-daughter, whom I found slumbering — dreamlessly, it appeared — over a great archæological octavo. "They 've touched bottom," I said. "They 've found a Juno of Praxiteles at the very least!" She dropped her octavo, and rang for a parasol. I described the statue, but not graphically, I presume, for Martha gave a little sarcastic grimace.

"A long, fluted *peplum*," she said. "How very odd! I don't believe she 's beautiful."

"She 's beautiful enough, *figlioccia mia*," I answered, "to make you jealous."

We found the Count standing before the resurgent goddess in fixed contemplation, with folded arms. He seemed to have recovered from the irritation of his dream, but I thought his face betrayed a still deeper emotion. He was pale, and gave no response as his wife caressingly clasped his arm. I 'm not sure, however, that his wife's attitude was not a livelier tribute to the perfection of the image. She had been laughing at my rhapsody as we walked from the house, and I had bethought myself of a statement I had somewhere seen, that women lack the perception of the purest beauty. Martha, however, seemed slowly to measure our Juno's infinite stateliness. She gazed a long time silently, leaning against her husband, and then stepped half timidly down on the stones which formed a rough base for the figure. She laid her two rosy, ungloved hands upon the stony fingers of the goddess, and remained for some moments pressing them in her warm grasp, and fixing her living eyes upon the inexpressive brow. When she turned round her eyes were bright with an admiring tear, — a tear which her husband was too deeply absorbed to notice. He had apparently given orders that the workmen should be treated to a cask of wine, in honor of their discovery. It was now brought and opened on the spot, and the little explorer, having drawn the first glass, stepped forward, hat in hand, and obsequiously presented it to the Countess. She only moistened her lips with it and passed it to her husband. He raised it mechanically to his own; then suddenly he stopped, held it a moment aloft, and poured it out slowly and solemnly at the feet of the Juno.

"Why, it 's a libation!" I cried. He made no answer and walked slowly away.

There was no more work done that day. The laborers lay on the grass, gazing with the native Roman relish of a fine piece of sculpture, but wasting no wine in pagan ceremonies. In the evening the Count paid the Juno another visit, and gave orders that on the morrow she should be transferred to the Casino. The Casino was a deserted garden-house, built in not ungraceful imitation of an Ionic temple, in which Camillo's ancestors must often have assembled to drink cool syrups from Venetian glasses, and listen to learned madrigals. It contained several dusty fragments of antique sculpture, and it was

spacious enough to enclose that richer collection of which I began fondly to regard the Juno as but the nucleus. Here, with short delay, this fine creature was placed, serenely upright, a reversed funereal *cippus* forming a sufficiently solid pedestal. The little explorer, who seemed an expert in all the offices of restoration, rubbed her and scraped her with mysterious art, removed her earthy stains, and doubled the lustre of her beauty. Her mellow substance seemed to glow with a kind of renascent purity and bloom, and, but for her broken hand, you might have fancied she had just received the last stroke of the chisel. Her fame remained no secret. Within two or three days half a dozen inquisitive *conoscenti* posted out to obtain sight of her. I happened to be present when the first of these gentlemen (a German in blue spectacles, with a portfolio under his arm) presented himself at the Villa. The Count, hearing his voice at the door, came forward and eyed him coldly from head to foot.

"Your new Juno, Signor Conte," began the German, "is, in my opinion, much more likely to be a certain Proserpine —"

"I 've neither a Juno nor a Proserpine to discuss with you," said the Count curtly. "You 're misinformed."

"You 've dug up no statue?" cried the German. "What a scandalous hoax!"

"None worthy of your learned attention. I 'm sorry you should have the trouble of carrying your little note-book so far." The Count had suddenly become witty!

"But you 've something, surely. The rumor is running through Rome."

"The rumor be damned!" cried the Count savagely. "I 've *nothing*, — do you understand? Be so good as to say so to your friends."

The answer was explicit, and the poor archæologist departed, tossing his flaxen mane. But I pitied him and ventured to remonstrate with the Count. "She might as well be still in the earth, if no one is to see her," I said.

"*I* 'm to see her: that 's enough!" he answered with the same unnatural harshness. Then, in a moment, as he caught me eying him askance in troubled surprise, "I hated his great portfolio. He was going to make some hideous drawing of her."

"Ah, that touches me," I said. "I have been planning to make a little sketch."

He was silent for some moments, after which he turned and grasped my arm, with less irritation, but with extraordinary gravity. "Go in there towards twilight," he said, "and sit for an hour and look at her. I think you 'll give up your sketch. If you don't, my good old friend, — you 're welcome!"

I followed his advice, and, as a friend, I gave up my sketch. But an artist is an artist, and I secretly longed to attempt it. Orders strictly in accordance with the Count's reply to our German friend were given to the servants, who, with an easy Italian conscience and a gracious Italian persuasiveness, assured all subsequent inquirers that they had been regrettably misinformed. I have no doubt, indeed, that, in default of larger opportunity, they made condolence remunerative. Further excavation was, for the present, suspended, as implying an affront to the incomparable Juno. The workmen departed, but the little explorer still haunted the premises and sounded the soil for his own entertainment. One day he came to me with his usual ambiguous grimace. "The beautiful hand of the Juno," he murmured; "what has become of it?"

"I 've not seen it since you called me to look at her. I remember when I went away I saw it lying on the grass near the excavation."

"Where I placed it myself! After that it disappeared. *Ecco!*"

"Do you suspect one of your workmen? Such a fragment as that would bring more *scudi* than most of them ever looked at."

"Some, perhaps, are greater thieves than the others. But if I were to call up the worst of them and accuse him, the Count would interfere."

"He must value that beautiful hand, nevertheless."

The little expert in disinterment looked about him and winked. "He values it

so much that he himself purloined it. That 's my belief, and I think that the less we say about it the better."

"Purloined it, my dear sir? After all, it 's his own property."

"Not so much as that comes to. So beautiful a creature is more or less the property of every one; we 've all a right to look at her. But the Count treats her as if she were a sacro-sanct image of the Madonna. He keeps her under lock and key, and pays her solitary visits. What does he do, after all? When a beautiful woman is in stone, all you can do is to look at her. And what does he do with that precious hand? He keeps it in a silver box; he has made a relic of it!" And the little explorer began to titter grotesquely and walked away.

He left me musing uncomfortably, and wondering what the deuce he meant. The Count certainly chose to make a mystery of the Juno, but this seemed a natural incident of the first rapture of possession. I was willing to wait for a free access to her, and in the mean time I was glad to find that there was a limit to his constitutional apathy. But as the days elapsed I began to be conscious that his enjoyment was not communicative, but strangely cold and shy and sombre. That he should admire a marble goddess was no reason for his despising mankind, but he really seemed to be making invidious comparisons between us. From this untender proscription his charming wife was not excepted. At moments, when I tried to persuade myself that he was neither worse nor better company than usual, her face condemned my optimism. She said nothing, but she wore a constant look of pathetic perplexity. She sat at times with her eyes fixed on him with a kind of appealing remonstrance and tender curiosity, as if pitying surprise held resentment yet awhile in check. What passed between them in private, I had, of course, no warrant to inquire. Nothing, I imagined, and that was the misery. It was part of the misery, too, that he seemed impenetrable to these mute glances, and looked over her head with an air of superb abstraction. Occasionally he noticed me looking at him in urgent deprecation, and then for a moment his heavy eye would sparkle, half, as it seemed, in defiant irony and half with a strangely stifled impulse to justify himself. But from his wife he kept his face inexorably, cruelly averted; and when she approached him with some persuasive caress, he received it with an ill-concealed shudder. I inwardly protested and raged. I grew to hate the Count and everything that belonged to him. "I was a thousand times right," I cried; "an Italian count may be mighty fine, but he won't *wear!* Give us some wholesome young fellow of our own blood, who 'll play us none of these dusky Old-World tricks. Painter as I am, I 'll never recommend a picturesque husband!" I lost my pleasure in the Villa, in the purple shadows and glowing lights, the mossy marbles and the long-trailing profile of the Alban Hills. My painting stood still; everything looked ugly. I sat and fumbled with my palette, and seemed to be mixing mud with my colors. My head was stuffed with dismal thoughts; an intolerable weight seemed to lie upon my heart. The Count became, to my imagination, a dark efflorescence of the evil germs which history had implanted in his line. No wonder he was foredoomed to be cruel. Was not cruelty a tradition in his race, and crime an example? The unholy passions of his forefathers stirred blindly in his untaught nature and clamored dumbly for an issue. What a heavy heritage it seemed to me, as I reckoned it up in my melancholy musings, the Count's interminable ancestry! Back to the profligate revival of arts and vices, — back to the bloody medley of mediæval wars, — back through the long, fitfully-glaring dusk of the early ages to its ponderous origin in the solid Roman state, — back through all the darkness of history, — it seemed to stretch, losing every feeblest claim on my sympathies as it went. Such a record was in itself a curse; and my poor girl had expected it to sit as lightly and gratefully on her consciousness as her feather on her hat! I have little idea how long this painful situation lasted. It seemed the longer from my god-daughter's continued reserve, and my inability to offer

her a word of consolation. A sensitive woman, disappointed in marriage, exhausts her own ingenuity before she takes counsel. The Count's preoccupations, whatever they were, made him increasingly restless; he came and went at random, with nervous abruptness; he took long rides alone, and, as I inferred, rarely went through the form of excusing himself to his wife; and still, as time went on, he came no nearer explaining his mystery. With the lapse of time, however, I confess that my apprehensions began to be tempered with pity. If I had expected to see him propitiate his urgent ancestry by a crime, now that his native rectitude seemed resolute to deny them this satisfaction, I felt a sort of comparative gratitude. A man could n't be so gratuitously sombre without being unhappy. He had always treated me with that antique deference to a grizzled beard for which elderly men reserve the flames of their general tenderness for waning fashions, and I thought it possible he might suffer me to lay a healing hand upon his trouble. One evening, when I had taken leave of my god-daughter and given her my useless blessing in a silent kiss, I came out and found the Count sitting in the garden in the mild starlight, and staring at a mouldy Hermes, nestling in a clump of oleander. I sat down by him and informed him roundly that his conduct needed an explanation. He half turned his head, and his dark pupil gleamed an instant.

"I understand," he said, "you think me crazy!" And he tapped his forehead.

"No, not crazy, but unhappy. And if unhappiness runs its course too freely, of course our poor wits are sorely tried."

He was silent awhile, and then, "I 'm not unhappy!" he cried abruptly. "I 'm prodigiously happy. You would n't believe the satisfaction I take in sitting here and staring at that old weather-worn Hermes. Formerly I used to be afraid of him: his frown used to remind me of a little bushy-browed old priest who taught me Latin and looked at me terribly over the book when I stumbled in my Virgil. But now it seems to me the friendliest, jolliest thing in the world, and suggests the most delightful images. He stood pouting his great lips in some old Roman's garden two thousand years ago. He saw the sandalled feet treading the alleys and the rose-crowned heads bending over the wine; he knew the old feasts and the old worship, the old Romans and the old gods. As I sit here he speaks to me, in his own dumb way, and describes it all! No, no, my friend, I 'm the happiest of men!"

I had denied that I thought he was crazy, but I suddenly began to suspect it, for I found nothing reassuring in this singular rhapsody. The Hermes, for a wonder, had kept his nose; and when I reflected that my dear Countess was being neglected for this senseless pagan block, I secretly promised myself to come the next day with a hammer and deal him such a lusty blow as would make him too ridiculous for a sentimental *tête-à-tête.* Meanwhile, however, the Count's infatuation was no laughing matter, and I expressed my sincerest conviction when I said, after a pause, that I should recommend him to see either a priest or a physician.

He burst into uproarious laughter. "A priest! What should I do with a priest, or he with me? I never loved them, and I feel less like beginning than ever. A priest, my dear friend," he repeated, laying his hand on my arm, "don't set a priest at me, if you value *his* sanity! My confession would frighten the poor man out of his wits. As for a doctor, I never was better in my life, and unless," he added abruptly, rising, and eying me askance, "you want to poison me, in Christian charity I advise you to leave me alone."

Decidedly, the Count *was* unsound, and I had no heart, for some days, to go back to the Villa. How should I treat him, what stand should I take, what course did Martha's happiness and dignity demand? I wandered about Rome, revolving these questions, and one afternoon found myself in the Pantheon. A light spring shower had begun to fall, and I hurried for refuge into the great temple which its Christian altars have but half converted into a church. No Roman monument retains a deeper impress of

ancient life, or verifies more forcibly the memory of these old beliefs which we are apt to regard as dim fables. The huge dusky dome seems to the spiritual ear to hold a vague reverberation of pagan worship, as a gathered shell holds the rumor of the sea. Three or four persons were scattered before the various altars; another stood near the centre, beneath the aperture in the dome. As I drew near I perceived he was the Count. He was planted with his hands behind him, looking up first at the heavy rain-clouds, as they crossed the great bull's-eye, and then down at the besprinkled circle on the pavement. In those days the pavement was rugged and cracked and magnificently old, and this ample space, in free communion with the weather, had become as mouldy and mossy and verdant as a strip of garden soil. A tender herbage had sprung up in the crevices of the slabs and the little microscopic shoots were twinkling in the rain. This great weather-current, through the unclosed apex of the temple, deadens most effectively the customary odors of incense and tallow, and transports one to a faith that was on friendly terms with nature. It seemed to have performed this office for the Count; his face wore an indefinable expression of ecstasy, and he was so rapt in contemplation that it was some time before he noticed me. The sun was struggling through the clouds without, and yet a thin rain continued to fall and came drifting down into our gloomy enclosure in a sort of illuminated drizzle. The Count watched it with the fascinated stare of a child watching a fountain, and then turned away, pressing his hand to his brow, and walked over to one of the ornamental altars. Here he again stood staring, but in a moment wheeled about and returned to his former place. Just then he recognized me, and perceived, I suppose, the puzzled gaze I must have fixed on him. He saluted me frankly with his hand, and at last came toward me. I fancied that he was in a kind of nervous tremor and was trying to appear calm.

"This is the best place in Rome," he murmured. "It 's worth fifty St. Peters'. But do you know I never came here till the other day? I left it to the *forestieri*. They go about with their red books, and read about this and that, and think they know it. Ah! you must *feel* it, — feel the beauty and fitness of that great open skylight. Now, only the wind and the rain, the sun and the cold come down; but of old — of old" — and he touched my arm and gave me a strange smile — "the pagan gods and goddesses used to come sailing through it and take their places at their altars. What a procession, when the eyes of faith could see it! Those are the things they have given us instead!" And he gave a pitiful shrug. "I should like to pull down their pictures, overturn their candlesticks, and poison their holy-water!"

"My dear Count," I said gently, "you should tolerate people's honest beliefs. Would you renew the Inquisition, and in the interest of Jupiter and Mercury?"

"People would n't tolerate my belief, if they guessed it!" he cried. "There 's been a great talk about the pagan persecutions; but the Christians persecuted as well, and the old gods were worshipped in caves and woods as well as the new. And none the worse for that! It was in caves and woods and streams, in earth and air and water, they dwelt. And there — and here, too, in spite of all your Christian lustrations — a son of old Italy may find them still!"

He had said more than he meant, and his mask had fallen. I looked at him hard, and felt a sudden outgush of the compassion we always feel for a creature irresponsibly excited. I seemed to touch the source of his trouble, and my relief was great, for my discovery made me feel like bursting into laughter. But I contented myself with smiling benignantly. He looked back at me suspiciously, as if to judge how far he had betrayed himself; and in his glance I read, somehow, that he had a conscience we could take hold of. In my gratitude, I was ready to thank any gods he pleased. "Take care, take care," I said, "you 're saying things which if the sacristan there were to hear and report — !" And I passed my hand through his arm and led him away.

I was startled and shocked, but I was also amused and comforted. The Count had suddenly become for me a delightfully curious phenomenon, and I passed the rest of the day in meditating on the strange ineffaceability of race-characteristics. A sturdy young Latin I had called Camillo; sturdier, indeed, than I had dreamed him. Discretion was now misplaced, and on the morrow I spoke to my god-daughter. She had lately been hoping, I think, that I would help her to unburden her heart, for she immediately gave way to tears, and confessed that she was miserable. "At first," she said, "I thought it was fancy, and not his tenderness that was growing less, but my exactions that were growing greater. But suddenly it settled upon me like a mortal chill, — the conviction that he had ceased to care for me, that something had come between us. And the horrible thing has been the want of possible cause in my own conduct, or of other visible claim on his interest. I have racked my brain to discover what I had said or done or thought to displease him! And yet he goes about like a man too deeply injured to complain. He has never uttered a harsh word or given me a reproachful look. He has simply renounced me. I have dropped out of his life."

She spoke with such an appealing tremor in her voice that I was on the point of telling her that I had guessed the riddle, and that this was half the battle. But I was afraid of her incredulity. My solution was so fantastic, so apparently far-fetched, so absurd, that I resolved to wait for convincing evidence. To obtain it, I continued to watch the Count, covertly and cautiously, but with a vigilance which disinterested curiosity now made doubly keen. I returned to my painting, and neglected no pretext for hovering about the gardens and the neighborhood of the Casino. The Count, I think, suspected my designs, or at least my suspicions, and would have been glad to remember just what he had suffered himself to say to me in the Pantheon. But it deepened my interest in his extraordinary situation that, in so far as I could read his deeply brooding face, he seemed to have grudgingly pardoned me. He gave me a glance occasionally, as he passed me, in which a sort of dumb desire for help appeared to struggle with the instinct of mistrust. I was willing enough to help him, but the case was prodigiously delicate, and I wished to master the symptoms. Meanwhile I worked and waited and wondered. Ah! I wondered, you may be sure, with an interminable wonder; and, turn it over as I would, I could n't get used to my idea. Sometimes it offered itself to me with a perverse fascination which deprived me of all wish to interfere. The Count took the form of a precious psychological study, and refined feeling seemed to dictate a tender respect for his delusion. I envied him the force of his imagination, and I used sometimes to close my eyes with a vague desire that when I opened them I might find Apollo under the opposite tree, lazily kissing his flute, or see Diana hurrying with long steps down the ilex-walk. But for the most part my host seemed to me simply an unhappy young man, with an unwholesome mental twist which should be smoothed away as speedily as possible. If the remedy was to match the disease, however, it would have to be an ingenious compound!

One evening, having bidden my god-daughter good night, I had started on my usual walk to my lodgings in Rome. Five minutes after leaving the Villa gate I discovered that I had left my eye-glass — an object in constant use — behind me. I immediately remembered that, while painting, I had broken the string which fastened it round my neck, and had hooked it provisionally upon the twig of a flowering-almond tree within arm's reach. Shortly afterwards I had gathered up my things and retired, unmindful of the glass; and now, as I needed it to read the evening paper at the Caffè Greco, there was no alternative but to retrace my steps and detach it from its twig. I easily found it and lingered awhile to note the curious night-aspect of the spot I had been studying by daylight. The night was magnificent, and full-charged with the breath of the early Roman spring. The moon was rising fast and

flinging her silver checkers into the heavy masses of shadow. Watching her at work, I strolled farther and suddenly came in sight of the Casino. Just then the moon, which for a moment had been concealed, touched with a white ray a small marble figure which adorned the pediment of this rather factitious little structure. Its sudden illumination suggested that a rarer spectacle was at hand, and that the same influence must be vastly becoming to the imprisoned Juno. The door of the Casino was, as usual, locked, but the moonlight was flooding the high-placed windows so generously that my curiosity became obstinate — and inventive. I dragged a garden-seat round from the portico, placed it on end, and succeeded in climbing to the top of it and bringing myself abreast of one of the windows. The casement yielded to my pressure, turned on its hinges, and showed me the fancied scene, — Juno visited by Diana. The beautiful image stood bathed in the radiant flood and shining with a purity which made her most persuasively divine. If by day her mellow complexion suggested faded gold, her substance now might have passed for polished silver. The effect was almost terrible; beauty so eloquent could hardly be inanimate. This was my foremost observation. I leave you to fancy whether my next was less interesting. At some distance from the foot of the statue, just out of the light, I perceived a figure lying flat on the pavement, prostrate apparently with devotion. I can hardly tell you how it completed the impressiveness of the scene. It marked the shining image as a goddess indeed, and seemed to throw a sort of conscious pride into her stony mask. I of course immediately recognized this recumbent worshipper as the Count, and while I stood gazing, as if to help me to read the full meaning of his attitude, the moonlight travelled forward and covered his breast and face. Then I saw that his eyes were closed, and that he was either asleep or swooning. Watching him attentively, I detected his even respirations, and judged there was no reason for alarm. The moonlight blanched his face, which seemed already pale with weariness. He had come into the presence of the Juno in obedience to that extraordinary need of which the symptoms had so wofully perplexed us, and, exhausted either by compliance or resistance, he had sunk down at her feet in a stupid sleep. The bright moonshine soon aroused him, however; he muttered something and raised himself, vaguely staring. Then recognizing his situation, he rose and stood for some time gazing fixedly at the shining statue with an expression which I fancied was not that of wholly unprotesting devotion. He uttered a string of broken words of which I was unable to catch the meaning, and then, after another pause and a long, melancholy moan, he turned slowly to the door. As rapidly and noiselessly as possible I descended from my post of vigilance and passed behind the Casino, and in a moment I heard the sound of the closing lock and of his departing footsteps.

The next day, meeting the little explorer in the grounds, I shook my finger at him with what I meant he should consider portentous gravity. But he only grinned like the malicious earth-gnome to which I had always likened him, and twisted his mustache as if my menace was a capital joke. "If you dig any more holes here," I said, "you shall be thrust into the deepest of them, and have the earth packed down on top of you. We have made enough discoveries, and we want no more statues. Your Juno has almost ruined us."

He burst out laughing. "I expected as much," he cried, "I had my notions!"

"What did you expect?"

"That the Signor Conte would begin and say his prayers to her."

"Good heavens! Is the case so common? Why did you expect it?"

"On the contrary, the case is rare. But I've fumbled so long in the monstrous heritage of antiquity, that I have learned a multitude of secrets — learned that ancient relics may work modern miracles. There's a pagan element in all of us, — I don't speak for you, *illustrissimi forestieri*, — and the old gods have still their worshippers. The old spirit still throbs here and there, and the Signor Conte has his share of it. He's a good

fellow, but, between ourselves, he 's an impossible Christian ! " And this singular personage resumed his impertinent hilarity.

" If your previsions were so distinct," I said, " you ought to have given me a hint of them. I should have sent your spadesmen walking ! "

" Ah, but the Juno is so beautiful ! "

" Her beauty be blasted ! Can you tell me what has become of the Contessa's ? To rival the Juno, she 's turning to marble herself."

He shrugged his shoulders. " Ah, but the Juno is worth fifty thousand *scudi !* "

" I 'd give a hundred thousand," I said, " to have her annihilated. Perhaps, after all, I shall want you to dig another hole."

" At your service ! " he answered, with a flourish ; and we separated.

A couple of days later I dined, as I often did, with my host and hostess, and met the Count face to face for the first time since his prostration in the Casino. He bore the traces of it, and sat plunged in sombre distraction. I fancied that the path of the old faith was not strewn with flowers, and that the Juno was becoming daily a harder mistress to serve. Dinner was scarcely over before he rose from table and took up his hat. As he did so, passing near his wife, he faltered a moment, stopped and gave her — for the first time, I imagine — that vaguely imploring look which I had often caught. She moved her lips in inarticulate sympathy and put out her hands. He drew her towards him, kissed her with a kind of angry ardor, and strode away. The occasion was propitious, and further delay unnecessary.

" What I have to tell you is very strange," I said to the Countess, " very fantastic, very incredible. But perhaps you 'll not find it so bad as you feared. Your enemy is the Juno. The Count — how shall I say it ? — the Count takes her *au sérieux.*" She was silent ; but after a moment she touched my arm with her hand, and I knew she meant that I had spoken her own belief. " You admired his antique simplicity : you see how far it goes. He has reverted to the faith of his fathers. Dormant through the ages, that imperious statue has silently aroused it. He believes in the pedigrees you used to dog's-ear your School Mythology with trying to get by heart. In a word, dear child, Camillo is a pagan."

" I suppose you 'll be terribly shocked," she answered, " if I say that he 's welcome to any faith, if he will only share it with me. I 'll believe in Jupiter, if he 'll bid me ! My sorrow 's not for that : let my husband be himself ! My sorrow is for the gulf of silence and indifference that has burst open between us. His Juno 's the reality : I 'm the fiction ! "

" I 've lately become reconciled to this gulf of silence, and to your wearing for a while a fabulous character. After the fable the moral ! The poor fellow has but half succumbed : the other half protests. The modern man is shut out in the darkness with his incomparable wife. How can he have failed to feel — vaguely and grossly, if it must have been, but in every throb of his heart — that you are a more perfect experiment of nature, a riper fruit of time, than those primitive persons for whom Juno was a terror and Venus an example ? He pays you the compliment of believing you an inconvertible modern. He has crossed the Acheron, but he has left you behind, as a pledge to the present. We 'll bring him back to redeem it. The old ancestral ghosts ought to be propitiated when a pretty creature like you has sacrificed the roses of her life. He has proved himself one of the Valerii ; we shall see to it that he is the last, and yet that his decease shall leave the Conte Camillo in excellent health."

I spoke with a confidence which I had partly felt, for it seemed to me that if the Count was to be touched it must be by the sense that his strange, spiritual excursion had not made his wife detest him. We talked long and to a hopeful end, for before I went away my god-daughter expressed the desire to go out and look at the Juno. " I was afraid of her almost from the first," she said, " and have hardly seen her since she was set up in the Casino. Perhaps I can learn a lesson from her and guess the secret of her influence."

For a moment I hesitated, with the fear that we might intrude upon the Count's devotions. Then, as something in the young girl's face suggested that she had thought of this and felt a sudden impulse to pluck victory from the heart of danger, I bravely offered her my arm. The night was cloudy, and on this occasion apparently the triumphant goddess was to depend upon her own lustre. But as we approached the Casino I saw that the door was ajar, and that there was lamp-light within. The lamp was suspended in front of the image, and it showed us that the place was empty. But the Count had lately been there. Before the statue stood a roughly extemporized altar, composed of a nameless fragment of antique marble, engraved with an illegible Greek inscription. We seemed really to stand in a pagan temple, and we gazed at the serene divinity with an impulse of spiritual reverence. It ought to have been deepened, I suppose, but it was rudely checked, by our observing a curious glitter on the face of the low altar. A second glance showed us it was blood!

My companion looked at me in pale horror, and turned away with a cry. A swarm of hideous conjectures pressed into my mind, and for a moment I was sickened. But at last I remembered that there is blood and blood, and the later Latins were not the anthropophagi.

"Be sure it 's very innocent," I said, "a lamb, a kid, or a sucking calf!" But it was enough for her nerves and her conscience that it was a crimson trickle, and she returned to the house in great agitation. The rest of the night was not passed in a way to restore her to calmness. The Count had not come in, and she sat up for him from hour to hour. I remained with her and smoked my cigar as composedly as I might; but internally I wondered what in horror's name had become of him. Gradually, as the hours wore away, I shaped a vague interpretation of those dusky portents, — an interpretation none the less valid and devoutly desired for its being tolerably cheerful. The blood-drops on the altar, I mused, were the last instalment of his debt and the end of his delusion. They had been a happy necessity, for he was, after all, too gentle a creature not to hate himself for having shed them, not to abhor so cruelly insistent an idol. He had wandered away to recover himself in solitude, and he would come back to us with a repentant heart and an inquiring mind! I should certainly have believed all this more easily, however, if I could have heard his footstep in the hall. Toward dawn, as scepticism threatened to creep in with the gray light, I restlessly betook myself to the portico. Here in a few moments I saw him cross the grass, heavy-footed, splashed with mud, and evidently excessively tired. He must have been walking all night; and his face denoted that his spirit had been as restless as his body. He paused near me, and before he entered the house he stopped, looked at me a moment, and then held out his hand. I grasped it warmly, and it seemed to me to throb with all that he could not speak.

"Will you see your wife?" I asked.

He passed his hand over his eyes and shook his head. "Not now — not yet — some time!" he answered.

I was disappointed, but I convinced her, I think, that he had cast out the devil. She felt, poor girl, a pardonable desire to celebrate the event. I returned to my lodging, spent the day in Rome, and came back to the Villa toward dusk. I was told that the Countess was in the grounds. I looked for her cautiously at first, for I thought it just possible I might interrupt the natural consequences of a reconciliation; but failing to meet her, I turned toward the Casino, and found myself face to face with the little explorer.

"Does your excellency happen to have twenty yards of stout rope about him?" he asked gravely.

"Do you want to hang yourself for the trouble you 've stood sponsor to?" I answered.

"It 's a hanging matter, I promise you. The Countess has given orders. You 'll find her in the Casino. Sweet-voiced as she is, she knows how to make her orders understood."

At the door of the Casino stood half a dozen of the laborers on the place, looking vaguely solemn, like outlying dependants at a superior funeral. The Countess was within, in a position which was an answer to the surveyor's riddle. She stood with her eyes fixed on the Juno, who had been removed from her pedestal and lay stretched in her magnificent length upon a rude litter.

"Do you understand?" she said. "She 's beautiful, she 's noble, she 's precious, but she must go back!" And, with a passionate gesture, she seemed to indicate an open grave.

I was hugely delighted, but I thought it discreet to stroke my chin and look sober. "She 's worth fifty thousand *scudi*."

She shook her head sadly. "If we were to sell her to the Pope and give the money to the poor, it would n't profit us. She must go back, — she must go back! We must smother her beauty in the dreadful earth. It makes me feel almost as if she were alive; but it came to me last night with overwhelming force, when my husband came in and refused to see me, that he 'll not be himself as long as she is above ground. To cut the knot we must bury her! If I had only thought of it before!"

"Not before!" I said, shaking my head in turn. "Heaven reward our sacrifice now!"

The little surveyor, when he reappeared, seemed hardly like an agent of the celestial influences, but he was deft and active, which was more to the point. Every now and then he uttered some half-articulate lament, by way of protest against the Countess's cruelty; but I saw him privately scanning the recumbent image with an eye which seemed to foresee a malicious glee in standing on a certain unmarked spot on the turf and grinning till people stared. He had brought back an abundance of rope, and having summoned his assistants, who vigorously lifted the litter, he led the way to the original excavation, which had been left unclosed with the project of further researches. By the time we reached the edge of the grave the evening had fallen and the beauty of our marble victim was shrouded in a dusky veil. No one spoke, — if not exactly for shame, at least for regret. Whatever our plea, our performance looked, at least, monstrously profane. The ropes were adjusted and the Juno was slowly lowered into her earthy bed. The Countess took a handful of earth and dropped it solemnly on her breast. "May it lie lightly, but forever!" she said.

"Amen!" cried the little surveyor with a strange mocking inflection; and he gave us a bow, as he departed, which betrayed an agreeable consciousness of knowing where fifty thousand *scudi* were buried. His underlings had another cask of wine, the result of which, for them, was a suspension of all consciousness, and a subsequent irreparable confusion of memory as to where they had plied their spades.

The Countess had not yet seen her husband, who had again apparently betaken himself to communion with the great god Pan. I was of course unwilling to leave her to encounter alone the results of her momentous deed. She wandered into the drawing-room and pretended to occupy herself with a bit of embroidery, but in reality she was bravely composing herself for an "explanation." I took up a book, but it held my attention as feebly. As the evening wore away I heard a movement on the threshold and saw the Count lifting the tapestried curtain which masked the door, and looking silently at his wife. His eyes were brilliant, but not angry. He had missed the Juno — and rejoiced! The Countess kept her eyes fixed on her work, and drew her silken stitches like an image of wifely contentment. The image seemed to fascinate him: he came in slowly, almost on tiptoe, walked to the chimney-piece, and stood there in a sort of rapt contemplation. What had passed, what was passing, in his mind, I leave to your own apprehension. My god-daughter's hand trembled as it rose and fell, and the color came into her cheek. At last she raised her eyes and sustained the gaze in which all his returning faith seemed concentrated. He hesitated a moment, as if her very forgiveness kept the gulf open between them, and then he strode forward, fell on his two knees and buried

his head in her lap. I departed as the Count had come in, on tiptoe.

He never became, if you will, a thoroughly modern man; but one day, years after, when a visitor to whom he was showing his cabinet became inquisitive as to a marble hand, suspended in one of its inner recesses, he looked grave and turned the lock on it. "It is the hand of a beautiful creature," he said, "whom I once greatly admired."

"Ah, — a Roman?" said the gentleman, with a smirk.

"A Greek," said the Count, with a frown.

Henry James Jr.

THE HISTORY OF THE TWO PILLARS.

THE interest in relics has its foundation in the transitory nature of all material forms and the difficulty with which man makes any permanent impression upon them. It has taken but a thousand years or so to obliterate the monumental evidences of some of the greatest cities of the world. A few manuscript books have lasted a little longer, but time at last tyrannizes over all; walls crumble, the ancient books go piecemeal to rags, languages die, the meaning of words and symbols changes, and it requires the continuous attention of man to rescue anything from the sea of oblivion that continually encroaches upon the shores of history. A few leading ideas and words seem to last forever, but, as a rule, all human handiwork that appeals to the eye disappears sooner or later; and when we meet with any artificial object which presents to our eyes a form preserved while cities have crumbled and nations have vanished, it seems a new revelation of the past. But it is in the unexpected discovery that familiar words, ideas, and objects have a pedigree as long as chronology itself, that we get, perhaps, the most vivid impression of contact with the past, and that shadowy hands seem to reach out suddenly from some mysterious storehouse of dead and dusty things to clasp our own. For the great majority of even educated people, such an experience as this may be found in the history of the modern dollar-mark, $. How little does the clerk, shopkeeper, or banker who makes a hundred times a day this familiar figure, imagine he is making representations of the oldest symbol known to the human race; one which seems to have been elaborated out of the mythologies of all the ancients, passing through numberless changes by the outgrowth of fanciful legends from the original ideas, but clearly traceable to the earliest races, of whom we get only shadowy outlines in the dusk of antiquity, — a symbol known to those who built Tyre and Carthage as "the pillars of Heracles," but as ancient to them as to us. In comparatively modern times poetic fancy has conferred this name on the two mountains that stand at the entrance to the Mediterranean, — Calpe on the north, and Abyla on the south side of the straits. But for more than two thousand years before this diversion of the name, the form of the material symbol was two pillars of wood or stone.

But how came the two pillars to be symbolized in the dollar-mark, and what was their original meaning?

The transfer of the title Pillars of Hercules to the two mountains furnishes at least a local beginning point in the answer to the first of these queries.

According to tradition, Melcarthus, a Tyrian navigator and explorer, sailing in search of fabled Atlantis or dimly rumored Britain, had paused in a bay at the western extremity of the land beyond the straits, and set up there two pillars as a memorial, building over them the temple of Hercules. A colony of Tyre was established there, and the place grew into the ancient Gades, the modern Cadiz. As

the temple increased in wealth through the votive offerings of passing voyagers it became more splendid, and the first rude pillars of stone were replaced by others made of precious metals. As late as the second century this temple existed in its greatest splendor. Flavius Philostratus, who visited it, testifies to its magnificence, and in his Life of Apollonius of Tyana gives the following description of the pillars: —

"The pillars in the temple were composed of gold and silver, and so nicely blended were the metals as to form but one color. They were more than a cubit high, of a quadrangular form, like anvils, whose capitals were inscribed with characters neither Indian nor Egyptian, nor such as could be deciphered. *These pillars are the chains which bind together the earth and sea.* The inscriptions on them were executed by Hercules in the house of the Parcæ, to prevent discord arising among the elements and that friendship being disturbed which they have for each other."

These pillars were the nucleus of the ancient Gades, and naturally became the metropolitan emblem of the modern city, as the horse's head was of Carthage.

Leaving for the present the explanation of the original signification of the two pillars, the story of their descent to us may be briefly outlined as follows: —

When Charles V. became Emperor of Germany he adopted a new coat of imperial arms, in which those of Spain were quartered with those of the empire, the pillars of the arms of Cadiz being made supporters in the device.

At Seville was an imperial mint in which was coined a standard dollar called in the Mediterranean coasts "colonnato," the most prominent figures in the device on this coin being the two pillars and the scroll twined about them, the representation of which with a pen came to be the accepted symbol of the coin.

Melcarthus was a Tyrian, and the pillars must, therefore, have been known and reverenced as a sacred symbol in Tyre long before he set them up on the shores of the Atlantic. Additional proof of this may be found in the fact that on the coins of Tyre were prominently depicted, with some other emblems, two short pillars, arranged as supporters, one on either side of the general device, the proportions corresponding nearly to those described by Philostratus. The Tyrians, though not the first people to coin money, were the first to give it general circulation. Their coinage became the currency of the world, and the two pillars with which it was stamped would naturally become the symbol for money, so that the adoption of the dollar-mark to designate the "pillar-pieces" of Charles V. was probably only the revival of an ancient custom which at first referred to the "pillar-pieces" of Tyre.

The pound-mark, £, in all probability owes its distinguishing feature, the two horizontal bars, to the same symbol, though in this connection they came into England by another route than Spain. The L was the initial letter of the Latin *Libra*, a balance, and was used to signify a standard by which to weigh the precious metals, the name of the weight being derived from the Roman *pondo*, a pound. But in the time of Henry VIII. the pound sterling which had been used as a standard for money was superseded by another pound, which had been brought from Cairo in Egypt to Troyes in France during the Crusades. In the two hundred years from the eleventh to the close of the thirteenth century, the zeal to recapture Jerusalem brought the people of Europe more in contact with each other, producing an interchange of ideas and customs, though the jealousies of the two or three most powerful nations retarded their general adoption. It was probably owing to the ancient hatred of Briton and Gaul that this Troyes weight was not definitely adopted in England until it was carried there by Venetian goldsmiths, about the year 1496. When it was so adopted it was probably distinguished from the old sterling, or "easterling" pound by adding to the pound-mark L two strokes of the pen to represent the pillars of Hercules, the common money symbol in the Mediterranean cities. But as the lower arm of the L was the shortest, a symmetrical written character could be made more easily

by changing the pillars from the perpendicular to the horizontal. In handwriting, it is natural to make all straight marks slanting and not upright, and the change from slanting marks to horizontal ones would be as readily adopted as any other change in the symbol.

So much for the story of the two pillars as connected with money.

The tradition of the Freemasons in regard to the two pillars, which are a prominent emblem of their craft, is, that they represent the pillars *Jachin* and *Boaz* which Hiram of Tyre made for Solomon and set one on either side of the entrance to the Temple, to commemorate the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night which guided the Israelites in their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness. Whatever significance the Hebrews may have attached to these pillars, there is good reason for believing that they received the material emblem from the Tyrians at the time of the building of the Temple. The Scriptures give a minute account of the dimensions and designs of the pillars (2 Kings vii., and 2 Chronicles iii.), but are silent as to their significance; and there is nothing in the whole Scriptural account of them to forbid the conclusion that the ideas symbolized by them were as much Tyrian as Jewish. Tyre had been a rich and prosperous city for over two hundred years when Solomon undertook the building of the Temple. The Tyrians had been skilled in architecture and other arts to a degree that implied a high state of mental culture while the Hebrews were yet nomadic tribes living in tents. The tabernacle was only a tent, and in this first Hebrew endeavor to give it a more enduring structure of wood and stone, Solomon naturally appealed to the greater skill of the subjects of the friendly Hiram, king of Tyre. When the Hebrews began to build the Temple they ceased their wanderings, they became permanently established, and, as a memorial of this fact, they embodied in the architectural design of the Temple a symbol which, by the Tyrians and many other nations descended from the ancient Aryan stock, was considered emblematic of a divine leadership that had conducted them to a new and permanent home; this was the true significance of the two pillars.

As long as the Hebrews were wanderers the pillars of cloud by day and of fire by night were merely a metaphor, to express their belief in a divine direction of their movements. When they came at last to the promised land, the figurative pillars of cloud and fire became the two pillars in the porch of the Temple as the symbol of the establishment of the nation.

Having thus traced the story of the emblems back through two lines of descent to a common point in Tyre, we must take a look into the remoter past to find the origin of the symbol in the earliest recorded ideas of the human race in connection with the Deity, and from that point we may follow its descent again through the two independent routes of Greek and Scandinavian mythology.

The ancient Aryans who composed the Vedas had not then arrived at the stage of intellectual development in which they could entertain the idea of an abstract principle as the one universal law, or of any god except a visible one. To them it seemed impossible that there could be a spiritual essence without some material form. Fire, the most inexplicable and striking of the agencies of nature, was accepted by them as this first and all-pervading force which controlled the universe; and the sun, the grandest and most brilliant mass of fire, as the embodiment of the Deity.

Here are two verses of the Vedas, as translated by Max Müller, which may be called the Genesis of the Brahmins, and in them are two words around which have crystallized fancies growing into myths, and myths growing into monuments of wood and stone, and again into ideal beings, until the original conceptions have been almost lost. Yet through all these changes some characteristics of the original meaning have been so stamped upon each new form, that the thread of connection, from those ancient days when the first peoples of the human race worshipped the sun on the plains of Central Asia, down through all the ages to the comparatively modern symbol of the Pillars of Hercules, is unmistakable: —

1. "In the beginning there arose the golden Child. He was one born lord of all that is. He *established* the earth and this sky; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

2. "He who gives life, he who gives *strength*, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

If there were nothing but the coincidence of the two words italicized in the foregoing verses, with the names of the two pillars in Solomon's Temple, — Jachin meaning *strength*, and Boaz *to establish*, — if there were nothing but this to establish the connection of the two pillars as well as the Pillars of Hercules and also the Greek myth of Castor and Pollux, with these ancient expressions, the identity of all these myths and symbols might be more doubtful than it is; but there is more.

In the Vedas the sun is called the "runner," the "quick racer"; he is called Arvat, the horse; Agni, the fire; Arusha, the red one, the strong one, the son of Heaven and Earth; Indra, the god of all gods. He is represented as drawn in a chariot over his daily course through the heavens by "the harits," "the rohits," and "the arushas," i. e. the gleaming, the ruddy, and the gold-colored horses of the dawn, which are the first rays of the morning sun.

The flexibility of the idea, within a certain range of expressions, seems to be acknowledged by the poets of the Vedas in the following verse: —

"Hear thou, the brilliant Agni, my prayer, whether the two black horses bring thy car, or the two ruddy, or the two red horses."

Notwithstanding all the interchanging of names, numbers, and genders, and the changing of forms from animal to human and *vice versa*, there is an adherence to the idea of beings endowed with supernatural strength and brightness, and of a contest between, and alternating supremacy of, light and darkness!

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to conceive how, in the Greek modification of this many-sided plastic myth of the sun-god, Indra should be the prototype of Jove, and Arusha of Apollo, and also of Heracles. Indeed, it seems probable that, out of the numerous names of this one object of adoration, the sun, grew nearly all the wonderful and fantastic system of both Greek and Scandinavian mythology.

In the Vedic myths the phenomena which attended the rising and setting of the sun, the clouds, some black, some ruddy, and some shining like molten gold or silver, and also his first and last beams darting through, were spoken of as horses or cattle, or beings with human forms, almost invariably in *pairs*.

In some places the ruddy clouds that precede his rising are called the "bright cows." The two horses which the sun is said to harness to his car are called the "Arusha," the red ones; in other places they are called the "two Asvins," the shining mares; and in others the idea is modified still more, and they are called the "two sisters," and, at last, we find, are named Day and Night, the "daughters of Arusha," the one gleaming with the brightness of her father, and the other decked with stars. Professor Whitney, in his Essay on the Vedas, introduces the "two Asvins" as "enigmatical divinities," whose vocation or province in Aryan mythology he does not discover, though, at the same time, he intimates the probability that they may be identical with the Dioscuri of the Greeks; and Professor Müller hints at the same identity, but with no more reference to their true character of divine forerunners or guides for families, tribes, or races of men wandering about the world in search of new homes. It is related of the Dioscuri, that, when Castor was killed, Pollux, inconsolable for his loss, besought Jove to let him give his own life for that of his brother. To this Jove so far consented as to allow the two brothers to each pass alternate days under the earth and in the celestial abodes, their alternate daily deaths and ascensions into the heavens being only another version of the story of Day and Night, the daughters of Arusha. The twin brothers Castor and Pollux are

represented as always clad in shining armor, and mounted on snow-white steeds, thus reproducing the chief characteristics of the "two Asvins," the shining mares of the Vedas, and showing that all these metamorphoses are only variations of the same idea.

The Hebrew metaphor of the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to express the idea of a divine leadership, points to the same natural objects — clouds and fire — that to the earlier Aryans were symbols of the presence of the Deity; and the whole idea might seem a reproduction or elaboration of that expressed in the following verses of the Rig-Veda, written a thousand years before: —

"Wherever the mighty water-*clouds* went, where they placed the seed and lit the *fire*, thence arose He who is the sole life of the bright gods; — Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who by His might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; He who alone is God above all gods."

The fact that nearly every manifestation of the presence of the Deity recorded in Hebrew history down to the time of the building of the Temple was in a *cloud*, shows at least a remarkable resemblance to the Aryan conceptions of the divine presence.

The further elaboration of the idea in symbolizing the presence of the Deity by two pillars of wood or stone, and particularly of such presence in the character of a leader through long wanderings to a place of permanent establishment, was not exclusive with the Hebrews. Other races with whom the Hebrews could not have come in contact had precisely the same symbol of two pillars of wood or stone, — a fact which makes it a reasonable presumption that the two pillars, one of cloud one of fire, which were their prototypes, were not more exclusively a Hebrew idea.

In Sparta the twin Dioscuri are said to have been represented by two pillars of stone, which were sometimes joined by a smaller horizontal bar to represent their twinship. Frequently the top of one of these posts was carved in the semblance of a human head. The Spartans may have borrowed the emblem from the Tyrians; the fact that the ancient Northmen employed the two pillars to symbolize precisely the same ideas as those connected with them by the Hebrews and Greeks makes it quite as likely that the Spartans derived the symbol from the same original source as the Tyrians.

A column of stone was in fact a common symbol of the deity among many ancient nations. Venus was worshipped at Paphos under the form of a stone. Juno of the Thespians and Diana of the Icarians were worshipped under the same form. The most famous of the Syrian deities was El Gabal (the stone), a name to which is akin the modern Arabic *gebel*, a mountain, or a rock. The very name of Gibraltar, one of the mountains to which poetry has transferred the title of Pillars of Hercules, is from Gebel Tarik, the mountain, or the rock, of Tarik, one of the first Moors who set foot on the northern side of the straits, and after whom came those who established in Spain the brilliant and romantic empire of these successors of the ancient Phœnicians.

There is good ground for the presumption that Heracles of the Greeks was only another version of the myth of the Dioscuri. The Hebrews gave each of the pillars a name, though they received the emblem from the Tyrians, who employed them as the emblem of one deity; and as the Tyrians were earlier than the Greeks, this phase of the monotheistic significance of the pillars must have come down from the same ancient source as the myth of the Dioscuri.

With both Greeks and Tyrians "Heracles," transformed by the Latins into "Hercules," seemed to be a transferable honorary title. The proper name of the Tyrian Heracles was Melcarthus, whose mother was said to be Asteria, the starry heavens; while the proper name of the Greek Heracles was Alcæus, who was said to be the son of Jove by a mortal mother, Alcmena, as the Dioscuri were said to be the twin sons of Jove by a mortal mother, Leda. The Heracles of the Tyrians and the Castor and Pollux of the Greeks were the patron deities of

seamen and navigators, as well as of feats of strength and agility.

Turning now to the mythology of the Scandinavians, we find in the character of Thor one which corresponds in all these particulars. He was said to be the son of Odin, the eldest of the gods, by Jörd (the earth). Not only do the stories of his feats of strength with his hammer correspond to those of Heracles with his club, but he was the patron deity of the early Norse navigators who were as daring as even the Phœnicians.

The "sacred columns" of the Norse mythology were two high wooden posts, or pillars, fashioned by hewing. These stood on either side of the "high seat" of the master of the household, and hence were called "the pillars of the high seat," and were a sort of household symbol of Thor. The upper end of one of the pillars being, like the Spartan symbol, carved in the semblance of a human head, the setting up of these pillars was the sign of the establishment of the household on that spot. When a Northman moved, no matter how far, he took his sacred pillars with him; and where these were set up, there was his home until he made a formal change of domicile by moving them to some new spot.

When the Northmen discovered Iceland and began to emigrate there the sacred pillars of each Norse family were thrown overboard when the ship came near the land, and on the nearest habitable spot to where they were cast ashore by the waves they were set up, by planting the ends in the ground, as a symbol of possession, being in some respect a formal act of "entry," having something of the same significance as the act of the emigrant in the Western States who has "staked out a claim."

When the pillars were set up the house was built around them, and, though the pillars and the domicile might be moved to new locations, the place where the pillars were first cast ashore always retained a peculiar significance and sacredness to the family. Thus it is related of Throd Hrappsson, that his pillars, when cast overboard, were carried away by the waves and currents and apparently lost. He settled, however, on the eastern side of Iceland, and had been living there ten or fifteen years when it was discovered that his pillars had been cast ashore on the western coast, upon which he straightway sold his estate and moved to the locality where his pillars had been found.

Many other instances of the casting of the sacred columns into the sea, in order that they might guide Northmen in their selection of homes in Iceland, are related in Rudolph Keyser's Religion of the Northmen. Of Eirik the Red it is told, that having loaned his posts of honor (possibly as a pledge of some promise to be fulfilled) to another Icelander, he could not get them back, which gave occasion for a long feud, into which many other families were drawn, and many of the adherents of both parties were slain. "When the Norse chieftain Thorolf Mostrarskegg left Norway to settle in Iceland he tore down the temple of Thor over which he had presided, — in which he seemed to have some kind of proprietary right from having built it chiefly at his own expense for the use of the worshippers of Thor, — and took with him the most of the timber, together with the earth beneath the platform on which Thor's statue had been seated." When he came in view of Iceland the two sacred columns of the temple were thrown into the sea; and where these were cast on shore by the waves he called the place Thorsnes, and built the temple of Thor, placing the two sacred columns, one on either side, just within the doorway.

The incidents in which the two columns thus appear in the earliest history of the Norse people are, it is true, of modern date when compared with their appearance at the building of Solomon's Temple, or the erection of the Pillars of Hercules by Melcarthus, near the Straits of Gibraltar; but their later appearance in history as the "Pillars of Thor" does not argue that they were copied from the Pillars of Hercules, but only that written history or even chronology of any kind was not known in Scandinavia until a much later period than in Syria and Greece. The Germanic race, however, of which the

Northmen were a branch, had its origin in the centre of Asia near the Caspian Sea. From there they had brought the same traditions as the Syrians and Greeks; and the religious myths out of which the Greeks afterwards elaborated their fanciful system of mythology were by the Northmen, whose rude climate gave imagination a gloomier turn, fashioned into the more barbarous, grotesque, and sanguinary "Asa faith." The cosmogony of the Greeks and the Northmen corresponds so nearly as to leave no doubt of a common origin, and yet the details were so different as to show that for ages the ancient stories must have been handed down from one generation to another by people possessed of a vastly different degree of refinement and surrounded by a different aspect of nature.

The Asa faith was as ancient as the cosmogony of the Phœnicians and the Greeks, and the sacred columns of Thor were not an idea borrowed from the Pillars of Heracles, but an independent perpetuation of the same mystic symbol.

The facts that the two pillars were a sacred symbol in three ancient and contemporaneous religions, and that they occupied the same position and significance in the temples of Thor of the Scandinavians, Heracles of the Tyrians, and Jehovah of the Hebrews, help to confirm the theory of a common mythology as the foundation and the source of the ideas of all the later faiths. The fervid spirit of the Hebrews gave to their version of this and other ancient conceptions a diviner mould. As the solar ray of light, split up by the prism, yields three groups of rays, one of which carries with it the main portion of the heat, another the greater part of all the light, and another nearly all the actinic qualities, and each of these groups embracing two or more of the seven prismatic colors, so the rays of that ancient Aryan sun, the first and most natural emblem of the Deity, falling on the human mind, have been elaborated into a great variety of faiths, each carrying with it some of the divine light, but in other characteristics as different as the groups in the spectrum of the analyzed solar ray. With one race the predominant traits of religious thought are brilliant, but merely sentimental corruscations of poetic fancy; with another, cold, practical maxims of thrift; with another, the fervid, but sombre enthusiasm, the zealous dogmatism that overturns empires.

But in all there is the acknowledgment that the regular alternation of day and night is the work of God, the phenomena indicating his presence to guide man around the habitable portions of the world.

"Sun and moon go in regular succession, that we may see Indra and believe," writes one of the poets of the Rig-Veda.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun," sings the poet of Israel.

W. L. Fawcette.

EVOLUTION AND PERMANENCE OF TYPE.

In connection with modern views of science we hear so much of evolution and evolutionists that it is worth our while to ask if there is any such process as evolution in nature. Unquestionably, yes. But all that is actually known of this process we owe to the great embryologists of our century, Döllinger and his pupils K. E. von Baer, Pander, and others, — the men in short who have founded the science of Embryology. It is true there are younger men who have done since, and are doing now, noble work in this field of research; but the glory must, after all, be given to those who opened the way in which more recent students are pressing forward.

The pioneers in the science of Embryology, by a series of investigations which will challenge admiration as long as patience and accuracy of research are valued, have proved that all living beings produce eggs, and that these eggs contain a yolk-substance out of which new beings, identical with their parents, are evolved by a succession of gradual changes. These successive stages of growth constitute evolution, as understood by embryologists, and within these limits all naturalists who know anything of Zoölogy may be said to be evolutionists. The law of evolution, however, so far as its working is understood, is a law controlling development and keeping types within appointed cycles of growth, which revolve forever upon themselves, returning at appointed intervals to the same starting-point and repeating through a succession of phases the same course. These cycles have never been known to oscillate or to pass into each other; indeed, the only structural differences known between individuals of the same stock are monstrosities or peculiarities pertaining to sex, and the latter are as abiding and permanent as type itself. Taken together the relations of sex constitute one of the most obscure and wonderful features of the whole organic world, all the more impressive for its universality.

Under the recent and novel application of the terms "evolution" and "evolutionist," we are in danger of forgetting the only process of the kind in the growth of animals which has actually been demonstrated, as well as the men to whom we owe that demonstration. Indeed, the science of Zoölogy, including everything pertaining to the past and present life and history of animals, has furnished, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, an amount of startling and exciting information in which men have lost sight of the old landmarks. In the present ferment of theories respecting the relations of animals to one another, their origin, growth, and diversity, those broader principles of our science — upon which the whole animal kingdom has been divided into a few grand comprehensive types, each one a structural unit in itself — are completely overlooked.

It is not very long since, with the exception of Insects, all the lower animals were grouped together in one division as Worms, on account of their simple structure. A century ago this classification, established by Linnæus, was still unquestioned. Cuvier was the first to introduce a classification based not merely upon a more or less complicated organization but upon ideas or plans of structure. He recognized four of these plans in the whole animal kingdom, neither more nor less. However, when this principle was first announced, the incompleteness of our knowledge made it impossible to apply it correctly in every case, and Cuvier himself placed certain animals of obscure or intricate structure under the wrong head. Nevertheless the law was sanctioned, and gave at once a new aim and impulse to investigation. This idea of structural plans, as the foundation of a natural classification, dates only from the year 1812, and was first presented by Cu-

vier in the Annals of the Museum in Paris.

About the same time another great investigator, Karl Ernst von Baer, then a young naturalist, Döllinger's favorite and most original pupil, was studying in Germany the growth of the chicken in the egg. In a different branch of research, though bearing equally on the structural relations of organized beings, he, without knowing of Cuvier's investigations, arrived at a like conclusion, namely, that there are four different modes of growth among animals. This result has only been confirmed by later investigators. Every living creature is formed in an egg and grows up according to a pattern and a mode of development common to its type, and of these embryonic norms there are but four. Here, then, was a double confirmation of the distinct circumscription of types, as based upon structure, announced almost simultaneously by two independent investigators, ignorant of each other's work, and arriving at the same result by different methods. The one, building up from the first dawn of life in the embryonic germs of various animals, worked out the four great types of organic life from the beginning; while his co-worker reached the same end through a study of their perfected structure in adult forms. Starting from diametrically opposite points, they met at last on the higher ground to which they were both led by their respective studies.

For a quarter of a century following, the aim of all naturalists was to determine the relations of these groups to one another with greater precision, and to trace the affinities between the minor divisions of the whole animal kingdom. It was natural to suppose that all living beings were in some way or other connected; and, indeed, the discoveries in Geology, with its buried remains of extinct life, following fast upon those of Cuvier in structure and of Von Baer in Embryology, seemed to reveal, however dimly and in broken outlines, a consistent history carried on coherently through all times and extending gradually over the whole surface of the earth, until it culminated in the animal kingdom as it at present exists, with man at its head.

The next step, though a natural result of the flood of facts poured in upon us under the new stimulus to research, led men away from the simple and, as I believe, sound principles of classification established by the two great masters of zoölogical science. The announcement of four typical divisions in the animal kingdom stirred investigators to a closer comparison of their structure. The science of Comparative Anatomy made rapid strides; and since the ability of combining facts is a much rarer gift than that of discerning them, many students lost sight of the unity of structural design in the multiplicity of structural detail. The natural result of this was a breaking up of the four great groups of Radiates, Mollusks, Articulates and Vertebrates into a larger number of primary divisions. Classifications were multiplied with astonishing rapidity, and each writer had his own system of nomenclature, until our science was perplexingly burdened with synonymes. I may mention, as a sample, one or two of the more prominent changes introduced at this time into the general classification of animals.

The Radiates had been divided by Cuvier into three classes, to which, on imperfect data, he erroneously added the Intestinal Worms and the Infusoria. These classes, as they now stand according to his classification, with some recent improvements, are Polyps (corals, sea-anemones, and the like), Acalephs (jelly-fishes), and Echinoderms (star-fishes, sea-urchins, and holothurians, better known, perhaps, as Beche-de-mer). Of these three classes the two first, Polyps and Acalephs, were set apart by Leuckart and other naturalists as "Cœlenterata," while the Echinoderms by themselves were elevated into a primary division. There is, however, no valid ground for this. The plan of structure is the same in all three classes, the only difference being that various organs which in the Polyps and Acalephs are, as it were, simply hollowed out of the substance of the body, have in the Echinoderms walls of their own. This is a special complication of structural execution, but makes no difference in the structural plan. The organs and the whole

structural combination are the same in the two divisions. In the same way Cephalopods, squids and cuttlefishes, which form the highest class among Mollusks, were separated from the Gasteropods and Acephala, and set apart as a distinct type, because their eggs undergo only a surface segmentation instead of being segmented through and through, as is the case with the members of the two other classes. But this surface segmentation leads ultimately to a structure which has the same essential features as that of the other Mollusks. Indeed, we find also in other branches of the animal kingdom, the Vertebrates for instance, partial or total segmentation, in different classes; but it does not lead to any typical differences there, any more than among Mollusks. Another instance is that of the Bryozoa and Tunicata, which were separated from the Mollusks on account of the greater simplicity of their structure and associated with those simpler Worms in which articulated limbs are wanting. In short, the numerous types admitted nowadays by most zoölogists are founded only upon structural complication, without special regard to the plan of their structure; and the comprehensive principle of structural conception or plan, as determining the primary types, so impressive when first announced, has gradually lost its hold upon naturalists through their very familiarity with special complications of structure. But since we are still in doubt as to the true nature of many organisms, such as the sponges and the Protozoa so-called, it is too early to affirm positively that all the primary divisions of the animal kingdom are included in Cuvier's four types. Yet it is safe to say that no primary division will stand which does not bear the test he applied to the four great groups, Radiates, Mollusks, Articulates, and Vertebrates, namely, that of a distinct plan of structure for each.

The time has, perhaps, not come for an impartial appreciation of the views of Darwin, and the task is the more difficult because it involves an equally impartial review of the modifications his theory has undergone at the hands of his followers. The aim of his first work on The Origin of Species was to show that neither vegetable nor animal forms are so distinct from one another or so independent in their origin and structural relations as most naturalists believed. This idea was not new. Under different aspects it had been urged repeatedly for more than a century by DeMaillet, by Lamarck, by E. Geoffroy St. Hilaire and others; nor was it wholly original even with them, for the study of the relations of animals and plants has at all times been one of the principal aims of all the more advanced students of Natural History; they have differed only in their methods and appreciations. But Darwin has placed the subject on a different basis from that of all his predecessors, and has brought to the discussion a vast amount of well-arranged information, a convincing cogency of argument, and a captivating charm of presentation. His doctrine appealed the more powerfully to the scientific world because he maintained it at first not upon metaphysical ground but upon observation. Indeed it might be said that he treated his subject according to the best scientific methods, had he not frequently overstepped the boundaries of actual knowledge and allowed his imagination to supply the links which science does not furnish.

The excitement produced by the publication of The Origin of Species may be fairly compared to that which followed the appearance of Oken's Natur-Philosophie, over fifty years ago, in which it was claimed that the key had been found to the whole system of organic life. According to Oken, the animal kingdom, in all its diversity, is but the presentation in detail of the organization of man. The Infusoria are the primordial material of life scattered broadcast everywhere, and man himself but a complex of such Infusoria. The Vertebrates represent what Oken calls flesh, that is, bones, muscles, nerves, and the senses, in various combinations; the Fishes are Bone-animals (Knochen-Thiere); the Reptiles, Muscle-animals (Muskel-Thiere); the Birds, Nerve-animals (Nerven-Thiere); the Mammals — with man, combining in his higher structure the whole scheme of organic life, at their head — are Sense-ani-

mals (Sinnen-Thiere). The parallelism was drawn with admirable skill and carried into the secondary divisions, down to the families and even the genera. The Articulates were likened to the systems of respiration and circulation; the Mollusks to those of reproduction; the Radiates to those of digestion. The comprehensiveness and grandeur of these views, in which the scattered elements of organic life, serving distinct purposes in the lower animals, are gathered into one structural combination in the highest living being appealed powerfully to the imagination. In Germany they were welcomed with an enthusiasm such as is shown there for Darwinism. England was lukewarm, and France turned a cold shoulder, as she at present does to the theory of the great English naturalist. The influence of Cuvier and the Jussieux was deeply felt in Western Europe, and perhaps saved French naturalists from falling into a fanciful but attractive doctrine, numbered now among the exploded theories of the past.

Darwin's first work, though it did not immediately meet with the universal acceptance since accorded to it, excited, nevertheless, intense and general interest. The circumstance that almost identical views were simultaneously expressed by Wallace, and that several prominent investigators hailed them as the solution of the great problem, gave them double strength; for it seemed improbable that so many able students of nature should agree in their interpretation of facts, unless that interpretation were the true one. The Origin of Species was followed by a second work, The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication, to which a third soon succeeded, The Descent of Man. The last phase of the doctrine is its identification with metaphysics in Darwin's latest work on The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals. I can only rejoice that the discussion has taken this turn, much as I dissent from the treatment of the subject. It cannot be too soon understood that science is one, and that whether we investigate language, philosophy, theology, history, or physics, we are dealing with the same problem, culminating in the knowledge of ourselves. Speech is known only in connection with the organs of man, thought in connection with his brain, religion as the expression of his aspirations, history as the record of his deeds, and physical sciences as the laws under which he lives. Philosophers and theologians have yet to learn that a physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle. Our own nature demands from us this double allegiance.

It is hardly necessary to give here an analysis of the theory contained in these works of Darwin. Its watchwords, "natural selection," "struggle for existence," "survival of the fittest," are equally familiar to those who do and to those who do not understand them; as well known, indeed, to the amateur in science as to the professional naturalist. It is supported by a startling array of facts respecting the changes animals undergo under domestication, respecting the formation of breeds and varieties, respecting metamorphoses, respecting the dangers to life among all animals and the way in which nature meets them, respecting the influence of climate and external conditions upon superficial structural features, and respecting natural preferences and proclivities between animals as influencing the final results of interbreeding. In the Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication all that experiments in breeding or fancy horticulture could teach, whether as recorded in the literature and traditions of the subject or gathered from the practical farmers, stock-breeders, and gardeners, was brought together and presented with equal erudition and clearness. No fact was omitted showing the pliability of plants and animals under the fostering care of man. The final conclusion of the author is summed up in his theory of Pangenesis. And yet this book does but prove more conclusively what was already known, namely, that all domesticated animals and cultivated plants are traceable to distinct species, and that the domesticated pigeons which furnish so large a portion of the illustration are, notwithstanding their great diversity under special treatment, no exception to this rule. The truth is, our domesticated animals, with

all their breeds and varieties, have never been traced back to anything but their own species, nor have artificial varieties, so far as we know, failed to revert to the wild stock when left to themselves. Darwin's works and those of his followers have added nothing new to our previous knowledge concerning the origin of man and his associates in domestic life, the horse, the cow, the sheep, the dog, or, indeed, of any animal. The facts upon which Darwin, Wallace, Hæckel, and others base their views are in the possession of every well-educated naturalist. It is only a question of interpretation, not of discovery or of new and unlooked-for information.

Darwin's third book, The Descent of Man, treats a more difficult part of the subject. In this book the question of genealogy is the prominent topic. It had been treated already, it is true, in The Origin of Species, but with no special allusion to mankind. The structure was as yet a torso, a trunk without a head. In these two volumes the whole ground of heredity, of qualities transmitted to the new individual by his progenitors, and that of resemblance — whether physical, intellectual, or moral, between mankind and the higher mammalia, and especially between ourselves and our nearest relations, the anthropoid monkeys, — are brought out with the fulness of material and the skill of treatment so characteristic of the author. But here again the reader seeks in vain for any evidence of a transition between man and his fellow-creatures. Indeed, both with Darwin and his followers, a great part of the argument is purely negative. It rests partly upon the assumption that, in the succession of ages, just those transition types have dropped out from the geological record which would have proved the Darwinian conclusions had these types been preserved, and that in the living animal the process of transition is too subtle for detection. Darwin and his followers thus throw off the responsibility of proof with respect both to embryonic growth and geological succession.

Within the last three or four years, however, it has seemed as if new light were about to be thrown at least upon one of these problems. Two prominent naturalists announced that they had found indications of a direct structural connection between primary types: in the one case between Mollusks and Vertebrates, in the other between Radiates and Articulates. The first of these views was published by a Russian investigator of great skill and eminence, Kowalevsky. He stated that the Ascidians (the so-called soft-shelled clams) showed, in the course of their growth, a string of cells corresponding to the dorsal cord in Vertebrates. For the uninitiated I must explain that, at one stage of its development, in the upper layer of cells of which the Vertebrate germ consists, there arise two folds which, curving upward and inward, form first a longitudinal furrow and finally a cavity for the nervous centres, the brain and spinal cord, while the lower layer of these cells folds downward to enclose the organs of digestion, circulation, and reproduction. Between these two folds, but on the dorsal side, that is, along the back, under the spinal marrow, arises a solid string of more condensed substance, which develops into the dorsal cord, the basis of the backbone. Kowalevsky describes, in the Ascidians, a formation of longitudinally arranged cells as representing an incipient backbone, running from the middle of the body into the tail, along a furrow of the germ of these animals in which the main nervous swelling is situated. This was hailed as a great discovery by the friends of the transmutation theory. At last the transition point was found between the lower and higher animals, and man himself was traced back to the Ascidians. One could hardly open a scientific journal or any popular essay on Natural History, without meeting some allusion to the Ascidians as our ancestors. Not only was it seized upon by the many amateur contributors to the literature of this subject, but Darwin himself, and his ardent followers, welcomed this first direct evidence of structural affinity between the Vertebrates and the lower animals.

The existence of these cells, though never thought of in this light before, was not unknown to naturalists. I have my-

self seen and examined them, and had intended to say something in this article of their nature and position; but while I was preparing it for the press the subject was taken from me and treated by the hand of a master whom all naturalists venerate. I have received very recently from the aged Nestor of the science of Embryology, K. E. von Baer, to whose early investigations I have already alluded, a pamphlet upon the development of the Ascidians as compared to that of the Vertebrates. There is something touching in the conditions under which he enters the lists with the younger men who have set aside the great laws of typical structure, to the interpretation of which his whole life has been given. He is now very feeble and nearly blind; but the keen, far-reaching, internal sight is undimmed by age. With the precision and ease which only a complete familiarity with all the facts can give, he shows that the actual development of the Ascidians has no true homology with that of the Vertebrates; that the string of cells in the former — compared to the dorsal cord of the latter — does not run along the back at all, but is placed on the ventral side of the body. To say that the first Vertebrates or their progenitors carried their backbones in this fashion is about as reasonable as to say that they walked on their heads. It is reversing their whole structure, and putting their vertebral column where the abdominal cavity should be. Von Baer closes his paper in these words: "It will readily be granted that I have written for zoölogists and anatomists; but I may perhaps be blamed for being frequently very circumstantial where a brief allusion would have been sufficient. In so doing, I had the many dilletanti in view, who believe in complete transmutations, and who might be disposed to consider it mere conceit not to recognize the Ascidians as the ancestors of Man. I beg to apologize for some repetitions arising from this consideration for the dilletanti."

The other so-called discovery is that of Hæckel, that star-fishes are compound animals, made up, as it were, of worm-like beings united like rays in one organism. A similar opinion had already been entertained by Duvernoy, and in a measure also by Oken, who described the Echinoderms as Radiate-worms. This doctrine, if true, would at once establish a transition from Radiates to Articulates. There is, in the first place, not the slightest foundation for this assumption in the structure of the star-fish. The arms of these animals are made up of the same parts as the vertical zones of a sea-urchin and of all the Radiates, and have no resemblance whatever to the structure of the Worms. Each ambulacral zone of a star-fish or a sea-urchin is strictly homological to a structural segment of an Acaleph or to a radiating chamber of a Polyp. Moreover, the homology between a sea-urchin and a star-fish is complete; if one is an organic unit the other must be so also, and no one ever suggested that the sea-urchin was anything but a single organism. In comparing the Radiates with other animals, it is essential to place them in the same attitude, so that we compare like with like; otherwise, we make the mistake of the Russian naturalist, and compare the front side of one animal with the dorsal side of another, or the upper side of one with the lower side of another; thus taking mere superficial resemblance between totally distinct parts for true homologies. In all Mollusks, Articulates, and Vertebrates the parts are arranged along a longitudinal axis; in Radiates alone they are disposed around a vertical axis, like spherical wedges, comparable in some instances to the segments of an orange. This organic formula, for so we may call it, is differently expressed and more or less distinct in different Radiates. It may be built up in a sphere, as in the sea-urchins, or opened out into a star, like the five-finger; it may be in the form of a sac divided internally, as in the sea-anemones, or in that of a disk, channelled or furrowed so as to divide it into equal segments, like the jelly-fish; but upon comparison the same structural elements are found in all. These structural elements bear an identical relation to the vertical axis of the animals. To compare any Radiate with any Articulate is therefore to compare the vertical axis of one animal with the horizontal axis of the other. The parallelism will not bear

examination any more than that between the Mollusks and Vertebrates. Even in those holothurians and sea-urchins in which one side of the body is flattened, the structure exhibits the same plan and the parts are arranged in the same way as in all other Radiates, whatever be their natural attitude in the element in which they live; whether they stand upright with the mouth turned upward, or hang down in the reverse position, or crawl about horizontally. In like manner the vertical position of man in no way invalidates the homology of his organization with that of the fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammalia. These two cases are thus far the only instances which have been brought forward to prove actual structural affinity between distinct primary divisions of the animal kingdom.

It is not my intention to take up categorically all the different points on which the modern theory of transmutation is based. Metamorphosis plays a large part in it, and is treated as an evidence of transition from one animal into another. The truth is that metamorphosis, like all embryonic growth, is a normal process of development, moving in regular cycles, returning always to the same starting-point, and leading always to the same end; such are the alternate generations in the lower animals and the metamorphoses in higher ones, as in the butterflies and other insects, or in certain reptiles, frogs and toads, salamanders, and the like. In some of these types the development lasts for a long time and the stages of embryonic growth are often so distinct that, until the connection between them is traced, each phase may seem like a separate existence, whereas they are only chapters in one and the same life. I have myself watched carefully all the successive changes of development in the North American Axolotl, whose recently discovered metamorphoses have led to much discussion in connection with the modern doctrine of evolution. I can see no difference between this and other instances of metamorphosis. Certain organs, conspicuous in one phase of the animal's life, are resorbed and disappear in a succeeding phase. But this does not differ at all from like processes in the toads and frogs, for instance; nor does it even differ essentially from like processes in the ordinary growth of all animals. The higher Vertebrates, including man himself, breathe through gill-like organs in the early part of their life. These gills disappear and give place to lungs only in a later phase of their existence. Metamorphoses have all the constancy and invariability of other modes of embryonic growth, and have never been known to lead to any transition of one species into another.

Another fertile topic in connection with this theory is that of heredity. No one can deny that inheritance is a powerful factor in the maintenance of race and in the improvement of breeds and varieties. But it has never been known that acquired qualities, even though retained through successive generations, have led to the production of new species. Darwin's attractive style is never more alluring than in connection with this subject. His concise and effective phrases have the weight of aphorisms and pass current for principles, when they may be only unfounded assertions. Such is "the survival of the fittest." After reading some chapters of The Descent of Man, could any one doubt, unless indeed he happened to be familiar with the facts, that animals, possessing certain advantages over others, are necessarily winners in the race for life? And yet it is not true that, outside of the influence of man, there are, in nature, privileged individuals among animals capable of holding on to a positive gain, generation after generation, and of transmitting successfully their peculiarities until they become the starting point for another step; the descendants losing at last, through this cumulative process, all close resemblance to their progenitors. It is not true that a slight variation, among the successive offspring of the same stock, goes on increasing until the difference amounts to a specific distinction. On the contrary, it is a matter of fact that extreme variations finally degenerate or become sterile; like monstrosities they die out, or return to their type.

The whole subject of inheritance is exceedingly intricate, working often in a

seemingly capricious and fitful way. Qualities, both good and bad, are dropped as well as acquired, and the process ends sometimes in the degradation of the type and the survival of the unfit rather than the fittest. The most trifling and fantastic tricks of inheritance are quoted in support of the transmutation theory; but little is said of the sudden apparition of powerful original qualities which almost always rise like pure creations and are gone with their day and generation. The noblest gifts are exceptional, and are rarely inherited; this very fact seems to me an evidence of something more and higher than mere evolution and transmission concerned in the problem of life.

In the same way, the matter of natural and sexual selection is susceptible of very various interpretations. No doubt, on the whole, Nature protects her best. But it would not be difficult to bring together an array of facts as striking as those produced by the evolutionists in favor of their theory, to show that sexual selection is by no means always favorable to the elimination of the chaff and the preservation of the wheat. A natural attraction, independent of strength or beauty, is an unquestionable element in this problem, and its action is seen among animals as well as among men. The fact that fine progeny are not infrequently the offspring of weak parents and *vice versa* points perhaps to some innate power of redress by which the caprices of choice are counterbalanced. But there can be no doubt that types are as often endangered as protected by the so-called law of sexual selection.

As to the influence of climate and physical conditions, we all know their power for evil and for good upon living beings. But there is, nevertheless, nothing more striking in the whole book of nature than the power shown by types and species to resist physical conditions. Endless evidence may be brought from the whole expanse of land and air and water, showing that identical physical conditions will do nothing toward the merging of species into one another, neither will variety of conditions do anything toward their multiplication. One thing only we know absolutely, and in this treacherous, marshy ground of hypothesis and assumption, it is pleasant to plant one's foot occasionally upon a solid fact here and there. Whatever be the means of preserving and transmitting properties, the primitive types have remained permanent and unchanged — in the long succession of ages amid all the appearance and disappearance of kinds, the fading away of one species and the coming in of another — from the earliest geological periods to the present day. How these types were first introduced, how the species which have successively represented them have replaced one another, — these are the vital questions to which no answer has been given. We are as far from any satisfactory solution of this problem as if development theories had never been discussed.

This brings us to the geological side of the question. As a palæontologist I have from the beginning stood aloof from this new theory of transmutation, now so widely admitted by the scientific world. Its doctrines, in fact, contradict what the animal forms buried in the rocky strata of our earth tell us of their own introduction and succession upon the surface of the globe. Let us therefore hear them; — for, after all, their testimony is that of the eye-witness and the actor in the scene. Take first the type to which we ourselves belong. If it be true that there has been a progressive transmutation of the whole type of Vertebrates, beginning with the lowest and culminating in the highest, the earlier should of course be structurally inferior to the later ones. What then is the lowest* living Vertebrate? Every zoölogist will answer, The Amphioxus, that elongated, worm-like Vertebrate whose organization is nothing more than a dorsal cord, with a nervous thread above, and a respiratory and digestive cavity below, containing also the reproductive organs, the whole being clothed in flesh. Yet low as it is in the scale of life, the Amphioxus is, by virtue of its vertebral column, a member of the same type as ourselves. Next to the Amphioxus come

* I use the terms low and high, throughout, in the zoölogical sense; with reference to specialization of structure, as comparative anatomists understand it

the Myxinoids, structurally but little above them, and the Lamper-eels. These are the animals which Hæckel places at the base of his zoölogical tree, rooting the whole Vertebrate branch of the animal kingdom in the Amphioxus as the forefather (Stamm-Vater) of the type. Let us look now at the earliest Vertebrates, as known and recorded in geological surveys. They should of course, if there is any truth in the transmutation theory, correspond with the lowest in rank or standing. What then are the earliest known Vertebrates? They are Selachians (sharks and their allies) and Ganoids (garpikes and the like), the highest of all living fishes, structurally speaking. I shall be answered that these belong to the Silurian and Devonian periods, and that it is believed that Vertebrates may have existed before that time. It will also be argued that Myzonts, namely Amphioxus, Myxinoids, and Lamper-eels, have no hard parts and could not have been preserved on that account. I will grant both these points, though the fact is that the Myzonts do possess solid parts, in the jaws, as capable of preservation as any bone, and that these solid parts, if ever found, even singly, would be as significant, for a zoölogist, as the whole skeleton. Granting also that Amphioxus-like fishes may have lived and may have disappeared before the Silurian period; the Silurian deposits follow immediately upon those in which life first appeared, and should therefore contain not the highest fishes, but the fishes next in order to the Myzonts, and these are certainly neither the Ganoids nor the Selachians. The presence of the Selachians at the dawn of life upon earth is in direct contradiction to the idea of a gradual progressive development. They are nevertheless exceedingly abundant in the Palæozoic beds, and these fossil forms are so similar to the living representatives of the same group that what is true of the organization and development of the latter is unquestionably equally true of the former. In all their features the Selachians, more than any other fishes, resemble the higher animals. They lay few eggs, the higher kinds giving birth only to three, four, or five at a brood, whereas the common fishes lay myriads of eggs, hundreds of thousands in some instances, and these are for the greater part cast into the water to be developed at random. The limitation of the young is unquestionably a mark of superiority. The higher we rise in the scale of animal life the more restricted is the number of offspring. In proportion to this reduction in number, the connection of the offspring with the parent is drawn closer, organically and morally, till this relation becomes finally the foundation of all social organization, of all human civilization. In some Selachians there is an actual organic connection between parent and progeny, resembling the placental connection which marks the embryonic development of the higher Vertebrates. This feature is in harmony with the sexual relations among them; for it is of all facts in their organic history the most curious, that, among Vertebrates, the Selachians are the only ones with whom the connection of the sexes recalls that of the human family. Now, these higher fishes being the first representatives of the Vertebrates on earth, or at least those next following their earliest representatives, where do we find the Myzonts, fishes which are structurally inferior to all others, and of which the Amphioxus is the lowest member? They come in during the latest period of our world's history, with what is called the present period, to which we ourselves belong. This certainly does not look like a connected series beginning with the lowest and ending with the highest, for the highest fishes come first and the lowest come last.

The companions of the Selachians in the earlier geological periods, the Ganoids, belong also to the higher representatives of the class of fishes. Some of them have the ball-and-socket vertebral joint of the reptiles and birds, enabling the head to move upon the neck with greater freedom than in the lower fishes. I am aware that these synthetic and prophetic types, which I have myself been the first to point out, and in which features of higher and later groups are combined or hinted at in lower and earlier ones, have been interpreted as transition types. It has even been said that I have myself furnished the strongest

evidence of the transmutation theory. This might perhaps be so, did these types follow, instead of preceding, the lower fishes. But the whole history of geological succession shows us that the lowest in structure is by no means necessarily the earliest in time, either in the Vertebrate type or any other. Synthetic and prophetic types have accompanied the introduction of all the primary divisions of the animal kingdom. With these may be found what I have called embryonic types, which never rise, even in their adult state, above those conditions which in higher structures are but the prelude to the adult state. It may, therefore, truly be said that a great diversity of types has existed from the beginning.

The most advanced Darwinians seem reluctant to acknowledge the intervention of an intellectual power in the diversity which obtains in nature, under the plea that such an admission implies distinct creative acts for every species. What of it, if it were true? Have those who object to repeated acts of creation ever considered that no progress can be made in knowledge without repeated acts of thinking? And what are thoughts but specific acts of the mind? Why should it then be unscientific to infer that the facts of nature are the result of a similar process, since there is no evidence of any other cause? The world has arisen in some way or other. How it originated is the great question, and Darwin's theory, like all other attempts to explain the origin of life, is thus far merely conjectural. I believe he has not even made the best conjecture possible in the present state of our knowledge.

The more I look at the great complex of the animal world, the more sure do I feel that we have not yet reached its hidden meaning, and the more do I regret that the young and ardent spirits of our day give themselves to speculation rather than to close and accurate investigation.

I hope in future articles to show, first, that, however broken the geological record may be, there is a complete sequence in many parts of it, from which the character of the succession may be ascertained; secondly, that, since the most exquisitely delicate structures, as well as embryonic phases of growth of the most perishable nature, have been preserved from very early deposits, we have no right to infer the disappearance of types because their absence disproves some favorite theory; and, lastly, that there is no evidence of a direct descent of later from earlier species in the geological succession of animals.

Louis Agassiz.

AN OLD-YEAR SONG.

As through the forest, disarrayed
By chill November, late I strayed,
A lonely minstrel of the wood
Was singing to the solitude:
I loved thy music, thus I said,
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread;
Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now
Thy carol on the leafless bough.
  Sing, little bird! thy note shall cheer
  The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue
And morning filled their cups with dew,

Thy slender voice with rippling trill
The budding April bowers would fill,
Nor passed its joyous tones away
When April rounded into May:
Thy life shall hail no second dawn,—
Sing, little bird! the spring is gone.

And I remember — well-a-day! —
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,
As when behind a broidered screen
Some holy maiden sings unseen:
With answering notes the woodland rung,
And every tree-top found a tongue.
How deep the shade! the groves how fair!
Sing, little bird! the woods are bare.

But now the summer's chant is done
And mute the choral antiphon;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To flit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the air with scented plumes
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,
And thou art here alone, — alone, —
Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,
At morn the running brook was still,
From driven herds the clouds that rise
Are like the smoke of sacrifice,
Erelong the frozen sod shall mock
The ploughshare, changed to stubborn rock,
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb,—
Sing, little bird! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,
The songless fowls are half asleep,
The air grows chill, the setting sun
May leave thee ere thy song is done,
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
Thy secret die with thee, untold:
The lingering sunset still is bright, —
Sing, little bird! 't will soon be night.

O. W. Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

There seems to be something more of challenge than a fair mind will really find in Mr. Stedman's presentation of his volume of poetry as his "complete works." Still we do not think that part of the title very fortunate, and it has, at least, the air of placing Mr. Stedman among the masters whose labors have been tested by the criticism of time, and have come out upon the shelves of gentlemen's libraries in triumph; whereas Mr. Stedman is one of our younger poets whose qualities and powers have by no means been strictly inquired into. No man should be called happy while alive, and no poet's works complete till he is dead. He is capable at any moment of breaking out afresh, and the gentleman whose library should not be without him finds himself exposed to renewed expense, or the sudden mortification of owning an incomplete edition. If a poet, having once published his complete works, could be bound by something in the nature of a legal writing not to produce anything more, the buyer of his works would, of course, be secure; but this is plainly impracticable, or, at least, it would be attended with great difficulties; it would be a hard condition for the poet, especially if young, and it is barely possible that it might be a loss to the public. Besides, there are some performances of every man which are best left to the piety of posterity, when the slight and rudeness with which we treat each other living are kept in a decent abeyance, and what has been done is accepted without a murmur and often charitably dropped out of remembrance. If one cannot wait for this tolerant judgment, but feels that he must at once put everything to the touch, it is perhaps an admirable courage. Nevertheless, we fancy that Mr. Stedman will be caused duly to feel the disadvantage of having called his book "complete works." There will be people to sniff the air, and to say that there are some poems here which it were well not to have reprinted, except in fulfilment of the promise of the title-page. Indeed, we ourselves could wish to imply something of this sort as inoffensively as might be. To the number of what we may call these completing pieces belongs The Diamond Wedding, which, with much sprightliness, has too much crudeness, and is of a conclusion altogether too ineffective to be worth keeping; and there are several of the Tennysonian pieces, Penelope and Flood-Tide certainly, which are merely echoes of Tennyson. Every young poet is shaped by the great poets of his time, and reflects them; that has always been so and always will be so: but generally the young poet puts much of himself into his imitations, as Mr. Stedman did very notably in the poem called The Freshet. That is a story having reality and native strength, though it is as deeply colored by the author's reading as the other poems we have mentioned; there is occasion for it: but Penelope and Flood-Tide affect you as the performance of one who says to himself, "Come, I will make a poem like the Ulysses, and another like Locksley Hall," and does it — with a difference. There are all kinds of imitations, and all degrees of unconsciousness in imitation. A poet may borrow the metre or stanza which another has made characteristic, if not invented, — as the In Memoriam verse of Tennyson, or the Longfellow hexameters, or the Spencerian verse, — because it suits the theme which he desires to treat; but if he does not take the mental attitude and attempt the peculiar phrasing of either of these poets, he will hardly be called an imitator, save by the vulgar-witted and thumb-fingered sort of critics. He may even adopt another's phrase and posture, and yet, if he have stuff of his own to express, he is much

* *The Poetical Works of Edmund Clarence Stedman.* Complete Edition. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Songs from the Southern Seas, and other Poems. By James Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Songs of the Sunlands. By Joaquin Miller. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Oldport Days. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Brave Hearts. A Novel. By Robertson Gray. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1873.

Normandy Picturesque. By Henry Blackburn. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Recent Music and Musicians, as described in the Diaries and Correspondence of Ignatz Moscheles. Edited by his Wife, and adapted from the original German by A. D. Coleridge. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1873.

The American Cyclopædia: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

The Voice and How to Use It. By W. H. Daniell. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

more than an imitator. So, when you read the opening of Mr. Stedman's poem of The Freshet, —

"Last August, of a three weeks' country tour,
Five dreamy days were passed amid old elms
And older mansions and in leafy dales.
. . . . . .
I fell in, there,
With Gilbert Ripley, once my chum at Yale.
Poor Gilbert groaned along a double year, —
Read, spoke, boxed, fenced, rowed, trod the foot-ball ground, —
Loving the college library more than Greek,
His meerschaum most of all. But when we came
Together, gathered from the breathing-time
They give the fellows while the dog-days last,
He found the harness chafe; then grew morose,
And kicked above the traces, going home
Hardly a Junior, but a sounder man,
In mind and body, than a host who win
Your baccalaureate honors," —

you do feel a creeping and a regret; but going on to the end of the story, very touchingly told, with clearly and honestly indicated New England circumstance of character, incident, and scenery, you are glad to acknowledge that it is an authentic poem. But at its worst, this poem and the Penelope and Flood-Tide are sins of the poet's youth, which he puts behind him, coming out later in a voice and manner of his own. It is probable that with a writer who shows more evidence of scholarship than any of our younger poets, the imitation of Tennyson was a conscious and deliberate act, which he felt well able to justify by example among the poets of all times and nations; still, it is better for him and for his readers when he relinquishes it. The gain is notable in a comparison of two classic stories, the Penelope, which is steeped and double-dyed in Tennyson, and the Alectryôn, in which we detect no tint or taste of him. The former is every way meagre, and the latter is told with a certain rich fulness which renders it an entire contrast. So far as we can make out, Mr. Stedman has asked nobody to help him in this poem, and what reflected color it has is from the whole body of Greek poetry. The bold fable is delicately handled, and there are some very charming pictures in it.

The Alectryôn is a much later poem than the Penelope, but of the same period as the last are other pieces which attest Mr. Stedman's right to poetical expression while they show in some degree the same youthful faults. The sweetest of these is Heliotrope, and the best, without doubt, is The Ballad of Lager Bier, though there is a tender quaintness in Bohemia: A Pilgrimage, which we also like, and How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry has a vigorous quaintness. Heliotrope belongs to a kind of poems in which Mr. Stedman has done less than he might have done with advantage, — poems with a vague sweetness, a dim and subtile passion fit to enrapture the heart of girlhood; but the Ballad of Lager Bier is of a sort that he has almost made his own. For the sake of indicating their general nature, we should say that they are a Praedish sort, though the critic hereafter might more truly describe such poems as of the Stedmanish sort. We have in mind the Ballad already named, Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call, Fuit Ilium, and Pan in Wall Street, as a group of poems naturally springing out of the poet's life in New York and his sense of the great city's unconscious and recondite poeticalness, — to put it very crudely. The Ballad of Lager Bier is the pleasure and the aspiration of the young *littérateur*, who empties his tankard in a New York beer-hall, and talks and dreams of the generous fluid's ancestral home beyond the sea, borrowing, as American talkers and dreamers always must, the light and color of his jollity from far-off times and lands: —

"Go, maiden, fill again our glasses!
While, with anointed eyes, we scan
The blowze Teutonic lads and lasses,
The Saxon — Pruss — Bohemian,
The sanded floor, the cross-beamed gables,
The ancient Flemish paintings queer,
The rusty cup-stains on the tables,
The terraced kegs of Lager Bier.

"And is it Göttingen, or Gotha,
Or Munich's ancient Wagner Brei,
Where each Bavarian drinks his quota,
And swings a silver tankard high?
Or some ancestral Gasthaus lofty
In Nuremburg — of famous cheer,
Where Hans Sachs lived, and where, so oft, he
Sang loud the praise of Lager Bier?

"For even now some curious glamour
Has brought about a misty change!
Things look, as in a moonlight dream, or
Magician's mirror, quaint and strange.
Some weird, phantasmagoric notion
Impels us backward many a year,
And far across the northern ocean,
To Fatherlands of Lager Bier.

"As odd a throng I see before us
As ever haunted Brocken's height,
Carousing, with unearthly chorus,
On any wild Walpurgis-night;
I see the wondrous art-creations!
In proper guise they all appear,
And, in their due and several stations,
Unite in drinking Lager Bier.

"I see in yonder nook a trio:
There 's Deacon Faust, and, by his side,
Not half so love-distraught as Io,
Is gentle Margaret, heaven-eyed;

That man in black beyond the waiter —
I know him by his fiendish leer —
Is Mephistophiles, the traitor!
And how he swigs his Lager Bier!

"Strange if great Goethe should have blundered,
Who says that Margaret slipt and fell
In Anno Domini Sixteen Hundred,
Or thereabout; and Faustus — well,
We won't deplore his resurrection,
Since Margaret is with him here,
But, under her serene protection,
May boldly drink our Lager Bier.

"That bare-legged gypsy, small and lithy,
Tanned like an olive by the sun,
Is little Mignon; sing us, prithee,
Kennst du das Land, my pretty one!
Ah, no! she shakes her southern tresses,
As half in doubt and more in fear;
Perhaps the elvish creature guesses
We 've had too much of Lager Bier.

"There moves, full-bodiced, ripe, and human,
With merry smiles to all who come,
Karl Schæffer's wife, — the very woman
Whom Rubens drew his Venus from!
But what a host of tricksome graces
Play round our fairy Undine here,
Who pouts at all the bearded faces,
And, laughing, brings the Lager Bier.

"'Sit down, nor chase the vision farther,
You 're tied to Yankee cities still!'
I hear you, but so much the rather
Should Fancy travel where she will.
Yet let the dim ideals scatter;
One puff, and lo! they disappear;
The comet, next, or some such matter,
We 'll talk above our Lager Bier."

We mean to say that all this is as good as there has been of its kind, — and the kind is good, free, bright, and hearty; and that it is true to a phase of life on which men, grown older, look fondly back, and wish that they could find as much in those dreams as they used to find. Fuit Ilium is a monologue on the pulling down of an old New York mansion that once was in the heart of fashion, and now falls before encroaching business which wants to put a block in the place of a home. The motive is slight and hackneyed, if you please, but the feeling evoked is eternally responsive to such appeals, and the pictures passed before the fancy are true and vivid. Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call is the fabled description of the first New Year's call ever made in New York, and it is charming for its liking of old times and for the broadness and good-humor with which its sketches of character are done. Like the other two, it seems to have grown from the Manhattan soil, and it has a right Knickerbocker flavor of its own. But the ripest and best of all these poems is Pan in Wall Street, — a sketch in which the brokering, hurried, anxious, sordid aspect of the place is lightly contrasted with what we longingly imagine of an uncaring, happy, mythologic world, by the poet who listens to an Italian vagrant playing a Pan's-pipe in the portico of the Treasury building: —

"'T was Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, — to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

"A ragged cap was on his head;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarléd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

"He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

"The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list, —
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

"A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy.

"A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

"O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

"So thought I, — but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.

Doubting, I mused upon the cry,
'Great Pan is dead!' — and all the people
Went on their ways: — and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple."

Here is something that, whatever its range and its degree, is thoroughly *felt*, and thoroughly well done. It sets the reader feeling and thinking; it playfully summons a host of airy fancies, idle yearnings, half-sad, half-humorous regrets, and touches nerves that keenly respond, and, in witness of its art, ask to be more deeply stirred; it is quick and light and just sufficient. On the group of poems of which it is the first, we should largely rest our liking for Mr. Stedman, and, without presuming to advise him or any other poet as to what kind of poems he should write, we think that in the writing of these pieces his *forte* lies. Something of this sort is certainly suggested in the fact that the strong, easy, original, perfectly rounded Ballad of Lager Bier was done at the same time that he was helplessly invoking Mr. Tennyson to help him out with Penelope and Flood-Tide, and was touching various other artificial stops with a wandering hand.

There is another group of poems by Mr. Stedman which we like very much, and which may be roughly described as country-poems, in distinction from those of which we have been speaking as city-poems. To these belong The Doorstep, Country Sleighing, Holyoke Valley, Autumn Song (though we object to any one's crying "Hilly-ho!" in American scenery), The Heart of New England, and in some sort, The Old Love and the New. They all express the same sympathy with simple and tender experiences, and with Nature in her different familiar aspects; some are more descriptive and others more emotional; but on the whole, they all seem much in the same key. We do not know a more affecting American ballad than The Heart of New England, which is also a symmetrical and finished poem; and The Doorstep is exquisite in its pensive archness. Our readers ought to remember both of these, and probably they will have the same difficulty we have felt in deciding whether in their quite different way they are not as good as Pan in Wall Street.

Among the longer poems in this volume Alice of Monmouth has fine passages, — especially the trooper's account of the charge in which the colonel was lost, — but the poem is not forcibly ended; and incomparably better is The Blameless Prince, which we noticed at the time of its first appearance (Atlantic for May, 1869), and of which a cursory review suggests nothing new to us, except a heightened sense of the power shown in the treatment of some of the more dramatic scenes. We respect the treatment all the more, because we think less favorably of the subject now than we did then, and imagine the poet's difficulties in managing it to be greater than we formerly did. Of nearly all Mr. Stedman's poems we are able to say that they are the work of a skilled, sincere, and earnest artist. In fact, as we have said, he is the most scholarly of our young poets, and you feel that he never slights any particular work, that he always makes the most of himself. His good qualities in his successful performance are clearness of conception, and a concise, ringing, and effective expression. You will not find, perhaps, the most delicate music in his verse, and he may not thrill and penetrate you with some miracle of diction. But his phrase is just and true and lucid; it lacks color, to be sure, but then you are never confused with those prismatic tints which may mean much or may mean nothing. The whole is honest. His best work seems to us altogether good, and his worst not altogether bad.

— Mr. O'Reilly, who writes Songs from the Southern Seas, was a Fenian prisoner in Australia, whence he escaped in an open boat, and was picked up by the captain of a whaler, who gave him money to come to this country. It is not necessary to know this to be interested in his poems, which we shall not quite call successful, and yet which have made us like them by certain unhackneyed traits. The scenes are new, and the stories are, some of them, well told; indeed, The King of the Vasse is a very fair poem, which lacks little of being a very fine one. In a modest, well-worded prelude, the poet says: —

"From that fair land and drear land in the South,
Of which through years I do not cease to think,
I brought a tale, learned not by word of mouth,
But formed by finding here one golden link
And there another; and with hands unskilled
For such fine work, but patient of all pain
For love of it, I sought therefrom to build
What might have been at first the goodly chain.

"It is not golden now: my craft knows more
Of working baser metal than of fine;
But to those fate-wrought rings of precious ore
I add these rugged iron links of mine."

This is not claiming enough for himself, but the reader the more gladly does him justice because of his modesty, and perhaps it is this quality in the author which oftenest commends

his book. The King of the Vasse is the story of a child of the first Swedish emigrants to Australia, who lies dead in his mother's arms when they land. A native chief, coming with all his people to greet the strangers, touches the boy's forehead with a great pearl which he keeps in a carven case or shrine, and the mighty magic of it calls him back to life, but with a savage soul, as his kindred believe; for he deserts them for the natives, over whom he rules many years, inheriting and wearing the magic pearl. At last the young men of the tribe begin to question his authority, and one of them, with a spear-thrust, destroys the great pearl. Jacob Eibson then seems repossessed by a white man's soul, and returns to the spot long since abandoned by his kindred, and finds it occupied by English settlers, whose children's simple childlike playmate he becomes, and remains till his death. The plot is good, and, in many respects, it is adequately managed; it is always managed with a sober simplicity which forms an excellent ground for some strong dramatic effects. The Australian scenery and air and natural life are everywhere summoned round the story without being forced upon the reader. Here, for instance, is a picture, at once vivid and intelligible,— which is not always the case with the vivid pictures of the word-painters. After the rains begin in that southern climate —

> " Earth throbs and heaves
> With pregnant prescience of life and leaves;
> The shadows darken 'neath the tall trees' screen,
> While round their stems the rank and velvet green
> Of undergrowth is deeper still; and there,
> Within the double shade and steaming air,
> The scarlet palm has fixed its noxious root,
> And hangs the glorious poison of its fruit;
> And there, 'mid shaded green and shaded light,
> The steel-blue silent birds take rapid flight
> From earth to tree and tree to earth; and there
> The crimson-plumaged parrot cleaves the air
> Like flying fire, and huge brown owls awake
> To watch, far down, the stealing carpet snake,
> Fresh-skinned and glowing in his changing dyes,
> With evil wisdom in the cruel eyes
> That glint like gems as o'er his head flits by
> The blue-black armor of the emperor-fly;
> And all the humid earth displays its powers
> Of prayer, with incense from the hearts of flowers
> That load the air with beauty and with wine
> Of mingled color . . . .
>
> " And high o'erhead is color; round and round
> The towering gums and tuads, closely wound
> Like cables, creep the climbers to the sun,
> And over all the reaching branches run
> And hang, and still send shoots that climb and wind
> Till every arm and spray and leaf is twined,
> And miles of trees, like brethren joined in love,
> Are drawn and laced; while round them and above,
> When all is knit, the creeper rests for days
> As gathering might, and then one blinding blaze
> Of very glory sends, in wealth and strength,
> Of scarlet flowers o'er the forest's length! "

There are deep springs of familiar feeling (as the mother's grief for the estrangement of her savage-hearted son), also touched in this poem, in which there is due artistic sense and enjoyment of the weirdness of the motive; and in short, we could imagine ourselves recurring more than once to the story, and liking it better and better. The Dog-Guard is the next-best story in the book, — a horrible fact, treated with tragic realism, and skilfully kept from being merely horrible; and The Amber Whale comes near being very good, but is a yarn too much spun out to be strong. The other pieces of Australian or miscellaneous origin and interest are none of them wanting in good points, though none of them are quite successful. Yet a full third of the book is good; and we could honestly ask the reader to give his time to it on account of The King of the Vasse alone. Some of the best poems in it are the preludes to the stories, and we like this proem to the whole for its good artistic feeling, and its good feeling in every way: —

> " It may be I have left the higher gleams
> Of skies and flowers unheeded or forgot;
> It may be so, — but, looking back, it seems
> When I was with them I beheld them not.
> . . . . .
>
> " It may be so; but when I think I smile
> At my poor hand and brain to paint the charms
> Of God's first-blazoned canvas! here the aisle
> Moonlit and deep of reaching gothic arms
> From towering gums, mahogany, and palm,
> And odorous jam and sandal; there the growth
> Of arm-long velvet leaves grown hoar in calm, —
> In calm unbroken since their luscious youth.
>
> " How can I show you all the silent birds
> With strange metallic glintings on the wing?
> Or how tell half their sadness in cold words, —
> The poor dumb lutes, the birds that never sing?
> Of wondrous parrot-greens and iris hue
> Of sensuous flower and of gleaming snake, —
> Ah! what I see I long that so might you,
> But of these things what picture can I make?
>
> " Sometime, maybe, a man will wander there, —
> A mind God-gifted, and not dull and weak;
> And he will come and paint that land so fair,
> And show the beauties of which I but speak.
> But in the hard, sad days that there I spent,
> My mind absorbed rude pictures: these I show
> As best I may, and just with this intent, —
> To tell some things that all folk may not know."

— The longest poem among Mr. Miller's Songs of the Sunlands is Isles of the Amazons, and it happens also to be the best. The fable is of a Spanish adventurer, who deserts his countrymen at the time of the conquests, and wanders off into the wilds by the

Amazon River; he is very young and delicate, a poet as well as a soldier, and an embattled sisterhood who come sweeping down the stream in their canoes, with their queen at their head, take him for an Amazon of another color, and adopt him into their tribe. In time their islands are invaded by the neighboring men; and when each Amazon is tempted to take herself a mate among the invaders, it is discovered that the proud queen has anticipated their defection and is already what Mr. Miller would call the Spaniard's bride. The story is well enough and it does not wantonly imperil the proprieties; but it is tediously told, with the excess of tropical vegetation and astral effects and brown nudity characteristic of Mr. Miller's poetry. One reads it through — at least we did so — with effort, and parts from it without a sense of due reward for one's virtue. There is no striking thought in it that we remember, nor even just or unstrained imagery; everywhere is exaggeration and the vocative case. There is a little natural feeling in the impossible situation, which is prettily managed; and it seems as if Mr. Miller could have made a very pleasing poem, if he had not been obliged to be a poet all the time, — if he could have forgotten himself for a while.

By the Sundown Seas is a celebration in Spencerian verse of the regions of the Pacific Slope, — a rhapsody from which we get little comfort or meaning, though there are occasional intelligible pictures in it. Here is a good one of the California *vaquero:* —

> " His broad-brimmed hat pushed back with careless air,
> The proud vaquero sits his steed as free
> As winds that toss his black abundant hair.
>
> . . . . .
>
> How brave he takes his herd in branding days
> On timbered hills that belt about the plain,
> He climbs, he wheels, he shouts through winding ways
> Of hiding fern and hanging fir; the rein
> Is loose, the rattling spur drives swift; the mane
> Blows free; the bullocks rush in storms before;
> They turn with lifted heads, they rush again,
> Then sudden plunge from out the wood and pour
> A cloud upon the plain with one terrific roar."

We did not observe anything else in the poem so strong and coherent as this. The other pieces have not much that is good in them; in the best of the Olive Leaves, that one called Beyond Jordan, there is something offensively sensuous; though if a man will call his poem or picture religious he will run small risk of offending.

— In his series of sketches, Oldport Days, we think we see Mr. Higginson at his best. He has the rare faculty of an artist whose studies from nature interest us not only for their own merit but for his thoughtful and imaginative comments as he places them before us on his easel. We are in Oldport; and the very name introduces us to a place which is the same, and yet not quite the same, that it is to the general eye, — like landscape in a Claude glass, or seen upside down. The very name of the place, slightly changed from its real name, seems like a key to the somewhat poetic aspect it wears in the writer's mind. It is not the literal photographs we see, — like those which adorn the pages of the book, — so much as the transcripts of an artist, in which things are colored with real and yet half-ideal hues.

Prospero's wondrous island would have been forever disenchanted had that master-hand which sketched it defined its latitude and longitude, told us the species of its trees and the geology of its rocks, defined the floating form of Ariel, and handed Caliban over to Darwin as the long-desired " missing link." There is an art we modern Americans need, and that is to go deeper than imitation, — to take nature as a base and scaffolding, but build thereon somewhat as the poets love to build. For the poet sees the literal and the ideal as in one stereoscopic view.

> " The clouds that gather round the setting sun
> Do take a sober coloring from the eye
> That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

But sometimes we feel the bare actual to be the best; and though this author's genius loves the poetic aspects of things, it delights at times no less in strict realism. Nothing can be better than the description on page 43, where he speaks of the Oldport wharves: —

" Other wharves are occupied by mast-yards, places that seem like play-rooms for grown men, crammed fuller than any old garret with those odds and ends in which the youthful soul delights. There are planks and spars and timber, rusty anchors, coils of rope, bales of sail-cloth, heaps of blocks, piles of chain-cable, great iron tar-kettles like antique helmets, inexplicable little chimneys, engines that seem like dwarf locomotives, windlasses that apparently turn nothing, and incipient canals that lead nowhere. For in these yards there seems no particular difference between land and water: the tide comes and goes anywhere, and nobody minds it; boats are drawn up among burdocks and ambrosia, and the platform on which you stand suddenly proves to be something afloat; vessels are hauled upon the ways, each side of the wharf, their poor

ribs pitiably unclothed, ready for a cumbrous mantuamaking of oak and iron. On one side, within a floating boom, lies a fleet of masts and unhewn logs, tethered uneasily, like a herd of captive sea-monsters, rocking in the ripples. A vast shed that has doubtless looked ready to fall for these dozen years spreads over half the entrance to the wharf, and is filled with spars, knee-timber, and planks of fragrant wood; its uprights are festooned with all manner of great hawsers and smaller ropes, and its dim loft is piled with empty casks and idle sails. The sun always seems to shine in a ship-yard; there are apt to be more loungers than laborers, and this gives a pleasant air of repose; the neighboring water softens all harsher sounds, the foot treads upon an elastic carpet of embedded chips, and pleasant resinous odors are in the air."

Can anything be more exact than the description? Can we not almost smell the tar and the planks and the salt water?

Mr. Higginson shows great versatility of theme and treatment. But his pensively thoughtful strains sometimes run too much into the sentimental, as in the Drift-Wood Fire, A Shadow, and the little story called An Artist's Creation. He generally tells his stories admirably; but we confess to a feeling of disappointment in the plot and *dénouement* of the Haunted Window. The character of Severance is not definitely enough marked, the incident of his love for the Fayal girl not sufficiently narrated and emphasized, and her appearance at the window not satisfactorily accounted for; while Severance's death is introduced too suddenly and without due explanation and motive. There is not enough air of probability, but the story is told as if the writer were somewhat at a loss how to clear up the mystery of the haunted window, and, in doing it, had drawn too exclusively on his fancy, which has introduced too tame a bit of machinery for the result. But there are exquisite pictures in the story. Here is one: —

"As we looked from the broad piazza, there was a glassy smoothness over all the bay, and the hills were coated with a film, or rather a mere varnish, inconceivably thin, of haze more delicate than any other climate in America can show. Over the water there were white gulls flying, lazy and low; schools of young mackerel displayed their white sides above the surface; and it seemed as if even a butterfly might be seen for miles over that calm expanse. The bay was covered with mackerel-boats, and one man sculled indolently across the foreground a scarlet skiff. It was so still that every white sail-boat rested where its sail was first spread; and though the tide was at half-ebb, the anchored boats swang idly different ways from their moorings. Yet there was a continuous ripple in the broad sail of some almost motionless schooner, and there was a constant melodious plash along the shore. From the mouth of the bay came up slowly the premonitory line of bluer water, and we knew that a breeze was near."

This is true and delicious painting from nature, as good as anything in our best studios. No one has written so admirably about the sea. You feel that long familiarity with the changeful element has wrought no insensibility to its varied charms. The chapter In a Wherry is full of the most graphic and poetic studies.

We like Mr. Higginson full as well when he escapes entirely from the sentimental moods which sometimes take possession of him and comes into the cheerful air and crowd which suggest such sparkling masterpieces as Madame Delia's Expectations. His humor at such times is exquisite; his humanity is always refreshing, but most so when his humor is relieved by occasional modulations into the minor keys of feeling, and reverts naturally to an ending on the major chords. In Madame Delia there is a humor that does not set out to be "funny," but which cannot conceal itself when the proper occasion for it occurs, and where all moods are brought into play in healthy and agreeable alternation. The opening description of the poor show-woman's tent, the hand-bells, the stock of attractions offered to the public, the performers, the snakes and monkeys, the sword-swallower, Mr. De Marson and Mons. Comstock, and Gerty the little trapeze girl, all touch us profoundly while we smile and laugh. Madame Delia is a wide-awake, enterprising New England woman, who sees to all the details of her business. Her husband, De Marson, walks up and down outside the tent to lure spectators in, but his wife knows how feeble and incompetent he is in the business.

"'That man don't know how to talk no more 'n nothin' at all,' said Madame Delia, reproachfully, to the large policeman who stood by her. 'He never speaks up bold to nobody. Why don't he tell 'em what 's inside the tent? I don't want him to say no more 'n the truth, but he might tell that. Tell 'em about Gerty, you nincum! Tell 'em about the snakes. Tell 'em what Comstock is.

'T ain't the real original Comstock' (this to the policeman), 'it 's only another that used to perform with him in Comstock Brothers. This one can't swaller, so we leave out the knives.'

"'Where 's t' other?' said the sententious policeman, whose ears were always open for suspicious disappearances.

"'Did n't you hear?' cried the incredulous lady. 'Scattered! Gone! Went off one day with a box of snakes and two monkeys. Come, now, you must have heard. We had a sight of trouble payin' detectives.'

"'What for a looking fellow was he?' said the policeman.

"'Dark-complected,' was the reply. 'Black mustache. He understood his business, I tell you now. Swallered five or six knives to onst, and give good satisfaction to any audience."

In Sunshine and Petrarch, Mr. Higginson gives us translations of a dozen of the Italian poet's sonnets, while sitting in the grass by the sea, in a little secluded cove, where the waves seem to come in with just fourteen ripples answering to the number of lines in each poem. Each of these old Petrarchian melodies is accompanied by a strain of sentimental or descriptive comment a little too premeditated. We have taken the trouble to compare the translations with the original, and we find a good deal of inequality as to the literal rendering of lines. In several instances Mr. Higginson has sacrificed much more than could be wished to the necessities of rhyme. And yet this was almost unavoidable, especially as he adheres strictly to the old sonnet form, in which the rhymes are so frequently repeated. Rhyme in translation is a terrible Procrustean tyrant, who shortens or lengthens, binds or loosens, omits or adds, as his exigencies require.

In style, this book bears comparison with the author's best essays. His sentences are so polished that we sometimes almost wish for a little more *abandon*. His style is, perhaps, somewhat too self-conscious, and tends toward what is termed *fine* writing rather more than one sometimes desires to see, — as some painters tend to overfinish. But how much better is excess of finish than the reverse! The charm of Mr. Higginson's writings lies in his matter even more than his manner: in his just and discriminating criticism, in his wholesome outlook into nature and society, and into the profound depths that underlie these; in his thoughtful and tender humanity; in steady appreciation of the sterner and more erratic phases of character, as of the most domestic, feminine, and poetic; in his sympathy with children, and with the poor and friendless; in his chivalric devotion to the cause of woman's rights; in his large estimates of the grand movements of past ages of thought and achievement, as well as of the multiform life mirrored in the facets of the many-sided present.

One of the felicities of his book is the tact with which he makes his transitions from one paragraph to another somewhat disconnected, reminding one of the modulations of a symphony. There is an ingenuity here that is born of a quick imagination, but we are disposed to trace this accomplishment in a measure to the character of a mind whose large sympathies can find points of contact in things seemingly remote from each other; a mind to which the common fraternity of races and the symphony of religions present no insuperable dividing lines. This is the best sort of versatility, which takes humanity and nature, not as if seeing things and men distributed in separate cells, but in a wide audience-room, where one can glance from one individual to another, at will. It consists in utterly vacating all sectarianism of whatever sort, and seeing a unity and sympathy between all.

> "Each part may call the farthest brother,
> For head with foot hath private amity,
> And both with moons and tides."

— There is a certain satisfaction to be had from any attempt in the way of a genuine American novel, when the author gives evidence of a desire to depict faithfully the phase of life he has chosen to illustrate, even if we find him falling short of thorough success in the undertaking. Brave Hearts deals mainly with California life in the mines within the last decade, and has the merit of presenting its peculiarities in a manner indicating real knowledge of his subject in the author. There is moreover some attempt to contrast picturesquely with this the common life of intellectual persons at the East more deserving of praise for its good-will than for any satisfactory artistic result, but indicating a clear eye for realities and real differences. Philip Russell furnishes the type of hesitating thinker, timid for want of action, who is getting to take his place among the indispensable properties of the novelist of to-day; but both he and all the personages of the book are rather slightly put together out of a few simple constituents of human nature, which do not seem to have

grown together into substantial individualities, but rather to have been combined in proportions to suit the exigencies of the plot. This Russell, however, goes to the mining district as a newspaper correspondent, believing that "some practical experience of life would have been a great thing for Hamlet," and that it may therefore benefit himself. He leaves behind his sister Alice, with his friend Morton, the newspaper editor, in background as a prospective lover. A slight train of adventure is then carried through for his benefit in the West, resulting in his falling in love with one Kate Campbell, whose father had fled thither under unjust suspicions connected with an old bank forgery. The difficulty, however, is, that he conceives one Stephen Moore, whose "partner" he has become, to be likewise in love with Kate. Meantime, Morton steps out of the background and offers himself to Alice. One Vane, also connected with the bank Campbell had been in, proposes marriage to her. She declines both offers; and, Philip having met with an accident, she proceeds to California, where she of course falls in love with Stephen Moore, who has all along been a polished gentleman, formerly a Federal officer, and a friend of Morton's, though for the time being he is driver of a Wells Fargo stage-coach. Vane now appears, being on the trail of the real forger, whom he presently checkmates. He also provides adroitly for Kate Campbell, whose father dies; and at once all the persons are swept from the board, by the conclusion of engagements between Philip and Kate on the one hand, and Stephen and Alice on the other, — leaving us with an unpleasant sensation of having been humbugged with sham Westerners. We are haunted throughout the volume with the hope that the unmistakable promise of the author's power of observation will be realized, but are forced to confess at the end that he has missed making any artistic success. There is too much melodrama in the plot, and the book seems written too much for the purpose of exhibiting special manners of mining-life, without enough of character development to make them worth representation. The author evidently has ideas of what is needed to make a good novel; but he lacks dramatic skill, has failed to proportion parts to the whole as they should be, and rollicks through the entire story with a rough-and-ready language that lacks style. Now and then he strikes out a spark of epigram from his hasty reveries *en passant;* and the keenness and humor revealed in this way amid the general roughness, added to his evident intention to be true, lead us to believe that he may with study attain to some riper production, which artist and critic can join with the average reader in approving.

— We welcome the custom, now becoming apparently more and more prevalent, of supplying the guide-book's office with works which, while available for travellers, will also nourish in the sight-seer something more than the mere fevered ambition to "do" a given number of castles, towers, towns, and churches, with a view to augmenting his stock of facts for statistical or social display. Among the number of these we may count Mr. Blackburn's Normandy Picturesque; and we are moved by the excellence of the two heliotype reproductions of sketches (one of them by Prout) in Rouen, to maintain that all similar pocket-books should enlist the pencil as well as the pen in their completion. The text is terse and pregnant: we fancy that the author's natural tendency, as a sketcher, to depict rather than describe or make voluminous comment, has assisted him to the brevity of his easy, almost epistolary style, so commendable in a work of this kind. At first one feels a certain regret that such regions as Normandy should so soon have to succumb to embodiments in hand-books, however pretty or artistic; for now assuredly, if never before, must the locust-cloud of tourists descend upon their quiet fields, and, along with various "improvements" (some of them, doubtless, much needed), bring desolation thereon. Still, the tide seeming already to have set that way, we may be thankful to Mr. Blackburn for rescuing in this cheerful, light, contemporary picture much that would otherwise in a few years more have disappeared beyond recovery. There is some relief, too (though of a mean kind), in reading his account of enormities committed in those parts by the French themselves, who build shanties and post *affiches* on the walls of their Middle Age churches, clap a cast-iron spire on their Rouen cathedral, and think of nothing but a traffic in their antiquities, or a speedy gravitation toward mighty Paris. For centralization, as we learn from Mr. Blackburn, is corrupting the simple provincial heart of Normandy with desire of new things, even as our Boston and New York drain the life-blood of the New England and middle farming districts into themselves. However, to come down plainly to the business of the book, we must confess to an unaffected pleasure in the author's cheery manner of introducing travel-

lers to the curious old country of Duke William, and of making it easily accessible to fireside travellers like ourselves. It is almost as good as going to read through these notes of the possible little circular tour they suggest, beginning at quaint Audemer, with a wise distinction as to travelling-plans of "the simple right" and "the elaborate wrong," and running on to Caen, and the entertaining little description of the famous Bayeux Tapestry; to Granville with its wholesome fisher-girls, and so to Falaise, the Conqueror's birthplace, and the valley of the Seine; coming back to ourselves through the short concluding dissertation on architecture and costume. Its constant taking of the artistic view is one of the most commendable characteristics of this little volume; but he has not taken us to Normandy without better reasons than that of merely furnishing amusement; he intends that what we there see shall cause us to reflect upon what we find, on returning home. Like all of us in this time, and indeed all men in all times, he in one breath complains and speaks well of the age in which he lives. "It is a restless age," he says, "in which advertisements of 'FAMILIES REMOVED' are pasted on the walls of a man's house, without appearing to excite his indignation." Nevertheless, he has hopes for the future of architecture. For one thing, we are to find that mediæval building, with certain improved sanitary provisions, is entirely applicable to the necessities of modern life. But to America he looks for something wholly new in architecture. Let us, however, rather listen to a word or two of warning with which he tempers his hope. "The very essence and life of Gothic art," he says (p. 60), — and this bears as strongly on any good new art we may wish to raise on Gothic or other foundations, — "is its realism and truism" (*sic*); "and until we carry out its principles in our hearts and lives it will be little more to us than a toy and a tradition." Again, speaking of America, he says: "It may be that we point to the wrong quarter of the globe, and we shall certainly be told in Europe that no good thing in art can come from 'the great dollar cities of the West,' from a people without monuments and without a history; but there are signs of intellectual energy, and a process of refinement and cultivation is going on which it will be well for us of the Old World not to ignore. Their day may be not yet; before such a change can come the nation must find rest; .... they must know (as the Greeks knew it) the meaning of the word 'repose.'" Meantime we need not be above learning a lesson even from the cheap modern Gothic of the French seaside villas in Normandy, of which Mr. Blackburn gives us an idea in four little sketches. These villas, it appears, are much frequented by English, who, as we had before dimly supposed, come to live in Normandy for cheapness' sake. The statements of one of these colonists to our author bears so much resemblance to similar declarations of Americans, who for like reasons have flown to like foreign asylums, that we quote one of a short series, all equally negative: "We believe that our children will be well educated, and pick up French for nothing, — *which they do not!*" Mr. Blackburn, on the whole, approves the theory that "English people had better live in their own country, if they can." And we will add, that by the substitution of another familiar patronymic for the word "English," we shall find in these words a maxim worthy of much more general faith and practical application among ourselves than it now enjoys in the ranks of the cultivated. It appears to us a maxim not altogether unconnected with those schemes of originative American art which not Mr. Blackburn alone, but many a dreamer on this continent, hopes before long to see entering upon their development.

— Judging from ourselves, few lovers of the angelic art who take up the Memoirs of Moscheles — in the American edition improperly entitled Recent Music and Musicians — will easily lay it down until they have finished it. Its pages are full of telling yet generous criticism of nearly all the artists and composers of Europe, who, beginning with Beethoven, pass in review before the reader; and while the more famous of them are brought out in high relief, the background against which all are exhibited is the complete and genial character of Moscheles, the beauty of whose domestic and social relations as here and there they unobtrusively appear make one of the great charms of the book. It is edited by the wife of the virtuoso, and in her brief Preface she says, with the humility characteristic of German women, that "others might have done the work better, none with such reverential love." But the modest disclaimer is unnecessary. A feminine touch so light, so discriminating, yet sympathizing, is visible throughout the whole, that we doubt whether any one else could possibly have "done the work" so well.

Ignatz Moscheles was born in Prague in 1794, and was trained there from seven to fourteen years of age by an inflexible master of the old school, Dionys Weber, who said, "Who on earth is there except Mozart, Clementi, and Bach? A pack of crazy, hare-brained fools, who turn the heads of our young people. Beethoven, clever as he is, writes a lot of hare-brained stuff, and leads pupils astray." At fourteen the boy, already an accomplished pianist, was sent to Vienna to complete his studies and to earn his daily bread. Beethoven was then at the zenith of fashion there as well as of fame, and young Moscheles, whose friends and companions were Meyerbeer and Hummel, Reichhardt and Czerny, worshipped him. "We musicians," he says in his diary, "whatever we may be, are mere satellites of Beethoven, the dazzling luminary." Going one day to visit Salieri, the contemporary and rival of Mozart, he found on his table a sheet of paper on which was written in large, bold, characters, "*The pupil Beethoven has been here.*" "What," said Moscheles to himself, "a Beethoven acknowledge that he has yet to learn of a Salieri! How much more then do *I* stand in need of his teaching." And he forthwith put himself under Salieri's guidance for three years. Many of the Viennese ladies of that period had been admirably taught, and the memoir states that the youthful Moscheles, "modestly admitting their superiority in delicacy of touch and expression, soon appropriated these qualities." At twenty-two Moscheles left Vienna for a series of concert-tours throughout Northern Europe, in whose most famous cities he was recognized and applauded as a brilliant pianist of the highest rank. He finally settled down in London as one of the leading artists and teachers of the great capital, and his house for more than twenty years was the head-quarters where all musicians reported themselves and met in the inner intimacy and communion of their profession. In its accounts of merry evenings with Malibran, Thalberg, Mendelssohn, and others, the book gives fascinating glimpses of the extraordinary things that artists do for their own and each other's amusement when no "public" is by to applaud. The most interesting sketches in the book are those relating to Beethoven, Malibran, and Mendelssohn. All the traditional sorrows of genius seemed to accumulate on Beethoven's devoted head; and the heart-rending story of the neglect, poverty, and fearful suffering of his last days is given precisely as the facts occurred. One does not know at what most to marvel, — the callous heart of the Viennese among whom he lived, or the exaggerated gratitude of the dying composer toward the London Philharmonic Society for their moderate gift to him of five hundred dollars. How little must his fellow-creatures ever have done for one of their greatest benefactors, when so small a service on the part of some of them could move him so deeply!

But Mendelssohn, the brilliant, affectionate, petulant genius, was the enthusiasm of the manhood of Moscheles. Weary, at length, of British stolidity and of his *métier* of fashionable music-master, Mendelssohn easily persuaded him to leave London for Leipzig, there to take the head of the "Department for Composition and Playing," in the Conservatory that Mendelssohn had just founded. The brief year which the ardent friends spent there together in a common work was evidently the culmination of Moscheles's career. The terrible blow of Mendelssohn's sudden death cut short all their glad hopes and anticipations of joint achievement, and henceforth it is easy to see that life for the one remaining was no longer the same. Its rapture and its spontaneity were gone, and duty only remained. How well Moscheles fulfilled the trust that devolved upon him the long celebrity of the Leipzig Conservatory as a training-school for young artists well attested.

As a pianist, Moscheles was one of the great *virtuosi* whose demands upon the instrument stimulated its makers to produce the "grand" piano-forte as we now have it. As a musician, he stood midway between the old school and the new; for while the severe traditions in which he had been so early steeped forbade his entire acceptance of the "music of the future," his large-mindedness kept him from a narrow antagonism to it. He wondered and doubted, but did not allow himself to condemn, though to us his delicate criticism "that heart and soul are not warmed by being so overloaded with passionate music" is the best expression of its defects that we have seen. As a composer, though he does not belong either to the first or the second order of great men, his works will always be valuable to the piano-student, and several of them have passed to a place among the classics. He died peacefully at Leipzig in 1870, aged seventy-five, after a life successful and honored, and useful almost to the last.

— The age in which we live is an unhappy one for generalizers. No one has caught the whole spirit of the time, nor can it be fixed in

a happy phrase: its whole genius is complex, and it is daily becoming more so, and men are driven into specialities by the vastness of their subjects.

The New American Cyclopædia of the Messrs. Appleton (published 1863) came in time to fill, in great measure, the gap which years and the specialists had made, and its great and continued sales bore witness to the want it essayed to supply. But even this, with its annual supplemental volume, has been for some years unsatisfactory, and all kinds of devices have been tried to supplement it. Even our Unabridged Dictionaries have blossomed forth into a mixture of dictionary and cyclopædia, where the definition of the word is aided by the condensed essay and the illustration of the cyclopædia proper. The latest of the many new encyclopædias is the Revised Edition of the New American Cyclopædia, by the same editors who brought out the original edition; and it is of this that we desire to speak, judging of it by the two volumes already printed.

It is plain that all cyclopædias in all languages must be greatly alike in their general features, since they seek to supply nearly the same needs, and therefore it is more particularly in the minor details of a work of this class that the points for commendation or censure must be sought. The goodness of such a work must be considered as a function of the circumstances under which it is to be used, and a great excellence of the book in question is its adaptation to the wants of the general class of readers in America. None of the discursive eloquence of the essays of the British Cyclopædia is here permitted, but the ideals striven for in its articles are clearness, shortness, fulness, and fairness. The difficulty of reconciling these antagonistic requisites seems to have been met in an admirable way. It is presumed by the editors, that for the very fullest knowledge of a subject the original works treating of it will be consulted, and a careful bibliography is given at the end of each article, to facilitate such reference. Sufficient information for all ordinary wants is always given.

With regard to the clearness of each article, too much praise cannot be given. In but one case in the two volumes before us have we noticed a doubtful meaning: this occurs in the article Andersonville, regarding the trial of Wirz. A foreigner might be led to suppose that his trial was ordered by the Confederate authorities. In one or two cases we have found incorrect statements, but they are always perfectly definite. Peculiarly admirable, as a general rule, is the statement of cases in which authorities conflict: almost perfect fairness has been attained, and the theories of no one man have been given an exclusive place. In this respect a vast improvement has been made upon the first edition.

The shortness of the articles, too, is highly to be commended, as it has been gained by no sacrifice of completeness, but in new articles by studied condensation, and in the older by a vigorous striking out of all epithets, enthusiasm, and eulogy. As a great concession a man may once be called a genius, but never twice. The space thus obtained has allowed the insertion of engravings and woodcuts, and of them we intend to speak at some length, since they may be taken as one of the distinctive features of the new work. Commonly they are admirably well selected, and their titles are chosen with discrimination — a work requiring care and thought. As a rule, too, the cuts are very well executed, clear and sharp. This cannot always be said of the small woodcut maps, which are often confused in detail. As examples of this, we may cite the maps of the Argentine Republic, Alsace and Lorraine, Algeria, Alaska, and others. These are usually too small, and this causes the confusion: wherever space enough is given, as in the maps of the Anthracite Region of Pennsylvania, and the map illustrating the excellent article on Arctic Discovery, there is nothing but commendation to be given. The larger steel maps of the book, though correct in all details as far as we have tested them, are yet inartistic in execution and coloring, and are not pleasant to refer to. When shall we have the art of map-making, as shown in Stieler's Atlas and in other European books, domesticated in America? The illustrations to each article are generally real helps to the understanding of the topic, and are almost never superfluous.

Real omissions occur in one or two instances: for example, under the head Bartholdy, no hint is given that for many years one of the greatest of musicians was known as F. M. Bartholdy. Again, the modern method of measuring base lines with the base-apparatus of Repsold, or with that of our own Coast Survey, is not mentioned. Under Beethoven, it is not stated that Richard Wagner, the greatest of living musicians and a leading writer on the æsthetics of music, has written a critical essay on Beethoven's

Life and Genius. It would perhaps have been well to mention as a kind of typical fact that Batavia Java had a street railway; and it seems as if the formula for finding the difference of level of two heights by the barometer might well have been given, although this may be doubted.

We will mention one or two statements which we regard as erroneous or ill-judged: for example, under Acceleration, we find a statement that the duration of one daily rotation of the earth is probably constant; probably the best astronomers would incline to the contrary belief. The same article closes with a theory of revolving planetary atmospheres, which may or may not be true, but certainly has no direct proof from observation.

But for bad theory, the article on Aerolites is by far the worst in the book. Nobody, as the writer somewhat indignantly assumes, has "asserted" that Clio is the smallest body of the solar system: in all probability several of the asteroids, notably Eunomia, are smaller; and the diameter of Clio stated so confidently as "scarcely sixteen miles" is probably doubtful by at least twice that amount. The descent to small "dust" by two imaginative steps is all pure speculation, more likely to be true than false, but still quite unworthy any place in a serious article. A similar criticism may be made of the supposition that aerolites are found on the moon's surface in a state of "better preservation" than on our own globe: from such imaginings to the questions of the school-men, or to problems of "lunar politics," there is but a step.

It is a pleasure to turn from this to such admirable articles as those on Athens (an absolutely exhaustive description, and a model encyclopædia article), Architecture, Astronomy, Arctic Discovery, Army, Artillery, and many other such. The legal and medical articles, too, seem to be characterized by great clearness, and by an absence of one-sidedness quite remarkable.

— The Voice and How to Use It is an essay prepared by its author as a sort of text-book for his pupils. It is written in the form of conversations between teacher and pupil, and, so far as we can make out, it contains — amid much irrelevant matter — the author's explanation of the terms used by singing teachers. He defines "method" as "the proper application of natural laws"; says that singing and speaking are identical; that purity of tone is power; that the registers of the voice are not, as many hold, rigorously defined; that vocal sounds must be taken in front of the mouth; and that in singing, words should be pronounced as they are spelled, and carefully articulated. In his opinion, the mouth should not be more widely opened to produce a high tone (!) and he believes that singing out of tune is not caused by an incorrect ear, but by an improper forming of the tone. He is opposed to clearing the voice by the use of what he calls "lubricating agents," and thinks that a well-trained voice can be used without injury almost *ad libitum*. He suggests one point that we have long thought should be nothing less than insisted upon by singing-teachers, namely, that pupils should vocalize *without* an instrument, and with the aid of the tuning-fork merely. Truth of intonation, beauty and purity of tone, would be thereby far more successfully obtained than at present, because the attention of the pupil would be concentrated on the tones he or she is producing, whereas now the attention is not merely divided, it is distracted, in nine cases out of ten, by the endeavor to get the accompaniment correct.

The English of Mr. Daniell's book is a perfect specimen of "native American." In style and in thought it seems the product of the native mind as developed by the normal schools of our country, and to those who look up to normal-school culture it will doubtless appeal. The author has got nearly, if not all, of his best ideas from sources which he does not acknowledge or even name, notably the original and remarkable work on the singing voice by Mrs. Emma Seiler, and his book is at once incomplete and superficial. It will teach no one to sing without a teacher, for that the best book that ever was written could not do, singing being an imitative "art," and not "natural" at all, and every well-trained teacher knows, of course, all that it contains, and more too. It may, however, assist pupils in detecting ignorant teachers, and its suggestions, if read, may keep such teachers from doing as much harm to the voices under their care as they doubtless otherwise would.

— Besides the books already noticed we have received a number of publications of which we can now speak only bibliographically, and not critically. We have from J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, the first three volumes (History of Ferdinand and Isabella) of a new edition of Prescott's works, revised by John Foster Kirk, author of the History of Charles the Bold. Mr. Kirk's labor has been mainly to collate the former editions, amend and add from the author's manuscripts,

verify doubtful references, carefully read the proofs, and append notes correcting or substantiating disputed points in the text. Mr. Prescott had expressed the wish for some such service at the hands of Mr. Kirk, formerly his secretary, and singularly well fitted for it by his own thorough studies and performance. The edition is printed in the substantial and handsome style characteristic of the publishers' books. The same publishers send us Blanche Seymour, a novel by the author of Erma's Engagement; and A Great Lady, a romance from the German of Van Dewall. — Henry Holt & Co., New York, publish The Autobiography of John Stuart Mill; a translation, by Mathilde Blind of David Friedrich Strauss's The Old Faith and The New, two volumes in one, with an American version of the author's Prefatory Postscript; and a most worthily printed translation by J. Safford Fiske of Taine's Tour through the Pyrenees, with a great number of illustrations by Doré, — a book not likely to have a rival, in richness of workmanship and literary and artistic splendor, among those published for the coming holidays. — Messrs. Holt & Co. acknowledge their indebtedness for valuable hints in the arrangement of this volume to Mr. Henry Blackburn, whose Artists and Arabs J. R. Osgood & Co. issue uniform with his Normandy Picturesque in their pretty Saunterer's Series, with numerous illustrations of Arabic life and character. This house also publish two new books by Jules Verne, whose former extravaganzas pleased so well, namely, Five Weeks in a Balloon, with forty-eight small pictures in heliotype; and a translation by N. D'Anvers of The Fur Country, or 70° North Latitude, printed uniform with Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, and having one hundred pictures by the illustrators of the latter book. The Story of Goethe's Life, by George Henry Lewes, is the author's abridgment of his Life and Works of Goethe, from which he has made this continuous narrative by leaving out his criticisms of Goethe's writings. Lucy Maria is the story serially printed in The Hearth and Home by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, the author of those charming books, The William Henry Letters, and William and his Friends; Lucy Maria being, as the reader will remember, one of his most delightful friends. Doing his Best, continuing the fortunes of Jack Hazard, is Mr. Trowbridge's capital story for boys, reprinted from Our Young Folks. — From Roberts Brothers we have Mrs. L. M. Moulton's pretty book for children, Bedtime Stories, with pictures by Addie Ledyard; and Records of a Quiet Life, by Augustus J. C. Hare, author of Walks in Rome, etc., with an introduction to these family memoirs by William L. Gage, who revises the book for American readers. — Preparation of Objects for the Microscope, by Thomas Davies, and Half-Hours with the Microscope, by Edwin M. Lankester, are two of the popular manuals of G. P. Putman's Sons, New York. — D. Appleton & Co., New York, reprint in French Home Life the excellent articles on that subject which have appeared from time to time in Blackwood's Magazine; and they add to their International Scientific Series, The Study of Sociology, by Herbert Spencer, with a preface by Professor Youmans. — Dodd and Mead, New York, publish The Women of the Arabs, by Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, for seventeen years an American missionary in Syria; What can She Do? a novel by Rev. E. P. Poe, author of Barriers Burned Away, etc.; Against the Stream, a story by Mrs. Charles, author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family; and Kit Carson, a biography by John S. C. Abbott, uniform with others of their series of American Pioneers and Patriots. — From Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia, we have The Golden City, by Rev. B. F. Barrett, author of several collateral Swedenborgian works; from Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York, Lombard Street, A Description of the Money Market, by Walter Bagshot; from Hurd and Houghton, New York, Bianca Cappello, a tragedy, by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Kinney; Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their works, A Handbook, by Clara Erskine Clement, (author of a Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art), with illustrations and monograms; and The Grammar of Painting and Engraving, a version, by Kate Newell Doggett, of Blanc's Grammaire des Arts du Dessin, with the original illustrations; from Sheldon & Co., New York, The Rose of Disentis, a version of Heinrich Zschokke's story, by James J. D. Trenor, who announces it as one of several translations from the same author; and Asleep in the Sanctum and other Poems, by Alphonso A. Hopkins; from G. W. Carleton & Co., New York, Jessamine, a novel by Marion Harland; from Orange Judd & Co., New York, A Man of Honor, a story of Virginia life, by George Cary Eggleston; from Deutsch & Co., Baltimore, The Deicides: Analysis of the Life of Jesus and of the several Phases of the Christian Church in their Relation to Ju-

daism, by J. Cohen, in a translation by Anna Maria Goldschmidt; from Ginn Brothers, Boston, the third volume of Rev. H. N. Hudson's Shakespeare for schools and clubs; from Macmillan & Co., London and New York, Lady Hester, or Ursula's Narrative, a story by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge; On the Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects, by Sir John Seibbach, one of the Nature Series, with many illustrations; and a revised American edition in four volumes of Edward A. Freeman's History of the Norman Conquests of England; from A. G. Brown & Co., Boston, The Rising Son, a history of the colored race, by William Wells Brown, M. D.; from Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, An Historical Account, by C. W. Butterfield, of the Expedition against Sandusky under Colonel William Crawford, in 1782, with Biographical Sketches, Personal Reminiscences, and Descriptions of interesting Localities, including also Details of the disastrous Retreat, the Barbarities of the Savages, and the awful Death of Crawford by Torture; one of the valuable Ohio Valley Series.

French and German.*

Now that Sainte-Beuve has gone, there is no French critic left who fairly takes his place, but there are still writers who bring to their criticism sound views, a good style, and more seriousness of intention than is to be found among many of those of whom it is their duty to write. No one has the charming style of Sainte-Beuve, which like the best writing is that which most resembles talking, the vehicle of true criticism; nor do we find any one with the same intelligent justice, with the same power of throwing a charm over the subjects which at first might seem least attractive. But M. Edmond Scherer is worthy of much praise for his work in the same direction. We have before us to-day the fourth volume of his *Études sur la Littérature contemporaine*, in which he has gathered up a number of articles on various subjects, none of them bearing a later date than the middle of 1870, while most were written even longer ago. Thus it will be seen that most of them appeared in the last days of the Second Empire, and they contain very often harsh criticism of the decadence of literature which marked those sad days when France stood so low in the estimation of thoughtful Frenchmen and so high in that of foreigners enamoured of the well-watered streets and civil policemen. M. Scherer's condemnation is far from being the querulous complaint of a profound grumbler, or the easy smartness of a boulevard-fop. He notices the state of French literature of what we must call the present time. He takes M. Vaperran's *Année littéraire et dramatique* for 1867 as his text, and compares its showing with the earlier memorable times of the century. We cannot help thinking, however, that he makes the case out rather worse than he need have done, for, allowing Sainte-Beuve to belong to an earlier period, while there has been no one to replace Alfred de Musset, Taine certainly is deserving of high praise, and foreigners cannot be expected to give very lavish adoration to a period of which Chateaubriand was the acknowledged head. But it is true, on the other hand, that there is hardly a well-known writer in France who had not completed his education by the year 1848; there appears to be no generation growing up to take the places which in the course of a few years must be left vacant. Taine himself, and About in literature, and Prévost-Paradol and Bréal in linguistics, have no young men following them; while the older men, who gave often less warm adherence to the government, did good work by their writing, the younger men have either contented themselves with the cheap notoriety of bitter opposition, without the ability to suggest anything better, or they embraced the opportunity, which the Second Empire very generously offered, of seeking to do nothing more than amuse the public. This task they accomplished well, but there is no real satisfaction to be got from their work. One such man was Baudelaire, a dull writer of wilfully, coldly improper lines, which by some singular fortune have made him a scapegoat to receive a great deal of abuse, which might have been more impartially distributed; of him there is a notice in this volume of M. Scherer's. He speaks of Baudelaire's works as books to be read for instruction rather than for pleasure, because they illustrate so well certain qualities of the age. They represent, he goes on to say, the decay of a literature. "I had always supposed that to be a mere phrase, used by old men to condemn books of a style to which they were unaccustomed. I used to say to myself that everything was relative; that every age had its language and literature, which were of use to express the thoughts of men at certain moments of the life of society,

* All books mentioned under this head are to be found at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Études sur la Littérature contemporaine. Par Edmond Scherer. 4me Série. Paris. 1873.

But no, there is in the human mind and in its productions a time of old age as well as one of youth; after maturity comes decay, when the intelligence grows feeble, the tongue thicker, when ugliness and stiffness take the place of beauty and strength. To dispute this it would be necessary to abolish the distinction between beauty and ugliness, and this is what the Baudelaires are trying to do."

More space is given to Sainte-Beuve than to any one else in this volume, which covers the time of the great critic's death. One of the paragraphs is on his library.

"Not that every writer has a library. Chateaubriand had none; he used to call them rat-holes. Nor did Lamartine have one. Lamartine and Chateaubriand were above everything, poets even in their travels and histories. But Sainte-Beuve was compelled to have a library, and he had a large one. In fact, he had several, each one representing a phase of his life, an epoch of his work. Thus his *Tableau de la poésie française au seizième siècle* figures there in a collection of our sixteenth-century poets. . . . . Then comes a second library, such as served to make the *Port-Royal*. . . . . But that was not his favorite corner: he preferred a little number of masterpieces; the Iliad, which he placed first; Virgil, of the different editions of whom he made a tolerably complete collection, towards the end of his life; Racine, of whom he was especially fond; and among the poets of our time, Lamartine. M. Hugo knew this, and said one day to Lamartine, in Sainte-Beuve's presence, 'He likes you more than me.' Add to these poets a few moralists, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and you have his favorite collection."

Many of his books bore marginal notes. Homer and Horace, of course. A few English authors were thus annotated, among others a Cowper, and a volume of Sir William Temple's Essays. "On a bundle of books and articles about China was written, 'Article to be written on Chinese poetry, to be followed by one on French poets, the funeral procession of our contemporaries.'"

Here is another note: "To maintain a reputation with posterity, and in order to have it wide-spread, it is necessary that posterity should imagine it has need of you as a type, as an example, as perpetual and convenient material for quotations. That keeps your memory fresher than the intrinsic merit of your work. In a word, *l'homme qui passe pour avoir eu le plus d'esprit est celui qui a l'esprit de demain et d'apres-demain.*'"

M. Taine is the subject of two articles, one treating of his method, and the other reviewing briefly his *Philosophie de l'art en Grèce*. M. Scherer not unnaturally feels a certain hostility to M. Taine's complete theories, and he gives us a brief criticism of them which is very well deserved. He acknowledges the points of resemblance to be found in many people of the same time in history, which are brought into notice more especially by M. Taine's ingenious method. "Thus there is a common point, in the seventeenth century, between the philosophy, the poetry, the court, and the religion; between Louis XIV., Bossuet, Descartes, and Racine: this may escape the eye at first, though it may not be impossible to determine it; and this it is which forms the character of the century."

This, too, is produced by two things, an individual nature and the modifications wrought by history. The seventeenth century is to be explained by the aptitudes of race, and by the influences of all kinds under the action of which these aptitudes are developed. And M. Taine is anxious to go back to the primal originating influence. All of us who have read his History of English Literature know the way in which he goes back to climate, race, and history to explain the course of English literature, and a system which explains everything but the great men who have made that literature what it is.

M. Veuillot's *Odeurs de Paris* receives what it is not the custom in this country to call a "genial" notice. M. Veuillot flung abuse about him at everything in Paris which was not directly connected with the Roman Catholic Church, and thereby he made many enemies. M. Scherer wastes no love on this man who undertakes to do the work of reforming society with the weapons of an outcast, and has written a notice which is a very good answer to an abusive book.

There is also an article on the prefaces by A. Dumas, *fils*, to the edition of his plays, in which he attacks the specious arguments of that gentleman, who wishes to remodel society by dramatic representations, forgetting it is not so easy to do good as it is to do harm by means of the theatre.

In a word, this volume of M. Scherer's essays will be found very entertaining reading. Nowhere in the volume is there such delicate criticism as Sainte-Beuve shows, but yet there is plenty of good sense, humor, and intelligent observation. Criticism is good which gives us this; anything beyond is luxury.

ART.

THE men who had the building of the old Boston which we remember — the Boston of the first half of this century — worked under many disadvantages which we at this day are very ready to recognize; but they had also certain advantages, which we are more apt to forget. There was very little chance, fifty or a hundred years ago, for an American architect (no great chance, in truth, for any architect) to get a liberal professional training. Our community was poor, building materials were few and simple. The work that was done, therefore, was small in scale and of no great architectural significance; moreover, it was executed in the formal, frigid style which we inherited from the English architects of the Georgian period. We are familiar with these disadvantages of our fathers, but we forget their compensations. The forms and rules by which they worked had been carefully studied out by artists of large experience and finely developed sense of proportion. Their work, in spite of its monotony and want of life, always retained traces of the judgment, often of the elegance, of those from whom it was derived. Thus, if the men who designed buildings lacked knowledge and skill, they were guarded by rules born of the knowledge and skill of others.

But later years brought many changes in our way of building. The Greek revival came, and, soon after, the Gothic revival; then, classical discipline once broken through, a flood of confused novelties spread over the land, and architecture fell a prey to empiricism. Fortunately in our large cities it had already attained in a degree the consistency of a profession; and Boston, though she began to lose the quiet air of uniform good-breeding that had characterized her, probably suffered less than most cities from the popular outbreak. Her architecture gained in vigor: it lost the consistency of form that had before given it unity and character. Amid a great deal of building that was commonplace, and somewhat vulgarized by relaxing the strict ideas of form and detail that had preceded, much was interesting and vigorous, and some was elegant and artistic.

It is useless to rehearse the faults of our structure and employment of material: they have been often recounted and are well known. The fire came, and our people seemed anxious to learn the lessons to which the fires of Portland and Chicago had scarcely attracted their attention. Yet, except for the giving up wooden pitched roofs and mansards, with their wooden dormers and cornices, the carrying up of party walls into parapets above the roofs, and perhaps some other general precautions, and a little increase of material in party walls, there is not much apparent difference between the old system of construction and the new, although we are glad to believe that the recent building acts have caused a gain in solidity.

An examination of the enormous mass of buildings that has been put up in the burnt district is, on the whole, very encouraging to the lover of good architecture. The first impression is perhaps one of flatness, and even monotony, not on account of actual similarity, but of the general absence of salient features and of relief in detail. A large part is, of course, the product of rapid routine work, hastily designed and contentedly commonplace. A good deal is the work of what may be called building-brokers, careless of architecture. But there remains a good deal that shows the marks of intelligence, skill, and honest study. We trace the influence, especially in detail, of a variety of styles, and the eclectic habit of our day — notably of French architects, from whom more than from others ours derive inspiration — makes this entirely natural. Yet in the best work a certain common perception of needs and of the ways of satisfying them, and a common feeling in detail, suggest a kinship of spirit under the confusion of form which is very hopeful.

The requirements suggested by the fire set considerable difficulties in the way of our architects, and more than anything else dictated the expedients in design they have adopted. Combustible mansards caused the spread of the fire; therefore mansards have been mostly avoided. Wooden cornices are abolished, and our better architects are too wise and too candid to use those of galvanized iron. The somewhat overstrained avidity of business-men for the use of every foot of a deep store-lot forbids any bold breaks in their walls, even when their fronts are wide enough to warrant them; while the walls themselves, in our system of building, are too

thin to allow of deep recession. High-pitched roofs are proscribed equally with mansards, while use, and perhaps necessity, call for four stories in height. The problem was, then, to arrange and decorate a flat front, four stories high, generally quite narrow, often even lean, with no visible roof, a straight or nearly straight cornice of brick or stone, with as many windows as possible, and a row of columns at the bottom as slight as was admissible. These conditions left but a narrow field for display; they afforded the least possible scope for picturesque treatment, but they had the advantage of being hard to dissemble, and have generally been dealt with in a very straightforward way, which in itself gives an agreeable character of manliness to the work.

The main resources which the limits of the problem left were light and shade, grouping and arrangement of openings, and color. But even here were difficulties. Bold projections in cornices and string courses are costly, and difficult to effect in thin walls, and in narrow streets cut off light. Moreover, but a small part of the fronts in a closely built city ever get much full sunshine, or effect of shadow. When windows must be everywhere, much variety and effect in fenestration is hard to get, especially in narrow fronts. Nevertheless, considerable effort has been made in this direction, and with good effect; a good deal more may undoubtedly be accomplished without violating the necessary conditions. There remains color, beautiful in itself, and the natural adjunct or substitute for light and shade when these fall short. Of its use in decoration we can remember but a single instance in the neighborhood of the burnt district before the fire; at all events it was very rare. It is fortunate that nowadays we have a large supply of good and varied colored material at hand, and its frequent use in the new buildings is a refreshing characteristic. A natural association has given a Gothic or quasi-Gothic character to most of the work in which it is employed.

One difficulty which besets modern city architects is the adjustment of the different stories. Every one who has practised architectural composition knows how impatient of graduation or subordination a series of four members is. A triple group lends itself easily to such discipline, and so is used as the basis of beautiful combinations everywhere; but a quadruple group is much more intractable, especially in vertical divisions, and business requirements seem to have prescribed four stories in the majority of cases here. The difficulty is sometimes got over by turning the fourth story into an attic above the main cornice; sometimes by treating the lower story in so distinct a manner as to throw the other three into an opposing group, to be redistributed among themselves; sometimes it is plumply ignored. Perhaps the most common and direct expedient is to throw two adjoining stories into one, as it were, by an order of strongly marked pilasters running through both, the wall panel between the two windows above and below being let in as if it were a transom. This has the merit of boldly seizing on and utilizing the uprightness of a narrow façade, and so gives a certain force and unity to it; but, while it exaggerates one vertical division to a degree that is difficult to balance or carry off in the rest of the façade, it suggests a want of candor, and may not unfairly be called a trick; for the second and third stories of one of our buildings have commonly no more to do with each other, that they should be thrown together, or seem to be one, than any other two. The French expedient of making the second story an *entresol*, or half-story, although it may offer some business advantages in adding to the value of the upper floors, thus brought nearer the ground, seems not to find much favor among us.

In point of detail there has been, as we have hinted, a marked gain, and this at once in sobriety, richness, and refinement as well as in animation, especially in sculptured ornament. We notice a tendency to introduce decorated tiles in brick façades. These tiles are a very valuable aid in interior decoration, and even in exteriors where they are well placed and borne out by sufficient fineness of adjoining material and delicacy of ornament, but are apt to be killed by the rugged detail of neighboring brickwork, and are doubly lost when, as is common, they are placed so high that their design is undecipherable. In the treatment of brick detail there is a great improvement in profile and proportion over the clumsiness of a decade or two ago, but the supply of forms and combinations is by no means exhausted.

The most noticeable group of buildings in which color is prominent is on Devonshire Street, at and near the corner of Franklin Street. The large building on the northeast corner is a pleasing combination of warm buff and brown sandstones skilfully disposed. There is a fairly successful effort to group the

many windows for general effect and to centralize the façade. The iron columns are excellently designed, and an admirable instance of the proportioning of shaft and capital to their immediate charge. The upper stories hardly carry out the breadth of treatment promised by the second, but are agreeably emphasized in the centre of the façade. The color is well accentuated by polished shafts of black marble, and the roof line broken with effect, though apparently aspiring to some forbidden termination. The ornament is throughout fresh, well executed, and excellently placed; the whole design vigorous, rich, and beautiful in color, — a good specimen of modern eclectic Gothic with a distinctly French infusion, and with a mastery of detail that is unusual. There seems a want of *raison d'être* for the quasi gargoyles perched upon the parapet, idly overlooking the descent of the water which in old times it would have been their duty to discharge themselves; but they are at least designed with spirit. The adjoining building on Devonshire Street shows a well-chosen and refined contrast of white marble and olive sandstone, but is rather lacking in general effect from want of concentration or well-studied accentuation; and the long, thin edge-shafts on the jambs of the second-story windows, with their rudely proportioned capitals and bases, are unfortunate. Opposite is a large building of red brick and white marble. The marble, pretty uniformly distributed over the whole front, gives the building a spotty and all-overish look which does injustice to the studied and even elegant character of some of the detail, especially in the iron-work of the rather stilted lower story, which is nicely designed and colored with very pleasing effect. It is seldom safe, in combining colored materials, to repeat certain members in one color wherever they occur, for structural needs are apt to place the same members all over a building, and spottiness is almost sure to be the result. Here it reminds one of the effect of Dutch architecture, treated in the same way, but with greater boldness and picturesqueness of form; as, for instance, in the great market-place at Haarlem. The neighboring building on the northwest corner of Franklin Street and Devonshire Street, opposite the one first mentioned, is of black and white marble, combined with better judgment than in its neighbor, and so producing a better effect, in spite of the strongly marked attempt to fuse two stories into one. Not far from these buildings, on the westerly side of Hawley Street, is some clever and spirited detail in brick-work in a small front with square-headed windows, the northernmost of two which stand together next to Trinity Church lot.

A contrast analogous in tone to that in brick and marble which we have mentioned, but incomparably pleasanter because less crude, may be seen in a small front on the south side of Summer Street next the vacant lot on the corner of Chauncey Street. The materials are white marble and dark-brown sandstone of a peculiarly rich color. The darker material is sparingly used and excellently disposed, the arrangement of the front very simple, the detail well designed, — the whole a good example of quiet and effective treatment in charming color of a small façade on the shaded side of a street. Two quiet buildings next this — side by side and of almost identical design, but one of marble and the other of brick and stone — are excellent examples of unassuming treatment with considerable refinement. A truncated brick building nearly opposite, on the corner of Summer Street and Arch Street, shows the beginning of a design of striking, perhaps hazardous, boldness, with promise of considerable beauty in the upper stories. An unobtrusive front next the west corner of Summer Street and Kingston Street, though with less character, and a mean lower story of iron, is a good combination of white and black marble. It has a well-treated second story and an excellent cornice. A marble block on the neighboring south corner of Kingston Street, and one of granite on the corner of Otis Street, are good specimens of a quiet, well-considered, gentlemanlike character, which marks much of the new work. The building on Otis Street adjoining has a front of yellow sand-stone admirable for its distribution of a small façade, and its expression of repose without tameness.

Passing down into Federal Street, one finds very good examples of what we used to hear called "brick with stone trimmings," in two or three buildings on the west side between High Street and Franklin Street. Beyond, on the northeast corner of Franklin Street, a building of black and red brick and gray stone, though of somewhat cheap effect in comparison with its neighbors above, has some bits of good sculpture and spirited design in the two upper stories, but is discredited in its general aspect by an unfortunate roof.

At the corner of Franklin Street and Pearl Street a large structure repeats the glaring contrast of red brick and white marble which

we have spoken of above. The front on Pearl Street has the defects we then mentioned; but the flank produces a better effect from the greater concentration of the lighter material, and has an air of considerable dignity.

Of iron architecture there is less than we had feared to see after the fire; but we should be glad to see less still. In spite of the fact that iron is the advancing, and we might say encroaching material of our time, there has been as yet no serious study of its proper employment in architecture, — except in France, where, as in the new markets of Paris, excellent use has sometimes been made of it, — and no suitable forms for its use have been developed, it being almost universally employed thus far in debased imitation of forms which were invented for stone. It is refreshing therefore to see in the large building at the corner of Milk Street and Devonshire Street a step in the right direction, — towards the invention of a system of design which shall be distinctively iron, and not bastard stone or bastard wood. The design is undeniably awkward in shape and proportion, but has an expression of force and even of grandeur which is as rare as it is appropriate to a material to which minute graces and enrichments are utterly foreign. Its distribution is in keeping, in spite of the fault we have noticed of running two stories into one, which is less disagreeable here than elsewhere because it accords better with iron construction than with masonry. The detail, though uneven in scale, is bold and not ungraceful, except where it condescends to be minute, when it becomes at once coarse and feeble. Adjoining this is a narrow front of the same substance, which, though somewhat cowed by its energetic neighbor, is agreeably arranged and shows a refined feeling in detail. The other iron buildings in the district are designed on what we believe to be entirely false principles, though for the most part commonplace and inoffensive in form, excepting a straddling façade on Summer Street nearly opposite Chauncey Street, and the uncouth and pretentious successor of the Cathedral.

There is very little of what is called street effect in our building, whether new or old. Indeed, not only does our habit of doing every man as he pleases, without concert, prevent for the most part any continuity of line or adjustment, but our way of building rejects the forms that can alone give picturesqueness of general effect under such difficulties. Thus horizontal lines, which clamor for extension and exaggerate enormously the discord of ill-adjusted successive façades, are strongly insisted on, especially at the most important points, — cornices and roof lines; but vertical features are banished, — such as the bold breaks, the bays and dormers and high gables which give such richness of general effect to the streets of Nuremberg, to the old Jew's quarter in Frankfort, where the houses are crowded together with more than New York compactness, and to the main street of Augsburg and many a provincial town in France and Germany. The increased width of many of the new buildings brings some relief to this trouble: the rows of flat marble fronts on Summer Street give some breadth of effect; the plain uniformity of the buildings which line the concave side of the great sweep on Franklin Street gives a good opportunity, but it is thrown away utterly, caricatured, in fact, in a weak stretch of thin, irregularly-broken polygonal lines, instead of the bold continuous curve that might have been looked for. It is to be hoped that our architects and their clients will learn to consider not only their individual structures, but what is as necessary in façades as in sidewalks, the conjoint effect.

The present is a most interesting because most significant time in our architectural progress. Our people, who hitherto have been busy organizing communities and providing against want, have got together wealth, and are beginning to think of architecture; educated men are filling the profession; the advance of our generation in the study of history in general has influenced the study of architecture; the means and the system of professional training are greatly improved; the multiplication of professional books, and especially the invention of photography, have increased the amount of accessible example beyond account. The result is an *embarras de richesses* in the immense number of forms that are added to the "five orders" which formed the little stock in trade of our immediate ancestors, and the danger is that a confused eclecticism may take the place of a consistent development among us. As there is no dominant style with us, so there is no general mastery of design; but there is some training, some skill, much life, and much promise. If we must needs have had the fire, it would have been to the gain of the burnt district to have had it deferred two or three decades. But it has given a strong impulse, though too sudden and hurried, to architectural development; and it is very encouraging to see how much improvement there is in the evidences of

intelligent study, in freshness and grace of detail, especially in the liveliness of much of the sculptured ornament.

— It is pleasant to find the name of Powers still connected with sculpture, and to find the bearer of it in this country, too, in a studio almost within stone's throw of the bronze figure of Webster, designed by Hiram Powers, which stands in front of the State House in Boston. Mr. Preston Powers, however, has not relinquished Italy, and will indeed shortly take his departure for that country, with the clay models, now in his studio, of Mr. Alvin Adams of Boston, and the poet Whittier, for completion in marble, abroad. Something of the father's distinguishing qualities as a sculptor reappear in these two works of the son, as well as in a finished marble bust of Mrs. Powers. The same studied softness characterizes them which won for the Eve and Greek Slave their extensive popularity; and they bear also the stamp of careful transcription from the life. In the one, we have the intense, strong-featured countenance of the practical man, thoroughly American in its bearing, and businesslike in its characteristics; in the other, the firm, straightforward, almost sternly uncompromising face of the famous antislavery poet and ballad-maker of New England. And yet we are inclined to think that they have fallen short of what constitutes great plastic portraiture. A little bas-relief in plaster, at Messrs. Williams and Everett's, by Mr. Conkey, of Chicago, representing Robert Collyer, offers itself also as subject, with these, to certain criticisms to be made upon modern portrait sculpture in general. Mr. Conkey's relief is a small and tentative work, hardly to be compared with the more scientific modelling of Powers's busts; but he has thrown a simple energy into it which promises well, provided he does not lose this in acquiring the nicer skill he needs. Powers, on his part, possesses a trained eye and obedient hand; but with greater energy he would merit higher praise. These faces are doubtless correct; but they are approached too much from without. We do not say it would be easy to convey more than one side of a man, through a countenance necessarily bearing predominantly the impress of special characteristics which yet do not constitute all his strength; but it is the sculptor's office to meet this difficulty, and to bring out hidden meanings through the very lines that hide them. What is the reason that our modern modellers so often fail in this? Examine the reproductions of famous marbles in foreign museums, and observe the comprehensive grasp with which the sculptor has seized the leading — and not only the leading, but the *unconsciously* revealing — traits of the face, in the Augustus, the Antoninus Pius, or the Julia Pia of the Vatican. Solid form was to them a natural means of expressing ideas and observations. But our moderns feel form more artificially, apparently; and, relying too much upon the mechanically exact tracing of lines (forgetting that poetic feeling is as important as accuracy), are misled by superficialities. They worry themselves incredibly over the hair and beard, where a master of the old mettle would be content to indicate by a symbol, and even then would tell much more than we. The typical modern sculptor is wanting in imaginative analysis. If this be so important in portraits in color, how much more necessary that a sympathetic conception should abide in the snowy core of the marble, before it can bloom into a sufficient life of its own. For ourselves, we are unwilling to write the obituary of sculpture as yet. There are signs enough of a potential rejuvenescence in the art. We miss the Greek type, of course: but the Romans were obliged to put up with a type of their own; and a very little observation will convince us that American physiognomies bear a strong resemblance to those of the Romans, who worked up into pretty fair statues, on the whole. And as for *physique*, there is assuredly enough still in the human race to employ the sculptor amply once more, if he could only find out how to occupy himself with it to the best advantage. Meantime, while we wait for some one who shall apply himself to representation in sculpture with something of the spirit of the discoverer, we may welcome in Mr. Powers a patient and faithful laborer, and may from Mr. Conkey hope for something of a larger scope as sincere as his profile of Collyer.

MUSIC.

Foremost among the "attractions" of the Maretzek opera troupe, of which we have lately had a two weeks' "season" in Boston, stands, of course, Madame Lucca, in public esteem, as perhaps also in real merit. The more we hear and see of this wonderful woman, the more are we struck by the unmistakable, genuine power and versatility of her genius. That her genius is of a realistic type, and that other artists have the power of carrying us along with them into a higher ideal atmosphere, is undeniable. Her idealizing faculty is comparatively small. She seems to conceive the characters she impersonates as concrete individuals rather than as artistic abstractions, or the embodiments of a moral or æsthetic principle. Her individuality is very decided, and in all her various parts she is distinctly herself, though never obtrusively or egotistically so, for self-consciousness never makes itself felt in her. We are not forced to feel that she is Lucca *and not* Margherita, Zerlina, or Leonora; neither do we feel that the person before us on the stage is Margherita, Zerlina, or Leonora viewed through and brought to a focus by Madame Lucca's æsthetic spectacles. She has the peculiar power of placing *herself* in the position of the characters she impersonates; and although all her actions evidently spring spontaneously from the instinctive promptings of her own nature, yet her genius has that convincing power which makes us unhesitatingly accept them as appropriate to the character and situation in which she stands before us. Thus her great versatility, her power of being so entirely different in different characters, seems to arise less from voluntary objectivity of conception than from a large and spherically developed nature. Some one has said that, as charity covers a multitude of sins, so could genius almost be gauged by the number and gravity of defects it could make bearable. There is surely some inkling of truth in this as in other apparent paradoxes. The defects that Madame Lucca's genius is called upon to excuse are by no means few or small, and sometimes, as, for instance, at the words, "*I ceppi, la morte istessa non mi dan terror,*" in the prison scene in *Faust*, where she most unaccountably runs four beats into two, her genius is hard put to it. But in spite of the imperfections of her vocal method, despite her defective elocution, which (apart from a natural lisp that we would not take into account) is often bad, she has yet the heaven-sent and world-compelling power of placing before us a great reality in all its convincing force. Her greatness lies not in the purely artistic faculty of delighting the æsthetic sense by perfect finish and harmony of outline, and light and shade, nor in that simian power of mimicry that proves, as Browning says, "The histrionic truth is in the natural lie," * but in the indescribable power she has of bringing us face to face with something that is stronger and more real than ourselves, something that, criticise and cavil at as we may, we must bow before and reverence and acknowledge as divine in its essence. "Qu'est-ce que le génie?" cries bombast out of the mouth of M. Montlucar, "n'est-ce pas l'étincelle électrique qu'on ne peut saisir, bien qu'elle parcourt l'immensité?' Every fool seems somehow to have the faculty of putting, at least, one truth into a nutshell. For a more detailed notice of the peculiar excellences of her various impersonations we would refer the reader to what we wrote about her last year.† Our opinions have only been intensified by time.

Mademoiselle Ilma di Murska stands in strong contrast to Madame Lucca in almost every point. To a beautiful, fine-drawn voice of the highest and purest soprano quality she unites a degree of vocal training that is positively marvellous. Her voice, although the traditional "tear" is perhaps wanting in it, is of a peculiarly fine, light quality, reminding one in delicacy and flexibility of the tones of Wieniawski's violin; a perfect *voix blanche*, as the French have it, elastic, sweet, and without breaks throughout the scale. A deficiency of resonance in the lower register tends to make all but the hightest soprano *rôles* not entirely repaying to her, but the graceful ease with which she soars to the higher limits of the human voice fits her for realizing the composer's ideal (a thing, by the way, not often done nowadays) in the florid, light soprano parts of the Mozart, Bellini, and Rossini operas, as well as such *rôles* as Meyerbeer's Dinorah, and the Queen in *Les Huguenots*, that of Eudoxie in Halévy's *Juive*, or Gounod's Juliet.

* Fifine at the Fair. Boston ed., p. 102.

† Atlantic for March, 1873.

Donna Elvira in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* seems as a whole not well suited to her voice, especially in the concerted numbers, where the want of force in her lower register is too often painfully felt. We must, however, emphatically except from this stricture her singing of *Mi tradì quell' alma*. Her rendering of this superb and almost unreasonably difficult song was worthy of being noted down in the brightest of red letters in the diaries of all who heard her. Such perfect phrasing, such judgment in taking breath, such absolute purity of intonation even in the most trying and adventurous modulations, together with such passionate intensity of expression, and perfection of artistic good taste, are very, very rarely brought to bear upon any song, least of all upon such a song as this. And all this in a perfectly light and elastic *timbre clair*, instead of the sombre tones of despair and jealousy in which some singers give voice to the lament of poor love-stricken Elvira, as if she were a foiled Medea at the very least.

In *La Sonnambula*, Mademoiselle di Murska's Amina is the most perfect impersonation we have heard since we heard Miss Kellogg in the part in 1864. Miss Kellogg had, even then, the advantage of a more tear-provoking voice and more marked dramatic capacity; for Mademoiselle di Murska's distinct histrionic power, apart from a certain weird intensity of expression which is an integral part of her physiognomy, is not of any very high order. But a superiority in phrasing, a general vocal facility, remains on Mademoiselle di Murska's side (it must be remembered that the performance of Miss Kellogg's that we refer to was ten years ago, when she was almost a novice). Certainly, Mademoiselle di Murska's rendering of *Come per me sereno*, *Sopra il sen la man mi posa*, and *Ah, non credea*, was such as to satisfy all artistic demands and win all hearts. In the last-named song we must confess to preferring the original simple melody to Madame Malibran's florid version of the phrase "*Potria novel vigore il pianto mio recarti*," but we suppose that it would be too great a piece of self-abnegation to ask from any singer to stick to Bellini's text in this famous passage.

In the final *Ah, non giunge*, precisely the air that the New York papers had most raved about and had led us to expect the greatest things from, we were disappointed. Not that there was too much ornamentation, for the song will bear any amount of florid vocal embroidery; but that the manner in which Mademoiselle di Murska sang the ornaments took away from the spirit and *élan* of the piece. It was delicately and gracefully done, but there was a want of breadth of phrasing, and especially of the proper subordination of the separate phrases to the whole melody; each separate phrase, sometimes even each separate ornament, stood out too plainly and independently by itself. The Germans have a good name for this sort of thing, — *Schablonenmusik*, sample music. In the duets, as well as in most of the concerted music, Mademoiselle di Murska had a grievous millstone round her neck in the shape of her well-intentioned but vocally unwieldy lover. In all the concerted music in the opera, the tenor has the first, and the soprano the second part. The tenor is the voice that is to lead and bear up the soprano. There is an old story of a little bird who wanted to fly higher than all other birds, so he fastened upon the eagle's head and thus soared above all his astonished comrades. But if the eagle's wings had been clipped, the little bird's flight would have been somewhat labored. Mademoiselle di Murska was in much the same predicament. We did not hear her in the *Trovatore*, neither can we very well imagine her in the part; certainly her assumption of it was a bit of daring after Madame Rudersdorff's performance of it a few evenings before.

Madame Rudersdorff's impersonation of Leonora in this opera was indeed a surprise, even to those who, like ourselves, expected great things from her. What of humanity can by any means be thrown into the part of Leonora, Madame Rudersdorff triumphantly threw into it. We had never before imagined Leonora as anything more than a mere insensible bone of contention between a raging tenor and baritone, with the additional misfortune of having very disagreeable music to sing; but Madame Rudersdorff suddenly revealed her as a woman with a will of her own, and with considerable strong womanly feeling and passion too. Her acting in the garden scene of the second act, when, about to be carried off by the Count and his followers, she sees Manrico coming to her aid, and her enunciation of the phrase, "*E deggio . . . . e posso crederlo? Ti veggo a me d' accanto!*" was sublimely conceived, and the conception wonderfully realized. The same may be said of her acting and singing in the prison scene. It was one of the very few really powerful and affecting "hard deaths" that we have ever seen on the operatic stage. And withal it never overstepped "the modesty of

nature" or the bounds of artistic good taste. Her performance of the more ferocious parts of the *rôle* was invariably fine and strong; we would particularly notice her delivery with Signor Tamberlik of that crushing denunciation in the duel scene of the first act. Only hear this passage as given by the two artists, and, to slightly change Browning's line, "Who wants *fury*, has it!" As Pamina in the *Magic Flute*, Madame Rudersdorff was one of the few redeeming traits of that remarkable performance, in spite of her evident unfamiliarity with her part. We only regret that she was not the Donna Anna in the Friday evening's performance of *Don Giovanni*. Madame Lichtmay's performance of this *rôle* was strong, healthy, and free from all tricks or affectation both in conception and execution, but it lacked delicacy and artistic refinement. It also suffered from being in German.

In Signor Tamberlik we have a thorough artist, which term means a good deal. His voice, to be sure, is much worn, — let us admit that at once; but it is still of a beautiful tenor quality, and seems to have lost nothing of its original compass. His delivery is grand and noble, his phrasing perfect, and he sings with a depth of expression that we have never heard surpassed. His elocution is so fine that every word he utters has its full effect. His dramatic power both in singing and acting is unusually great. Sometimes, in the ardor of the moment, he seems to forget that his voice is not what it once was, and is tempted to put a strain upon it that the noble organ, rendered delicate by long use, will hardly bear. Thus in some passages of passionate intensity, such as the famous "*Bell' alma inamorata*," in *Lucia*, he almost loses command over his tones. Almost, but never quite. But how long is it since we have had such a tenor on our stage? The dissatisfaction with his singing that we have, to our great astonishment, heard expressed in many quarters, even among quite musical people, only goes to prove that our public in general greatly lack discrimination in the matter of musical performance. As a rule our musical public does not show such cultivated judgment of the manner in which compositions are performed as they often do of the quality of the compositions themselves. The Italians, who are as a nation rather poor judges of music (though be it said to their honor that Offenbach opera made a most gigantic fiasco in Naples), are yet most excellent judges of singing. The Germans, on the other hand, although much better judges of music than the Italians, know comparatively little about singing. We think that our public is rather more like the Germans than the Italians in this respect. To take one instance from among many, the manner in which Tamberlik enunciated the word *cielo* in the terzetto of maskers in *Don Giovanni* was something so incomparably finer than anything that we have heard from other tenors on our stage, as to be beyond comparison. Theodor Wachtel can throw out a high C that will electrify any audience, — a Howard Athenæum audience even more, if possible, than a Music Hall one. Can Signor Tamberlik give out such a note? Decidedly not. Something very near it, to be sure, in volume and power, and fully up to it in intensity; but yet not quite such a note. Give any chorus singer, however uneducated, Wachtel's physical means and his knowledge of how to produce a tone (*pose de voix*), and he will give you just such a note as Wachtel's. But all the vocal power and *pose de voix* in the world will not enable him to turn a phrase as Signor Tamberlik does. In the stronger passages he is equally superb, and his singing of *Di quella pira* was the most thrilling rendering of that bloodthirsty song that we have yet heard. His perfection of style and inexhaustible *verve* add a new and peculiar charm to everything he takes hold of. Even that worn-out old star-company-concert hack *Solo, profugo*, in *Martha* became quite worth listening to in his and Monsieur Jamet's hands, while his singing of *Il mio tesoro* in *Don Giovanni* was a musical treat of the very highest order. He made by far the best, we had almost said the only very good Don Ottavio we have ever seen. M. Jamet grows steadily in popular favor, and shows himself in all that he does a painstaking artist of a very high rank. His Leporello was particularly fine, and he performed the difficult feat of singing *Madamina, il catalogo e questo* with abundant humor and piquancy, and without the faintest taint of coarseness. His Sarastro in the *Magic Flute* was also extremely good, although a rather heavier and larger calibre of voice is associated with the part.

It seems as if we had succeeded in finding some merits in Mr. Maretzek's singers. Of the defects of his company we will not speak. The performances were as a rule bad, extremely bad. And the general faultfinding that they have met with shows that our public want something that is good. But if the public expect thoroughly good performances from a troupe in which there is such a galaxy of stars

as Madame Lucca, Mademoiselle di Murska, and Signor Tamberlik, they expect what is simply impossible. We already grumble about prices. We want Italian opera as it is given in the first opera-houses in Europe, and are not in the least willing to pay the price for it. Probably the only first-class opera-houses in the world that — we will not say make money but — pay their own expenses are the Covent Garden and Drury Lane houses in London. At these houses Italian opera is given with superb scenery, efficient chorus and orchestra, and stars enough to glut the most astronomical appetite. The price of a stall ticket is one guinea. But we must bear in mind that this is in a city in easy reach of all the star-producing parts of Europe; that the troupe, when once formed, stays in one place for the whole season; and that the expense of keeping such a troupe in London is much less than in any large city in America. Our opera troupes have to bring their stars some thousand miles to start with, and then have to travel about the country like an itinerant circus, with travelling expenses that are positively appalling; have to give operas with very little rehearsing, and set the price of orchestra tickets at four dollars. Their expenses are vastly larger in proportion to their excellence than those of the London companies, while their receipts are much less. The quality must necessarily be far inferior, and if managers find that opera cannot subsist without almost ruinously expensive stars, of course they will cut down the accessories. If our public would be content to have operatic performances such as are given at, say the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, or the Royal Opera in Dresden (both of which theatres, by the way, look to a government subvention to pay part of their expenses), in which none of the singers are positively *great*, but in which the whole company are about equally and satisfactorily *good*, we might have operas given in a thoroughly enjoyable manner, — not so perfectly to be sure as they are at the above-mentioned theatres, for the necessary preparatory rehearsals are impossible with an itinerant troupe, but still superior to anything that we habitually see in this country. One may travel from one end of Germany to the other without hearing anything so artistically fine in its way as Mademoiselle di Murska's singing of *Mi tradì quell' alma* or *Come per me sereno;* and one may search all Germany, and France into the bargain, without finding a finer quartette of singers than appeared this season in *Martha;* but one would have to look very far among the respectable opera-houses in Europe before hearing a concerted piece so abominably sung — simply through want of rehearsals and the absurd inefficiency of the conductor — as were the quartet *In mia fè son strani invero* in *Martha*, and the sextet in *Don Giovanni* (not to mention some other things), at the Boston Theatre by artists some of whom stand in the very first rank among the great singers of the world. Of the deficiencies of orchestra and chorus we will not speak. But let it be said emphatically, that if we want operatic performances with good chorus and orchestra and respectable *mise-en-scène* we must either pay exorbitant prices or else give up the world-renowned stars; and inversely, that if we insist upon turning up our noses at any company that does not boast two or three stars of the first magnitude, we must be content with execrable performances.

In new sheet-music * we gladly welcome some new American reprints of two of Robert Franz's songs. Of all the German song-writers, Franz seems to us to have brought the *Lied* to its highest perfection. His natural genius, his poet's sensibility for everything that is beautiful, his generous and genial progressiveness, which prompts him to accept and make his own all the modern enlargements of musical form and to shun pedantry as something unworthy, yet is kept in check by his sense of artistic fitness, refined and cultivated to the highest degree by long and thor-

* *For Somebody.* Song. By Robert Franz. Op. 1, No. 8. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

Whither, O Bird, your Flight? Song. Words by E. Geibel (Engish version by J. F. Clarke). Music by R. Franz. Op. 1, No. 11. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

The Sparrow and the Thrasher, The Boy after Birds, Dream of the Shepherd-Boy. Three songs by Wilhelm Taubert, Op. 79, with an English version by John S. Dwight. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

A Night in Venice. Duet for Soprano and Tenor. By G. Lucantoni. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Give. Song. Words by A. A. Proctor. Music by Arthur S. Sullivan. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Love's Requital. Song. By Virginia Gabriel. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

The Little Gypsy. Song. By Fabio Campana. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Sing, Sweet Bird. Song. By Wilhelm Ganz. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

So the Story goes. Song. By James L. Molloy. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

When the Tide comes in. Descriptive song for Mezzo-soprano or Baritone. Words by H. Ashland Kean. Music by Harrison Millard. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Dreaming. Song. By H. Millard. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Jesus, I my Cross have taken. Solo, Duet, and Quartet. Theme from Spohr. By E. W. Foster. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

ough studies in Bach and Händel, all fit him to occupy the almost unique position he does among living song composers. His songs can almost already during his own lifetime claim to be regarded as classics; certainly as models of poetic sensibility and finished style. Compared with the works in the same form, even of the greatest classic composers, with the songs of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, his songs do not suffer in such august neighborhood. Such gems as *Horch, wie still*, and *Wie des Mondes Abbild*, will bear comparison with all that is most perfect in music. Of the latest republications of his songs we notice especially *For Somebody*, originally written to Pertz's quite fascinating translation of Burns's words, but now published, we believe for the first time, with both English and German text, and *Vöglein, wohin so schnell*, with a very neat translation of Geibel's words, by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. We hardly know what to say of these songs, except that we can scarcely imagine anything more perfect in their way, and that we can wish a musician no greater pleasure than that of becoming acquainted with them.

We have before us reprints (with a capital translation of the original German words, by John S. Dwight) of three of Wilhelm Taubert's children's songs. However clumsy a failure Taubert has made in some of his larger works, these little songs are thoroughly charming and artistic. The Sparrow and the Thrasher, The Boy after Birds, and The Dream of the Shepherd-Boy, are as much nursery songs as Eliot's fascinating settings of Mother Goose's Melodies, but, as with Thackeray's Rose and the Ring and some other things that have been written for the little folks, we should begrudge the nursery an exclusive right to them.

We are also glad to see a new republication of Lucantoni's easily flowing, melodious duet for soprano and tenor, *A Night in Venice*.

Arthur Sullivan's *Give*, in spite of a rather too apparent (perhaps only apparent) straining after originality, is a song of considerable power, though rather difficult to sing well on account of the unexpected strangeness of some of the modulations. The song is rather of the Blumenthal type, and has some strong climaxes in it, such as will recommend it to singers. But there is some, to us, very harsh harmony in it.

Love's Requital, by Virginia Gabriel, has also some exceedingly queer modulations, and is rather vague in melody into the bargain. The song has, however, merit enough to deserve better poetry than the doggerel it is set to.

Campana's *Little Gypsy*, and Ganz's *Sing, sweet Bird*, might be considered taking by those to whom better things are unpalatable, but have no distinct merit beyond a certain easily caught singsonginess of melody.

Molloy's *So the Story goes* is absolutely drivelling, besides being badly written.

When the Tide comes in, and *Dreaming*, are among the best things that Harrison Millard has given us, especially the former; but we have yet to see a song of his that comes up to the standard of *Waiting*.

Concerning Mr. Foster's solo, duet, and quartet, on a theme of Spohr's, to the words *Jesus, I my Cross have taken*, we can only say that it is really too bad. Not the music, which is exquisite, but its being set to such words. When will the heavenly and the earthly in music be separated by a more marked barrier?

In piano-forte music,* we would recommend Sidney Smith's transcription of Rossini's *Soirée-Musicales* Tarantella to all those to whom Liszt's formidable transcription of the same piece presents too many difficulties, as brilliant, playable, and pianist-like.

Teresa Carreño's Polonaise in B♭ minor is not by any means without considerable merit, and is defaced by fewer Gottschalky mannerisms than some other of the young pianist's compositions. It is quite brilliant, and seems to have been written soundly in earnest, showing thorough command over the resources of the key-board.

W. Kaffenberger's Nocturne is a very eccentric little piece in the Tyrolienne or Styrienne vein; quite broadly put upon the instrument and rather fascinating in parts, but excessively odd in some if its little quirks and quips.

* *La Danza.* Tarantella Napolitana de Rossini. Transcribed by SIDNEY SMITH. Op. 104. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Polonaise for Piano-forte. By TERESA CARREÑO. Op. 35. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Nocturne. By W. KAFFENBERGER. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

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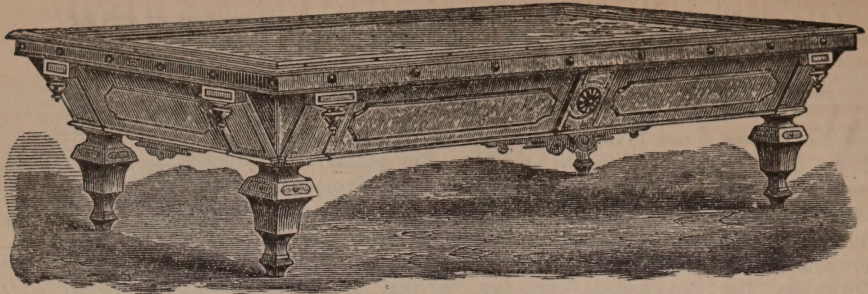

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FEBRUARY, 1874

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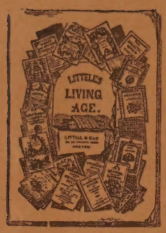

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By W. M. Baker, author of "The New Timothy," and "Inside," was begun in the January number.

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VOL. XXXIII.—FEBRUARY, 1874.—No. CXCVI.

NAPLES UNDER THE OLD RÉGIME.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THERE are few persons who have large sympathy with their race, and have pored over what we call its history, but must have felt how insufficient the chronicle of man's early struggles toward liberty and civilization usually is; how much that is interesting and useful to human progress it leaves hidden in mystery, and how many pregnant secrets of the past could be disclosed were it only possible for us to reverse the wheels of Time's chariot, and to revert to the dim days that are gone. Who has not felt a longing to inspect more than the inanimate relics of by-gone ages: remains of prehistoric civilization scattered over the Central and Southern portions of our hemisphere, or the classic wonders of Grecian art on the Pæstum waste, or, outranking all, the architectural miracles of the Nile valley — Karnac and Luxor and the Pyramids, and all the rest? Who but would fain make acquaintance also with the living laborers that created these beautiful and stupendous, but alas! mute witnesses of taste and skill? We desire not only to see the colossal structures of ancient Egypt, but to know what manner of men the myriad workers were, how they were managed and treated and fed, and by what phase of despotic sway they were herded and compelled to squander labor, that might have erected vast cities, on Titanic monuments with scarcely a practical use. We cannot help the wish that it were possible, not only to gaze on the ruins of the Parthenon and the Acropolis, but to listen to Plato in the Academy, or walk with Aristotle in the Lyceum; or, better still, to sit with Socrates throughout his last day.

So, too, of a later age. One longs to do more than inspect the ecclesiastic structures of the Middle Ages, magnificent and awe-inducing as they are; or, on our side of the Atlantic, more than make a modern pilgrimage to the spot where sturdy freedom-searchers from beyond the sea first gazed on the bleak and wintry homes they came so far to seek. How much greater would be the privilege to look in upon the living monk Luther, nailing his theses to the door of the Wittenberg Schlosskirche, or on the Pilgrims themselves, landing on Plymouth rock!

But something analogous to this one has power to do; for on the earth, as we find it, there are a hundred grades of civilization, in aspects physical, moral, religious, political. Something analogous to this I was myself able to attain, when, in the summer of 1853, I was ap-

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pointed to represent my adopted country near the King of the Two Sicilies.

One of the first objects that met my eye, in straying through the streets of Naples, was a large placard, with the proclamation by the then reigning King, Ferdinand II., of Spanish Bourbon race. It contained a law, in the form of a decree, which, on consultation with one of his ministers (as the preamble declared) that monarch thus promulgated to his people for their government; and it was headed in conspicuous capitals: "IL NOSTRO RÈ ASSOLUTO." No decently concealing veil deemed necessary, the law was honestly labeled as the dictum of "OUR DESPOTIC KING." It carried me back to the times, among our ancestors, when Tudor and Stuart dynasties took pride in proclaiming that they ruled by right divine; and when, as Jefferson has it, "the many were born with saddles on their backs, and the favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God."

Nor did a nearer acquaintance with the political state of the country change my first idea. I remember missing for several evenings, from the balls of the nobility, a bright young marquis whom I knew well. "What has become of him?" I asked one of his friends.

"Ah, you have not heard?" — and the speaker, looking round and seeing no one within ear-shot, added, under his breath: "He was carried off from his father's palazzo[1] at midnight, one day last month."

"For what offense?"

"Offense?" with a smile; "we *guess* such things in our country; we are never *told* them. The marquis always was a free-spoken young fellow, and I thought he'd get into trouble some day."

"Will not his relatives interfere and ask the cause of his detention?"

"Certainly not. The only reply would be one or two additional arrests."

Several months passed; then the marquis suddenly appeared at an evening party. By this time I had learned caution, and did not address him till I saw no one was near. After expressing pleasure at meeting him again, I asked: "Where have you been?"

"I don't know" — smiling sadly: "somewhere about a hundred miles in the interior, it must have been." Then interpreting my look of curiosity, he added: "One night our *portiere* came to my bedroom with two officers of police. 'On the part of the King' was all they said, except to bid me dress speedily and to tell me that I might take with me a small valise. We found a close carriage at the door; traveled all next day, the blinds down, except when we were passing through uninhabited parts of the country; and, in the course of the next night, came to an old fortress, where I was consigned to the jailer."

"You don't know what fortress?"

"I have not the remotest idea."

"Were you cruelly treated?"

"Not what they call cruelly. I was not tortured, nor put in irons; only told that, if I was detected in the slightest action looking to an escape, I should be chained by the neck to the wall of my cell. I saw not a human face there except, once a day, my keeper's, when he brought the coarse prison-fare."

"Of what crime did they accuse you? You were surely confronted with witnesses?"

"Ah, that is an American supposition. I was charged with no crime, confronted with no witness. I *guessed* what was the matter, and was confirmed in my guess when they dismissed me."

"How was your release obtained?"

"By the King's will. He probably thought that would do for the first lesson. Two police officers woke me one night, as before. 'The King's government is merciful as well as just,' said one of them. 'Bear that in mind, young sir, and bridle your tongue, now that you are about to be let off. Mercy may not be granted twice. Up and dress!' I was set at liberty at midnight, at my father's door, and here I am; free, if I can only keep bitter thoughts to myself in the future."

I had read of Richelieu's *lettres de*

[1] All the large houses owned by families of rank in Naples, are called palaces. We are not the only nation that deals in high-sounding terms.

cachet; now I felt, almost as if the experience had been my own, what they meant. I seemed to have gone back a century or two, and to be living in the past.

Naples, in those days, might have read a lesson to those who imagine that national morals can be maintained irrespective of political institutions and governmental action. I made the acquaintance of Don Liborio Romano, an eminent Neapolitan lawyer, who had been banished for years from the kingdom because of his political heresies, and had received a significant hint to be prudent when at last he was permitted to return. But with me he was off his guard; the Liberals of the European Continent are wont to speak freely to the English, and especially to Americans. I met, in Paris in 1859, a French official, named Matter, who, in entrusting to me certain confidential matters, prefaced his disclosure with a strangely candid remark. "You are Anglo-Saxon," he said, "and that is a trustworthy race; I would not confide these facts to one of my countrymen." I wished, as he said it, that we all better deserved such trust than we do. Don Liborio was equally frank.

"Signor Ministro," he said to me, "we live here under one of the worst governments in the world. There is no security, for a single day, to person or property. As regards those of any rank or influence among us, the estimable, the intelligent, the industrious, are considered dangerous characters, and are placed under a system of strictest espionage, dogged even to the privacy of their houses, tracked by spies (sometimes their own companions, often their servants), day and night: while the worthless and indolent, the spendthrift, the debauchee, are regarded as safe and inoffensive persons, whom it would not pay to watch."

"So bad as that?"

"It is the settled rule of policy — a terrible despotism that we have never been able to shake off."

"Yet you had the power, for a time, in 1848."

"Do you know why we did not succeed in maintaining it? We had no sufficient bond of union. We had no confidence in one another. I never feel assured, even now, that my nearest friend may not betray me to death. The iron, as one of your English writers expresses it, has entered into our souls. It is terrible to say, but we have no TRUTH among us."

"Terrible indeed!"

"And so, when we did get the upper hand, we had not faith enough in each other to retain it."

Here is a lifting of the veil on one of the great mysteries of the past. One perceives the steps of the process whereby a mere handful of men, once installed as despots, might perpetuate throughout century after century their evil rule over millions, nay tens of millions, who, any day, had the power, a hundred times told, to sweep the oppressors who held them in thrall from the face of the earth. Premiums on vice were habitually offered by the tyrants to the millions. The fear of danger, greed, the urgent needs of the hour perhaps, secured their acceptance. Vice throve and spread. Hence weakness in the individual man; for vice has no generous resolve or abiding strength. And hence, yet more, weakness in the masses as a unit; for vice cannot trust its neighbor, and so cannot combine for the general good.

Are we — republicans, self-rulers, as we boast ourselves — substantially free from the demoralizing influences that held the Neapolitans bound, hand and heart, throughout two terrible centuries of Austrian vice-regal rule, and more than another century of Bourbon despotism? We deceive ourselves if we think so. Public morality is at a lower ebb than it was quarter of a century ago; our legislative bodies are less pure; our public service generally more stained with venality. Office, among us now, is more frequently the reward of questionable partisan service than of honesty and capacity. Nay, the very source whence our political system springs — the election precinct itself — has become subject to invasions of corruption that

have waxed, year by year, more frequent and more shameless. But public immorality reacts on private morals. The vice-diseases which originate in politics, if they assume a malignant type, cannot, by any sanitary cordon, be confined to politics; they are sure to infect, first our business marts, then the home-circle itself. It behooves us well to consider whether, if throughout another quarter century we tolerate the same downward tendency, there will be cohesive honesty enough left to hold our government together.

Our nation has no prescriptive exemption from decadence. Is our boast well founded, that it will always remain "the land of the free and the home of the brave"? Not if we offer premiums on vice; not if we promote the unworthy; not if we applaud or countenance the successful swindlers in public or commercial life. Liberty itself is in peril so long as men grant office except to merit, or friendship or admiration except to probity and worth.

Let us bear in mind that the Neapolitans, who retained till centuries after the Christian era the municipal rights and the liberal constitution bequeathed to them by their Grecian ancestors — and of which distinct traces linger in their political system to this day[1] — though they have recently attained comparative liberty, had not honest vigor enough "themselves to strike the blow." It needed a Garibaldi to rouse and lead them.

I had heard much of the dissolute lives of the Neapolitans; yet, in the society I frequented, there did not come to my knowledge as many surface-proofs of this as I expected. What I did verify, beyond doubt or apology, was the utter *untruthfulness* of this people, from their King down to their beggars. A notable example occurs to me.

I met, at an evening party, a young married lady of good family, recently from a southern province of the kingdom. Of rare beauty she was, especially rare for her country, which abounds in plain women. (I think I have seen more handsome girls in New York, or Boston, in five weeks, than I saw in Italy throughout five years.) And she had the inimitably graceful and winning manners that seem inborn in that Southern clime. I happened to join a small circle of her friends, to whom she was relating, in animated terms, her adventures of the day before while shopping.

"I had *such* a good time," she said. "I wanted a handsome moire-antique, and I knew just where to look for it" — mentioning a noted silk-mercer in the Toledo. "He had a perfect beauty, the richest quality I ever saw, and such a lovely purple! Just one dress pattern left, too. Fifty-eight ducats I finally brought him down to, and not a *grano* lower would he go. It was cheap enough, and I knew I was bound to have it."

"So you bought it?" asked a lady present.

"*Pian piano*, my dear; there is luck in leisure. I told him, carelessly, that, if I could not find as good an article elsewhere at a lower rate, I might perhaps return and take his. Then I went off in the direction of Pietro ——'s store; and I saw he noticed that. I knew they were sworn rivals and always underselling each other."

"Had Pietro anything as good?"

"Ah, simple one! I knew his stock of silks by heart; so I merely sauntered about for half an hour, and returned to the other. 'Your friend Pietro,' I said to him, 'has a piece the very same as this. I told him of yours, and finally he said that rather than I should go away, I might have a dress from his for fifty-four ducats.'"

"Pardon! The Signora must have mistaken," he replied. "The man has not a piece of moire-antique of this quality in his whole stock."

"He had not yesterday," I answered; "but the piece I saw was from a box which he had just opened." Then I

[1] The municipal unit, with its mass meetings at which local affairs are settled by vote, — the equivalent of the New England township, — has ever remained, albeit for long centuries a dead letter only, on the Neapolitan statute-book.

looked him in the face so innocently and with such sweet unconcern (though my heart was beating all the while) that I saw he hesitated. So I added: "*On my honor*, it was just as good as this; but do as you please. I told you I'd come back and buy from you, if I could not do better, and I like to keep my word. I won't ask you to take less than Pietro offered; but why should I pay fifty-eight ducats for what I can have for fifty-four by walking a few hundred yards?"

"And you have it, you sly *gattina?*"[1] one of the attentive circle here put in.

"In my trunk at home, along with the four ducats which I saved by taking a half hour's stroll. The man was just fool enough to believe me."

She had evidently not the slightest sense of shame or wrong-doing; nor had her audience for her. Every one seemed delighted, and the lady was heartily congratulated on her quick-wittedness and good fortune. I looked on that faultless Madonna face and its charming smile, feeling that I could have wedded Petruchio's Kate almost as lief as one so fair and false.

As might be expected, the government officials were no exception to the rule; and their barefaced mode of embodying in some of their dispatches — in language that was the pink of courtesy, too — statements transparently untrue was, to one who did not wish to be rude, embarrassing enough. There occurs to me, out of my first year's experience in Naples, an incident in point.

A native Sicilian who had been twelve years in the United States, having become a naturalized citizen and saved money, had taken passage in a merchant vessel from Boston to Messina, intending to pay a short visit to his aged parents, who lived near that city, and to return by the same vessel. He was refused permission to land; and the consul there, unable to manage the case, sent it to me.

I had noticed, in glancing over the official correspondence of my predecessor, Mr. Joy Morris, that he had been repeatedly annoyed by similar refusals; and though in each case the government had finally given way, it was expressly stated to be as a favor, granted without conceding the favorite principle, "Once a subject, always a subject," so often asserted by European Powers; and I resolved to have that moot point settled on a permanent basis.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, after delaying action for weeks on various false pretenses, finally admitted the man — "out of a wish to gratify the representative of so great a nation" — but not until the vessel which brought him had sailed on her return voyage. Thereupon I sent in a claim for damages, which I put at ten dollars for each day's detention.

Then ensued a correspondence running through five or six months. I hope the Minister has since repented of the dozens of lies he therein told me, in honeyed words, entirely evading the main question. At first I was content carefully to refute each plea; afterwards, losing patience, I wrote him "that, were it not for the vast amount of business which I knew must be constantly pressing on him, and which had doubtless prevented his Excellency from personally giving to this case the needed attention, I felt assured, in view of his Excellency's well-known discernment and intimate knowledge of international law, that he must not only have perceived that the statements made could not but be known to me as devoid of foundation, but also that they could not possibly have been regarded by himself in any other light." To this came an answer as courteous as it was unsatisfactory.

I had made up my mind to ask a personal audience of the King, if necessary; and, if nothing came of that, to demand my passports and go off to Rome, which I felt sure would bring the government to terms. First, however, I sent word to Commodore Stringham, then at Spezia in command of our Mediterranean squadron, that, if he could conveniently send me a couple of vessels to Naples for a few weeks, it might facilitate a negotiation I had on hand

[1] Diminutive of *gatta*, a cat.

Then I tried one more letter to the Minister, in which I "hoped I had given proof of my very great desire to preserve intact the amicable relations which had always so happily subsisted," etc., etc.; but added that if an express treaty stipulation, which granted to *all* American citizens right of entry and travel in the dominions of his Majesty, were to be thus habitually violated, the treaty itself became but a bit of waste paper: a state of things which, with every disposition to forbearance on our part, could not but imperil the good understanding between the two countries. A day or two after my letter was sent, the vessels arrived, causing much speculation in the Neapolitan cafés; but for two weeks I had nothing from the Minister. Then came a proof that to every general rule touching shortcomings in national character there are honorable exceptions.

One morning my servant brought me up a card, on which I read: "*M. de Rosa, Intendente*[1] *di Messina.*" Ah, thought I, this looks like business; and I awaited my visitor, expecting a sharp encounter of wits. An elderly gentleman of pleasant mien advanced with the matchless grace and cordiality of his country, and extended his hand. "This is not," he said smilingly, "the Intendente of Messina asking an audience of the American Minister; it is Monsieur de Rosa come to visit Monsieur Owen."

"Monsieur Owen," I replied, "is much better pleased to welcome Monsieur de Rosa than the Minister would have been to receive the Signor Intendente. Pray be seated."

Then, in a ten minutes' chat, side by side on the sofa, we did more in the way of adjusting this difficulty than a six months' correspondence had effected. The Governor went directly and candidly to the point at issue. "Let me say at once," he began, "that, in this matter, from first to last, you have been in the right and we in the wrong. Your government has an undoubted right to decide *who* are citizens of your country; and it is not for us to gainsay its decision. But does it not seem to you that ten dollars a day is quite too large an amount for a detention involving nothing except a mere loss of time?"

"Your frankness," I answered, "merits frankness in return. Our government holds more to an explicit acknowledgment of a principle, the refusal to accept which has hitherto been a source of annoyance and hard feeling, than to any special rate of damages." We finally agreed on five or six dollars a day, I forget which; and, though I know it is the fashion, in such cases, to insist on extravagant demands, I think my client (a hairdresser by occupation) was well pleased when I sent him thirty-five or forty dollars a week, as compensation for the delay to which he had been subjected.

After that I had no trouble whatever on this point; nor much, indeed, on any other: and that I think was due, in a measure, to the fact that, whenever any of our people were in the wrong, I acknowledged it without scruple — a custom to which first-class powers are little wont to adhere.

Sir William Temple, brother of Lord Palmerston, a genial, cultivated, somewhat indolent specimen of the English gentleman of the old school, whom I liked much, and who was British Minister during the first years of my residence in Naples, died there; and his personal property was sold at auction. A captain of one of our vessels bought four of his oil-paintings, of no great value. Now there was a law that no oil-painting purchased in Naples should be exported, except by a foreign minister, without being first offered to the government, which reserved to itself the right to assume the purchase and retain the picture, if it saw fit: the object being to prevent valuable masterpieces from leaving the country. Sir William's administrator, however, told our captain that the pictures he bought, having been a minister's property, might be freely exported. So he conveyed them on board his vessel, notwithstand-

[1] Governor.

ing the impassioned remonstrance of a marine-police officer, who kept guard on the quay, and who spoke Italian only, of which the captain did not understand a word.

A week later, I had a letter from the Foreign Minister, inclosing one from the Minister of the Interior, and that again covering the report of the luckless marine guard; this last a genuine specimen of Italian eloquence. It went on to state "that the undersigned, being at his allotted post, and intent, as usual, in maintaining inviolate the sacred interests of his Sicilian Majesty, did," on such a day and hour, "perceive returning to their boat, from which they had landed some hours before, six young and large American sailors, as the undersigned believes, very strong and daring, and bearing two ponderous boxes, closely nailed; that the undersigned thereupon arrested their progress, and demanded of an officer in uniform, who followed them, what the said boxes contained, and especially whether there were paintings in oil therein, which, the undersigned took pains to explain to the said officer, could not be exported without a government permit: to which the said officer did reply in some harsh-sounding words, that were utterly unintelligible to the undersigned; that then the undersigned, mindful of his official duty, did vehemently remonstrate, and did endeavor to open the said boxes, so as to discover the mystery therein hidden; and that thereupon these seven men, stalwart and fierce-looking, did thrust aside the undersigned violently and by force of arms, and did then hasten to convey the boxes into their boat, and, notwithstanding the menaces and threats with which the undersigned pursued them, did bend to their oars with athletic power, reaching their vessel in an incredibly short time, which vessel did, instantly and with the speed of lightning, set her sails and proceed incontinently on her outward voyage, leaving the undersigned helpless to resent the insult which, in his humble person, had thus been inflicted by these *stranieri Americani* on the Gracious Government of his Majesty."

Infinitely amused as I was by this dramatic narrative, I was annoyed to learn, from my friend Don Liborio, that the law was against us; the privilege granted to a foreign minister not being transferable to a purchaser. So I wrote, through the commodore, to the offending captain, a statement of the case and of the law, leaving it to him to act as he saw fit. He behaved admirably; sent me a letter stating his great regret that he had unintentionally violated any regulations; and added that he was the more sorry to have done so in this instance, because he and his officers during their stay at Naples had been treated with marked kindness and hospitality by the officials and other persons of distinction. Finally he informed me that he had sent back the pictures by an American vessel which happened to be going to Naples; to be forfeited, or otherwise disposed of, as the government might decide.

Greatly pleased, I wrote the facts to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and delivered my dispatch in person, taking the opportunity to translate to him in Italian the captain's letter. It produced an effect quite beyond my anticipations.

"Good God! Signor Ministro," he said, "we did not ask this. You have already convinced us that the pictures were of little value, and not such as we should wish to purchase. Write, I pray you, and prevent their being sent back."

"It is too late," I told him; "the vessel will be here in a day or two. What shall be done with the boxes?"

"Let them be returned, I beg, to your excellent captain; and do me the great favor to express to him, on our part, the sense we entertain of his noble conduct in this matter." Then he crossed his hands on his breast, as the Italians when in earnest are wont to do, and added: "Ah, Signor Owen, if the other great powers would but act toward us as you are doing, what a different position ours would be!"

I knew well what he meant. It was within my knowledge that both England

and France, in cases where they were clearly in the wrong, abusing their position as the strong will with the weak, had forced from the Neapolitan Government concessions to which they themselves, had the cases been reversed, would never have assented.

As I took leave, the Minister said to me: "I shall see his Majesty to-morrow morning; and I can assure you that nothing I could communicate will be a greater satisfaction to him than the action of your government in this matter."

From that day on, there was a degree of cordiality, in all my intercourse with the foreign department and with the King himself, out of proportion, I thought, to the petty act of justice which seemed to have produced it.

But enough touching despotism and diplomacy. The physical aspect of Naples was in strange contrast to her moral and political decay. It reminded me of Byron's line, describing another land, —

"Where all but the spirit of man is divine."

I reached the city early in October. The day after my arrival, an English physician, an old resident there, who had married a granddaughter of Richard Arkwright, my grandfather's partner, called on me. "My wife and I," he said, "drive out every afternoon. Take a seat with us, and give us the privilege of showing you Naples."

What a week was that which followed! London is unmatched, in its way; Paris is a dazzling wonder; Switzerland is a marvel of majestic beauty; but — save the rose-hued fairyland of my infancy, Rosebank — that first glorious week in Naples stands alone, unrivaled in memory. What a drive it was we took on the far-famed Strada Nuova, leading in and out along the rock-bound, vineyard-clad shore to Baiæ — city of wonderful relics! The balmy, delicious climate, in itself a luxury; the atmosphere, marvelous in transparency, through which distant objects showed preternaturally distinct; the matchless bay, dotted with fairy islands — Capri, Ischia, Procida, Nisida — its waters lying in dreamy, glittering quiet, sharing (fancy suggested) the national languor, in that they were stirred not even by heave of tide; then, as noble background, a lofty Apennine range, with Monte Sant' Angelo, cloud-capped, for a summit; and, more than all and seen from every turn of the road, the purple, lava-encrusted cone of Vesuvius, awaking a thousand memories; the smoke sullenly rising from the summit, a reminder of the power to destroy, that slumbers beneath; all this made up a combination of natural beauty so wondrous and varied that it took captive the senses, as by a spell, and one felt little inclined to treat as hyperbole an encomium of the Neapolitan poet Sannazaro, who, in allusion to this city of Parthenope and its surroundings, spoke of that region of enchantment as

"Un pezzo di Cielo, caduto in terra."[1]

If he who has seen what is fairest in this world may be satisfied to depart in peace, then one can appreciate the force of the adage: "See Naples and die!"

Nor was it inanimate beauty only on which I looked. This country breathes of the past. History is written all over it — over its ruins (once filled with Roman luxury and stained with Roman vice) of palace and temple and bath — the bath rivaling the temple in magnificence; over its tombs and its statues and its buried cities of the past; over picturesque Naples itself, with background of rock and precipitous hill, sprinkled with charming villas and surmounted by castle and monastery.

And it is history of which some of the stone-leaves date back, not only to the heyday of Roman splendor, and even to the times when Xerxes led his many-nationed host, with Libyan chariots and Arabian camels, against astounded Greece, but to a period of which the records were ancient history to Nero and to Xerxes — to an epoch before Homer wrote or Achilles fought. Through a dark grotto partially invaded by water, I was conveyed on the back of a guide to a stone platform, the rest-

[1] A bit of Heaven, dropped down upon earth.

ing-place, as legend affirms, of the Sibyl who prophesied the destruction of Troy. The long record stretches back full three thousand years. Comparative antiquity dwindles before it, even in the eyes of the peasant who exhibits to strangers the wonders of his country. "Is it ancient?" I said to one of these who had guided me to a massive, venerable-looking pile of brick; the ruins, I believe, of an aqueduct. He smiled at my ignorance, and replied with a shrug: "O no, Eccelenza; è un affare di tre, quatro cent' anni." [1]

Then there is not only the legendary but the mythological; the lake of Avernus, poisonous with mephitic gases, so that birds flying across it dropped dead into its waves; the entrance by which Ulysses descended to the regions of the dead; and, not far distant, the Elysian Fields. Agrippa connected the waters of Avernus with the sea, drained its marshes, cut down the dark forests on the Avernine hills, sacred to Hecate; and since his day the lake is like any other quiet piece of water, with no hint of infernal entrance, nor of deadly exhalations fatal to the feathered tribe. While the Roman admiral was about it, it was a pity he did not drain the Elysian Fields also: they seemed to me, when I visited them, to resemble some of those new town sites on our Western rivers, where, according to Dickens, the speculator in lots got a fair proportion of water as well as land for his money.

The climate of Naples exhibits a marked contrast to ours in one particular, its constancy. The seasons seem to respect each other's territory. Winter, as if content with its three months, encroaches on no others; never severe, yet scarcely a mild day intervening. So of summer, when it fairly sets in; the welcome afternoon sea-breeze being the only cooling agency. So of spring and autumn; never very warm, never cold; and each almost strictly running its ninety days. This equability of climate is at once pleasant and healthful. The range, during the five years I was there, did not exceed sixty-five degrees; from twenty-eight to ninety-three: not more than half the extreme variation in the United States.

There are but two drawbacks to all this: a rainy season in winter, of three or four weeks; and, in summer, a succession of some sixty or seventy dusty, sultry days, —

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadows made tender," —

until one wearies of the eternal blaze, and prays for clouds and showers.

I kept up open wood fires for more than three months of the year; but most of the houses occupied by natives, including those of the nobility, had no fire-places except in the kitchen. I have frequently, when ushered during wintry weather into luxurious apartments, found the lady occupants sitting around a brazier,[2] with bonnets and thick shawls on; and when my visit was returned, the visitor usually recoiled from my cheerful fire, "fearing to take cold," as I was told when I first looked my surprise.

Naples, notwithstanding her narrow, crowded, and often filthy streets, was healthy while I was there, except during the cholera of 1854.

It is when a season of pestilence overtakes us that a neglect of sanitary regulations tells; and seldom has this been more terribly exemplified than in Naples and other cities of the kingdom, during a year that will long be remembered there.

In Naples itself, the most populous of Italian cities, having four hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, the alarm was so great as to cause some fifty thousand persons to seek refuge elsewhere. The disease spread rapidly from the most densely populated quarters over the entire city, until the deaths acknowledged in the official returns numbered

[1] "A mere affair of some three or four hundred years." To an old man, or in other similar case, the word *vecchio* is applied; but I had used the word *antico* — a dignified term, inapplicable except to an antiquity of one or two thousand years' date.

[2] A brass pan of charcoal, left outside until the coal comes to a red heat, without smoke, and then set in the centre of parlor or drawing-room; it is seldom used in any other apartment.

twelve or thirteen hundred a day; but this was probably an underestimate. This death-rate continued for two or three weeks, during which time there was seldom, either by day or night, an interval of more than five or ten minutes during which there did not reach me, from the street, the peculiar bell-tinkle which announced the passing of the Host, borne by a priest as viaticum to the dying. This melancholy iteration, sounding especially dismal during the still hours of midnight, told at last on the hardiest nerves, and the Archbishop of Naples was petitioned to authorize its discontinuance. He replied that the rules of the church did not permit such an innovation.

This hierarch, whose name I regret to have forgotten, evinced, during these trying days, a courage and self-devotion which reminds one of Carlo Borromeo. Not only did he expend, in relief to the sufferers, every dollar he possessed, but he sold his valuable service of plate, and used the proceeds in the same benevolent cause. He gave also his entire time to the sick, bringing to the lowliest beds temporal and spiritual comfort. On one occasion when, accompanied by three or four young priests, he was about to enter a squalid cellar in one of the poorest and most crowded alleys, he noticed the momentary hesitation of his attendants to follow him down the dark entrance-steps, and quietly said to them: "Rest here till I return, my children. This is too much for you."

In one of the streets near the centre of the city, the *becchini*[1] reported but six persons remaining alive. These were removed to the Government Hospital,[2] and the street was walled up at both ends.

As the epidemic increased, the inhabitants seemed afraid to leave their houses except when business required. The streets were comparatively deserted, and in the grounds of the Villa Reale,[3] where, in fine weather, from five hundred to a thousand visitors were wont to congregate, I met scarcely fifteen or twenty persons during my daily walks there, which I never discontinued.

At this time there came to see me, one day, our consul, Alexander Hammett; a worthy man and faithful officer, then eighty years old, who had been appointed to the Neapolitan consulate by Thomas Jefferson in 1809 and had occupied the post ever since. "Mr. Owen," he said, "the cholera has appeared in the second street from where I live; in a day or two it will reach us, and I shall take it and die."

"I dare say you will," said I: "those who are so confident of dying by the cholera usually do. But there are plenty of country places which the disease is not at all likely to reach, and where I think you would be safe. Why not leave the city for a few weeks, until the danger here is over? I should be *very* sorry to lose so valuable an officer as you."

"It is kind in you to say so, and I *had* thought of going, but then I considered that it would tie you down here. Some one should be in the city to see about our citizens, in case any arrive."

"Make yourself easy on that score. I shall remain, whether you go or not. I do not in the least expect to take the cholera; and at all events it is useless to risk two lives."

I did not see him again for six or seven weeks, when he returned much improved by his trip. Meanwhile three persons died in the house in which I had my apartments; a child on the floor above, a sister of the *portiere*, and my coachman, in whom I lost an excellent servant. My family, fortunately, were absent at Stuttgart, where I had left them for a year, that the children might have the benefit of German teachers. No member of my household other than the coachman was attacked, except the stable-boy, who slept in a small room

[1] Men whose office it was to collect and bury the bodies of those who died.

[2] The Albergo de' Poveri, a very large building, fronting nearly a quarter of a mile on the Strada Foria in the northeast part of the city, where patients were received gratuitously.

[3] The only public grounds within the city proper, extending nearly three quarters of a mile along the Chiaja, the most fashionable street in Naples, and fronting the bay on the south.

adjoining the stables which were in the lower floor of the palazzo, as is usual in that country. He was attended by his mother; and when I found that his case was serious, I sent to ask if she would object to my giving him some cholera medicine which I had by me, compounded from a receipt with which the widow of an English officer, who had been many years in India, had kindly supplied me. I was careful not to urge the matter, knowing that the natives, with old tales of *avvelenatori* (poisoners) during the plague in their heads, often look with suspicion on such interference; and I was not surprised when my offer was rejected with many thanks. Later, however, when extreme unction had been administered to the poor fellow, I sent again; and the reply was, that, as he was sure to die now, I might give him what I pleased. I found him in what seemed a state of collapse, and administered my remedy every ten minutes for two hours. At the end of that time he revived so much that I had him conveyed to the hospital, with a letter from myself to the governor, officially signed, which I knew would ensure attention to his case.

Several weeks later he came to see me, looking pale and thin, with a basket under his arm. "May the Holy Virgin reward your Excellency!" he said; "they treated me at the hospital like a prince. You saved my life; and all I have to give in return is these grapes," uncovering his basket, "from my mother's little *masseria*,[1] which she sends with her blessing:" a simple expression of gratitude which touched me much.

It was estimated that over thirty thousand Neapolitans perished; probably one in twelve of those who remained in the city throughout the term of the disease. Yet the risk we ran and the sights we witnessed seemed as nothing when compared with the accounts which reached us from luckless Messina.

In that city, when the cholera broke out, the population was estimated at seventy-five thousand. About fifteen thousand, it is said, left the city; and out of the sixty thousand who remained *upwards of one fourth died*,[2] within a period of six or eight weeks. No one except those who have passed the frightful ordeal can realize what such a rate of mortality involves. At the height of the distemper, not a coffin could be procured, and interment — to say nothing of funerals — was unthought of. The dead, sometimes naked, were laid on the sidewalk before each door; the dead-carts passed along twice a day; the bodies were pitched by the *becchini* on the accumulating heap, and carried off a mile or two to leeward of the city; there to be piled up and burnt. In some cases the survivors in the house had not strength enough left to carry the corpses down-stairs, and cast them from the windows into the street. Hundreds, deserted, died alone; and their bodies were found, days afterward, by the searchers for the dead. Finally so many of the *becchini* themselves sank under the disease, or fled from their horrible task, that it was necessary to send to Naples to obtain recruits for the ghastly work.

Then, amid a hundred examples of the selfishness to which, alas! our frail nature is prone under temptation so fearful, there came to light deeds of heroism that outshine those ever done on the battle-field. While other foreign consuls at Messina fled from the imminent peril, our consul, an American of German parentage, named Behn, remained, with his brave wife, at his post, throughout the entire period of the epidemic. From morning till night that noble couple passed from house to house in the most infected portion of the city, encouraging by word and example, and dispensing medicine wherever they found the sufferers willing to receive it. Both were slightly attacked with cholerine; but, recovering in a day or two, they continued their exertions to the end, doubtless saving many lives.

The King, whom I had never known

[1] A cultivated patch, with a cabin, which I afterwards visited

[2] The first report was 20,000, making one in three; but later accounts, assented to by the government, placed it at 16,000 only.

to communicate directly with any foreign commercial agent, caused his Minister of Foreign Affairs to address a letter to Mr. Behn, thanking him in the warmest terms, in his own name and in that of his Messinian subjects, for the courageous self-devotion shown during a period of such terror and suffering; and sent a copy of the letter to me. I inclosed a translation of it in a dispatch to our State Department, in which I narrated the chief incidents connected with the cholera at Messina, together with the conduct of the consul and his wife; adding a warm expression of my admiration and gratitude for the honor their conduct had conferred on our country and our common humanity.

I am sorry to have a sequel, which does little honor to one of our chief magistrates, to add here. In the summer of 1859, being then in Washington making a final settlement of my affairs as Minister, I learned that Mr. Behn would probably be dismissed from office and another appointed in his stead. At the Department I ascertained that the applicant based his claims upon important partisan services which he had rendered to Mr. Buchanan during the canvass for the Presidency in 1856. Thereupon I made a copy of my dispatch above referred to, and of my translation of the letter of thanks to Mr. Behn, and carried it to the Assistant Secretary of State, young Mr. Cass; his father, General Cass, then Secretary, being too ill to attend to business. When I had read these documents to Mr. Cass, he entered warmly into my views, and told me he expected to see the President that evening, and that the papers should be placed at once in his hands and his attention earnestly invited to them; "but," he added, "I greatly fear it will be in vain. The claims of the applicant on account of electioneering services are pressed by influential politicians, and will probably outweigh all other considerations."

"Is the man well qualified?" I asked.

"Quite the reverse, I imagine. He speaks no language but English, and has no experience whatever in consular affairs."

Mr. Cass, beyond doubt, did his best; but, as he himself had anticipated, without avail. Two days later I saw the new appointment officially announced.

Here was a public officer, eminently qualified for his position, as I myself can testify; faithful, experienced, speaking fluently French, English, and Italian; one who shed lustre on the country that sent him as her commercial representative, and who was beloved and honored by those to whom he was sent: and this man — one of a thousand, whom it was hopeless to replace, richly deserving not maintenance in his post only but advancement to a higher one — is curtly dismissed, like a malfeasant, from office, dismissed to make room for a political hack, skilled in party electioneering and sent abroad as consul on that account. While such things are, our government cannot prosper — *ought* not to prosper. So long as we permit abuses so flagrant, our people deserve to be miserably served, as, in a hundred cases daily coming to light, they are.

I was greatly tempted to send to the newspapers a full exposure of this disgraceful affair. But the preparation of a work, published a few months later, on the spontaneous phenomena of Spiritualism, engrossed, in those days, my time and thoughts; so I let it pass.

I afterwards learned that the new appointee, soon after his arrival at Messina, found it necessary to employ Mr. Behn to transact the consular business for him, allowing him half the salary. Finally, conscious probably of his own unfitness for the office, he resigned; and Mr. Behn, reappointed, resumed the place.

I have more to say of my life in Naples, but in another chapter.

Robert Dale Owen.

A GAMBREL ROOF.

How pleasant! This old house looks down
Upon a shady little town,
Whose great good luck has been to stay
Just outside of the modern way
    Of tiresome strut and show.
The elm-trees overhead have seen
Two hundred new-born summers green
Up to their tops for sunshine climb;
And, since the old Colonial time,
    The road has wound just so:

This way through Salem Village; that,
Along the Plains (the place is flat,
And names itself so); toward the tide
Of sea-fed creeks, past Rial Side,
    And round by Folly Hill,
Whose sunken cellar now is all
Memorial of a stately hall,
Where yule-logs roared, and red wine flowed;
From its lost garden to the road
    A gold bloom trickles still:

Woad-waxen gold, — a foreign weed,
Spoiling the fields for useful seed,
Yet something to recall the day
When we were under royal sway,
    And paid our taxes well.
And from that memory, as a thread,
The shuttle of my rhyme is fed.
Upon this ancient gambrel roof
The warp was spun; behold the woof,
    And all there is to tell.

About a hundred years ago,
When Danvers roadsides were aglow
With cardinal flowers and golden-rod, —
Months ere in Lexington the sod
    Was dewed with soldiers' blood;
Though warlike rumors filled the air,
And red-coats loitered here and there,
Eye-sores to every yeoman free, —
When from the White Hills to the sea
    Swelled Revolution's bud;

In this old house, even then not new,
A Continental Colonel true
Dwelt, with a blithe and willful wife,
The sparkle on his cup of life:
    A man of sober mood,

He felt the strife before it came,
Within him, like a welding flame,
That nerve and sinew changed to steel;
And, at the opening cannon-peal,
Ready for fight he stood.

Cheap was the draught, beyond a doubt,
The mother country served us out;
And many a housewife raised a wail,
Hearing of fragrant chest and bale
To thirstless mermaids poured.
And Mistress Audrey's case was hard,
When her tall Colonel down the yard
Called, "Wife, be sure you drink no tea!"
For best Imperial, prime Bohea,
Were in her cupboard stored, —

Young Hyson, too, the finest brand;
And here the goodwife made a stand:
"Now, Colonel, well enough you know,
Our tea was paid for long ago,
Before this cargo came,
With threepence duty on the pound;
It won't be wasted, I'll be bound!
I've asked a friend or two to sup,
And not to offer them a cup
Would be a stingy shame."

Into his face the quick blood flew.
"Wife, I have promised, so must you,
None shall drink tea inside my house.
Your gossips elsewhere must carouse."
The lady curtsied low:
"Husband, your word is law," she said;
But archly turned her well-set head
With roguish poise toward this old roof,
Soon as she heard his martial hoof
Along the highway go.

"Late dusk will fall ere he comes back.
Quick, Dill!" Whereat a figure black
A strange, grotesque, swift shadow made
Between the silent elm-trees' shade,
Where all was grass and sun.
Then maid and mistress passed within
The pantry, hung with glittering tin,
Tiptoeing every sanded floor,
Till, at the china-closet door,
They saw their work begun.

The egg-shell porcelain, crystal-fine,
Was polished to its utmost shine:

The silver tea-spoons gleamed as bright,
Upon the damask napkin white:
And many a knowing smile
Flashed from the fair face to the black,
Across the kitchen chimney-back,
While syllabubs and custards grew
To comely shape betwixt the two;
And cakes, a toothsome pile.

But lightly dined the dame, that day.
Her guests, in Sunday-best array,
Came, and not one arrived too soon,
In the first slant of afternoon:
An hour or two they sat,
In the low-studded western room,
Where hollyhocks threw rosy bloom
On sampler framed, and quaint Dutch tile:
They knit; they sewed long seams; the while
Chatting of this and that:

Of horrors scarcely died away
From memory of the heads grown gray
On neighboring farms: how wizard John
And Indian Tituba went on,
When sorcerers were believed;
How Parson Parris tried to make
Poor Mary Sibley's conjuring-cake
The leaven of that black witchcraft-curse,
That grew and spread, from bad to worse,
And even the elect deceived;

Of apparitions at Cape Ann,
And spectral fights, — the story ran;
Of pirate-gold in Saugus' caves;
Sea-serpents off Nahant, the waves
Lashing with fearsome trail;
Of armies flashing in the air
Auroral swords; prefiguring there
Some dreadful conflict, bloodshed, death.
And needles stopped, and well nigh breath,
As eerier grew the tale.

Dame Audrey said, "The sun gets low:
Good neighbors mine, before you go,
Come to the housetop, pray, with me!
A goodly prospect you shall see,
I promise, spread around.
If we must part ere day decline,
And if no hospitable sign
Appear, of China's cheering drink,
Not niggardly your hostess think!
We all are patriots sound."

They followed her with puzzled air;
But saw, upon the topmost stair,
Within the railed walk, dark-faced Dill
Guarding the supper-board, as still
As solid ebony.
"A goodly prospect, as I said,
You here may see before you spread.
Upon a house is not *within* it:
But now we must not waste a minute;
Neighbors, sit down to tea!"

How madam then her ruse explained,
What mirth arose as sunset waned,
In the close covert of these trees,
No leaf told the reporter-breeze:
But when the twilight fell,
And hoof-beats rang down Salem road,
And up the yard the Colonel strode,
No soul beside the dame and Dill
Stirred in the mansion dim and still:
The game was played out well.

Let whoso chooses, settle blame
Betwixt the Colonel and his dame,
Or dame and country. That the view
Is from this housetop fine, is true,
And needs but visual proof.
And if a woman's will found way
Years since, up here, its pranks to play,
Under mansards the sport goes on.
Moral of all here said or done:
I like a gambrel roof.

Lucy Larcom.

PRUDENCE PALFREY.

V.

THE ROMANCE OF HORSESHOE LANE.

JOHN DENT did not return to Willowbrook to dinner. The meal was passed in unwonted silence. Mr. Dent was preoccupied, and Prudence was conscious of something in the atmosphere inimical to conversation. Once or twice her guardian looked up from his plate as if to address her, and then seemed to change his mind.

"Where is Cousin John?" at length asked Prudence, setting the almonds and raisins nearer to Mr. Dent.

"Oh, by the way, I forgot to say he was not coming to dinner. He — he dines in town."

"At the Blydenburghs'?"

There was a certain Miss Veronica Blydenburgh, and a very pretty girl, let me tell you.

"I don't know. How should I know?" replied Mr. Dent, crisply.

"Will he return to tea?" ventured Prudence, after a pause.

"I don't think he will," Mr. Dent said, pushing back his chair. "In fact, I do not think he will return here at all; he has some matters in town requiring his attention for a few days, and then he is off. He sent good-by to you," added Mr. Dent, committing a little amiable perjury in the attempt to rob his nephew's sudden departure of its brusqueness.

Then Mr. Dent walked out of the dining-room.

"Not coming back at all, and sent good-by to me?" said Prudence to herself. "Assuredly, Cousin John has not strained many points to be polite, after being our guest for six weeks."

Then she recalled the walk which Cousin John had taken with his uncle in the morning; she put this and that together, and became pensive.

As Prudence and her guardian were sitting on the piazza an hour or two later, Clem Hoyt, the local Mercury and expressman, drove up to the gate with an order for Mr. J. Dent's trunk, and an unsealed note for Miss Palfrey which Mr. Dent handed to her with an indescribable grimace.

The writer expressed his regret on not being able to say his adieux to her in person; he had been called away unexpectedly; he would never forget her kindness to him during the past six weeks, but would always be her very faithful cousin John Dent. That was all.

Prue turned the paper over and over, and upside down, to see if a postscript had not escaped her; but that was the whole of it. It was almost as telegrammatic as the royal epistle to the queen in "Ruy Blas," — *Madam, the wind is high, and I have killed six wolves.*

"Uncle Ralph," said Prue, folding up the note and slipping it back into the envelope, "I know that something unpleasant has happened."

"What does he say?"

"He? — nothing. But something has happened."

Mr. Dent tilted back his chair and made no rejoinder.

"What is it? Have you quarreled with him?"

"We did have a misunderstanding."

"What about, uncle?"

"About money matters chiefly."

"If it was all about money," said Prudence, "I have no business to ask questions."

"The boy made a fool of himself generally," returned Mr. Dent, incautiously.

"Then it was not money chiefly?" said Prudence, walking up to him and looking into his eyes. "Uncle Ralph, was it anything connected with me?"

"Prue, my dear, I would rather not discuss the subject."

"But, uncle, if it was about me, I ought to know it. It would make me very unhappy to be the cause of dissension between you and your nephew, and not know what I have done. I might keep on doing it all the time, you know."

"You haven't done anything, child; it is Jack's doing."

"*What* is Jack's doing?"

"Since you will have it, I suppose I must tell you."

But Mr. Dent was at a loss how to tell her, and hesitated. Should he treat the affair lightly or seriously? The idea of Prue having a lover was both comical and alarming to him.

"Well, what did Cousin John do?"

"He did me the honor, this morning, to say that he was in love with you, — did you ever hear anything so absurd?"

Prudence opened her eyes wide.

"Well?"

"Well? Well, I thought it rather absurd myself."

"That anybody should love me?" said Prue, slyly.

"Not at all; but that Jack should allow himself to be interested in any one under the circumstances. I pointed out to him the mistake of his even dreaming of marriage in his present position. What folly! Setting you entirely aside, what could Jack do with a wife? She would be a millstone tied to his neck. Of course I refused to sanction his insanity, and offered to establish him in business if he would behave himself sensibly."

"That is, if he would n't love anybody?"

"Precisely."

"And then what did *he* say?" asked Prudence, leaning on her guardian's arm persuasively, and smiling up in his face.

Mr. Dent was pleased to see that his ward took the matter with so much composure, and felt that the subject was one which could be treated best from a facetious point of view.

"He said he 'd see me — no, he did not say that exactly; but he meant it. He declared he would go off somewhere and make his fortune in a few weeks, or hours, I forget which, and then come back and marry you. Upon my word, Prue, I think there is something wrong with his brain. He refused my advice and assistance point-blank."

"Then you quarreled?"

"Yes, I suppose we quarreled. He was as unreasonable as a lunatic. He cut off my head," said Mr. Dent, grimly.

"Cut off — your head?"

"Substantially. He snipped off the top of a thistle with his walking-stick, and looked me straight in the eye, as much as to say, 'Consider your head off!'"

"Oh!" cried Prue, faintly. "But how did it end?"

"It ended by my forbidding him to come to the house."

Prue's hand slipped from her guardian's shoulder with a movement like lightning.

"You turned him out of doors!"

"Well, perhaps that is stating it rather strongly."

"It was generous in him not to speak of his love to me, and brave of him to go to you, — and you have turned him out of doors!" and Prue's eyes flashed curiously.

Now it was not, perhaps, a frightful thing in itself, Prue's eyes flashing; but since she was a baby, when her eyes could not flash, she had never given Mr. Dent such a look, and it all but withered him. It was so sudden and unlike her!

"Why, Prue!" he managed to cry, "you don't mean to say you love the fellow!"

"I do love him!" cried Prudence, with red cheeks. "I did n't love him, but you have made me love him! I have beggared him, and made him wretched besides, and I 'd marry him to-morrow if he 'd ask me!"

"Gracious heaven, Prue! what else could I do?"

"You ought to have sent him to *me!*"

Struck by this reply into "amazement and admiration," Mr. Dent found no words at his command as the girl glided by him and into the house.

"And Prue loves him," he said, in a subdued voice, leaning against the balustrade heavily, like a wounded man, "my Prue!"

Between his nephew and his ward Mr. Ralph Dent had had a hard day of it.

If John Dent could have caught only an echo of Prudence Palfrey's words as she swept by her guardian that afternoon, he would not have been the forlorn creature he was, over there in Rivermouth, trying to read musty books on knotty doctrinal points, borrowed from Parson Hawkins's library, but forever leaving them to wander down to points on the river, where was afforded what the poet Gray would have called "a distant prospect" of Willowbrook chimneys.

A week had passed since the rupture with his uncle, and Dent's plans were matured. He had fallen in with a brother knight-errant, a Rivermouth boy and quondam school-mate of his, and the two had agreed to set forth together in search of fortune. Their plan was to go to San Francisco overland, and, failing of adventures there, to push on to the mining districts. It was a mad idea, and John Dent's own. The day had long gone by when great nuggets were unearthed by private enterprise in California; but he had drawn the notion into his brain that his fortune was to be made at the mines. How or when the fancy first took possession of him, I cannot say. Perhaps the accounts of the Australian gold-fields,

then a comparatively recent discovery, had something to do with it; perhaps it was born solely of his necessity. He wanted money, he wanted a large quantity, and he wanted it immediately. A gold-mine seemed to simplify the matter. To bring it down to a fine point, it was a gold-mine he wanted. He brooded over the subject until it became a fixed fact in his mind that there was a huge yellow nugget waiting for him somewhere, hidden in the emerald side of a mountain or lying in the bed of some pebbly stream among the gulches. Æons and æons ago Nature had secreted it in her bounteous bosom to lavish it lovingly on some man adventurous and faithful above the rest. The Golden Fleece at Colchis was not more real to Jason and his crew. John Dent was a poet in those days. Every man is a poet at some period of his life, if only for half an hour.

In Parson Hawkins's library was a work on metallography, together with a certain history of the gold-fever in the early days of California: young Dent had pored over these volumes as Cervantes's hero pored over the books on chivalry, until his brain was a little touched; and also like the simple gentleman of La Mancha, John Dent had not been long in finding a simpler soul to inoculate with his madness, — to wit, Deacon Twombly's son Joe.

Their preparations for the journey were completed, and Joseph Twombly, set on fire by his comrade's enthusiasm, was burning to be gone; but John Dent lingered irresolutely day after day in the old town by the river. An unconquerable longing had grown up in his heart to say good-by to Prudence Palfrey.

In the mean while the days were passing tranquilly but not happily at Willowbrook.

Mr. Dent was gloomy and *distrait*, and Prudence had lost her high spirits. She had also lost a rose or two from her cheek, but they came back impetuously whenever she thought of the confession she had made to her guardian. It had been almost as much a surprise to herself as to him. John Dent's name had not been breathed by either since that afternoon. Whether he was still at Rivermouth or not, neither knew. Both had cast a hasty glance over the congregation, on entering the church the succeeding Sunday, one half dreading and the other half hoping he might be there; but John Dent, seated in the gallery behind the choir, had eluded them. He sat with his eyes riveted on the back of Prue's best bonnet, and it had not done the young man any appreciable good.

As matters stood Prudence could not, and Mr. Dent did not, go to Rivermouth. Having declared to him that she loved a man who had not asked her for her love, she had cut herself off from the town while young Dent remained there. This involved a serious deprivation to Prue, for she longed to carry her trouble to the good old parson in Horseshoe Lane, who had been her counselor and comforter in all her tribulations as far back as she could remember.

Towards the end of the second week Prudence became restless. No doubt John Dent had quitted the place long ago. And suppose he had not? suppose he had decided to live there? Was she to shut herself up forever like a nun? There were calls owing in town, at the Blydenburghs' and elsewhere. The whole routine and pleasure of life was not to be interrupted because her uncle had quarreled with his nephew.

At the breakfast table she said, "I am going to town this morning, uncle."

"Will you have the phaeton?" asked Mr Dent, but not with effusion, as the French say.

"I think I shall walk, for the sake of the exercise."

"But Prue" —

"If you infer that I am going to town to hunt up a young man who ran away from me," Prudence broke out with a singular dash of impatience, "I will stay at home."

"I do not infer anything of the kind," Mr. Dent answered. "I was simply going to say you had better ride; it is dusty walking."

Prudence bit her lip.

"I want you to be your own sensible self, Prue. You are very strange recently. Many a time you must have felt the lack of a gentler hand than mine to guide you. You never needed guidance more than now. I wish I knew what wise words Mercy would speak to her child, if she were alive."

Prudence rose from her chair and went over to his side.

"If my mother were here, I think she would tell me to ask your forgiveness for all the annoyance I have been to you from the time I was a baby until now. I am very sorry for the way I spoke the other day. I could not help l-liking John Dent, but I need n't have been a fierce wolf about it, need I?"

Mr. Dent smiled at the fierce wolf, but he could not help recognizing the appositeness of simile. It was the first time he had smiled in two weeks, and it was to Prue like a gleam of pure sunshine after dog-days. So the cloud between them broke, floated off a little way, and halted; for life to these two was never to be just what it had been.

"If you don't wish me to go" — said Prue, humbly.

"But I do," Mr. Dent answered. Then he made a forlorn effort to be merry, and bade her hurry off to town and get married, and come back again as soon as possible.

And Prue said she would. She resolved, however, that if by any chance John Dent was still in Rivermouth, and if by any greater chance she encountered him, — and nothing was more remote from her design, — she would behave with faultless discretion. She would not marry him to-morrow, now, if he asked her; she loved him, but her love should never be a millstone about his neck. That phrase of her guardian's had sunk into her mind.

As she drew near the town, and saw the roof-tops and spires taking sharper outlines against the delicate lilac sky, her pulse quickened. What if she were to meet him on the bridge, or run against him suddenly at a street corner? Would his conceit lead him to suppose she was searching for him, or even wished to meet him?

The thought sent the blood blooming up to her temples, and she was half-inclined to turn back. Then, with a little imperious toss of the head, like a spirited pony taking the bit between its teeth, she went on.

Prudence avoided the main thoroughfares, and, by a circuitous route through Pickering's Court, reached the gate of the parsonage without accident. She closed the gate behind her carefully, with a dim apprehension that if she let it swing to with a bang, John Dent, walking in a street a mile or two away, might hear the click of the latch and be down on her. An urchin passing the house at that instant gave a shrill whistle through his fingers, in facile imitation of a steam-engine, and the strength went quite out of Prue's knees. Smiling at her own nervousness she ran up the graveled walk.

At the farther end of the piazza, completely screened by vines from the street, sat John Dent, with corrugated brow, reading Adam Smith on "The Wealth of Nations."

As Prudence stretched out her hand towards the knocker, the young man looked up wearily from the book and saw her, and then her eyes fell upon him.

"I — I thought you had gone!" stammered Prudence, grasping at the flat-nosed brass cherub for support.

"No, I have n't gone yet," replied John Dent, with beaming countenance.

"So I see," said Prue, recovering herself.

"I hated to go without saying good-by to you, and of course I could not come to the house."

"Of course not," said Prue.

"And so I waited."

"Waited for me to come to you!" cried Prue, flushing. "You might have waited a long time if I had suspected it."

"And you would n't have come?"

"No."

A No kept on ice for a twelvemonth could not have been colder than that.

"Are you angry with me, too?"

"I am very angry with you. You were entirely in the wrong to quarrel with your uncle, John Dent; he was your only friend."

"He left me no choice, you see. I went to him in great trouble and uncertainty, wanting kindly advice, and he treated me harshly, as I think. Unless he has told you why we fell out, I shall say nothing about it. Did he tell you, Prue?"

"Yes, he told me," said Prudence slowly.

"What could I do but go to him?"

"I was very sorry it happened."

"What if I had come to you instead?"

"I should have been still more sorry."

"Then after all," said John Dent, "it seems that I chose the lesser evil. There is some small merit in that. But the mischief is done, — the cat has eaten the canary, — and the only atonement I can make is to take myself off as soon as may be. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to see you once more. I have spent two or three hours here every day, hoping some lucky chance would bring you. Parson Wibird, you know, was my father's most intimate friend when our family lived in the town, and I did n't seem to have any one nearer to me; so I 've given him a good deal of my unpleasant society. I have been reading the parson's theological works," he went on with a dreary air, "and some books on mining, and I 'm pretty well up on the future state and geology."

It was all Prudence could do not to laugh.

"But the minutes hung on my hands, I can tell you. About the wretchedest hours of my life I have passed on that little pine seat yonder."

Many a time afterwards Prudence recalled these words, sitting disconsolately herself on that same green bench under the vines.

"All that is past, now you are here; but I don't believe I could have stood it another week, even with the hope of seeing you at the end of it. Cousin Prue, there are several things I want to say to you; I hardly know how to say them. May I try?"

"That depends on what they are," returned Prudence. "There are some things which you should not say to me."

"I may tell you I love you?"

"No, you must not tell me that."

"I need not, you mean. Uncle Ralph has saved me the confusion of confession. If he had trusted me fully I believe I should have gone away with the word unspoken. I don't see the harm of speaking it now. I am very proud of loving you. I know I have laid up a store of unhappiness, may be one that will last me my days; but I shall never regret it. I stand higher in my own estimation that I could n't live in the same house with you week after week and not love you."

"But I — I never gave you" —

"Now you are on dangerous ground," said John Dent. "If you hate me, don't tell me; if you love me, don't tell me, for I could not bear that either. I pledge you my honor I don't know, I only hope, and would not know for the world."

Here was a lover — one man out of ten thousand — who was ready to bind himself hand and foot for his sweetheart, and would have no vows from her, even if she were willing to make them. He said nothing less than the truth when he declared his ignorance of the nature of Prue's feelings. She liked him, of course, — that went without saying; but farther than that he did not know. He was content to go away with so much hope as lies in uncertainty, and perhaps he was wise.

"You speak of love and hate," said Prue, smiling, "as if there was nothing between. What prevents me from being your friend? Your plans and welfare interest me very deeply, and I am glad of the chance to talk with you about them. Where are you going when you leave Rivermouth?"

"To California."

"So far!"

"I am going to the mines — the only short cut to fortune open to me. I 'm

sadly in lack of that kind of nerve which enables a man to plod on year in and year out for a mere subsistence. I am not afraid of hard work; I am ready to crowd the labor of half a life-time into a few months for the sake of having the result in a lump. But I must have it in a lump. I won't accept fortune in driblets. I don't think I would stoop to pick up less than an ounce of gold at a time. I've a conviction, Prue, I shall light on some fat nuggets; they can't all have been found."

"I hope not," responded Prudence, smiling.

John Dent did not smile. As he spoke, his face flushed, and a lambent glow came into his eyes, as if he saw rich masses of the yellow ore cropping out among Parson Hawkins's marigold-beds.

"I have a theory," he said, "that a man never wants a thing as I want this, and is willing to pay the price for it, without getting it. I mean to come back independent, or not at all. I have discovered that a man without money in his pocket, or the knack to get it, had better be in his family tomb — if he has a family tomb. That is about the only place where he will not be in the way. Moralists, surrounded by every luxury, frown down on what they call the lust of riches. It is one of the noblest of human instincts. The very pen and paper, and the small amount of culture which enables these ungrateful fellows to write their lopsided essays, would have been impossible without it. Some one has said this before, — but not so well," added John Dent, complacently, suddenly conscious that he was hammering away at one of Mr. Arthur Helps's ideas. "There was more sound sense in Iago's advice than he gets credit for. I mean to put money in my purse, Prue, and then come back to Rivermouth, and ask you to be my wife. There, I have said it. Are you angry?"

"N-o, not very," said Prudence. "But suppose I have married 'auld Robin Gray' in the mean time?" she added slyly.

"You are free to do it."

"And you 'll not scowl at him, and make a scene of it when you come back?"

"I shall hate him," cried John Dent, as a venerable figure of a possible "auld Robin Gray" limped for an instant before his mind's eye. "No, Prue; I shall have no right to hate him. I shall only envy him. Perhaps I 'll be magnanimous if he 's a poor man, — though he was n't poor in the ballad, — and turn over my wealth to him; it would be of no use to me without you. Then I 'd go back to the wilds again."

He said this with a bleak laugh, and Prudence smiled, and her heart was as heavy as lead. It required an effort not to tell him that she would not marry though he stayed away a thousand years. If John Dent had asked Prudence that moment if she loved him, she would have thrown her cautious resolves to the winds; if he had asked her to go to the gold-fields with him, she would have tightened her bonnet-strings under her chin, and placed her hand in his. But the moment went by.

Prudence had moved away from the front door, and seated herself on the small bench at the end of the piazza, much to the chagrin of the Widow Mugridge, who had been feverishly watching the interview, and speculating on its probable nature, from a rear attic window across the street.

"I must go now," said Prudence, rising hastily. "I promised Uncle Ralph not to be long. I 'm afraid I have been long. He will wonder what has kept me, and I have not seen the parson yet."

"I suppose I may write to you?" said John Dent. "I shall want to write only two letters," he added, quickly; "one on my arrival at the mines, and one some months afterwards, to tell you the result of the expedition. As I shall send these letters under cover to Uncle Dent, there will be no offense. I do not not ask you to answer them."

"He cannot object to that," said Prudence. "In spite of what has passed, I am sure he will be glad to

hear of your movements, and anxious for your success."

"I am not so positive on that head."

"You do him injustice, then," returned Prudence, warmly. "You don't know how good he is."

"I know how good he is n't."

"You mistake him entirely. He was willing to look upon you as his own son."

"But not as his son-in-law," suggested John Dent.

"He has not told me the particulars of the conversation," said Prudence, "but I am convinced he said nothing to you that was not wise and kind and candid."

"It was certainly candid."

"I see we shall not agree on this subject; let us speak of something pleasanter. When are you going away?"

"My going away is a pleasanter subject, then?"

"Yes, because it is something we cannot easily quarrel over."

"I shall leave Rivermouth to-morrow. Now that I have seen you, there is nothing to detain us."

"Us? you don't go alone, then?"

"No; Joe Twombly is going with me; you know him, the deacon's son. A very good fellow, Joe. His family made a great row at first. He had to talk over the two old folks, six grown sisters, the twins, and the baby. He 's been bidding them good-by ever since the week before last. I quite envy him the wide-spread misery he is causing. I have only you and Parson Hawkins in the whole world to say good-by to, and you can't begin to be as sorry as six sisters."

"But I can be as sorry as one," said Prue, giving him her ungloved hand, and not withdrawing it. It was as white and cold as a snow-flake.

"I 'd like to know what that Palfrey gal 's a-doin' with Squire Dent's nevy on the parson's front piazza," muttered the Widow Mugridge, as she stretched her pelican-like neck out of the attic window.

"What, Prue! — you 're not crying?"

"Yes, I am," said Prudence, looking up through two tears which had been troubling her some time. "Cannot a sister cry if she wants to?"

"If you are my sister" — and John Dent hesitated.

Prudence gave a little sob.

"If you are my sister, you will let me kiss you good-by."

"Yes," said Prudence.

Then John Dent stooped down and kissed her.

"Hoity-toity! what 's this?" cried Parson Hawkins, appearing suddenly in the door-way with one finger shut in a vast folio, and his spectacles pushed up on his forehead, giving him the aspect of some benevolent four-eyed monster.

"There 's the parson now," soliloquized the Widow Mugridge. "Mebbe he did n't come 'fore he 's wanted. Sech goin's on!"

As Prue drew back, she pressed into John Dent's hand a little bunch of fuchsias which she had worn at her throat; he thanked her with a look, and was gone.

So the two parted, — Prudence Palfrey to resume the quiet, colorless life of Willowbrook, and John Dent to go in search of his dragons.

VI.

CONCERNING A SKELETON IN A CLOSET.

PRUE, on returning home, said nothing to her guardian touching the interview with John Dent at the parsonage.

She did not intend to hide the matter, but it was all too new and distracting for her to speak about just then. She was flurried, and wanted time to think it over. She lay awake half the night thinking of it, and began reproaching herself for her coldness and coquetry. How generous John Dent had been with her, and how calculating and worldly wise she had been on her part. He was going away to face hardship and danger, perhaps death itself, for her sake, — she understood clearly it was for her sake, — and she had let him go without speak-

ing the word that would have made this comparatively easy for him. It was true, he had begged her not to speak the word; but she might have spoken it like an honest girl. She had given him a marble cheek to salute, when she ought to have thrown her arms around his neck. What was there to prevent her loving him and telling him so?

The generosity had been wholly on the side of her lover, and no woman is content with that; so Prue's heart warmed to him all the more because she had not been allowed to sacrifice herself in the least, and she fell asleep with the vow upon her lips that if she did not marry John Dent she would never marry.

At the breakfast-room door the next morning, Prudence met her guardian returning from a walk. He had been marketing at Rivermouth bright and early, and had had the unlooked-for satisfaction of beholding at a distance his nephew and Joseph Twombly standing in the midst of their luggage on the platform of the railway station. But it chanced that on the way home Mr. Dent had picked up a piece of intelligence which turned the edge of his satisfaction.

Gossip never sleeps in Rivermouth, but stalks about night and day seeking whom it may devour. There are entire families in the town whose sole purpose and pursuit in life seems to be to pry into the affairs of their neighbor. If this is not their *raison-d'être*, then there is no other obvious explanation of their existence.

"Laws 'a mercy, if that ain't Mr. Ralph Dent!" cried a shrill, querulous voice at his elbow, as that gentleman turned into Penhallow Place. It was the Widow Mugridge sweeping the flag-stones in front of her domicile. "Who 'd 'a thought you 'd ketch me tidyin' up a bit this airly in the mornin'! It 's the airly bird that gits the worm, Mr. Dent. Ben to see your nevy off to Califerny, I s'pose! I see him an' Miss Prudence a-chirpin' thicker 'n blackbirds over there on the parson's piazzer yisterday forenoon, an' thought likely 's not he was goin' away at last. An' Joe, too — dear me! They do say Deacon Twombly's folks is dreffully cut up" —

Buz, buz, buz! Mr. Dent did not wait to hear more, but lifting his hat to the old lady, hurried down the street.

"I 'd wager a cookey, now," said the good soul, leaning on the broom-handle meditatively, and following Mr. Dent's vanishing figure with a lack-lustre blue eye, "I 'd wager a cookey, now, young Dent has ben settin' up to that Palfrey gal, an' there 's ben trouble. Thought so all 'long. Clem Hoyt fetched away young Dent's trunk more 'n two weeks ago, and he has n't set in the family pew sence. Guess things muster ben purty lively up to Willowbrook house. Well, now, it 's cur'ous, how folks will fall to sixes an' sevins, 'specially relations, right in the face of their Creater!"

Mr. Dent gave Prudence a frigid good morning. He had no heart to arraign her for her seeming duplicity; he had no heart for anything. Prue loved his nephew, and the two had met, — met in secret. One had defied him and the other had deceived him.

I scarcely know how to describe the emotions and perplexities that beset Mr. Dent at this period, without shearing him of some of those practical attributes which I have claimed for him.

When his nephew, that day on the road to Rivermouth, declared his intentions regarding Prue, Mr. Dent was startled and alarmed. That Prue would marry some time or other, had occurred to him faintly as a possibility, — a possibility so far in the future as not to be considered; but John Dent had taught him that the time was come when his hold on Prue would be slight, were the right man to demand her. John Dent was clearly not the right man, and Mr. Dent had opposed the arrangement, chiefly, as he imagined, because his nephew was not in a position to marry; but under it all was a strangely-born and indefinable jealousy. Prue's declaration on the piazza that afternoon fell upon Mr. Dent like lightning from

a cloudless sky; by the flash of her love he saw the depth of his own affection. It sometimes happens, outside the covers of romances, that a man rears an adopted girl from the cradle, and falls in love with her when she gets into long dresses, — that the love creeps into existence unsuspected, and asserts itself suddenly, full-grown. It was something very like this that had happened to Mr. Dent.

There is said to be a skeleton in every house. Until then there had never been a skeleton at Willowbrook, at least since Mr. Dent owned the property; but there was one now, and Mr. Dent's task henceforth was to see that the ghastly thing did not peep out of its closet. Prudence should never dream of its existence; he would stand a grim sentinel over the secret until the earth covered him and it. He thought it hard, after the disappointment of his youth, that such a burden should be laid upon his later years; but he would bear it as he had borne the other.

He saw his duty plainly enough, but there were almost insuperable difficulties in the performance of it. It was next to impossible for him to meet Prue on the same familiar footing as formerly; the unrestrained intimacy that had held between them was full of peril for his secret. He must be always on his guard lest she should catch a glimpse into the Bluebeard chamber where he had hidden his stifled love: an unconsidered word or look might be a key to it. Now it so fell out, in his perplexity as to which was the least dangerous method to pursue, that this amiable and honest gentleman began treating the girl with a coldness and constraint which gradually merged into a degree of harshness he was far from suspecting.

Acknowledging to herself that she had given her guardian some grounds for displeasure, Prudence was ready to make any advances towards a reconciliation; but Mr. Dent gave her no encouragement; he was ice to her. At this stage business called him to Boston, where he remained a fortnight.

"He will forgive me before he comes home," Prudence said to herself; but he came home as he went away, gelid.

As she leaned over his chair at bedtime that night to offer him her forehead to kiss, a pretty fashion which had outlived her childhood, he all but repulsed her. Prue shrank back, and never attempted to repeat the caress.

"He is still angry," she thought, "because he fancies there is some engagement between me and John Dent."

But she was too proud now, as she had been too timid before, to tell him what had passed at Parson Hawkins's. He evidently knew they had met there; she had forfeited his confidence and respect, and that was hard to bear, harder than John Dent's absence, a great deal. She would have borne that cheerfully if her guardian had let her; but he made even that heavier.

The old parson was Prue's only resource at this time. Whenever household duties gave her leave, she went straight to the parsonage, and sat for hours on the little green bench under the vines, nearly leafless now, where John Dent had waited for her. She called it her stool of penitence. Here she actually read through Adam Smith on "The Wealth of Nations," a feat which I venture to assert has been accomplished by few young women in New England or elsewhere. It was like a novel to her.

Sometimes the parson would bring his arm-chair out on the piazza into the sunshine, and the two would hold long discourses on California and John Dent; for the parson had a fondness for the young fellow; he had taught Jack Latin when he was a kid; besides, the boy's father had been dear to him. How far the young man had taken Parson Hawkins into his confidence, I do not know; but it is presumable that Prudence told her old friend all there was to tell. Often the parson was absent from home, visiting parishioners, and Prue sat there alone, thinking of John Dent. She had fallen into so pitiable a state that this became her sole pleasure, — to walk a mile and a quarter to a place where she could be thoroughly miserable.

These frequent pilgrimages to Horseshoe Lane filled Mr. Dent with lively jealousy. He grew to hate the simple old gentleman, whose society was openly preferred to his own, though he did not make his own too agreeable.

He blamed the parson for coming between him and Prudence; most of all he blamed him for allowing John Dent to meet her clandestinely under his roof. He made no doubt but the intriguing old woman, — for what was he but an old woman? — had connived at the meeting, very likely brought it about. Perhaps he saw a pitiful marriage-fee at the end of his plots and his traps, the wretched old miser!

If Prue was rendered unhappy by her guardian's harsh humor, he was touched to the heart by her apparent indifference. They saw each other rarely now, only at meals and sometimes in the sitting-room after dinner. Mr. Dent spent his time mostly in the library, and Prudence kept out of the way. She no longer played chess with him or read to him of an evening. The autumn evenings were dull and interminable at Willowbrook. If it had been Mr. Dent's purpose to make Prudence miss his nephew every hour of the day, Machiavelli himself could not have improved on the course he was pursuing.

One afternoon, after nearly three months of this, Mr. Dent received an envelope from his nephew inclosing a letter for Prudence. Mr. Dent's first impulse was to throw the missive into the grate; but he followed his second impulse, and carried it to her, though it burnt his fingers like a hot coal.

Prudence started and colored when her eyes fell upon the superscription, but she made no motion to take the letter; she let it lie on the table where he had placed it.

"She wishes to read it alone," said Mr. Dent to himself, bitterly. He was marching off to the door as stiff as a grenadier when Prudence intercepted him.

"Are we never going to be friends again?" she said, touching him lightly on the arm. "Are you never going to like me any more? I begin to feel that I am a stranger in the house; it is no longer my home as it was. Do you know what I shall do when I am convinced you have entirely ceased to care for me? I shall go away from you."

He gave a quick glance at Prue's face, and saw that she meant it.

"Go away from me?" he exclaimed. "What in God's world could I do without you!"

"I cannot go on living here if you don't love me. I have done nothing to deserve your unkindness. I saw John Dent only by chance, I did not go to meet him, there is no engagement between us; but I love him, and shall love him always. I regret every day of my life that I did not tell him so, like an honest girl. That is really my only fault. For all this I ask your forgiveness so far as you consider yourself disobeyed. You have been unjustly severe with me. In a little while your severity will lose the power of wounding, and I shall think only of your injustice."

Then Prue walked away and sat down by the work-table.

Every word of this was a dagger to Mr. Dent. Had he been cruel to her? It was plain he had. He was struck now by the change that had taken place in Prudence within three months. He had not noticed until then how pale she was; there were dark circles under her eyes that seemed to darken her whole face, and the eyes themselves were grown large and lustrous, like a consumptive's. As her hands lay in her lap, he observed how white and thin they were; and his conscience smote him. It was not enough he should keep the skeleton securely locked in its closet; his duty went farther; the girl's health and happiness were to looked after a little, and he had neglected that.

"Prue," he said, with sudden remorse, "I have been very blind and unreasonable. Only be a happy girl again, and I will ask you to do nothing else except to forgive me for not finding it easy to yield you up to the first young fellow that came along and asked for you. You have been my own girl for

so many years, that the thought of losing you distracted me. But we won't speak about that. Write to Jack, and tell him to come home; he shall be welcome to Willowbrook. I'll bury a bushel of gold eagles in the lawn for him to dig up, if he is still mad on the subject. All I have is yours and his. What do I care for beyond your happiness?" and Mr. Dent put his arm around Prudence and kissed her much the same as he might have done before John Dent ever came to Rivermouth.

The wisest way to treat a skeleton is to ignore it. There is nothing a skeleton likes more than coddling: nothing it likes less than neglect. Neglect causes it to pine away — if a skeleton, even in a metaphor, can be said to pine away — and crumble into dust.

"And now," cried Mr. Dent, "let us see what the young man has to say for himself."

He never did things by halves, this honest gentleman. When he made beer he made the best beer Rivermouth ever tasted; though he was no longer proud of it.

He picked up the letter and handed it to Prudence, who could not speak for surprise and joy over this sudden transformation. She sat motionless for a minute, with her eyes bright with tears, and then broke the seal.

"I'll read it aloud," said Prue primly, as one with authority.

The letter was not from California, as they had expected, but was dated at an obscure little post-village with a savage name somewhere on the frontiers of Montana.

Bewildering rumors of gold discoveries in the Indian Territory had caused a change in the plans of the adventurers at the last moment.[1] Instead of proceeding to San Francisco, they had struck for the other side of the Rocky Mountains. They were now on their way to the new gold regions. At Salt Lake City, where they had halted to purchase mining implements, tents, provisions, etc., John Dent had been too busy to write; he did not know when he would be able to write again; probably not for several months. They were going into the wilds where postal arrangements were of the most primitive order. The country was said to be infested by bushwhackers, on the lookout for unprotected baggage trains bound for the diggings, and for lucky miners returning with their spoils. Besides, scouting parties of the Bannock tribe had an ugly fashion of waylaying the mail and decorating their persons with canceled postage-stamps. Under these circumstances communication with the States would be difficult and might be impossible. Dent and Twombly were traveling with a body of forty or fifty men, among whom certain claims already secured were to be divided on their arrival at the point of destination in Red Rock Cañon. Their special mess consisted of Twombly, Dent, and a young man named Nevins, whom they had picked up at Salt Lake City. This Nevins, it appeared, had made a fortune in California in '56, and lost it in some crazy silver-mining speculation two years before. He had come over with a crowd from Nevada, and found himself in Salt Lake City with one suit of clothes and a large surplus of unemployed pluck. He was thoroughly up in gold-digging, a very superior fellow in every way, and would be of immense service to the tyros. The three were to work on shares, Nevins putting his knowledge and experience against their capital and ignorance. John Dent was in high spirits.

If there was any gold in Montana, he and Twombly and Nevins had sworn to have it. There was no doubt of the gold; and three bold hearts and three pairs of strong hands were going to seek it all they knew. "I thank my stars," he wrote, "that Uncle Ralph opposed me as he did in a certain matter; if he had not, I should probably at this moment be lying around New York on a beggarly salary, instead of marching along with a score or so of brave fellows

[1] In point of fact, the discovery of gold in Montana took place at a period somewhat later than that indicated here.

to pick up a princely fortune in Red Rock Cañon."

"Well, I hope he will pick up the princely fortune, with all my heart," remarked Mr. Dent, when they came to the end of the disjointed and incoherent four pages.

There was not a word of love in them, and no allusion to the past, except the passage quoted, and the reading had been without awkwardness.

Prue was relieved, for she had broken the seal with some doubt as to the effect of a love-letter on her guardian even in his present blissful mood; and Mr. Dent himself was well satisfied with the absence of sentiment, though the spirit underlying the letter was evident enough.

"If I were a man," Prudence said, "I would not be a clerk in a shop, or sit all day like a manikin on a stool with a pen stuck behind my ear, while new worlds full of riches and adventures lay wide open for gallant souls. Cousin John was right to go, and I would not have him return until he has done his best like a man. It will be a great thing for him, uncle, it will teach him self-assurance and" —

"But, Prue, dear, I don't think that was a quality he lacked," put in Mr. Dent, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, it will do him good, anyhow," said Prue didactically; then, sinking her voice to a minor key and sweeping her guardian from head to foot with her silken lashes, she added, "and I do not mind so much his being away, now you are kind to me. What trouble could be unbearable while I can turn to you who have been father, mother, lover, and all the world to me!"

She was rewarding him for his concessions. The words dropped like honey from the girl's lips. An hour before they would have been full of bitterness to him; but he was a new man within these sixty minutes; he had trampled his folly under foot, and was ready to accept as very precious the only kind of affection she had to give him. The color must be lured back into those cheeks and the troubled face taught to wear its happy look again. What a cruel egotist he had been, nursing his own preposterous fancies and breaking down the health of the girl!

"A perfect dog in the manger," he said to himself, as he marched up and down the garden walks, in the afternoon sunshine, with a lighter heart than he had carried for many a week. "And what a sentimental old dog! I shall be writing verses next, and printing them in the poet's corner in the Rivermouth Barnacle. I declare I am alarmed about myself. A man ought n't to be in his dotage at fifty-six. If Jack knew of this he would be justified in placing me in the State Lunatic Asylum."

So Mr. Dent derided himself pleasantly that afternoon, and said severer things of his conduct than I am disposed to set down here, though it is certainly a great piece of folly for a young lad of fifty-six to fall in love with an old lady of eighteen, — particularly when she is his ward, and especially when she loves his nephew.

The four or five months that succeeded the receipt of John Dent's letter sped swiftly and happily over the Willowbrook people. Mr. Dent was, if anything, kinder to Prudence than he had ever been. His self-conquest was so complete that on several occasions he led himself in chains, so to speak, to the parsonage, and took a morbid pleasure in playing backgammon with the old clergyman.

No farther tidings had come to them from John Dent; but Prudence had been prepared for a long silence, and did not permit this to disturb her. She was her old self again, filling the house with sunshine.

Mr. Dent said to her one day: "Prue, I really believe that you love Jack."

Prudence beamed upon him.

"What made you?" asked her guardian, thoughtfully.

"He did."

"I suppose so; but I don't see how he did it."

"Well, then, you did."

"I?"

"Yes, — by opposing us!"

"Oh, if I had shut my eyes and allowed Jack to make love to you, then you would n't have loved him?"

"Possibly not."

"I wish I had let him!"

"I wish you had," said Prue, demurely.

"It was obstinacy, then?"

"Just sheer obstinacy," said Prue, turning a hem and smoothing it on her knee with the rosy nail of her forefinger. Then she leaned one elbow on the work, and, resting her chin on her palm, looked up into her guardian's face after the manner of that little left-hand cherub in the foreground of Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto.

Mr. Dent went on with his newspaper, leaving Prue in a brown study.

The period preceding John Dent's visit seemed to Prudence like some far-off historical epoch with which she could not imagine herself contemporary. Her existence had been so colorless before, made up of unimportant happy nothings. It was so full now of complicated possibilities. A new future had opened upon her, all unlike that eventless one she had been in the habit of contemplating, in which she was to glide from merry girlhood with its round hats, into full-blown spinstership with its sedate bonnets, and thence into serene old age with its prim caps and silver-bowed spectacles, — mistress of Willowbrook in these various stages, placidly pouring out tea for her guardian and executing *chefs-d'œuvre* in worsted to be sold for the benefit of the heathen.

This tranquil picture — with that vague background of cemetery which *will* come into pictures of the future — had not been without its charm for Prudence. To grow old leisurely in that pleasant old mansion among the willows, and to fall asleep in the summer or winter twilight after an untroubled, secluded-violet sort of life, had not appeared so hard a fate to her. But now it seemed to Prudence that that would be a very hard fate indeed.

In the mean while the days wore on, not unhappily, as I have said. Nearly a year went by, and then Prudence began to share the anxiety of the Twombly family, who had heard nothing from Joseph since the inclosure sent in John Dent's letter.

"You remember what he wrote about the uncertainty of the mails," said Mr. Dent, cheeringly. "More than likely the Bannock braves are at this moment seated around the council-fire, with all their war-paint on, perusing Jack's last epistle, and wondering what the deuce he is driving at."

Prue laughed, but her anxiety was not dispelled by the suggestion. She had a presentiment which she could not throw off that all was not well with the adventurers. What might not happen to them, among the desperate white men and lawless savages, out there in the territory? Mr. Dent called her his little pocket Cassandra, and tried to laugh down her fancies; but in the midst of his pleasantries and her forebodings a letter came, — a letter which Prue read with blanched lip and cheek, and then laid away, to grow yellow with time, in a disused drawer of the old brass-mounted writing-desk that stood in her bedroom. It was a letter with treachery and shipwreck and despair in it. A great calamity had befallen John Dent. He had made his pile — and lost it. But how he made it and how he lost it must be told by itself.

T. B. Aldrich.

A CHAIN OF ITALIAN CITIES.

One day in midwinter some years since, during a transit from Rome to Florence too rapid to admit of much wayside dalliance with the picturesque, I waited for the train at Narni. There was time to stroll far enough from the station to have a look at the famous old bridge of Augustus, broken short in mid-Tiber. While I stood observing, the measure of enjoyment was filled up by the unbargained spectacle of a white-cowled monk trudging up a road which wound into the gate of the town. The little town stood on a hill, a good space away, boxed in behind its perfect gray wall, and the monk crept slowly along and disappeared within the aperture. Everything was distinct in the clear air, and the view was like a bit of background in a Perugino. The winter is bare and brown enough in Southern Italy, and the earth has even a shabbier aspect than with ourselves, with whom the dark side of the year has a robust self-assurance which enables one to regard it very much as a fine nude statue. But the winter atmosphere in these regions has often an extraordinary charm; it seems to smile with a tender sense of being sole heir to the duty of cheering man's heart. It gave such a charm to the broken bridge, the little walled town, and the trudging friar, that I turned away with an impatient vow that in some blessed springtime of the future I would take the journey again and pause to my heart's content at Narni, at Spoleto, at Assisi, at Perugia, at Cortona, at Arezzo. But we have generally to clip our vows a little when we come to fulfill them; and so it befell that when my blessed springtime arrived, I had to begin resignedly at Assisi.

I suppose enjoyment would have a simple zest which it often lacks, if we always did things when we want to; for we can answer too little for future moods. Winter, at least, seemed to me to have put something into these mediæval cities which the May sun had melted away — a certain delectable depth of local color, an excess of duskiness and decay. Assisi, in the January twilight, looked like a vignette out of some brown old missal. But you 'll have to be a fearless explorer now to find of a fine spring day a quaint Italian town which does n't primarily remind you of the style of portraiture enshrined between the covers of Bädeker. There were plenty of Bädekers at Assisi, and a brand new inn for their accommodation has just been opened cheek by jowl with the church of Saint Francis. I don't know that even its dire discomfort makes it seem less impertinent; but I confess I stayed there, and the great view seemed hardly less beautiful from my window than from the gallery of the convent. It embraces the whole wide plain of Umbria, which, as twilight deepens, becomes an enchanting counterfeit of the misty sea. The traveler's first errand is with the church; and it is fair, furthermore, to admit that when he has crossed the threshold, the position and the quality of his inn cease for the time to be matters of moment. This double temple of Saint Francis is one of the very sacred places of Italy, and it is hard to fancy a church with a greater look of sanctity. It seems especially solemn if you have just come from Rome, where everything ecclesiastical is, in aspect, so very much of this world — so florid, so elegant, so full of profane suggestiveness. Its position is superb, and they were brave builders who laid its foundation-stones. It rises straight from a steep mountain side and plunges forward on its great substructure of arches, like a headland frowning over the sea. Before it stretches a long, grassy piazza, at the end of which you look along a little gray street, and see it climb a little way the rest of the hill, and then pause and

leave a broad green slope, crowned, high in the air, with a ruined castle. When I say before it, I mean before the upper church; for by way of doing something supremely handsome and impressive, the sturdy architects of the thirteenth century piled temple upon temple, and bequeathed a double version of their idea. One may fancy them to have intended perhaps an architectural image of the relation between human heart and head. Entering the lower church at the bottom of the great flight of steps which leads from the upper door, you seem to penetrate at last into the very heart of Catholicism. For the first few minutes after leaving the hot daylight, you see nothing but a vista of low, black columns, closed by the great fantastic cage which surrounds the altar; the place looks like a sort of gorgeous cavern. With time you distinguish details, and become accustomed to the penetrating chill, and even manage to make out a few frescoes; but the general effect remains magnificently sombre and subterranean. The vaulted roof is very low and the pillars dwarfish, though immense in girth — as befits pillars with a small cathedral on top of them. The "tone" of the place is superb — the richest harmony of lurking shadows and dusky corners, relieved by scattered images and scintillations. There was little light but what came through the windows of the choir, over which the red curtains had been dropped and were beginning to glow with the declining sun. The choir was guarded by a screen, behind which half a dozen venerable voices were droning vespers; but over the top of the screen came the heavy radiance, and played among the ornaments of the high fence around the shrine, and cast the shadow of the whole elaborate mass forward into the dusky nave. The gloom of the vault and the side-chapels is overwrought with vague frescoes, most of them of Giotto and his school, out of which the terribly distinct little faces which these artists loved to draw stare at you with a solemn formalism. Some of them are faded and injured, and many so ill-lighted and ill-placed that you can only glance at them with reverential conjecture; the great group, however, — four paintings by Giotto on the ceiling above the altar, — may be examined with some success. Like everything of Giotto's, they deserve examination; but I don't know that they repay it by any great increase of cheerfulness. He was an admirably expressive genius, and in the art of making an attitude unmistakable I think he has hardly been surpassed; it is perhaps this rigid exactness of posture that gives his personages their formidable grimness. Meagre, primitive, undeveloped as he is, he seems immeasurably strong, and suggests that if he had lived a hundred and fifty years later, Michael Angelo might have found a rival. Not that Giotto is fond of imaginative contortions. The curious something that troubles and haunts in his works resides in their intense reality.

It is part of the wealth of the lower church that it contains an admirable primitive fresco by an artist of genius rarely encountered — a certain Pietro Cavallini, pupil of Giotto. It represents the Crucifixion; the three crosses rising into a sky spotted with the winged heads of angels, with a dense crowd pressing below. I have never seen anything more direfully lugubrious; it comes near being as impressive as Tintoretto's great renderings of the scene in Venice. The abject anguish of the crucified, and the straddling authority and brutality of the mounted guards in the foreground, are contrasted in a fashion worthy of a great dramatist. But the most poignant touch is the tragic grimaces of the little angelic heads, as they fall like hail-stones through the dark air. It is genuine, realistic weeping that the painter has depicted, and the effect is a singular mixture of the grotesque and the pitiful. There are a great many more frescoes beside; all the chapels on one side are lined with them; but they are chiefly interesting in their general effect — as they people the dim recesses with startling

shadows and dwarfish phantoms. Before leaving the church, I lingered a long time near the door, for it seemed to me I should not soon again enjoy such a feast of chiaroscuro. The opposite end glowed with subdued color; the middle portion was vague and brown, with two or three scattered worshipers looming through the dusk; and all the way down, the polished pavement, with its uneven slabs, glittering dimly in the obstructed light, seemed to me the most fascinating thing in the world. It is certainly desirable, if one takes the lower church of Saint Francis to represent the human heart, that one should find a few bright places in it. But if the general effect is gloomy, is the symbol less valid? For the contracted, passionate, prejudiced heart let it stand!

One thing, at all events, I can say: that I would give a great deal to possess as capacious, symmetrical, and well-ordered a head as the upper sanctuary. Thanks to these merits, in spite of a great array of frescoes of Giotto which have the advantage of being easily seen, it lacks the picturesqueness of its counterpart. The frescoes, which are admirable, represent certain leading events in the life of Saint Francis, and suddenly remind you, by one of those anomalies which abound amid the picturesqueness of Catholicism, that the apostle of beggary — the saint whose only tenement in life was the ragged robe which barely covered him — is the hero of this massive structure. Church upon church — nothing less will adequately shroud his consecrated clay. The great reality of Giotto's designs increases the helpless wonderment with which we look at the passionate pluck of Saint Francis — the sense of being separated from it by an impassable gulf — the reflection on all that has come and gone to make us forgive ourselves for not being capable of such high-strung virtue. An observant friend, who has lived long in Italy, lately declared to me that she detested the name of Saint Francis — she deemed him the chief propagator of that Italian vice which is most trying to those who have a kindness for the Italian character — the want of personal self-respect. There is a solidarity in cleanliness, and every cringing beggar, idler, liar, and pilferer seemed to her to flourish under the shadow of this great man's unwashed sanctity. She was possibly right; at Rome, at Naples, at least, I would have admitted that she was right; but at Assisi, face to face with Giotto's vivid chronicles, it is impossible to refuse to the painter's ascetic hero that compassionate respect which we feel for all men whose idea and life have been identical, whose doctrine was an unflinching personal example.

I should find it hard to give a very definite account of my subsequent adventures at Assisi; for there is incontestably such a thing as being too good-humored to discriminate, too genial to be critical. One need n't be ashamed to confess that the ultimate result of one's meditations at the shrine of Saint Francis was a great charity. My charity led me slowly up and down for a couple of hours through the steep little streets, and finally stretched itself on the grass beside me in the shadow of the great ruined castle which decorates so magnificently the eminence above the town. I remember edging along against the sunless side of the moldy little houses, and pausing very often to look at nothing very particular. It was all very hot, very still, very drearily antique. A wheeled vehicle at Assisi is a rarity, and the foreigner's interrogative tread in the blank sonorous lanes has the privilege of bringing the inhabitants to their door-ways. Some of the better houses, however, have an air of sombre stillness which seems a protest against all curiosity as to what may happen in the nineteenth century. You may wonder, as you pass, what lingering Old-World social types are vegetating there, but you 'll not find out. Yet in one very silent little street I had a glimpse of an open door which I have not forgotten. A long-haired peddler, with a tray of mass-books and rosaries, was offering his wares to a stout old priest. The priest had opened the door rather

stingily, and seemed to be half-heartedly dismissing him. But the peddler held up something which I could n't see; the priest wavered, with an air of timorous concession to profane curiosity, and then furtively pulled the peddler into the house. I should have liked to go in with the peddler. I saw later some gentlemen of Assisi who also seemed bored enough to have found entertainment in a peddler's tray. They were at the door of the café on the Piazza, and were so thankful to me for asking them the way to the cathedral that they all answered in chorus, and smiled as if I had done them a favor. The Piazza has a fine old portico of an ancient Temple of Minerva — six fluted columns and a pediment, of beautiful proportions, but sadly battered and decayed. Goethe, I believe, found it much more interesting than the mighty mediæval church, and Goethe, as a cicerone, doubtless could have persuaded you that it was so; but in the humble society of Murray we shall most of us find deeper meanings in the church. I found some very quaint ones in the dark yellow façade of the small cathedral as I sat on a stone bench beside the oblong green which lies before it. It is a very pretty piece of Italian Gothic, and, like several of its companions at Assisi, it has an elegant wheel window and a number of grotesque little sculptures of creatures human and bestial. If, with Goethe, I inclined to balance something against the attractions of the great church, I should choose the ruined castle on the hill above the town. I had been having glimpses of it all the afternoon at the end of steep street vistas, and promising myself half an hour beside its gray walls at sunset. The sun was very long setting, and my half-hour became a long lounge in the lee of an abutment which arrested the gentle uproar of the wind. The castle is a magnificent piece of ruin, perched upon the summit of the mountain to whose slope Assisi clings, and dropping a pair of stony arms to inclose the little town in its embrace. The city-wall, in other words, straggles up the steep green slope and meets the crumbling porticoes of the castle. On the side away from the town the mountain plunges into a deep ravine, on the other side of which rises the powerful undraped shoulder of Monte Scabasio — a fierce reflector of the sun. Gorge and mountain are wild enough, but their frown expires in the teeming softness of the great vale of Umbria. To lie aloft there on the grass, with a silver-gray castle at one's back and the warm rushing wind in one's ears, and watch the beautiful plain mellowing into the tones of twilight, was as exquisite a form of repose as ever fell to a tired tourist's lot.

At Perugia is an ancient castle; but unhappily one must speak of it in earnest as that unconscious humorist, the classic American traveller, is found invariably to speak of the Coliseum: it will be a very handsome building when it is finished. Even Perugia is going the way of all Italy — straightening out her streets, repairing her ruins, laying her venerable ghosts. The castle is being completely *remis à neuf* — a Massachusetts school-house could not be less feudal and murmur fewer reminiscences. There are shops in the basement and fresh putty on all the windows. The only thing proper to a castle that it has kept is its magnificent position and view, which you may enjoy from the broad platform where the Perugini assemble at eventide. Perugia is chiefly known to fame as the city of Raphael's master; but it has an even higher claim to renown, and ought to be set down in one's sentimental gazetteer as the City with the Views. The little dusky, crooked town is full of picturesqueness; but the view, somehow, is ever-present, even when your back is turned to it, or fifty house-walls conceal it, and you are forever rushing up by-streets and peeping round corners in the hope of catching another glimpse of it. As it stretches away before you in all its lovely immensity, it is altogether too vast and too fair to be described. You can only say, and rest upon it, that you prefer it to any other in the world. For it is such a wondrous mixture of

blooming plain and gleaming river and waving multitudinous mountains, vaguely dotted with pale gray cities, that placed as you are, roughly speaking, in the centre of Italy, your glance seems to compass the lovely land from sea to sea. Up the long vista of the Tiber you look — almost to Rome; past Assisi, Spello, Foligno, Spoleto, all perched on their respective mountains and shining through the blue haze. To the north, to the east, to the west, you see a hundred variations of the prospect of which I have kept no record. Two notes only I have made: one (I have made it over and over again) on the exquisite elegance of mountain forms and lines in Italy — it is exactly as if there were a sex in mountains, and their contours and curves and complexions were here all of the feminine gender: second, on the possession of such an outlook on the world really going far to make a modest little city like Perugia a kind of esthetic metropolis. It must deepen the civic consciousness and take off the edge of *ennui*. It performs this kindly office, at any rate, for the traveller who is overstaying his curiosity as to Perugino and the Etruscan relics. It continually solicits his eyes and his imagination, and doubles his entertainment. I spent a week in the place, and when it was gone, I had had enough of Perugino but I had not had enough of the view.

I should, perhaps, do the reader a service by telling him just how a week at Perugia may be spent. His first care must be not to be in a hurry — to walk everywhere, very slowly and very much at random, and gaze good-naturedly at anything his eye may happen to encounter. Almost everything that meets the eye has an ancient oddity which ekes out the general picturesqueness. He must look a great deal at the huge Palazzo Pubblico, which indeed is very well worth looking at. It masses itself gloomily above the narrow street to an immense elevation, and leads up the eye along a cliff-like surface of rugged wall, mottled with old scars and new repairs, to the *loggia* dizzily perched upon its cornice. He must repeat his visit to the Etruscan Gate, whose extreme antiquity he will need more than one visit to take the measure of. He must uncap to the picturesque statue of Pope Julius III., before the cathedral, remembering that Hawthorne fabled his Miriam to have given rendezvous to Kenyon at its base. Its material is a vivid green bronze, and the mantle and tiara are covered with a delicate embroidery worthy of a silversmith. He must bestow on Perugino's frescoes in the Exchange, and his pictures in the University, all the placid contemplation they deserve. He must go to the theatre every evening in an orchestra chair at twenty-two soldi, and enjoy the curious didacticism of *Amore senza Stima*, *Severità e Debolezza*, *La Società Equivoca*, and other popular specimens of contemporaneous Italian comedy. I shall be very much surprised if at the end of a week of this varied entertainment, he does not confess to a sentimental attachment to Perugia. His strolls will abound in small picturesque chances, of which a dozen pencil-strokes would be a better memento than this vague word-sketching. From the hill on which the town is planted radiate a dozen ravines, down whose sides the houses slide and scramble with an alarming indifference to the cohesion of their little rugged blocks of flinty red stone. You cannot ramble far without emerging upon some little court or terrace from which you may look across a gulf of tangled gardens or vineyards at a cluster of serried black dwellings, which seem to be hollowing in their backs to keep their balance on its opposite edge; on archways and street-staircases and dark alleys boring through a chain of massive basements, and curving and climbing and plunging as they go, on the soundest mediæval principles, you may feast your fill. They are the architectural commonplaces of Perugia. Some of the little streets in out-of-the-way corners always suggested to me a singular image. They were so rugged, so brown, so silent, that you would have fancied them passages long since hewn by the pickax in some deserted stone-

quarry. The battered brown houses looked like sections of natural rock — none the less so when, across some narrow gap, I saw the glittering azure of the great surrounding landscape.

But I ought not to talk of moldy alleys or even of azure landscapes, as if they were the chief delight of the eyes, in this accomplished little city. In the Sala del Cambio, where in ancient days the money-changers rattled their sculptured florins and figured up their profits, you may enjoy one of the serenest artistic pleasures which the golden age of art has bequeathed to us. Bank parlors, I believe, are always luxuriously furnished, but I doubt whether even those of Messrs. Rothschild are decorated in as fine a taste as this little counting-house of a by-gone fashion. Perugino was the artist chosen, and he did his best. He covered the four low walls and ceiling with Scriptural and mythological figures of extraordinary beauty. They are ranged in artless attitudes around the upper half of the room, — the sibyls, the prophets, the philosophers, the Greek and Roman heroes, — looking down with broad serene faces, with their small mild eyes, their small sweet mouths, at the incongruous proceedings of a Board of Brokers. Had finance a very high tone in those days, or was genius simply very convenient, as the Irish say? The great charm of the Sala del Cambio is that it seems to murmur a *yes* to both these questions. There was a rigid probity, it seems to say; there was an abundant inspiration. . . . About the artist there would be much to say — more than I can attempt; for he was not, I think, to an attentive observer, the very simple genius that he seems. He has that about him which leads one to say to one's self that, after all, he plays a proper part enough here as the patron of the money-changers. He is the delight of a million of young ladies; but I suspect that if his works could be exactly analyzed, we should find in them a trifle more of manner than of conviction — of skill than of sentiment. His portrait, painted on the wall of the Sala (you may see it also at Rome and Florence), might serve for the likeness of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, in Bunyan's allegory. He was fond of his glass, I believe, and he made his art lucrative. This tradition is not refuted by his portrait, and after some experience of his pictures, you may find an echo of it in their monotonous grace, their somewhat conscious purity. But I confess that Perugino, so interpreted, seems to me hardly less interesting. If he was the inventor of what the French call *la facture*, he applied his system with masterly skill; he was the forerunner of a mighty race. After you have seen a certain number of his pictures, you have taken his measure. They are all unerring reproductions of a single primary type which had the good fortune to be adorably fair — to look as if it had freshly dawned upon a vision unsullied by the shadows of earth. As painter and draughtsman Perugino is delightful; one takes a singular pleasure in being able to count confidently on his unswerving beauty of line, and untroubled harmony of color. Skepticism much more highly developed than Perugino's would be easy to forgive, if it were as careful to replace one conscience by another. The spiritual conscience — the conscience of Giotto and Fra Angelico — must have lurked in a corner of his genius even after the *master* had taken his position. In the sacristy of the charming church of San Pietro — a museum of pictures and carvings — is a row of small heads of saints which formerly ornamented the frame of the artist's Ascension, carried off by the French. It is almost miniature work, and as candidly devout in expression as it is delicious in touch. Two of the holy men are reading their breviaries, but with an air of infantine innocence which makes you feel sure that they are holding the book upside down.

Between Perugia and Cortona lies Lake Thrasymene, where Hannibal treated the Romans to an unwonted taste of disaster. The reflections it suggests, are a proper preparation for Cortona itself, which is one of the most

sturdily ancient of Italian towns. It must indeed have been a hoary old city when Hannibal and Flaminius came to the shock of battle, and have looked down afar from its gray ramparts, on the contending swarm, with something of the philosophic composure befitting a survivor of Pelasgian and Etruscan revolutions. These gray ramparts are in great part still visible, and form the chief attraction of Cortona. It is perched on the very pinnacle of a mountain, and I wound and doubled interminably over the face of the great hill, and still the jumbled roofs and towers of the arrogant little city seemed nearer to the sky than to the railway station. "Rather rough," Murray pronounces the local hotel; and rough indeed it was; it fairly bristled with discomfort. But the landlord was the best fellow in the world, and took me up into a rickety old *loggia* on the summit of his establishment and played showman to the wonderful panorama. I don't know whether my loss or my gain was greater that I saw Cortona through the medium of a *festa*. On the one hand the museum was closed (and in a certain sense the smaller and obscurer the town, the more I like the museum), the churches were impenetrably crowded, and there was not an empty stool nor the edge of a table at the café. On the other I saw — but this is what I saw. A part of the mountain top is occupied by the church of Saint Margaret, and this was Saint Margaret's Day. The houses pause and leave a grassy slope, planted here and there with lean black cypresses. The peasantry of the place and of the neighboring country had congregated in force, and were crowding into the church or winding up the slope. When I arrived, they were all kneeling or uncovered; a bedizened procession, with banners and censers, bearing abroad, I believe, the relics of the saint, was reëntering the church. It was vastly picturesque. The day was superb, and the sky blazing overhead like a vault of deepest sapphire. The brown contadini, in no great "costume," but decked in various small fineries of scarlet and yellow, made a mass of motley color in the high wind-stirred light. The procession chanted in the pious hush, and the boundless prospect melted away beneath us in tones of azure hardly less brilliant than the sky. Behind the church was an empty, crumbling citadel, with half a dozen old women keeping the gate for coppers. Here were views and breezes and sun and shade and grassy corners, to one's heart's content. I chose a spot which fairly combined all these advantages, and spent a good part of my day at Cortona, lying there at my length and observing the situation over the top of a novel of Balzac. In the afternoon, I came down and hustled awhile through the crowded little streets, and then strolled forth under a scorching sun, and made the outer circuit of the walls. I saw some tremendous uncemented blocks; they were glaring and twinkling in the powerful light, and I had to put on a blue eye-glass, to throw the vague Etruscan past into its proper perspective.

I spent the next day at Arezzo, in very much the same uninvestigating fashion. At Arezzo, you are far from Rome, you are well within genial Tuscany, and you encounter Romance in a milder form. The ruined castle on the hill, for instance (like Assisi and Cortona, Arezzo is furnished with this agreeable feature), has been converted into a blooming market-garden. But I lounged away the hot hours there, under a charm as potent as fancy could have foreshadowed it. I had seen Santa Maria della Pieve and its campanile of quaint colonnades, the impressive cathedral and John of Pisa's elaborate marble shrine, the museum and its Etruscan vases and majolica platters. The old pacified citadel was more delicious. There were lovely hills all around it, cypresses casting straight shadows on the grassy bastions at its angles, and in the middle, a wondrous Italian tangle of growing wheat and corn, vines and figs, peaches and cabbages.

H. James, Jr.

NOONING IN FLORIDA.

The morning sun that opened up
  Its disk of grand auroral flower,
As well as the tiny buttercup
  And tamarind clocks that mark the hour,
Now sleeps through all the midday calm
  In furrowed field and grassy meadow,
Or glimmers on the pine and palm
  That stand foot deep in pools of shadow.

The lizard turns from green to mauve,
  Expands his pouch, and bobs, and settles;
The water-lily's fingered glove
  Half closes on its disk of petals;
The yellow goats-beard goes to sleep;
  The aster nods; the salvia dozes;
The fuchsias wink, and try to keep
  Awake, among the sleepy roses,

Till musing memory shifts the scene;
  A drowsy shadow passes over:
I see the fields of Northern green,
  And smell the musk of Northern clover.
Out of the orchards, drawing near,
  I hear the tired axles creaking,
And I know the wheat is in the ear —
  I hear the whetted scythe a-speaking.

So, summer dozes North and South
  From frosty lake to southern champaign,
And greedy bees, about her mouth,
  Suck honey all the harvest campaign:
While I lie here, in drowsy ease,
  The languid airs about me swooning,
Lulled by the songs of hives of bees,
  In beds of phlox and heart's-ease, nooning.

Will Wallace Harney.

THE ANTISLAVERY CONVENTION OF 1833.

In the gray twilight of a chill day of late November, forty years ago, a dear friend of mine residing in Boston made his appearance at the old farm-house in East Haverhill. He had been deputed by the abolitionists of the city, William L. Garrison, Samuel E. Sewall, and others, to inform me of my appointment as a delegate to the Convention about to be held in Philadelphia for the formation of an American Antislavery Society; and to urge upon me the necessity of my attendance.

Few words of persuasion, however, were needed. I was unused to traveling; my life had been spent on a secluded farm; and the journey, mostly by stage-coach, at that time was really a formidable one. Moreover, the few abolitionists were everywhere spoken against, their persons threatened, and in some instances a price set on their heads by Southern legislators. Pennsylvania was on the borders of Slavery, and it needed small effort of imagination to picture to one's self the breaking up of the Convention and maltreatment of its members. This latter consideration I do not think weighed much with me, although I was better prepared for serious danger than for anything like personal indignity. I had read Governor Trumbull's description of the tarring and feathering of his hero MacFingal, when, after the application of the melted tar, the feather-bed was ripped open and shaken over him, until

> "Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
> Such plumes about his visage wears,
> Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers
> Such superfluity of feathers,"

and I confess I was quite unwilling to undergo a martyrdom which my best friends could scarcely refrain from laughing at. But a summons like that of Garrison's bugle-blast could scarcely be unheeded by one who, from birth and education, held fast the traditions of that earlier abolitionism which, under the lead of Benezet and Woolman, had effaced from the Society of Friends every vestige of slave-holding. I had thrown myself, with a young man's fervid enthusiasm, into a movement which commended itself to my reason and conscience, to my love of country, and my sense of duty to God and my fellow-men. My first venture in authorship was the publication, at my own expense, in the spring of 1833, of a pamphlet entitled, "Justice and Expediency;" on the moral and political evils of slavery, and the duty of emancipation. Under such circumstances I could not hesitate, but prepared at once for my journey. It was necessary that I should start on the morrow, and the intervening time, with a small allowance for sleep, was spent in providing for the care of the farm and homestead during my absence.

So the next morning I took the stage for Boston, stopping at the ancient hostelry known as the Eastern Stage Tavern; and on the day following, in company with William Lloyd Garrison, I left for New York. At that city we were joined by other delegates, among them David Thurston, a Congregational minister from Maine. On our way to Philadelphia we took, as a matter of necessary economy, a second-class conveyance, and found ourselves, in consequence, among rough and hilarious companions, whose language was more noteworthy for strength than refinement. Our worthy friend the clergyman bore it awhile in painful silence, but at last felt it his duty to utter words of remonstrance and admonition. The leader of the young roisterers listened with a ludicrous mock gravity, thanked him for his exhortation, and expressing fears that the extraordinary effort had exhausted his strength, invited him to take a drink with him. Father Thurston buried his grieved face in his cloak-

collar, and wisely left the young reprobates to their own devices.

On reaching Philadelphia we at once betook ourselves to the humble dwelling on Fifth Street occupied by Evan Lewis, a plain, earnest man, and lifelong abolitionist, who had been largely interested in preparing the way for the Convention. In one respect the time of our assembling seemed unfavorable. The Society of Friends, upon whose coöperation we had counted, had but recently been rent asunder by one of those unhappy controversies which so often mark the decline of practical righteousness. The martyr-age of the society had passed, wealth and luxury had taken the place of the old simplicity, there was a growing conformity to the maxims of the world in trade and fashion, and with it a corresponding unwillingness to hazard respectability by the advocacy of unpopular reforms. Unprofitable speculation and disputation on one hand, and a vain attempt on the other to enforce uniformity of opinion, had measurably lost sight of the fact that the end of the gospel is love, and that charity is its crowning virtue. After a long and painful struggle the disruption had taken place; the shattered fragments, under the name of Orthodox and Hicksite, so like and yet so separate in feeling, confronted each other as hostile sects, and

> "Never either found another
> To free the hollow heart from paining;
> They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
> Like cliffs that have been torn asunder
> A dreary sea now flows between;
> But neither rain nor frost nor thunder
> Can wholly do away, I ween,
> The marks of that which once has been."

We found about forty members assembled in the parlors of our friend Lewis, and, after some general conversation, Lewis Tappan was asked to preside over an informal meeting, preparatory to the opening of the Convention. A handsome, intellectual-looking man, in the prime of life, responded to the invitation, and in a clear, well-modulated voice, the firm tones of which inspired hope and confidence, stated the objects of our preliminary council, and the purpose which had called us together, in earnest and well-chosen words. In making arrangements for the Convention, it was thought expedient to secure, if possible, the services of some citizen of Philadelphia of distinction and high social standing to preside over its deliberations. Looking round among ourselves in vain for some titled civilian or doctor of divinity, we were fain to confess that to outward seeming we were but "a feeble folk," sorely needing the shield of a popular name. A committee, of which I was a member, was appointed to go in search of a president of this description. We visited two prominent gentlemen, known as friendly to emancipation and of high social standing. They received us with the dignified courtesy of the old school, declined our proposition in civil terms, and bowed us out with a cool politeness equaled only by that of the senior Winkle towards the unlucky deputation of Pickwick and his unprepossessing companions. As we left their doors we could not refrain from smiling in each other's faces at the thought of the small inducement our proffer of the presidency held out to men of their class. Evidently our company was not one for Respectability to march through Coventry with.

On the following morning we repaired to the Adelphi Building on Fifth Street, below Walnut, which had been secured for our use. Sixty-two delegates were found to be in attendance. Beriah Green, of the Oneida (N. Y.) Institute, was chosen president, — a fresh-faced, sandy-haired, rather common-looking man, but who had the reputation of an able and eloquent speaker. He had already made himself known to us as a resolute and self-sacrificing abolitionist. Lewis Tappan and myself took our places at his side as secretaries, on the elevation at the west end of the hall.

Looking over the assembly, I noticed that it was mainly composed of comparatively young men, some in middle age, and a few beyond that period. They were nearly all plainly dressed, with a view to comfort rather than ele-

gance. Many of the faces turned towards me wore a look of expectancy and suppressed enthusiasm; all had the earnestness which might be expected of men engaged in an enterprise beset with difficulty and perhaps with peril. The fine, intellectual head of Garrison, prematurely bald, was conspicuous; the sunny-faced young man at his side, in whom all the beatitudes seemed to find expression, was Samuel J. May, mingling in his veins the best blood of the Sewalls and Quincys; a man so exceptionally pure and large-hearted, so genial, tender, and loving, that he could be faithful to truth and duty without making an enemy.

> "The de'il wad look into his face,
> And swear he couldna wrang him."

That tall, gaunt, swarthy man, erect, eagle-faced, upon whose somewhat martial figure the Quaker coat seemed a little out of place, was Lindley Coates, known in all eastern Pennsylvania as a stern enemy of slavery; that slight, eager man, intensely alive in every feature and gesture, was Thomas Shipley, who for thirty years had been the protector of the free colored people of Philadelphia, and whose name was whispered reverently in the slave cabins of Maryland as the friend of the black man, — one of a class peculiar to old Quakerism, who in doing what they felt to be duty, and walking as the Light within guided them, knew no fear and shrank from no sacrifice. Braver men the world has not known. Beside him, differing in creed, but united with him in works of love and charity, sat Thomas Whitson of the Hicksite school of Friends, fresh from his farm in Lancaster County, dressed in plainest homespun, his tall form surmounted by a shock of unkempt hair, the odd obliquity of his vision contrasting strongly with the clearness and directness of his spiritual insight. Elizur Wright, the young professor of a Western college who had lost his place by his bold advocacy of freedom, with a look of sharp concentration in keeping with an intellect keen as a Damascus blade, closely watched the proceedings through his spectacles, opening his mouth only to speak directly to the purpose. The portly form of Dr. Bartholomew Fussell, the beloved physician, from that beautiful land of plenty and peace, which Bayard Taylor has described in his Story of Kennett, was not to be overlooked. Abolitionist in heart and soul, his house was known as the shelter of runaway slaves, — and no sportsman ever entered into the chase with such zest as he did into the arduous and sometimes dangerous work of aiding their escape and baffling their pursuers. The youngest man present was, I believe, James Miller McKim, a Presbyterian minister from Columbia, afterwards one of our most efficient workers. James Mott, E. L. Capron, Arnold Buffum, and Nathan Winslow, men well known in the antislavery agitation, were conspicuous members. Vermont sent down from her mountains Orson S. Murray, a man terribly in earnest, with a zeal that bordered on fanaticism, and who was none the more genial for the mob-violence to which he had been subjected. In front of me, awakening pleasant associations of the old homestead in Merrimack valley, sat my first school-teacher, Joshua Coffin, the learned and worthy antiquarian and historian of Newbury. A few spectators, mostly of the Hicksite division of Friends, were present in broad brims and plain bonnets, among them Esther Moore and Lucretia Mott.

Committees were chosen to draft a Constitution for a National Antislavery Society, nominate a list of officers, and prepare a declaration of principles to be signed by the members. Dr. A. L. Cox of New York, while these committees were absent, read something from my pen eulogistic of William Lloyd Garrison; and Lewis Tappan and Amos A. Phelps, a Congregational clergyman of Boston, afterwards one of the most devoted laborers in the cause, followed in generous commendation of the zeal, courage, and devotion of the young pioneer. The president, after calling James McCrummell, one of the two or three colored members of the Conven-

tion, to the chair, made some eloquent remarks upon those editors who had ventured to advocate emancipation. At the close of his speech a young man rose to speak, whose appearance at once arrested my attention. I think I have never seen a finer face and figure, and his manner, words, and bearing were in keeping. "Who is he?" I asked of one of the Pennsylvania delegates. "Robert Purvis, of this city, a colored man;" was the answer. He began by uttering his heart-felt thanks to the delegates who had convened for the deliverance of his people. He spoke of Garrison in terms of warmest eulogy, as one who had stirred the heart of the nation, broken the tomb-like slumber of the church, and compelled it to listen to the story of the slave's wrongs. He closed by declaring that the friends of colored Americans would not be forgotten. "Their memories," he said, "will be cherished when pyramids and monuments shall have crumbled in dust. The flood of time which is sweeping away the refuge of lies, is bearing on the advocates of our cause to a glorious immortality."

The committee on the Constitution made their report, which after discussion was adopted. It disclaimed any right or intention of interfering, otherwise than by persuasion and Christian expostulation, with slavery as it existed in the States, but affirming the duty of Congress to abolish it in the District of Columbia and Territories, and to put an end to the domestic slave-trade. A list of officers of the new society was then chosen: Arthur Tappan of New York, President, and Elizur Wright, Jr., William Lloyd Garrison, and A. L. Cox, Secretaries. Among the Vice-Presidents was Dr. Lord of Dartmouth College, then professedly in favor of emancipation, but who afterwards turned a moral somersault, a self-inversion which left him ever after on his head instead of his feet. He became a querulous advocate of slavery as a divine institution, and denounced woe upon the abolitionists for interfering with the will and purpose of the Creator. As the cause of freedom gained ground, the poor man's heart failed him, and his hope for church and state grew fainter and fainter. A sad prophet of the Evangel of Slavery, he testified in the unwilling ears of an unbelieving generation, and died at last despairing of a world which seemed determined that Canaan should no longer be cursed, nor Onesimus sent back to Philemon.

The committee on the Declaration of Principles, of which I was a member, held a long session discussing the proper scope and tenor of the document. But little progress being made, it was finally decided to entrust the matter to a subcommittee consisting of William L. Garrison, S. J. May, and myself; and after a brief consultation and comparison of each other's views, the drafting of the important paper was assigned to the former gentleman. We agreed to meet him at his lodgings in the house of a colored friend early the next morning. It was still dark when we climbed up to his room, and the lamp was still burning by the light of which he was writing the last sentence of the declaration. We read it carefully, made a few verbal changes, and submitted it to the large committee, who unanimously agreed to report it to the Convention.

The paper was read to the Convention by Dr. Atlee, chairman of the committee, and listened to with the profoundest interest.

Commencing with a reference to the time, fifty-seven years before, when, in the same city of Philadelphia, our fathers announced to the world their Declaration of Independence, — based on the self-evident truths of human equality and rights, — and appealed to arms for its defense, it spoke of the new enterprise as one "without which that of our fathers is incomplete," and as transcending theirs in magnitude, solemnity, and probable results, as much "as moral truth does physical force." It spoke of the difference of the two in the means and ends proposed, and of the trifling grievances of our fathers, compared with the wrongs and sufferings of the slaves, which it forcibly character-

ized as unequaled by any others on the face of the earth. It claimed that the nation was bound to repent at once, to let the oppressed go free, and to admit them to all the rights and privileges of others; because, it asserted, no man has a right to enslave or imbrute his brother; because liberty is inalienable; because there is no difference, *in principle*, between slaveholding and man-stealing, which the law brands as piracy; and because no length of bondage can invalidate man's claim to himself, or render slave laws anything but "an audacious usurpation."

It maintained that no compensation should be given to planters emancipating slaves, because that would be a surrender of fundamental principles; "slavery is a crime, and is, therefore, not an article to be sold;" because slave-holders are not just proprietors of what they claim; because emancipation would destroy only nominal, not real property; and because compensation, if given at all, should be given to the slaves.

It declared any "scheme of expatriation" to be "delusive, cruel, and dangerous." It fully recognized the right of each State to legislate exclusively on the subject of slavery within its limits, and conceded that Congress, under the present national compact, had no right to interfere; though still contending that it had the power, and should exercise it, "to suppress the domestic slave-trade between the several States," and "to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and in those portions of our territory which the Constitution has placed under its exclusive jurisdiction."

After clearly and emphatically avowing the principles underlying the enterprise, and guarding with scrupulous care the rights of persons and States under the Constitution, in prosecuting it, the declaration closed with these eloquent words: —

"We also maintain that there are, at the present time, the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free States to remove slavery by moral and political action, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States. They are now living under a pledge of their tremendous physical force to fasten the galling fetters of tyranny upon the limbs of millions in the Southern States; they are liable to be called at any moment to suppress a general insurrection of the slaves; they authorize the slave-owner to vote on three fifths of his slaves as property, and thus enable him to perpetuate his oppression; they support a standing army at the South for its protection; and they seize the slave who has escaped into their territories, and send him back to be tortured by an enraged master or a brutal driver. This relation to slavery is criminal, and full of danger. *It must be broken up.*

"These are our views and principles, — these our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of Independence and the truths of Divine revelation as upon the everlasting rock.

"We shall organize antislavery societies, if possible, in every city, town, and village in our land.

"We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty and rebuke.

"We shall circulate unsparingly and extensively antislavery tracts and periodicals.

"We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

"We shall aim at a purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

"We shall encourage the labor of freemen over that of the slaves, by giving a preference to their productions; and

"We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.

"Our trust for victory is solely in God. *We* may be personally defeated, but our principles never. Truth, Justice, Reason, Humanity, must and will gloriously triumph. Already a host is coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the prospect before us is full of encouragement.

"Submitting this Declaration to the candid examination of the people of this country, and of the friends of liberty all over the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it; — pledging ourselves that, under the guidance and by the help of Almighty God, we will do all that in us lies, consistently with this declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery that has ever been witnessed upon earth — to deliver our land from its deadliest curse — to wipe out the foulest stain which rests upon our national escutcheon — and to secure to the colored population of the United States all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men and as Americans — come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations — whether we live to witness the triumph of JUSTICE, LIBERTY, and HUMANITY, or perish untimely as martyrs in this great, benevolent, and holy cause."

The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion which lasted several hours. A member of the Society of Friends moved its immediate adoption. "We have," he said, "all given it our assent: every heart here responds to it. It is a doctrine of Friends that these strong and deep impressions should be heeded." The Convention, nevertheless, deemed it important to go over the declaration carefully, paragraph by paragraph. During the discussion, one of the spectators asked leave to say a few words. A beautiful and graceful woman, in the prime of life, with a face beneath her plain cap as finely intellectual as that of Madame Roland, offered some wise and valuable suggestions, in a clear, sweet voice, the charm of which I have never forgotten. It was Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia. The President courteously thanked her, and encouraged her to take a part in the discussion. On the morning of the last day of our session, the declaration, with its few verbal amendments, carefully engrossed on parchment, was brought before the Convention. Samuel J. May rose to read it for the last time. His sweet, persuasive voice faltered with the intensity of his emotions as he repeated the solemn pledges of the concluding paragraphs. After a season of silence, David Thurston, of Maine, rose as his name was called by one of the secretaries, and affixed his name to the document. One after another passed up to the platform, signed, and retired in silence. All felt the deep responsibility of the occasion: — the shadow and forecast of a life-long struggle rested upon every countenance.

Our work as a Convention was now done. President Green arose to make the concluding address. The circumstances under which it was uttered may have lent it an impressiveness not its own; but as I now recall it, it seems to me the most powerful and eloquent speech to which I have ever listened. He passed in review the work that had been done, the constitution of the new society, the declaration of sentiments, and the union and earnestness which had marked the proceedings. His closing words will never be forgotten by those who heard them: —

"Brethren, it has been good to be here. In this hallowed atmosphere I have been revived and refreshed. This brief interview has more than repaid me for all that I have ever suffered. I have here met congenial minds; I have rejoiced in sympathies delightful to the soul. Heart has beat responsive to heart, and the holy work of seeking to benefit the outraged and despised has proved the most blessed employment.

"But now we must retire from these balmy influences and breathe another atmosphere. The chill hoar-frost will be upon us. The storm and tempest will rise, and the waves of persecution will dash against our souls. Let us be prepared for the worst. Let us fasten ourselves to the throne of God as with hooks of steel. If we cling not to Him, our names to that document will be but as dust.

"Let us court no applause; indulge in no spirit of vain boasting. Let us be assured that our only hope in grappling with the bony monster is in an Arm that is stronger than ours. Let us fix

our gaze on God, and walk in the light of his countenance. If our cause be just — and we know it is — his omnipotence is pledged to its triumph. Let this cause be entwined around the very fibres of our hearts. Let our hearts *grow* to it, so that nothing but death can sunder the bond."

He ceased, and then, amidst a silence broken only by the deep-drawn breath of emotion in the assembly, lifted up his voice in a prayer to Almighty God, full of fervor and feeling, imploring his blessing and sanctification upon the Convention and its labors. And with the solemnity of this supplication in our hearts we clasped hands in farewell, and went forth each man to his place of duty, not knowing the things that should befall us, as individuals, but with a confidence, never shaken by abuse and persecution, in the certain triumph of our cause.

John G. Whittier.

WHEREFORE?

Black sea, black sky! A ponderous steamship driving
Between them, laboring westward on her way,
And in her path a trap of Death's contriving
Waiting remorseless for its easy prey.

Hundreds of souls within her frame lie dreaming,
Hoping and fearing, longing for the light:
With human life and thought and feeling teeming
She struggles onward through the awful night.

Upon her furnace fires fresh fuel flinging,
The swarthy firemen grumble at the dust
Mixed with the coal — when suddenly upspringing,
Swift through the smoke-stack like a signal thrust,

Flares a red flame, a dread illumination!
A cry, — a tumult! Slowly to her helm
The vessel yields, 'mid shouts of acclamation,
And joy and terror all her crew o'erwhelm;

For looming from the blackness drear before them
Discovered is the iceberg — hardly seen,
Its ghastly precipices hanging o'er them,
Its reddened peaks, with dreadful chasms between,

Ere darkness swallows it again! and veering
Out of its track the brave ship onward steers,
Just grazing ruin. Trembling still, and fearing,
Her grateful people melt in prayers and tears.

Is it a mockery, their profound thanksgiving?
Another ship goes shuddering to her doom
Unwarned, that very night, with hopes as living,
With freight as precious, lost amid the gloom,

With not a ray to show the apparition
  Waiting to slay her, none to cry "Beware!"
Rushing straight onward headlong to perdition,
  And for her crew no time vouchsafed for prayer!

Could they have stormed heaven's gate with anguished praying,
  It would not have availed a feather's weight
Against their doom. Yet were they disobeying
  No law of God, to beckon such a fate.

And do not tell me the Almighty Master
  Would work a miracle to save the one,
And yield the other up to dire disaster,
  By merely human justice thus outdone!

Vainly we weep and wrestle with our sorrow —
  We cannot see his roads, they lie so broad:
But his eternal day knows no to-morrow,
  And life and death are all the same with God.

Celia Thaxter.

OVER ILIUM AND IDA.

As the great steamers of the Austrian Company, on their journeys between Constantinople and the lower Levant, pass from the mouth of the Dardanelles into the Ægean, their decks are apt to fill with groups of curious gazers, peering over at the landmarks of a memorable coast. In the eastern horizon lifts a mountain with a cap of gleaming snow. From its base drop terraces of low hills covered with wood. The hills soften once more into a drowsy, uneven plain, down which course two sluggish streams to the sea. Close by the shore extend a number of conical mounds, like the barrows of Sweden, or the burial mounds of the North American Indians. Over the objects of this landscape hang perpetual dreamy mist and a low sky. The scene is the field of Troy, against the base of Mount Ida! The rivers are Simois and Scamander of old. The barrows are the tombs of the heroes of Homer. The territory is that of the Iliad. Along this narrow strip of coast between the mountain and the sea, headed on the north by the bay at the foot of the Dardanelles, and extending downwards a dozen miles along the Ægean, for more than two thousand years have been sought the traces of that divinely recorded conflict of gods and men. The tumuli by the shore were as classic landmarks to the pagan Greek fisherman who flung out his sail to gather the breezes about Tenedos as they remain to-day.

Draw a line fifty miles in length, from the mouth of the Hellespont to the head of the long gulf over Mytilene, and you have dropped into the Ægean the triangle of ancient Mysia which modern geography marks as the Troad.

Mother Ida seems to have settled down very comfortably into this Asian angle, gathering up its space with her fingering spurs, almost to the sea. Everything in this westward direction must have been in tolerably clear vision to the gods perched upon her summit,

but their mountain crowded hard upon the water's edge the level fighting room for mortal heroes.

A week's journey hardly suffices to compass the whole territory of the Troad, though the immediate landmarks of the Homeric battles lie only a few hours apart, on this bit of shore running from the Hellespont down the Ægean.

Riding between the Turkish castles at the mouth of the neighboring strait, modern travel, as has been intimated, casts an eye of greater or less curiosity on this historic plain. Sometimes an Englishman or other ardent wanderer out of Western Europe, willing to defer for a few hours his advent at Constantinople, halts in his upward passage from Smyrna or Athens, while he may run over this border of the Trojan field by the coast. Once or twice in a generation something further, perhaps, is attempted. Byron, passing along here in the "Pilgrimage," hailed Ida with a stanza from the sea, and made some epistolary description of the sites of Troy, which he visited afterwards. Since his time, less than half a dozen Western pilgrims have given the public some record of research here. But the visitors of the Troad have been few, indeed, who have not contented themselves with a glimpse of the white peak of Ida from the distance of fifty miles, and then left the old land to its brooding silence. I had half conceived the existence of the classic mountain to be a myth, but, coming from the Marmora, as I turned into the straits of the Hellespont, there it towered and gleamed aloft in the Mysian sunrise as it has towered and gleamed in all the centuries since Homer. Achilles and his Greeks reached it from Tenedos, but a modern visit to the field of Troy is made most conveniently from the town of the Dardanelles, half-way down the famous strait. Some of these old lands grasped by the Turk are being rudely penetrated by railways, but the soil whereon rested the city of the Iliad is as virginal still from such innovations as in the primitive Pelasgian days. As for roads over it of any sort, there are none — not even such as Æneas may have escaped over, carrying his father to the seashore. To *do*, in English phraseology, Homer's land, now, is an enterprise removed to the utmost from a classic performance — or, it might rather be said, exactly resembling it in its bald severities. It is to see it, in short, from the galling peak of a Turkish saddle mounted upon the cropping vertebræ of the skinny Asia Minor horse — an animal that suggests neither the fleetness of an Arab charger, nor the hardihood of the Syrian mule. So bestriding, into this land, known three thousand years to authentic history, you go a pioneer, prepared to rough it, with your cook, your guide, and Turkish *Surigee*, mounted on still meaner beasts behind you.

My own plan of following the visions of Homer was to pass from the Sigean promontory at the mouth of the Dardanelles to the southward Lectum Cape, thence along the lower coast to the head of the Adrametum Gulf, and back again over the peak of Ida to the Hellespont, — thus describing a triangle around the whole field of the Troad.

While I awaited the preparation of the rude equine train I have described, I stayed, the guest of a morning, at the Dardanelles, in the stately house of the resident English Calverts, picking up, meanwhile, the gossip of the adjacent localities. To hear my hosts speak familiarly of their farming lands owned and cultivated, a dozen miles distant, almost on the very site of classic Troy, produced in the mind a novel association of ideas. But the novelty was quickly outdone by the information of the successful introduction of Louisiana cotton, during the American Civil War, on the Sigean promontory itself, at the point where the Greek ships anchored during the famous siege.

The May sun had fallen half-way down the west over the Thracian Chersonesus before the half-starved Asian jades appeared for their mission of bearing me over Ida. I had not been able to attract

for the Trojan adventure a single companion from among the scholarly English loungers at Constantinople, and so turned alone down the Hellespont, with my vision and purpose fixed none the less on Priam's dreamy kingdom. As I proceeded along the shore there grew into vision over the Thracian peninsula on my right the coast of Imbros, while out of the rearward depths of the sea rose the ancient abode of the Cabiri, the mountain island, Samothrace. Finally the sun went down behind remoter Thasos, leaving the short splendid Levantine twilight, in whose atmosphere natural objects, obscured in the day-glare, move into sight with the effect of heavenly bodies crossing the edge of a telescopic field. Then the low line of distant Lemnos, and from a hundred miles the high conical peak of Mount Athos, came faintly into view amid the red light over the Ægean. Darkness dropped like a curtain of cloud over the picture as I watched it from the Greek village of Remkeni, on the hill at the southern extremity of the Hellespont, where night found me with one foot already in Homer's land. Below the hill where I sat, flitted a few torches of fishing boats around about the ancient harbor of the Greek fleet.

Before the morning sunrise I had already advanced to Hissarlik, or Ilium Novum, three miles distant from this port of the Achaians. I had come there from my night quarters in the Greek village, wandering down either side of the straggling sluggish stream of the Simois, plucking wild roses from its borders. The Turks call the modern creek — for it is nothing more — Dumbrek, and the insignificance of its appearance as your horse splashes half a dozen times within an hour through its tortuous muddy current, reconciles you to the offense against the Homeric nomenclature. Classic Simois, in fact, as it runs down the plain half obscured by weeds, scarcely makes its mark in the modern landscape of the Troad.

Hissarlik, or New Troy, is a long ridge, rising over the low plain by the Hellespont, and hewn by ancient art into the form of an amphitheatre. Here, three miles removed from the sea, in the opinion of Strabo and other classic writers, stood Ilium, while modern scholarship generally translates the site seven or eight miles southwards, and farther from the naval beach, to the locality of the Turkish village of Bounarbashi. What the evidence of the conflicting commentators may be in favor of either of the disputed sites, concerns a shelf of volumes in the British Museum. For my own part I preferred erring with antiquity, to being correct with Professor Smith, and had prepared to rouse my imagination on this particular spot, to the effort the traveler feels called on to make in the neighborhood of celebrated transactions. So far as Homer is concerned, one has a sense of being a little nearer the spirit of his localities in agreeing with Xerxes and Alexander, who came here in the pagan centuries, in memory of the great bard, to view this site of Hissarlik. And it is to be remembered that the latter of these warriors stood here with the Iliad in his pocket — though if history be right, he must have laid the immortal epic temporarily aside with his tunic, running the circuit of Achilles' tomb yonder on the sea-shore.

Assuming this as the site of Troy, what, in this year of our Lord, remains superficially visible of King Priam's towers, are a few masses of scarred earth mixed with fragments of pottery and hewn stone on a hill terrace. Something more, however, has been interiorly discovered. Before sitting down on the summit of the ridge to scan the Homeric landmarks, I examined the shafts recently sunk from this surface by the zealous Doctor Schlieman, an American German, who has recently attempted to exhume the city of the Iliad. These excavations were commenced in the summer of 1870, and, with intervals of interruption by the jealous Ottoman authority at Constantinople, have been continued since. The shafts almost unexpectedly struck, at a depth of a dozen feet from the surface, a range of walls of Cyclopean structure

laid with rectangular blocks of sandstone around and under the amphitheatre — like Hissarlik ridge.

What further exploration will decide as to this ancient masonry, whether it belongs to the wall of a city, or to the foundations of a citadel or theatre, is a question perhaps of the extent of the excavation itself. But there seems hardly a probability that any disclosure will determine the dispute of the ancient city's locality; even if the question of its exact identification essentially concerns the interest of the half mythological narrative of the Iliad. This corner of old Mysia is strewn with ruins of prehistoric cities, and the remote period of the Trojan conflict precludes the possible discovery of coins or written memorials, by which to authenticate a definite spot as its central scene. The enthusiastic excavator assumes that his exhumed walls are as old as the Trojans themselves, while the judgment of the scholarly Calverts, at the Dardanelles, decides them to be of not earlier date than six centuries before the modern eras.

Some shepherds brought me a few coins which they had found on the spot where I stood, and which belonged to the period of the Roman city here. I also picked from the chinks of the uncovered walls some fragments of human vertebræ and broken earthenware which fancy easily converted into *dēbris* of Priam's sons and pottery.

This site of the Turkish Hissarlik, agreed upon by the ancients as that of Troy, certainly meets the requirements of Homer's locality. Here, at least, you tread the actual classic soil of the Iliad. Whether here, or yonder at Bounarbashi, Ilium stood, Achilles' feet must have passed from the ships over this ground to reach it. Upon the spot the lofty cloud-wreathed Samothrace — Jupiter's watch-tower — looks down yet, as in the poet's description, over low intermediate lying Imbros. Out that way between the two islands was the cave under the Ægean from which Poseidon emerged towards the conflict. And there towards the north and west, girding the field of struggle, are those everlasting barriers, older than history, the tumuli of Achilles and beloved Patroclus and their brother heroes. Just beyond, advanced from the shore, ran the wall in front of the Greek ships, where on that fourth day of the Homeric battles the sons of Priam broke through with loud hurrahs and horrible slaughter, to be forced back again by the Ajaxes — Greater and Lesser. Still behind, where the vision drops on the Hellespontic harbor, the mind crowds the space with the enumerated myriad ships that were all too many for the limited shore and stood several lines deep. There, through the dreary years of the contest, these vessels of the Greeks, desperately defended as their last hope of return to dear Argos, had lain already, at the outset of the epic narrative, till their timbers were decayed and their cordage rotted.

This stretch of three miles between Hissarlik and the shore was crossed a hundred times by the alternately advancing and retreating forces of the combatants, the plain underneath them sprinkled with the dead, ground by brazen chariot-wheels into furrows and trampled by the plunging steeds of the warrior chieftains into dust-heaps, until, amid the cloud and clangor of enormous, never-ending battle, there grew despair on either side. All this when you have come here, out of the skeptical West, under the Mysian sky, with Homer and Homer's accurately described landscape to guide you, is not so hard to believe in — not more difficult to recall than Waterloo or Antietam. The field is every whit as suggestive of battle. And how those poor Greek soldiers, unfurloughed veterans after ten years, must have grown weary of it all, and homesick, until death almost, fighting here for the harlot-bride of their King, Homer records, and can be well realized too. They were still looking across the Ægean towards their land and kindred after witnessing from this narrow strip of shore three thousand sunsets over its waters. Athos, Imbros, and Samothrace must have re-

mained the most vivid images in their memories long after their return to Greece.

I went down from Hissarlik towards the Hellespont once more, to get a near view of the tumuli of Ajax, Achilles, and Ilus. These are conical earth-mounds thrown up in the prehistoric times, twenty or thirty feet above the ground level. They have borne always as now, save the profanities bestowed upon them by the modern Turk, the names of the individual heroes assigned to sepulture in them. That they are the actual work of human hands and for burial purposes has been fully demonstrated. About three quarters of a century ago the mound of Achilles was dug into by a Frenchman, Choiseul, who discovered, fifteen feet under its summit, a bronze vase and a figure of Minerva among the charred *débris* of antique funeral rites. Some fragments of metal and pottery procured at a more recent date from this tomb were exhibited to me at the Dardanelles. Another of the larger of these mounds of the Troad, opened as lately as 1853, was estimated to contain nearly thirty thousand feet of calcined bones. In the stratum of earth above the ashes were numerous jar tombs, and, in a vault underneath, reposed in its earthen case free from the upper fire a single skeleton evidently placed there at a very remote age. This vast mass of human remains appears to have been the deposit from an immense funeral pyre after some great battle of the ancient period, when, as after the first engagement of the Iliad, the dead on both sides were heaped and burned. On that occasion the Greeks raised a mound over the slain, and Homer's account of Patroclus' burial tells how the warrior's tomb was formed: —

"Designing next the compass of the tomb
They marked the boundaries with stones, then filled
The wide inclosure hastily with earth,
And having heaped it to its height, returned."

The mounds still suggest this manner of their making. The tomb of Ajax is earth heaped over a vault of solid masonry. It may be entered with difficulty by a ruined passage-way at its base. On the summit of the barrow are visible the remains of the monument which the Romans erected above the redoubtable warrior of the Iliad, when they took possession of this part of geography. I crept half-way into the mound to conjure up, if possible, the great friendly ghost of Ajax, and after a few minutes passed out again over to the Sigean point, a mile off, to see if Homer's pet hero, Achilles, would come to the fancy, standing over his burial spot, clearer than in those far-away hours of boyhood when I stood by the professor's throne, scanning the sonorous hexameters recording how the first fighter among the Greeks sat dissentient here on this sea corner, brooding over the lost Briseis. Varying Alexander's plan on the premises, I retained my garments and rode soberly round the hillock and then through Choiseul's old ditch of excavation cleaving its centre, plucking, as I rode, a poppy-flower from over the warrior's three thousand years' sleep.

Bounarbashi, the Ilium Vetus of the moderns, is an afternoon's journey down the whole length of the Trojan plain from the Sigean point. The way is by the Scamander, yellow and with deep swirling eddies as of old, where it rose to join in the fray with Achilles and overflowed the plain, bearing away alike Troy's besiegers and defenders. Mendere is the modern travesty of the old river's name. Two leaps of an English hunting horse would span its current now; though feats like those epic ones it might do still, if provoked by storms into flood. But Homer, from the want of a wide range of geographical imagination, — a defect of his date, — appears to have exaggerated all the landmarks here. Far away and winding through the plain, its line of waving willows traced the course of the ancient stream into the defiles of Ida, and from far away came the memories of the past, as I wandered down its banks deeply into this land where, as in that of the Lotos Eaters, it seems always afternoon. My fancy

kept struggling, almost unconsciously, with the question of what kind of realities those were of the antique life and civilization here — whether these faded shores could have ever had any more vivid realities than now, when passage over them is like a dream. The level plain I traversed on either side of the Scamander was the fertile ground on which the opulent Ericthonius of the Odyssey pastured his three thousand mares.

When the day was finished, I had already reached and explored the ruins on the Bounarbashi site, at the end of the plain, and had come down from the craggy heights of the Balidagh above them, whereon, if modern opinion be right, rested the lofty palace of the Trojan kings. This hill, in fact, is the supposed Pergamus itself; and certainly no citadel locality could be more splendid and commanding. Down a chasm opening from the fir-clad ranges of Ida, the Scamander comes rushing here a thousand feet below and against this precipitous steep, turning its south and east into a mighty semicircular bastion. The ancients affirmed that Hercules had torn Ida apart at this point for the river's passage-way. The panorama of the Scamander pouring through the rent mountain is, indeed, striking enough to have been fabled the result of an immortal labor.

Westward from the Balidagh Acropolis lies, once more, the vision of the islands in the Ægean. In front, rises out of the plain a lofty conical barrow which, assuming this to be Homer's city, is the tomb of Æsyetes, — the Trojan outlook, about which the warriors mustered under Hector and Æneas before the battles.

This hill of the Pergamus was uncovered at its summit, ten years ago, by an Austrian consul in the Mediterranean, and there was disclosed a gigantic wall girdling its whole circumference. The stones and layers of this wall, like the foundations exhumed at Hissarlik, look ancient enough to satisfy the most antiquarian fancy. But the hill-tops of the whole Troad are crowned with the ruins of citadels. If this be the actual Pergamus, Troy's castle, it is more than sufficiently removed southward from the harbor of the Greeks; and, standing here looking at its difficult approach in front, a modern soldier would quickly conceive a contempt for the classic strategy which failed to suggest the detail of a part of the Greek fleet to a station down the western coast of the Troad, below Tenedos, for a basis, from which to storm Priam's seat by a night attack, from the rear — instead of braving it out for ten years with bulky day fights in front. But then we should have lost the Iliad itself, which is all there is of Troy, after all; and the stories of its demi-god warriors who appear to have preferred these pitched battles in the sunshine for the express purpose of making, with their lofty speeches before charging the enemy, a Homeric benefit.

On this high ground of Bounarbashi it is somewhat easier than at Hissarlik to recall the picturesque domestic details of the siege — the doings of Helen and Paris, the wordy debates of the chiefs inside of the "high wide-paved city," as well as the rushing to and fro of heralds about the Scæan gate, to overlook the battle-field, and the swarming of the warriors in and out through its portals; though to conceive Achilles' feat of dragging dead Hector at his chariot's rear around these steeps where a goat could scarcely get footing, is a more difficult matter.

The thought comes, when you have reached, at the end of a few hours' journey, this high ground at the extremity of the narrow Ilian plain, that the Trojan domain, after all, was a very petty affair,— a piece of territory altogether too insignificant for the basis of the gigantic political epic of the Iliad. A like thought occurs when, after a week's travel on horseback, along the borders of smaller Asia, you have compassed all the localities out of which Homer makes his mighty enumeration of warriors gathered for the conflict around Troy, and which appeared to his fancy so remotely apart

from each other. Whole nations would seem to have generated inside of territorial limits not too spacious for the estates of a modern prairie farmer. These reflections had all passed, as I sat among the broken columns and friezes of the later Greek city, strewn over the ground at the foot of the Pergamus hill, watching another sunset over the Ægean. I was trying to fix in my memory the picture made against the flushed west, by the long, waving line of Imbros lifting to peaked Samothrace. Suddenly, I was surrounded by a troop of Yuruks, fantastically garbed, stalwart sons of the mountain, who, returning at sunset to their clay lodgings here among the scattered marbles of the ancient city, had been attracted by the appearance of a Western stranger. These Yuruks are a people who appear to have inhabited the Troad in the antiquity before the Turkoman invasion. Their pursuits are of the hunting and pastoral sort, and their shaggy, bush-covered huts are fixed high up in the woody recesses of Ida, or at the foot of its spurs, as here at Bounarbashi. Despite their rude occupation and dwellings, they stalk through these classic wilds like the princes of the East they look, vying, in the contrast of scarlet and purple jackets against white nether garments, with the Albanian himself who keeps spotless, smoking his nargile in the shades of Montenegro. And such examples of physical superiority as the race presents are matched rarely in the civilizations of the West. Among the group which had gathered about me, hardly one was under the six feet stature of manhood, and their apparent chief was of such proportions as would not ill fit the description given, — perhaps on the very spot where he stood, — of Ulysses, by Priam, when, questioning of his history, he pointed out that warrior to Helen : —

> — " not tall as Atreus' son,
> But broader shouldered and of ample chest; "

and the sight of his naked calves would have filled Edwin Forrest himself with envy. Observing my admiration of his muscles, the hardy mountaineer came and stood by my side, exhibiting the girth of his chest and the measure of his colossal limbs. It was no test of the giant's strength; but my own vigor seemed to have wonderfully rallied with the few days' riding in this breezy land of heroes; and, taking him by the convenient hunting belt, I lifted him, as many a pupil of Winship might have done, before he was aware, to my shoulder, from where he tumbled to the grass. The feat of lifting their solid chief from the earth instantly secured me consideration from his companions, who chaffed him, as he arose from the ground, over his discomfiture.

I rested in the rude clay cabin of a Mussulman, who assured me — falsely I think — that I was the first Frank who had visited Bounarbashi — old Troy — for five years. The next morning I rose to see Greek women, whose huts were also on these premises, washing their garments in the fountains alleged to be those described by Homer as the sources of the Scamander. It was the exact scene of the Iliad! — the

> — " washing troughs
> Of well-wrought stone; — where erst the wives of Troy
> And daughters fair their choicest garments washed
> In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece."

From the heights of Chigri, an hour's ride southward from old Troy, I looked down upon the accomplished length of the plain; but the journey of Homer's land was only begun. Ida lifted her glittering summit into the noonday far to the east, while I was still peering over towards the west and Tenedos. That way before the sea was reached lay wooded hills and unpeopled, fertile valleys. Three hours later, under the haze of the May afternoon, that seemed midsummer, I was wandering there, misguided and hopelessly lost, through the olive groves up the farther hill-slopes into the dense shades of a vast oak forest. It was the forgotten city of Alexander Troas! I had expected to find a few paltry remains of an ancient town scattered along the beach of the Ægean, but here, miles away up the immense ridge from the sea, with its site overgrown with thick, tangled grass,

and giant oaks whose roots clasped its fallen marbles, stretched the ruins of the great city. Ten miles would hardly gird their outermost extent, and days would be required to explore the monuments strewn thickly through the lonely overreaching forest, amid whose green tops pierce here and there into the sunlight above, masses of majestic ruins visible afar off to travelers of the Ægean. Here, somewhere, exist the remains of the house from whose windows young Eutychus fell in his sleep, and was taken up for dead the night St. Paul landed at Troas from Thrace and restored him.

Who has not bathed in the Ægean knows, perchance, but has not *felt* the love of Greece. Coming out of the tangled grass of the oak forest to its lonely beach, I hailed the sea as a discoverer, and plunged from an ancient mole under its waves with the double zest of school-boy delight. Dripping from its waters, I turned to wave an adieu to Tenedos, that seemed hardly more than a stone's throw distant, and then went off Paul's foot-sore track towards Assos and Mytilene.

The journey from Alexander Troas to the rearward slopes of Ida lies seventy miles around the Ægean coast. I passed a night under a tree amid the airy oak forests of the southern Troad; another on the open deck of a Greek fishing-smack at Assos; and, at the end of a third day, found myself emerged from the vast olive groves of southeastern Mysia, ascending Ida from the neighborhood of ancient Adrametum. This remote and unusual ascent is particularly wild and rugged, and can be made only under the direction of guides from the immediate vicinity. I left the Turkish village of Narli with the olive groves at sunset, and climbed still three or four hours onward into the dark, and pitched my bivouac high up on the slopes of the mountain. My three followers, wild enough looking for bandits themselves, and certainly far enough off from presenting a pecuniary bait to brigandage, refused to advance a step farther, on the double plea of exhaustion and fear of robbery. And, indeed, without the usual military guard offered by Turkish authority in these parts, we were fairly tempting the dangers with which the slopes of Ida have been infested for centuries.

Our camp fire, kindled and fed with the dry pine logs of the mountain, blazed far down over woody blackness to the Ægean. Then there burst suddenly a gust of storm, with the thunder and lightning of these hasty latitudes, across our perch on the mountain terrace, converting it for the night into a very witches' roost of unrest. We were drenched with rain before we could secure a hasty covering of green branches. The forest, below to the sea, and above, to the mountain's crest, was black and white with alternating flashes of storm, and, through the intervals of thunder, was heard the crackling rush of terrified wild animals down the heights. For Ida, as when Homer described it, is the "mother of wild beasts" still. On the following morning the fresh tracks of both deer and bear were within twenty yards of our night's bivouac, and the whole mountain side as we advanced was literally ploughed by the rooting of multitudinous wild boars.

The most famous sport in the East is to be had over these heights when the Governor of Beiramitch, a town on the upper Scamander, brings to Ida some distinguished Frank stranger for a hunt. At the command of this Turkish potentate, for a few liras the whole Yuruk population of the Eastern Troad assemble with their rude arms, girdle the mountain slopes, and press the animals from their fastnesses. There is a ringing of musket-balls, a shouting of picturesque savage huntsmen, a hooting rush of savager boars down the gorges, and universal scream and clangor that transform the old mountain from its loneliness into the most exciting holiday spot in the world. But the gods who sat on its peak looked down upon scarcely more perilous ventures about Troy than these of chasing wild boars on the sides of Ida. Many a horse ripped open by gleaming long

tusks is left dead upon the slopes; often a poor Yuruk is carried to his brushy cabin down in the valley, to join no more in the hazardous pastime.

Nine peaks rise propped against each other out of the Southern Ægean towards Ida's crest, and form the steps by which the traveler passes upwards. From the sea to the last of the lower summits the sides of the mountains are heavily clothed with the pine forest from which — ὕδη — it derives its name. And such a forest was worthy to give name even to a hill of the gods. Stupendous and straight the pine giants on the lower terraces lift their bulks into aerial spaces level with the cliffs. Not even the pines of Norway match these colossal classic trunks of the South. The air of these wooded heights, too, is wonderfully sweet and pure.

As I toiled around the shadowy summits, Mytilene and the islands of the Smyrna coast dropped through lofty vistas down into the whiteness of the sea behind: the wood-covered steeps and valleys of the Idan ranges were seen far away, underneath stretches of blue mist drawn like veils over their blackness, while, as some unusual height was gained, the openings between distant western peaks were luminous with an intense purple splendor. My guides led by no path, but on over woody summits, through ways along which they had often tracked the bear and boar, descending here a cliff, and mounting now into clean spaces where flashes of white Asian landscapes shot from afar through the gloom of the upper forests.

The atmosphere over Ida in the months of May and June is of that perfect temperature that gives no suggestion of season. The stillness of the heights, together with the incense-like odor of the pines mixed with the stimulating breath of the mountain, produces an intoxication of the senses, a feeling, as it were, that immortality itself had been found among these lofty and beautiful regions. I even conceived for the moment that Homer might have planted his gods on Ida from such sensuous inspiration. At frequent intervals in the darkly picturesque recesses of these slopes are ruined monasteries of the early priests, who found here in the days of the Greek empire a meditative retreat equal to Athos or Vallombrosa. From morning till noon as I advanced towards the Idan crest, one summit had concealed the next until the inferior ranges had all been surmounted, when, at last, one mighty cone of mountain, abruptly shaking the pine forest from its sides, stood like a naked white Titan, with head among the clouds. It was Homer's "topmost Gargarus," fringed at the base with marble rocks and covered with patches of snow!

Leaving our horses on the plateau at the end of the pine wood, in an hour more I had struggled with my guides to the very apex of the gods. There is no mistaking Jupiter's outlook. The pinnacle of Ida towers solitarily aloft, domineering over its whole range. It was with a little pardonable vanity that I placed my foot upon it, as I was conscious of being nearly if not quite the only pilgrim from the West of the Atlantic who had attained this classic vantage-ground.

The prospect from the peak of Gargarus is equal to its fame. The panorama lying underneath is Western Asia Minor and European Turkey, modeled, as it has been said to appear, upon a vast surface of glass. Homer could not have more advantageously seated his divinities. Even to mortal eyes, from this summit the plain of Troy, although thirty miles distant, seems almost immediately under the gazer's feet, while all the incidental localities of the Iliad are compassed with a single glance. As I stood in the mid-afternoon upon this glorious outlook, the Hellespont running down from the Propontis appeared a gleaming silver thread dividing Asia from Europe. Farther down, at the lowest limit of the Troad, Cape Lectum, whence Juno, wrapped in a purple cloud, approached Jupiter upon the mountain, projected into the Ægean, whose waters in the sunlight were like a mirror of brass.

In an outer sweep of vision lay a circle of lands and objects that sent to the mind in tumultuous flood a thousand memories of ancient history — the sea of the Propontis, the Asian Olympus, the shores of the Thracian Chersonesus, Thrace itself, Assos, the islands of Imbros, Lemnos, Samothrace, Tenedos, Eubœa, the Gulf of Smyrna and its islands, almost all of Mysia and Bithynia, parts of Lydia and Ionia and the peninsula of Greece itself; while at my back the remoter Idan chain, taking its measure from Gargarus, swung down its wall of misty peaks into the fastnesses of Asia.

It is said that the towers of Constantinople are sometimes visible from the top of Ida. I saw clearly from the place the crest of the Mysian Olympus, amid whose snows I had been lost only a month before.

The Turks call Gargarus *Kaz-dagh*, or Goose-height, from its white appearance resembling the breast of a goose. The level surface of its summit is about a thousand yards in extent — sufficient standing room for all the gods imposed upon it by Homer. Bacchus is the only divinity of whom there are any present indications upon the sacred mountain; the evidences of his modern worship being lavishly sprinkled over the peak in the form of broken bottles of *Rakee* and other fierce liquors consumed by the Yuruks, who once a year, on the occasion of a festival of superstition, ascend this lofty Gargarian height and carouse for days and nights together.

Half-way down the sides of Ida descending towards the west are the real sources of the Scamander, in a vast cavern called by the natives Buyuk-Megara; and which must be traversed with the aid of guides bearing pine torches. At the extremity of a spacious hall, a hundred feet in length, the clear waters gush in mighty volume from the bowels of the earth, and run with an almost appalling sound over the rocky bottom of the cave. The grooved roof of this cavern has suggested its resemblance to the well-known "Ear of Dionysius" at Syracuse. Its gloomy and rocky windings have never been explored to their full extent, but certainly no source to the grand Homeric river could be more appropriate than this magnificent cavern, high up amid the pine groves of Ida. From its mouth the view down the valley of the Scamander is enchanting — a picture so fair that hardly the touches of Tennyson's pen, in the Œnone, have done it justice. The English poet, in his description of the vales of Ida, has taken the liberty to represent the towers of Troas and Troy as visible from the foot of the mountain where Œnone tended her flocks, though a range of hills entirely closes out the sight of the Ilian plain and the valley of the lower Scamander from the region of the upper river. But the glades around the base of Ida need no adornment of fancy to make them the perfect ideal scenes for the wandering of the sweet shepherd maid whom Paris deserted for the charms of Helen. These valleys are still the grazing-fields of flocks. As, worn out with the fatigue of descending the mountain, I lay asleep in one of the most romantic of their dells, I was awakened by the warbling of a reed flute — the exquisite and perfect reminiscence of the ancient pastoral time. It was a Yuruk shepherd with his little flock from the mountain, playing one of those plaintive wild airs of the primitive world, that seem to express at once the beauty and the sadness of existence.

Another night passed upon the turf by the side of the upper Scamander, listening to the rush of its waters and to the wolves calling to each other from the spurs of Ida, and another day of hard westward riding, and I touched the Hellespont again. I looked once more from the plain of Troy to the mist-covered mountain of the gods, and came out of the ancient land.

William J. Armstrong.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

II.

During the pilgrimage everything does not suit the tastes of the pilgrim. — TURKISH PROVERB.

ONE seeking Baddeck, as a possession, would not like to be detained a prisoner even in Eden — much less in St. John, which is unlike Eden in several important respects. The tree of knowledge does not grow there, for one thing; at least St. John's ignorance of Baddeck amounts to a feature. This encountered us everywhere. So dense was this ignorance, that we, whose only knowledge of the desired place was obtained from the prospectus of travel, came to regard ourselves as missionaries of geographical information in this dark provincial city.

The clerk at the Victoria was not unwilling to help us on our journey, but if he could have had his way, we would have gone to a place on Prince Edward's Island, which used to be called Bedeque, but is now named Summerside, in the hope of attracting summer visitors. As to Cape Breton, he said the agent of the Inter-colonial could tell us all about that, and put us on the route. We repaired to the agent. The kindness of this person dwells in our memory. He entered at once into our longings and perplexities. He produced his maps and time-tables, and showed us clearly what we already knew. The Port Hawksbury steamboat from Shediac for that week had gone, to be sure, but we could take one of another line which would leave us at Pictou, whence we could take another across to Port Hood, on Cape Breton. This looked fair, until we showed the agent that there was no steamer to Port Hood.

"Ah, then you can go another way. You can take the Inter-colonial railway round to Pictou, catch the steamer for Port Hawksbury, connect with the steamer on the Bras d'Or, and you are all right."

So it would seem. It was a most obliging agent; and it took us half an hour to convince him that the train would reach Pictou half a day too late for the steamer, that no other boat would leave Pictou for Cape Breton that week, and that even if we could reach the Bras d'Or we should have no means of crossing it, except by swimming. The perplexed agent thereupon referred us to Mr. Brown, a shipper on the wharf, who knew all about Cape Breton, and could tell us exactly how to get there. It is needless to say that a weight was taken off our minds. We pinned our faith to Brown, and sought him in his warehouse. Brown was a prompt business man, and a traveler, and would know every route and every conveyance from Nova Scotia to Cape Breton.

Mr. Brown was not in. He never is in. His store is a rusty warehouse, low and musty, piled full of boxes of soap and candles and dried fish, with a little glass cubby in one corner, where a thin clerk sits at a high desk, like a spider in his web. Perhaps he is a spider, for the cubby is swarming with flies, whose hum is the only noise of traffic; the glass of the window sash has not been washed since it was put in, apparently. The clerk is not writing, and has evidently no other use for his steel pen than spearing flies. Brown is out, says this young votary of commerce, and will not be in till half past five. We remark upon the fact that nobody ever is "in" these dingy warehouses, wonder when the business is done, and go out into the street to wait for Brown.

In front of the store is a dray, its horse fast asleep, and waiting for the revival of commerce. The travelers note that the dray is of a peculiar construction, the body being dropped down from the axles so as nearly to touch the ground — a great convenience in loading and unloading; they propose to in-

troduce it into their native land. The dray is probably waiting for the tide to come in. In the deep slip lie a dozen helpless vessels, coasting schooners mostly, tipped on their beam ends in the mud, or propped up by side pieces as if they were built for land as well as for water. At the end of the wharf is a long English steamboat unloading railroad iron, which will return to the Clyde full of Nova Scotia coal. We sit down on the dock, where the fresh sea-breeze comes up the harbor, watch the lazily swinging crane on the vessel, and meditate upon the greatness of England and the peacefulness of the drowsy afternoon. One's feeling of rest is never complete unless he can see somebody else at work — but the labor must be without haste, as it is in the Provinces.

While waiting for Brown, we had leisure to explore the shops of King's Street, and to climb up to the grand triumphal arch which stands on top of the hill and guards the entrance to King's Square. Of the shops for dry goods I have nothing to say, for they tempt the unwary American to violate the revenue laws of his country; but he may safely go into the book-shops. The literature which is displayed in the windows and on the counters has lost that freshness which it once may have had, and is, in fact, if one must use the term, fly-specked, like the cakes in the grocery windows on the side streets. There are old illustrated newspapers from the States, cheap novels from the same, and the flashy covers of the London and Edinburgh six-penny editions. But this is the dull season for literature, we reflect.

It will always be matter of regret to us that we climbed up to the triumphal arch, which appeared so noble in the distance, with the trees behind it. For when we reached it, we found that it was built of wood, painted and sanded, and in a shocking state of decay; and the grove to which it admitted us was only a scant assemblage of sickly locust-trees, which seemed to be tired of battling with the unfavorable climate, and had, in fact, already retired from the business of ornamental shade-trees. Adjoining this square is an ancient cemetery, the surface of which has decayed in sympathy with the moldering remains it covers, and is quite a model in this respect. I have called this cemetery ancient, but it may not be so, for its air of decay is thoroughly modern, and neglect, and not years, appears to have made it the melancholy place of repose it is. Whether it is the fashionable and favorite resort of the dead of the city we did not learn, but there were some old men sitting in its damp shades, and the nurses appeared to make it a rendezvous for their baby-carriages — a cheerful place to bring up children in, and to familiarize their infant minds with the fleeting nature of provincial life. The park and the burying-ground, it is scarcely necessary to say, added greatly to the feeling of repose which stole over us on this sunny day. And they made us long for Brown and his information about Baddeck.

But Mr. Brown, when found, did not know as much as the agent. He had been in Nova Scotia; he had never been in Cape Breton; but he presumed we would find no difficulty in reaching Baddeck by so and so, and so and so. We consumed valuable time in convincing Brown that his directions to us were impracticable and valueless, and then he referred us to Mr. Cope. An interview with Mr. Cope discouraged us; we found that we were imparting everywhere more geographical information than we were receiving, and as our own stock was small, we concluded that we should be unable to enlighten all the inhabitants of St. John upon the subject of Baddeck before we ran out. Returning to the hotel, and taking our destiny into our own hands, we resolved upon a bold stroke.

But to return for a moment to Brown. I feel that Brown has been let off too easily in the above paragraph. His conduct, to say the truth, was not such as we expected of a man in whom we had put our entire faith for half a day — a long while to trust anybody in these times — a man whom we had ex-

alted as an encyclopedia of information, and idealized in every way. A man of wealth and liberal views and courtly manners we had decided Brown would be. Perhaps he had a suburban villa on the heights overlooking Kennebeckasis Bay, and, recognizing us as brothers in a common interest in Baddeck, notwithstanding our different nationality, would insist upon taking us to his house, to sip provincial tea with Mrs. Brown and Victoria Louise, his daughter. When, therefore, Mr. Brown whisked into his dingy office, and, but for our importunity, would have paid no more attention to us than to up-country customers without credit, and when he proved to be willingly, it seemed to us, ignorant of Baddeck, our feelings received a great shock. It is incomprehensible that a man in the position of Brown — with so many boxes of soap and candles to dispose of — should be so ignorant of a neighboring province. We had heard of the cordial unity of the provinces in the new Dominion. Heaven help it, if it depends upon such fellows as Brown! Of course, his directing us to Cope was a mere fetch. For as we have intimated, it would have taken us longer to have given Cope an idea of Baddeck, than it did to enlighten Brown. But we had no bitter feelings about Cope, for we never had reposed confidence in him.

Our plan of campaign was briefly this: To take the steamboat at eight o'clock, Thursday morning, for Digby Gut and Annapolis; thence to go by rail through the poetical Acadia down to Halifax; to turn north and east by rail from Halifax to New Glasgow, and from thence to push on by stage to the Gut of Canso. This would carry us over the entire length of Nova Scotia, and, with good luck, land us on Cape Breton Island Saturday morning. When we should set foot on that island, we trusted that we should be able to make our way to Baddeck, by walking, swimming, or riding, whichever sort of locomotion should be most popular in that province. Our imaginations were kindled by reading that the "most superb line of stages on the continent" ran from New Glasgow to the Gut of Canso. If the reader perfectly understands this programme, he has the advantage of the two travelers at the time they made it.

It was a gray morning when we embarked from St. John, and in fact a little drizzle of rain veiled the Martello tower, and checked, like the cross strokes of a line engraving, the hill on which it stands. The miscellaneous shipping of such a harbor appears best in a golden haze, or in the mist of a morning like this. We had expected days of fog in this region; but the fog seemed to have gone out with the high tides of the geography. And it is simple justice to these possessions of her Majesty, to say that in our two weeks' acquaintance of them they enjoyed as delicious weather as ever falls on sea and shore, with the exception of this day when we crossed the Bay of Fundy. And this day was only one of those cool interludes of low color, which an artist would be thankful to introduce among a group of brilliant pictures. Such a day rests the traveler, who is over-stimulated by shifting scenes played upon by the dazzling sun. So the cool gray clouds spread a grateful umbrella above us as we ran across the Bay of Fundy, sighted the headlands of the Gut of Digby, and entered into the Annapolis Basin, and into the region of a romantic history. The white houses of Digby, scattered over the downs like a flock of washed sheep, had a somewhat chilly aspect, it is true, and made us long for the sun on them. But as I think of it now, I prefer to have the town and the pretty hill-sides that stood about the basin in the light we saw them; and especially do I like to recall the high wooden pier at Digby, deserted by the tide and so blown by the wind that the passengers who came out on it, with their tossing drapery, brought to mind the windy Dutch harbors that Backhüysen painted. We landed a priest here, and it was a pleasure to see him as he walked along the high pier, his broad hat flapping and the wind blowing his long skirts away from his ecclesiastical legs.

It was one of the coincidences of life, for which no one can account, that when we descended upon these coasts, the Governor-General of the Dominion was abroad in his Provinces. There was an air of expectation of him everywhere, and of preparation for his coming; his lordship was the subject of conversation on the Digby boat, his movements were chronicled in the newspapers, and the gracious bearing of the Governor and Lady Dufferin at the civic receptions, balls, and picnics, was recorded with loyal satisfaction; even a literary flavor was given to the provincial journals by quotations from his lordship's condescension to letters in the "High Latitudes." It was not without pain, however, that even in this un-American region we discovered the old Adam of journalism in the disposition of the newspapers of St. John toward sarcasm touching the well-meant attempts to entertain the Governor and his lady in the provincial town of Halifax, — a disposition to turn, in short, upon the demonstrations of loyal worship the faint light of ridicule. There were those upon the boat who were journeying to Halifax to take part in the civic ball about to be given to their excellencies, and as we were going in the same direction, we shared in the feeling of satisfaction which proximity to the Great often excites.

We had other if not deeper causes of satisfaction. We were sailing along the gracefully molded and tree-covered hills of the Annapolis Basin, and up the mildly picturesque river of that name, and we were about to enter what the provincials all enthusiastically call the Garden of Nova Scotia. This favored vale, skirted by low ranges of hills on either hand, and watered most of the way by the Annapolis River, extends from the mouth of the latter to the town of Windsor, on the river Avon. We expected to see something like the fertile valleys of the Connecticut or the Mohawk. We should also pass through those meadows on the Basin of Minas, which Mr. Longfellow has made more sadly poetical than any other spot on the Western Continent. It is, — this valley of the Annapolis, — in the belief of provincials, the most beautiful and blooming place in the world, with a soil and climate kind to the husbandman, a land of fair meadows, orchards, and vines. It was doubtless our own fault that this land did not look to us like a garden, as it does to the inhabitants of Nova Scotia; and it was not until we had traveled over the rest of the country, that we saw the appropriateness of the designation. The explanation is, that not so much is required of a garden here, as in some other parts of the world. Excellent apples, none finer, are exported from this valley to England, and the quality of the potatoes is said to approach an ideal perfection here. I should think that oats would ripen well also in a good year, and grass, for those who care for it, may be satisfactory. I should judge that the other products of this garden are fish and building-stone. But we anticipate. And have we forgotten the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks"? Nobody, I suppose, ever travels here without believing that he sees these trees of the imagination, so forcibly has the poet projected them upon the universal consciousness. But we were unable to see them, on this route.

It would be a brutal thing for us to take seats in the railway train at Annapolis, and leave the ancient town with its modern houses and remains of old fortifications, without a thought of the romantic history which saturates the region. There is not much in the smart, new restaurant, where a tidy waiting-maid skillfully depreciates our currency in exchange for bread and cheese and ale, to recall the early drama of the French discovery and settlement. For it is to the French that we owe the poetical interest that still invests, like a garment, all these islands and bays, just as it is to the Spaniards that we owe the romance of the Florida coast. Every spot on this continent that either of these races has touched has a color that is wanting in the prosaic settlements of the English. Without the historical light of French adventure upon this

town and basin of Annapolis, or Port Royal, as they were first named, I confess that I should have no longing to stay here for a week; notwithstanding the guide-book distinctly says that this harbor has "a striking resemblance to the beautiful Bay of Naples." I am not offended at this remark, for it is the one always made about a harbor, and I am sure the passing traveler can stand it, if the Bay of Naples can. And yet this tranquil basin must have seemed a haven of peace to the first discoverers.

It was on a lovely summer day in 1604, that the Sieur de Monts, and his comrades Champlain and the Baron de Poutrincourt, beating about the shores of Nova Scotia, were invited by the rocky gate-way of the Port Royal Basin. They entered the small inlet, says Mr. Parkman, when suddenly the narrow strait dilated into a broad and tranquil basin, compassed with sunny hills, wrapped with woodland verdure and alive with water-falls. Poutrincourt was delighted with the scene, and would fain remove thither from France with his family. Since Poutrincourt's day, the hills have been somewhat denuded of trees, and the water-falls are not now in sight; at least, not under such a gray sky as we saw.

The reader who once begins to look into the French occupancy of Acadia, is in danger of getting into a sentimental vein, and sentiment is the one thing to be shunned in these days. Yet I cannot but stay, though the train should leave us, to pay my respectful homage to one of the most heroic of women, whose name recalls the most romantic incident in the history of this region. Out of this past there rises no figure so captivating to the imagination as that of Madame de la Tour. And it is noticeable that woman has a curious habit of coming to the front in critical moments of history, and performing some exploit that eclipses in brilliancy all the deeds of contemporary men; and the exploit usually ends in a pathetic tragedy, that fixes it forever in the sympathy of the world. I need not copy out of the pages of De Charlevoix the well-known story of Madame de la Tour; I only wish he had told us more about her. It is here at Port Royal that we first see her with her husband. Charles de St. Etienne, the Chevalier de la Tour, — there is a world of romance in these mere names, — was a Huguenot nobleman who had a grant of Port Royal and of La Hève, from Louis XIII. He ceded La Hève to Razilli, the governor-in-chief of the provinces, who took a fancy to it, for a residence. He was living peacefully at Port Royal in 1647, when the Chevalier d'Aunay Charnisé, having succeeded his brother Razilli at La Hève, tired of that place, and removed to Port Royal. De Charnisé was a Catholic; the difference in religion might not have produced any unpleasantness, but the two noblemen could not agree in dividing the profits of the peltry trade — each being covetous, if we may so express it, of the hide of the savage continent, and determined to take it off for himself. At any rate, disagreement arose, and De la Tour moved over to the St. John, of which region his father had enjoyed a grant from Charles I. of England, — whose sad fate it is not necessary now to recall to the reader's mind, — and built a fort at the mouth of the river. But the differences of the two ambitious Frenchmen could not be composed. De la Tour obtained aid from Governor Winthrop at Boston, thus verifying the Catholic prediction that the Huguenots would side with the enemies of France on occasion. De Charnisé received orders from Louis to arrest De la Tour; but a little preliminary to the arrest was the possession of the fort of St. John, and this he could not obtain, although he sent all his force against it. Taking advantage, however, of the absence of De la Tour, who had a habit of roving about, he one day besieged St. John. But Madame De la Tour headed the little handful of men in the fort, and made such a gallant resistance that De Charnisé was obliged to draw off his fleet with the loss of thirty-three men — a very serious loss, when the supply of men was as distant as France. But De Charnisé would not be balked by a

woman; he attacked again; and this time, one of the garrison, a Swiss, betrayed the fort, and let the invaders into the walls by an unguarded entrance. It was Easter morning when this misfortune occurred, but the peaceful influence of the day did not avail. When Madame saw that she was betrayed, her spirits did not quail; she took refuge with her little band in a detached part of the fort, and there made such a bold show of defense, that De Charnisé was obliged to agree to the terms of her surrender, which she dictated. No sooner had this unchivalrous fellow obtained possession of the fort and of this Historic Woman, than, overcome with a false shame that he had made terms with a woman, he violated his noble word, and condemned to death all the men, except one, who was spared on condition that he should be the executioner of the others. And the poltroon compelled the brave woman to witness the execution, with the added indignity of a rope round her neck, — or as De Charlevoix much more neatly expresses it, "obligea sa prisonnière *d'assister* à l'exécution, la corde au cou."

To the shock of this horror the womanly spirit of Madame de la Tour succumbed; she fell into a decline and died soon after. De la Tour, himself an exile from his province, wandered about the New World in his customary pursuit of peltry. He was seen at Quebec for two years. While there, he heard of the death of De Charnisé, and straightway repaired to St. John. The widow of his late enemy received him graciously, and he entered into possession of the estate of the late occupant with the consent of all the heirs. To remove all roots of bitterness, De la Tour married Madame de Charnisé, and history does not record any ill of either of them. I trust they had the grace to plant a sweet-brier on the grave of the noble woman to whose faithfulness and courage they owe their rescue from obscurity. At least the parties to this singular union must have agreed to ignore the lamented existence of the Chevalier d'Aunay.

With the Chevalier de la Tour, at any rate, it all went well thereafter. When Cromwell drove the French from Acadia, he granted great territorial rights to De la Tour, which that thrifty adventurer sold out to one of his co-grantees for £16,000; and he no doubt invested the money in peltry for the London market.

As we leave the station at Annapolis, we are obliged to put Madame de la Tour out of our minds to make room for another woman whose name, and we might say presence, fills all the valley before us. So it is that woman continues to reign, where she has once got a foothold, long after her dear frame has become dust. Evangeline, who is as real a personage as Queen Esther, must have been a different woman from Madame de la Tour. If the latter had lived at Grand Prè, she would, I trust, have made it hot for the brutal English who drove the Acadians out of their salt-marsh paradise, and have died in her heroic shoes rather than float off into poetry. But if it should come to the question of marrying the De la Tour or the Evangeline, I think no man who was not engaged in the peltry trade would hesitate which to choose. At any rate, the women who love have more influence in the world than the women who fight, and so it happens that the sentimental traveler who passes through Port Royal without a tear for Madame de la Tour, begins to be in a glow of tender longing and regret for Evangeline as soon as he enters the valley of the Annapolis River. For myself, I expected to see written over the railway crossings the legend, —

"Look out for Evangeline while the Bell rings."

When one rides into a region of romance he does not much notice his speed or his carriage; but I am obliged to say that we were not hurried up the valley, and that the cars were not too luxurious for the plain people, priests, clergymen, and belles of the region, who rode in them. Evidently the latest fashions had not arrived in the Provinces, and we had an opportunity of

studying anew those that had long passed away in the States, and of remarking how inappropriate a fashion is when it has ceased to be the fashion.

The river becomes small shortly after we leave Annapolis and before we reach Paradise. At this station of happy appellation we looked for the satirist who named it, but he has probably sold out and removed. If the effect of wit is produced by the sudden recognition of a remote resemblance, there was nothing witty in the naming of this station. Indeed, we looked in vain for the "garden" appearance of the valley. There was nothing generous in the small meadows or the thin orchards; and if large trees ever grew on the bordering hills, they have given place to rather stunted evergreens; the scraggy firs and balsams, in fact, possess Nova Scotia generally as we saw it — and there is nothing more uninteresting and wearisome than large tracts of these woods. We are bound to believe that Nova Scotia has somewhere, or had, great pines and hemlocks that murmur, but we were not blessed with the sight of them. Slightly picturesque this valley is with its winding river and high hills guarding it, and perhaps a person would enjoy a foot-tramp down it; but I think he would find little peculiar or interesting after he left the neighborhood of the Basin of Minas.

Before we reached Wolfville we came in sight of this basin and some of the estuaries and streams that run into it; that is, when the tide goes out; but they are only muddy ditches half the time. The Acadia College was pointed out to us at Wolfville by a person who said that it is a feeble institution, a remark we were sorry to hear of a place described as "one of the foremost seats of learning in the Province." But our regret was at once extinguished by the announcement that the next station was Grand Prè! We were within three miles of the most poetic place in North America.

There was on the train a young man from Boston, who said that he was born in Grand Prè. It seemed impossible that we should actually be near a person so felicitously born. He had a justifiable pride in the fact, as well as in the bride by his side, whom he was taking to see for the first time his old home. His local information, imparted to her, overflowed upon us, and when he found that we had read Evangeline, his delight in making us acquainted with the scene of that poem was pleasant to see. The village of Grand Prè is a mile from the station; and perhaps the reader would like to know exactly what the traveler, hastening on to Baddeck, can see of the famous locality.

We looked over a well-grassed meadow, seamed here and there by beds of streams left bare by the receding tide, to a gentle swell in the ground upon which is a not heavy forest growth. The trees partly conceal the street of Grand Prè, which is only a road bordered by common houses. Beyond is the Basin of Minas, with its sedgy shore, its dreary flats; and beyond that projects a bold headland, standing perpendicular against the sky. This is the Cape Blomedon, and it gives a certain dignity to the picture.

The old Normandy picturesqueness has departed from the village of Grand Prè. Yankee settlers, we were told, possess it now, and there are no descendants of the French Acadians in this valley. I believe that Mr. Cozzens found some of them in humble circumstances in a village on the other coast, not far from Halifax, and it is there, probably, that the

> "Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
> And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story, —
> While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
> Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

At any rate, there is nothing here now except a faint tradition of the French Acadians, and the sentimental traveler who laments that they were driven out, and not left behind their dykes to rear their flocks, and cultivate the rural virtues, and live in the simplicity of ignorance, will temper his sadness by the reflection that it is to the expulsion he

owes "Evangeline" and the luxury of his romantic grief. So that if the traveler is honest, and examines his own soul faithfully, he will not know what state of mind to cherish as he passes through this region of sorrow.

Our eyes lingered as long as possible and with all eagerness upon these meadows and marshes which the poet has made immortal, and we regretted that inexorable Baddeck would not permit us to be pilgrims for a day in this Acadian land. Just as I was losing sight of the skirt of trees at Grand Prè, a gentleman in the dress of a rural clergyman left his seat, and complimented me with this remark:—

"I perceive, sir, that you are fond of reading."

I could not but feel flattered by this unexpected discovery of my nature, which was no doubt due to the fact that I held in my hand one of the works of Charles Reade on social science, called, "Love me Little, Love me Long," and I said, —

"Of some kinds, I am."

"Did you ever see a work called 'Evangeline'?"

"Oh, yes, I have frequently seen it."

"You may remember," continued this Mass of Information, that "there is an allusion in it to Grand Prè. That is the place, sir!"

"Oh, indeed, is that the place? Thank you."

"And that mountain yonder is Cape Blomedon — blow me down, you know."

And under cover of this pun, the amiable clergyman retired, unconscious, I presume, of his prosaic effect upon the atmosphere of the region. With this intrusion of the commonplace, I suffered an eclipse of faith as to Evangeline, and was not sorry to have my attention taken up by the river Avon, along the banks of which we were running about this time. It is really a broad arm of the basin, extending up to Windsor, and beyond in a small stream, and would have been a charming river if there had been a drop of water in it. I never knew before how much water adds to a river. Its slimy bottom was quite a ghastly spectacle, an ugly gash in the land that nothing could heal but the friendly returning tide. I should think it would be confusing to dwell by a river that runs first one way and then the other, and then vanishes altogether.

All the streams about this basin are famous for their salmon and shad, and the season for these fish was not yet passed. There seems to be an untraced affinity between the shad and the strawberry; they appear and disappear in a region simultaneously. When we reached Cape Breton, we were a day or two late for both. It is impossible not to feel a little contempt for people who do not have these luxuries till July and August; but I suppose we are in turn despised by the Southerners because we do not have them till May and June. So, a great part of the enjoyment of life is in the knowledge that there are people living in a worse place than that you inhabit.

Windsor, a most respectable old town round which the railroad sweeps, with its iron bridge, conspicuous King's College, and handsome church spire, is a great place for plaster and limestone, and would be a good location for a person interested in these substances. Indeed, if a man can live on rocks, like a goat, he may settle anywhere between Windsor and Halifax. It is one of the most sterile regions in the Province. With the exception of a wild pond or two, we saw nothing but rocks and stunted firs, for forty-five miles, a monotony unrelieved by one picturesque feature. Then we longed for the "Garden of Nova Scotia," and understood what is meant by the name.

A member of the Ottawa government, who was on his way to the Governor-General's ball at Halifax, informed us that this country is rich in minerals, in iron especially, and he pointed out spots where gold had been washed out. But we do not covet it. And we were not sorry to learn from this gentleman, that since the formation of the Dominion, there is less and less desire in the Provinces for annexation to the United States. One of the chief pleas-

ures in traveling in Nova Scotia now is in the constant reflection that you are in a foreign country; and annexation would take that away.

It is nearly dark when we reach the head of the Bedford Basin. The noble harbor of Halifax narrows to a deep inlet for three miles along the rocky slope on which the city stands, and then suddenly expands into this beautiful sheet of water. We ran along its bank for five miles, cheered occasionally by a twinkling light on the shore, and then came to a stop at the shabby terminus, three miles out of town. This basin is almost large enough to float the navy of Great Britain, and it could lie here, with the narrows fortified, secure from the attacks of the American navy, hovering outside in the fog. With these patriotic thoughts we enter the town. It is not the fault of the railroad, but its present inability to climb a rocky hill, that it does not run into the city. The suburbs are not impressive in the night, but they look better then than they do in the day-time; and the same might be said of the city itself. Probably there is not anywhere a more rusty, forlorn town, and this in spite of its magnificent situation.

It is a gala-night when we rattle down the rough streets, and have pointed out to us the sombre government buildings. The Halifax Club House is a blaze of light, for the Governor-General is being received there, and workmen are still busy decorating the Provincial Building for the great ball. The city is indeed pervaded by his lordship, and we regret that we cannot see it in its normal condition of quiet; the hotels are full, and it is impossible to escape the festive feeling that is abroad. It ill accords with our desires, as tranquil travelers, to be plunged into such a vortex of slow dissipation. These people take their pleasures more gravely than we do, and probably will last the longer for their moderation. Having ascertained that we can get no more information about Baddeck here than in St. John, we go to bed early, for we are to depart from this fascinating place at six o'clock.

If any one objects that we are not competent to pass judgment on the city of Halifax by sleeping there one night, I beg leave to plead the usual custom of travelers — where would be our books of travel if more was expected than a night in a place? — and to state a few facts. The first is, that I saw the whole of Halifax. If I were inclined, I could describe it building by building. Cannot one see it all from the citadel hill, and by walking down by the horticultural garden and the Roman Catholic cemetery? and did not I climb that hill through the most dilapidated rows of brown houses, and stand on the greensward of the fortress at five o'clock in the morning, and see the whole city, and the British navy riding at anchor, and the fog coming in from the Atlantic ocean? Let the reader go to! and if he would know more of Halifax, go there. We felt that if we remained there through the day, it would be a day of idleness and sadness. I could draw a picture of Halifax. I could relate its century of history; I could write about its free school system, and its many noble charities. But the reader always skips such things. He hates information; and he himself would not stay in this dull garrison town any longer than he was obliged to.

There was to be a military display that day in honor of the Governor.

"Why," I asked the bright and light-minded colored boy who sold papers on the morning train, "don't you stay in the city and see it?"

"Pho," said he, with contempt, "I'm sick of 'em. Halifax is played out, and I'm going to quit it."

The withdrawal of this lively trader will be a blow to the enterprise of the place.

When I returned to the hotel for breakfast — which was exactly like the supper, and consisted mainly of green tea and dry toast — there was a commotion among the waiters and the hack-drivers over a nervous little old man, who was in haste to depart for the morning train. He was a specimen of provincial antiquity such as could not

be seen elsewhere. His costume was of the oddest: a long-waisted coat reaching nearly to his heels, short trousers, a flowered silk vest, and a napless hat. He carried his baggage tied up in meal-bags, and his attention was divided between that and two buxom daughters, who were evidently enjoying their first taste of city life. The little old man, who was not unlike a petrified Frenchman of the last century, had risen before daylight, roused up his daughters, and had them down on the sidewalk by four o'clock, waiting for hack, or horse-car, or something to take them to the station. That he might be a man of some importance at home was evident, but he had lost his head in the bustle of this great town, and was at the mercy of all advisers, none of whom could understand his mongrel language. As we came out to take the horse-car, he saw his helpless daughters driven off in one hack, while he was raving among his meal-bags on the sidewalk. Afterwards we saw him at the station, flying about in the greatest excitement, asking everybody about the train; and at last he found his way into the private office of the ticket-seller. "Get out of here," roared that official. The old man persisted that he wanted a ticket. "Go round to the window, clear out!" In a very flustered state he was hustled out of the room. When he came to the window and made known his destination, he was refused tickets, because his train did not start for two hours yet!

This mercurial old gentleman only appears in these records because he was the only person we saw in this Province who was in a hurry to do anything, or to go anywhere.

We cannot leave Halifax without remarking that it is a city of great private virtue, and that its banks are sound. The appearance of its paper money is not, however, inviting. We of the United States lead the world in beautiful paper money; and when I exchanged my crisp, handsome greenbacks for the dirty, flimsy, ill-executed notes of the Dominion, at a dead loss of value, I could not be reconciled to the transaction. I sarcastically called the stuff I received "Confederate money;" but probably no one was wounded by the severity; for perhaps no one knew what a resemblance in badness there is between the "Confederate" notes of our civil war, and the notes of the Dominion; and, besides, the Confederacy was too popular in the Provinces for the name to be a reproach to them. I wish I had thought of something more insulting to say.

By noon on Friday we came to New Glasgow, having passed through a country where wealth is to be won by hard digging if it is won at all; through Truro, at the head of the Cobequid Bay, a place exhibiting more thrift than any we have seen. A pleasant enough country, on the whole, is this which the road runs through up the Salmon and down the East River. New Glasgow is not many miles from Pictou, on the great Cumberland Strait; the inhabitants build vessels, and strangers drive out from here to see the neighboring coal mines. Here we were to dine and take the stage for a ride of eighty miles to the Gut of Canso.

The hotel at New Glasgow we can commend as one of the most unwholesome in the Province; but it is unnecessary to emphasize its condition, for if the traveler is in search of dirty hotels, he will scarcely go amiss anywhere in these regions. There seems to be a fashion in diet which endures. The early travelers as well as the later in these Atlantic provinces all note the prevalence of dry, limp toast and green tea; they are the staples of all the meals; though authorities differ in regard to the third element for discouraging hunger: it is sometimes boiled salt-fish and sometimes it is ham. Toast was probably an inspiration of the first woman of this part of the New World, who served it hot; but it has become now a tradition blindly followed, without regard to temperature; and the custom speaks volumes for the non-inventiveness of woman. At the inn in New Glasgow those who choose dine in their shirt-sleeves, and those skilled in the

ways of this table get all they want in seven minutes. A man who understands the use of edged tools can get along twice as fast with a knife and fork as he can with a fork alone.

But the stage is at the door; the coach and four horses answer the advertisement of being "second to none on the continent." We mount to the seat with the driver. The sun is bright; the wind is in the southwest; the leaders are impatient to go; the start for the long ride is propitious.

But on the back seat in the coach is the inevitable woman, young and sickly, with the baby in her arms. The woman has paid her fare through to Guysborough, and holds her ticket. It turns out however that she wants to go to the district of Guysborough, to St. Mary's Cross Roads, somewhere in it, and not to the village of Guysborough, which is away down on Chedabucto Bay. [The reader will notice this geographical familiarity.] And this stage does not go in the direction of St. Mary's. She will not get out, she will not surrender her ticket, nor pay her fare again. Why should she? And the stage proprietor, the stage driver, and the hostler, mull over the problem, and sit down on the woman's hair-trunk in front of the tavern to reason with her. The baby joins its voice from the coach window in the clamor of the discussion. The baby prevails. The stage company comes to a compromise, the woman dismounts, and we are off, away from the white houses, over the sandy road, out upon a hilly and not cheerful country. And the driver begins to tell us stories of winter hardships, drifted highways, a land buried in snow, and great peril to men and cattle.

Charles Dudley Warner.

SHERIFF THORNE.

THAT I should be sheriff, and keep the jail,
And that yonder stately old fellow, you see
Marching across the yard, should be
My prisoner — well, 't is a curious tale,
As you 'll agree.

For it happens, we 've been here once before
Together, and served our time, — although
Not just as you see us now, you know;
When we were younger both by a score
Of years, or so.

When I was a wild colt two thirds grown, —
Too wild for ever a curb or rein,
Playing my tricks till — I need n't explain; —
I got three months at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

The fodder was mean, and the work was hard,
And work and I could never agree,
And the discipline — well, in short, you see,
'T was rather a roughish kind of card
That curried me!

A stout steel bracelet about my leg,
A cannon-shot and chain at my feet,
I pounded the stones in the public street,
With a heart crammed full of hate as an egg
Is full of meat.

The schoolboys jeered at my prison rig,
And me, if I moved, they used to call
(For I went with a jerk, if I went at all)
"A gentleman dancing the jail-bird jig —
At a county ball!"

But once, as I sat in the usual place,
On a heap of stones, and hammered away
At the rocks with a heart as hard as they,
And cursed Macadam and all his race,
There chanced that way,

Sir, the loveliest girl! I don't mean pretty,
But there was that in her troubled eye,
In her sweet, sad glance, as she passed me by,
That seemed like an angel's gentle pity
For such as I.

And, sir, to my soul that pure look gave
Such a thrill as a summer morning brings,
With its twitter and flutter of songs and wings,
To one crouched all night long in a cave
Of venomous things.

Down the broad green street she passed from sight;
But all that day I was under a spell,
And all that night — I remember well —
A pair of eyes made a kind of light
That filled my cell.

Women can do with us what they will:
'T was only a village girl, but she,
With the flash of a glance, had shown to me
The wretch I was, and the self I still
Might strive to be.

And if in my misery I began
To feel fresh hope and courage stir, —
To turn my back upon things that were,
And my face to the future of a man, —
'T was all for her.

And that is *my* story. And as for the lady?
I saw her — oh yes — when I was free,
And thanked her, and — well, come with me;
As likely as not, when supper is ready,
She 'll pour your tea.

She keeps my house; and I keep the jail;
And the stately old fellow who passed just now,
And tipped me that very peculiar bow—
But that is the wonderful part of the tale,
As you 'll allow.

For he, you must know, was sheriff then,
And he guarded me as I guard him!
(The fetter I wore now fits his limb!)
Just one of your high-flown, straight-laced men,
Pompous and grim,—

The Great Mogul of our little town!
But while I was struggling to redeem
My youth, he sank in the world's esteem:
My stock went up, while his went down,
Like the ends of a beam.

What fault? 'T was not one fault alone
That brought him low, but a treacherous train
Of vices sapping the heart and brain.
Then came his turn at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

It seemed, I admit, a sort of treason,
To clip him, and give him the cap and ball,
And that I was his keeper seemed worst of all!
And now, in a word, if you ask the reason
Of this man's fall,—

'T was a woman again—is my reply.
And so I said, and I say it still,
That women can do with us what they will:
Strong men they turn with the twirl of an eye,
For good or ill.

J. T. Trowbridge.

FAITHFUL BEAN.

THERE are some now living (not many) who can remember the day of the American serving-man, the day when the farmer's son came in from the hill-side and took a situation in the village or larger town as the "hired man," gardener, coachman, woodchopper, and so on. Now, America can do something better, and Ireland has taken the place. Mr. Abbott, in his Rollo stories, embalmed the character of the hired man in Jonas. The only trouble with Jonas was, that he had no glimpse of human fallibility. Had Mr. Abbott named his hero "Abstract Perfection endowed with a Knowledge of the Useful Arts," it would have been a more truthful description; even the smallest child began to fear that Jonas was but another name for Abbott. However, there might be high artistic finish claimed for this, for a boy almost believed in the infallibility of the Yankee hired man. He was the Archimedes of kites, the Stephenson of boats and rafts, the Christopher Wren of the workshop, the Agassiz of the neighboring forest and field. Woodchucks and water-rats seemed to come at his bidding; he had all sorts of practical accomplishments; he was the interpreter of nature to the young neophyte, and, if good-tempered and obliging, the best possible company for the growing boys of the family.

Then, the hired man held the happiness of the ladies of the family in the hollow of his hand, for, adding the duty of coachman to his other duties, he could always pretend that "them hosses was n't fit to go out" (if he did not choose to go himself). It is astonishing how many things can happen to a horse, if you want to use him; and the distempers, accidents, and drawbacks which suggest themselves to a pampered coachman in full possession of the situation are like those great perils to the state which are constantly about to happen in the imagination of a rival politician.

As I write, there comes to me the memory of a large, old-fashioned, and most comfortable country-house in a village in Connecticut, filled with a queer and composite family, a nest of orphans holding all degrees of relationship to each other, but gathered under the roof of one benevolent and kindly soul whom we called "Uncle." This excellent man had a sort of lieutenancy of Providence; he deemed himself the person to go forward and succor those who had lost father and mother. Uncle was rich, and of great social esteem; his name was quoted throughout the country; but much of the good which he did remained unknown until the sod had covered him. Through his ample and profusely ordered kitchen marched a phalanx of "hired men," designated by the oddest of Puritan names. Benight Plumstone was the one I shall select as the type of the disagreeable; Faithful Bean was the typical saint and success of them all. Benight never had dry wood for the fires, his work was never done; a grumbler by profession, he spoiled every Virginia reel of a whole winter, by declaring that "them hosses was a-freezin' to death," long before the young ladies were ready to go home. "Benight," indeed! be darkness, be desolation, be disappointment, wherever Benight is, or was, or is to be!

Accustomed, as we were, to New England names, we were undoubtedly amused when uncle told us he had hired a man by the name of "Faithful Bean." To sober us, he added gravely that Faithful's mother came from those very fens of Lincolnshire from which Oliver Cromwell drew his Puritan followers, such as "Praise-God Barebones," etc. This, as an historical fact, of course, had a calming influence, and reminded us of the sombre circumstance that the academy demanded of us a history lesson, not yet committed to memory, on the morrow; but youth is elastic and sheds trouble, and a knowledge of history,

easily. We watched for Faithful with considerable tittering.

He made his *entrée* on a scene which he was destined to fill for many years, one cold winter evening, by bringing up to the parlor a leather apron full of wood, and by making so brilliant and successful a fire, that it illuminates now the forsaken shores of the past like some lonely Pharos, burning brightly through the ages. I should be mortified to confess how many years I remember that fire! and how uncle drew up to it, extending his large hands, fan-shaped, from his knees, and exclaimed, "Now, this is something like!"

Uncle was always parenthetical in his expression of satisfaction.

After tea we crept down into that warm, spacious, and enchanting kitchen, which must have covered several acres; a wooden "horse," full of freshly ironed clothes, always seemed like a theatre property, in the background, with the stately form of Statira, our cook and tyrant, before it; an immense fire-place bore its holocaust of logs, and an altar stone was erected to the perpetual cracking of butternuts. We found that Faithful had already been approached by Dick, the adventurous Columbus of the family, and that he had already cracked some of the most obtuse butternuts which had ever stained the fingers or baffled the zeal of an ardent and exploring people. Faithful knew, what, alas! so few *do* know, the secret of extracting the soft, yellow, satin kernels whole!

In an hour's time, after much pleasant conversation, and a conviction, deep as the butternuts were oleaginous, that Faithful was a good fellow, we bore the plate of butternut "meats," as we called them, proudly and triumphantly to Cousin Miranda.

We were all possessed, even then, of the subtle divination of courtiers. We knew that Cousin Miranda was the power behind the throne. She could prohibit butternut cracking, and visits to the kitchen, and she could send away Faithful, if she chose. There were no limits to Cousin Miranda's powers. She was housekeeper, guardian angel, guide, philosopher and friend to our poor little group. A young girl, beautiful, educated, accomplished, with the fair hair, blue eyes, and slender figure of the Alruna Maiden, with the hands and arms which the Venus of Milo has lost, — I should need the pencil which drew the Monna Lisa or the Madonna della Seggiola to picture Miranda! She was in love with duty, and had been brought up in the hard New England school of self-renunciation, which preached the steep and thorny road to heaven. She could stand by a bedside and assist a surgeon through a terrible operation, with no greater sign of emotion than a deep red spot on either usually pale cheek. She was the most perfect of nurses, never feverish or flustered, and having a superhuman control over her patient. Did he rebel at her refusal of some expected luxury and mentally call her "cold-hearted," he repented when he woke at early dawn, and found that her blue eyes had been watching with untiring solicitude during the night, and that the hand which she pressed on his hot forehead was as cool as the dew of heaven, and not less pure. Miranda had a natural habit of command, and took authority so much as a matter of course, that no one questioned her right. My uncle put her at the head of his house when she was sixteen; and from that time until a certain event which shall be nameless, but described hereafter, she remained a youthful, beautiful, able empress, a sort of combination of Maria Theresa, Mrs. Fry, Florence Nightingale, and a Fra Angelico angel.

It is easy to imagine with what anxiety we awaited the imperial signet to our approval of Faithful. Those blue eyes of my cousin were as sweet as violets usually, but they could grow terrible at times. There was a steel lance in them, which penetrated to the heart of a humbug. Like all sovereigns, she repelled questioning, and reserved her decision; but Faithful soon won her approval, and perhaps with subtle tact conquered her by a shamefaced confession that his education had been neglected, and he should like a few lessons in arithmetic and writ-

ing. This was an appeal to that hidden desire to be a schoolmistress which is said to lurk in every New England woman's heart, and it was not long before the altar to butternut-cracking was degraded; its lamps were put out, its vestals swept the last shells into the fire, and a table covered with green baize, and with a huge inkstand in the middle, was erected in its place. One of the young gentlemen, fresh from the genteel curriculum of the academy, was installed as teacher, and Miranda herself "set some copies" in her own bold flowing English handwriting. I think I see poor Faithful now, in the most painful of attitudes, like Mr. Weller signing his love-letter. We were destined to have some interesting letters from Faithful afterwards, and Miranda's "y's" and "g's" were always recognizable. He proved a prodigy of industry, a true Yankee, doing his work with intelligence, but with a certain deference to his employers, which has become one of the lost arts. He *was* a coachman! — rendered even more amiable by the black shadow of Benight Plumstone; we could stay at parties as late as we pleased; no dashing of the rose-leaves from the goblet, they floated to the brim. Faithful would "hitch his hosses," go himself into the kitchen, where, I dare say, he did some robust flirting on his own account with the rosy maids, and await our pleasure. Did one, more conscientious than the rest, go out to inquire for the horses, she was met by Faithful in a sympathetic state of hilarity, and received the comforting assurance that "them hosses had two buffalo apiece onto them, and no need to hurry!" Such a fact in natural history might have alarmed a foreigner, but we "were to the manner born," and were not alarmed. We went back to chase the glowing hours with flying feet, determined to dance while there was life, and, if possible, we left a crack of the door open, that Faithful might look through and enjoy the scene. After such an evening he would carefully tuck his young charges in the sleigh, and, with some more of "them buffalo," to defend us against an atmosphere which fairly crackled with oxygen, we would drive home under the splendid protection of Orion and the Great Bear, who looked down kindly on us; and we should have been ungrateful to all the starry influences, to Faithful and to fate, if we had not pronounced life a success, and Faithful a "hired man" worth having.

When the spring came, Faithful found the farm-work not enough to exhaust his energies, and he informed us that he was "goin' trainin'." Now this meant a great deal to us, for the Mossbrook Light Infantry was a model militia company, and uncle's great pet. It was, indeed, a handsome body of stalwart men. How pretty and brilliant was the uniform, how thrilling the military band! Our ears were as fortunate in their non-critical admiration as were the monks who sat at the lower end of the table, and who could

> — "not tell bad wine from good,
> And were much better off than if they could!"

Old Mr. Doolittle's feeble performance on the key-bugle seemed to us "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing." Poor little man! he mended our shoes of week-days, but on training-days he interpreted the Hunters' Chorus for us; we received it with a proud swelling of the heart. Where he failed, we assisted with a readiness to be pleased, which had something kingly in its generosity.

On muster day, — glorious autumnal festival! — the boys were permitted to go to that portion of the Elysian Fields where Faithful and other warriors had stacked their guns, and were resting on their laurels; but we (oh, the disabilities of women!) were restricted to the aristocratic dullness of the family carriage, and only allowed to see the pageant as it passed, not to explore its glittering mysteries. There was a splendid moment, however, when the general (who but uncle?) rode on the field in blue and gold, with a long yellow feather floating in the wind, followed by his staff, all the best young men of the State and county, "the rose and the expectancy," — our favorite beaux, and those who might become so! Hope donned her brightest

robe about that time. Shade of Harry Hotspur, Godfrey de Bouillon, Ivanhoe, were you like one of these? Napoleon! were you more impressive? Alexander the Great, heroes of romance, days of chivalry, ye were come again!

We should laugh at the meagreness of the details now, which then made hearts beat high. We did not know that the angel of the future was watching over this holiday soldiering, nor did we know what deep experiences of our own were hanging on that flag, which idly floated in the breeze. Those men who snatched their "training" from the unending toil of a farmer's life, afterwards went to fields which had no holiday about them; the world knows what qualities they showed, — our hearts did not beat too high.

Faithful would return to the farm-work with renewed zest after training; he was a temperate man, and did not supplement the exhilaration of a warrior's career with cider and whiskey, as I am afraid some members of the Mossbrook Light Infantry did; so he was none the worse for it. But Cousin Miranda, who found out everything, suddenly found out a flaw in Faithful's character which proved almost worse than anything we could have imagined.

Dick, of whom I have spoken as the Columbus of the family, was more properly the Dr. Kane, for he was always searching for that open polar sea which exists under the treacherous ice of a running river; in fact, Dick had a habit of seeking for death by all sorts of disagreeable and unheard-of methods. He was partial to high sloping roofs, lightning-rods, bridges with only the string-pieces between him and the river, vicious horses, unbroken colts, guns and pistols and edged tools; he had escaped lockjaws, mad dogs, falls, perils by sea and perils by land, only by a hair's breadth, when Faithful pulled him out from under the ice, at the risk of his own life. As Dick was a "ne'er do weel," he was, of course, Cousin Miranda's darling, the very light of her eyes; constantly poulticing and plastering and medicating Dick, she got to love him as a sculptor does his statue, — she had worked over him so much. Of course Faithful's heroic effort in saving Dick endeared him to the boy, to Cousin Miranda, to all of us. Personal bravery is one of the most fascinating of all qualities, and it lent its halo to Faithful's little shock head of red hair and his black ferret eyes. Dick was consequently allowed to be much with Faithful, and the confidence felt in him was perfect.

What a terrible revelation to hear that Dick, that fearful contemner of danger, was afraid to go to bed in the dark! Dick became alarmed at ghosts, and had awful stories of a pair of large eyes, without the usual adjuncts of a brow and cheeks, which glared at him from the north bin of the corn-chamber! Cousin Miranda was immediately on the trail of these ghosts with the courage of an Amazon and the scent of a French policeman. She tracked them to Faithful. This hardy little New England man proved to have the superstition of a Scotch Highlander. He had not only a sort of native belief in ghosts, but he had what would now be called "spiritual manifestations;" tables tipped under his hands, and that half-defined experience which has since almost assumed the dignity of a science, so interesting and so dangerous, had forced its way through the tough cuticle of Faithful's anti-nervous organization. He had no fear of a palpable danger, but he was a very coward before an omen, a bad dream, a shadow, or an unusual or uncanny experience. Cousin Miranda was baffled; she talked and reasoned with him to no purpose. She could not lay the ghosts, she only told him to keep silent; and she sent Dick off to boarding-school, where the inferiority of the viands, and the necessity of protecting his fifth rib, took his attention for the moment from the terrors of the unseen world.

I have two love-stories to tell, which properly come in here, and I confess myself embarrassed. Something of the old-fashioned New England shamefaced

ness comes over one, as Cupid comes into court; the Puritan's dogged, cold-blooded desire to ignore this youngster is upon me. The Puritans did not intend to bring Cupid over in the Mayflower; they intended to leave him with other superfluities at Delfthaven. But he was a stowaway in spite of precaution, the first passenger, doubtless, to go ashore.

Many a pale pair of Puritans had to confess in the language of Heine, —

> "As we two traveled together,
> We were both astonished to find
> That a third was sitting between us,
> 'T was Cupid, going it blind!"

So he cheated the fathers and came over, but always to be treated as a culprit. No couple in the old days were openly "engaged." It was considered indelicate to speak of such a subject. Their courtship must be a stolen felicity, and they were the objects of much joking and jeering. Fibbing was permissible on this subject. In humble circles the formula of denial was, "Oh, pshaw!" "Now, you stop!" "'T ain't so, at all;" while amongst the better instructed and more fashionable, there was polite denial, biting of the lips, and from the father and mother of the damsel came the elegant evasion of, "I don't know what her prospects are." To the few who had the courage to announce their intention of marrying was universally attributed a lack of delicacy; — but Cupid must come in. If the Puritan fathers could not keep him out, how can I?

One summer we rolled off, as was the fashion then, to Saratoga. At the gay and crowded watering-place I for the first time learned what a beautiful and attractive girl was my Cousin Miranda, and unfortunately for us a certain Captain Selden found it out also. I call him Selden, because that was not his name, for we must be prudent about the registered heroes of West Point, to which delightful spot we wended our way after Saratoga. If the gallant Captain had been fascinating at Saratoga, what was he on his native heath — the parade-ground at West Point? He knew how beautiful he was, when, as officer of the day, he reviewed the more beautiful cadets, turning to our enraptured vision a back which was sufficiently straight to have been used in a mathematical demonstration, and a waist which was as compact as that of Bellona herself. Our dear, reserved, prudent Miranda, the often-quoted, well-behaved model, the delight of the elderly maids and matrons of Mossbrook, actually fell in love with the Captain. We did not think she would do such a thing! She sank in the estimation of all who knew her, but she did it. The Captain followed her to Mossbrook. Uncle was furious, we were outrageous. I do not remember a more gloomy festivity than the Captain's first dinner at our house; but we raged like the heathen, and imagined a vain thing if we supposed that we were going to break up this love-affair.

Miranda was twenty-three, the mistress of a very pretty fortune, and the Captain's record was as straight as his back. Being in advance of their age, these lovers announced their engagement, and the only mitigation of our sentence was that they promised to wait a year.

Poor Miranda! what a struggle she had between her love for the Captain and her love for the boys and girls who had been under her guardianship from the time she was sixteen! She did not fear for the girls, they could take care of themselves; but those poor, dear, helpless boys! — especially that darling Dick (a giant at sixteen, able to floor a dozen captains). "No one had ever understood Dick but herself," she said; he was brought home from boarding-school, and she caught his big red hands in her small white ones whenever he passed her. She sewed up his fractures of broadcloth with streaming eyes, and plastered and poulticed him with renewed tenderness. If Dick showed temper, it was "sensitiveness;" if he climbed over the ridge-pole, it was an "heroic defiance of danger." Divine tenderness of the female heart for the article "boy," undoubtedly planted for the protection of the species! Dick was

grieved to the core at the thought of Miranda's approaching marriage, and made himself as disagreeable as possible, but the ghosts had left him, never to return.

Now comes in love-story number two. We had a very pretty, rosy-cheeked maid, named Maggie, my cousin Miranda's body-guard and chief of staff. This young lady had consistently flouted and scorned Faithful. Nothing that he did met with approval in her sight; and so it naturally followed that they should become the Katherina and Petruchio of our simple sphere.

My cousin had a great talent for flower-raising, and our parlor windows were filled with her roses and geraniums all through the winter. Maggie, who loved my cousin's blonde tresses better than anything else in the world, used to arrange, with exquisite taste, a soft, fluffy bramble-rose, with its long pendants of green, in Miss Miranda's hair of an evening when she was going out, and would allow no one to pick it but herself. One evening, coming down into the *demi-jour* of the dimly lighted parlor, she plucked her rose, and was going upstairs with it, when who should step out of the darkness and kiss her, but Faithful!

This secret was not long "under the rose," for who should have seen it but Dick, who immediately "blowed," as he would have phrased it. Poor Maggie came up with her white rose, and one very red one on each cheek, conquered, captured, tamed by Faithful Bean. Was n't her life a burden to her after that? And yet, a sort of deference was paid the pair after it was known that they were "keeping company." Statira cleared the kitchen an hour earlier on Saturday night, that they might take possession of it for a few hours' courting. The great brick oven, in a glow of persistent heat, went on calmly cooking the pork and beans and brown bread for Sunday-morning breakfast, and the wood-fire resigned itself to a dying bed of ashes as our friend Cupid fanned into new and capricious currents the flames which devoured the hearts of Maggie and her Faithful Bean.

One could almost laugh to think of the smooth, conscientious manner in which these Yankee lovers did their courting; no nonsense on working-days, no ruining a "good day's work" by any indulgence of feeling. The bliss of courtship was confined to Saturday evening and Sunday, of which it was considered a part.

Miss Miranda very much approved of this affair. She knew the value of both, and deemed Maggie's strong sense and robust *morale* as the greatest safeguard against Faithful's only weakness. Perhaps, too, she was mortal, and liked to see the contagion spreading.

But we are never lulled into calmness in this world, but some event which we have ceased to fear bursts upon us, and overwhelms our well-laid plans. The ghosts, which we supposed effectually laid, came back upon us in a very unusual and unexpected form.

Faithful was chopping wood in the back yard one day in April, when he observed a white dove sitting on a log quite near him. It was a common pigeon, such as one sees in flocks around a well-filled barn; and had it been later in the season, or had the bird been accompanied by others, it would not have surprised him, but its quiet regard was peculiar, and its motionless gaze perplexing and frightful. He threw a chip at it; the bird moved off a short distance, then returned. Faithful kept this up all the morning without frightening the bird away, and came in to dinner; the dove followed him. He turned pale, grasped at Maggie's arm, and exclaiming, "I am sent for," dropped on the floor in a dead faint.

Cousin Miranda was on the spot before he recovered consciousness; but with a dash of cold water she had brought him back, and with her rare common-sense she mastered the situation.

"Now, Faithful," with incisive voice, "I thought you were a wiser man than to believe in this poor, old, worn-out sign, that birds bring evil! Why, don't you see that this is a tame bird which has flown out of some open window, and

lost its way? We shall have its mistress here to-morrow asking for it! I will feed and take care of it meanwhile. Come here, little bird!"

Thus Miranda; and taking the dove in her two hands, she pressed it gently to her bosom.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" said Faithful; "it means sickness and it means death. Don't let the critter come near you, Miss Miranda! Scare it away!"

"I do not believe a white dove is charged with any such message, Faithful," said my cousin, majestically, and she walked away with the bird.

Faithful went back to his work, but he lagged perceptibly. When the gardening came round, he put the peas in the ground with a feeble hand. One day, as he was coming in from his work, Miss Miranda saw him stagger. She knew it was no doubtful sign; she saw that he was very ill. A typhoid fever was paying Mossbrook a visit that spring, and in almost every house there was one sick. Faithful was soon in his bed, as delirious a madman as ever raved, talking of Maggie, the white dove, the Light Infantry, and the early peas.

Cousin Miranda put the house under hospital rule, and banished us to the front, while she and Maggie nursed Faithful in a large roomy apartment full of air and light, in the back of the house. It was a six weeks' task, but she accomplished it well; the fever went no further in our house, and Faithful recovered.

During this time of anxiety and labor on Miranda's part, she had taken a singular pleasure in the white dove, which no one had appeared to claim, and which became, of course, a great pet. She was not a woman to indulge in pets indiscriminately, but this one seemed to have been forced upon her. It followed her about like a dog, walking after her rather than flying; sometimes the dove would perch on her shoulder, and she would go about the house looking like some mediæval saint.

She was careful, however, not to bring the white dove and Faithful together until he was sufficiently recovered to bear the sight.

However, he began in July to sit up at the kitchen door, to take some fresh air, and look out with envious eyes on his substitute, who was weeding his "gardin sass" very badly. On one of these occasions Cousin Miranda, coming to the kitchen on some housewifely errand, was followed as usual by her white dove; the windows and doors were all open, a sudden blast blew a door to behind her, it caught the poor little bird and crushed it; a little body came dropping down, down, after my cousin, dead.

Reader, have you ever seen a mountain torrent which has been closely sealed all winter break away from its coating of ice and dash down the steep, carrying everything before it?

If you have, you can picture Miranda's grief. The cold, reserved "Alruna Maiden" was gone; in her place a wild, crazed, weeping girl, another reading of Lesbia's sparrow.

She frightened us all, but we loved her the better for it. She had laid too firm a hand on her emotions for a perfect human sympathy. It was a sight we had never expected to see, — our cousin overcome by her emotions; but she was demoralized by being in love. The bird's death shocked Faithful, but I suspect it acted like a mental tonic on him. For those who are curious in such matters, I may as well add, that this is no figment of the imagination; the bird's visit, the fever, and the bird's death, all happened as I have narrated it, in every detail.

In the autumn Cousin Miranda was to be married, Maggie was deep in tears and dress-making; Faithful was creeping round, very much annoyed that his legs would ache, and his back would give way, and that he must be "lazy," as he called it, for some time longer; but of one thing he was fully convinced, nobody should do anything for Miss Miranda but himself. He would be well enough to strap all the trunks and drive her to church. Deep in his heart was written that love which is born of

gratitude, and his was a service which money could not buy. The gallant Captain arrived on the appointed day, and brought some fellow-officers to act as his best men. We had the joy of being bridesmaids, and of walking up the broad aisle, leaning on arms which West Point had made as hard as iron, and of having our shoulders scratched by an aggressive epaulet. A military wedding is no common pleasure to the bridesmaids!

Faithful drove the bride to church, and, throwing the reins to some less favored mortal, walked in with Maggie, after the bridal party, in a suit of clothes so new and stiff, that his arms could not touch his sides at all. Maggie bravely walked by his side; they were not ashamed to be engaged now; there was something in their hearts which raised them above the world and its critics.

Miranda went off with her Captain to the life of an officer's wife. We did not see her for many years. Faithful and Maggie got married, and went into their own little house; the Mossbrook Light Infantry was disbanded and became a thing of the past; and we all grew up, and were absorbed into the whirlpool of existence. Dick had taken so much doctoring into his system from the hands of Cousin Miranda, that he determined to become a doctor himself, and had gone off to Paris to put the finishing touches to his education. Old Mossbrook memories began to fade away, and more positive duties, joys, and sorrows to take their place, when one day a gun was fired at Fort Sumter which echoed round the world; and as one which is fired at sea brings up the dead from their resting-place, this gun brought up dead memories, past associations, and many greater, grander, better things. It brought us scattered members of the little Mossbrook community together again, actors in the new drama.

Dear Miranda's husband, the gallant Captain, now a colonel, was, of course, in requisition; and we saw her again, grown to be a superb matron. The drum beat in Mossbrook, and the old Light Infantry sprang to its feet.

As I went down to see my old friends, the so and so "22d," march through New York, in those days of enthusiastic excitement, who should ride at the head of the column but the youth I had compared to Harry Hotspur! and who should march at the head of a company, straighter than one of his own ramrods, but Faithful Bean! who followed him but the men of Mossbrook, familiar lineaments, familiar names! The flag danced about in the dissolving view of a few tears, as I saw the realization of the heroic dreams of childish days. This was romance; this was poetry; these were the thinking bayonets. And this was New England marching to fight for her ideas, and her convictions, dearer than life!

From time to time we heard of the good conduct, soldierly gifts, and splendid courage of Faithful Bean. He wrote us many letters in that improved hand which Cousin Miranda had retouched, telling us how he was getting on. He had finally got into General Selden's division; and Dick was army surgeon, and he saw him often. Such stories as he had to tell of Dick's courage and devotion to the wounded men! As for his own luck, it had been marvelous. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and believed he should come home to Maggie yet without a scar.

But after one of those terrible battles in the third year of the war, as Dick was going with his lantern and his corps of assistants over a bloody field, he turned over a wounded man who was lying on his face, and saw the familiar lineaments of our "hired man." He found out soon that he was not dead, and he was conveyed to the nearest hospital. Poor Faithful came to his senses to find a woman bending over him, bathing his head with cold water.

"I knew it," said the poor, superstitious fellow. "Miss Miranda, I've been dreaming of you. I saw your face all day yesterday in the clouds of smoke. I'm shot at last; but I knew you'd be here."

Yes, she had come to him in his dire extremity; such reunions were not un-

common during the war. As for Miranda, it would have been sheer impossibility to keep her out of the hospitals; they were her natural and inevitable sphere.

Faithful's work was ended; for several days there seemed some prospect of recovery, but even his sturdy habits and strong, wiry constitution had sunk under the hardships of three years' service, and his wound was desperate. The good fellow read his doom in Miranda's face. She looked, he said, as if "she had suddenly grown very old." He asked for Maggie.

"Can't she leave the children and come here?" he asked, as a few tears stood for the first time in his little black eyes.

Miranda was the wife now of a general, and to them most things were possible; and she sent for Maggie, in spite of the confusion, dismay, and horror of those days.

Faithful's sufferings were dreadful. Not all that Dick or Cousin Miranda might do could mitigate them much; yet he was destined to linger, and to have alternations of hope, of despair; all that could try that honest, simple soul came, but he was patient. The chaplain would read him some good words, and once he was comforted by a dream; he thought he was chopping wood at Mossbrook, and the white dove came and looked at him; he was frightened,and tried to get away; Maggie approached and drove the dove from him, and put in his arms his baby boy, born just before the war.

He awoke, and his own Maggie stood before him.

On this strong cordial, this breath of home and love, Faithful revived and lived several days; but on one Sunday morning he began to breathe heavily and fail hourly. He asked for an almanac. No one could imagine why he wanted it; but it was brought to him. He turned to the month of April with trembling hand, and pointed out a date to Maggie; the death dews were on his brow. Dick held a cordial to his lips. Cousin Miranda was hastily summoned; he gave her one long, earnest look. At that moment a white dove flew in at the open window and perched on the foot of his bed. "I am sent for," said he, with husky, broken voice, but with a smile of deep content; and he fell back and died. It was the 21st of April, the day on which he had first seen the white dove. It was a coincidence, and nothing more. These doves were friends; they had been flying about the hospital, pets of the convalescent men, and, like all pets, often the best physicians, in the dreary monotony of a sick-ward.

Death was no unusual event in this great hospital. It happened hourly. Dick and Miranda had but few moments to give to their old friend and favorite, or to poor Maggie. There was nothing for her to do, but to take her dead soldier back to Mossbrook, and lay him under the sod.

As she was consulting with her best earthly friend about the details, a sergeant entered the room, and inquired for Mrs. Selden.

He handed her a dispatch. They were written in blood in those days. This one read: "General Selden shot through the lungs; cannot recover."

Miranda never saw her husband alive again. She heard "how with Sidney's grace he died," thinking of her, his country, his duty, the wounded men about him, and never of himself. This was her consolation.

So the two widows took up their sad burdens and went back to Mossbrook. The cultivated and distinguished army officer, rich in his splendid education, his talents, and his loyal heart, was honored, mourned, and eulogized by his country; at his feet lay the humble militia captain, unknown save to a few faithful hearts. It is alike to them, they are alike now; they were alike before; there was not a false note in either of them.

The great god Pan cuts the reeds in the river, so the poet sings, of lengths to suit himself, and fashions his pipe, not with reference to the reeds, but to the melody which he shall breathe through them. Poor Faithful was a

reed cut in an obscure spot, but he took his place well in the great harmony, whether it was the pastoral, breathing over green fields and beside the clear waters of a New England farmer's life, or whether it was the great diapason which swelled from our battle-fields, a mournful, magnificent symphony, — one which the world cannot exchange for a better.

Faithful had "hired out" to a splendid service, and he died, as he had lived, doing his best.

M. E. W. S.

MOSE EVANS.

PART I.

V.

General Theodore Throop differed from me as, I suppose, the South has differed, since the world was created, from the North; he was too slow, as I was possibly too fast. I dare say the General's established position for half a century in the highest social circle of Charleston, had been the molding influence in virtue of which the old gentleman was such a Louis Le Grand in tones and bearing, and stately but gracious inertia, even. He rarely alluded to the subject, but, for him, there was no Future; why should he hurry himself? My wife says I cannot live except when in motion, and am happiest when most driven, and it did try me sorely to wait for General Throop; or would have tried me had not my Southern wife accustomed me so long to waiting for her, never up to the instant, I regret to record it of her, since the ceremony of our marriage, when she kept us all waiting full twenty minutes behind time. As we journeyed together, did business to large amounts together, I knew all along his determinations in matters, days before he had reached them himself; had said over and over to myself all he was slowly going to say upon a subject a dozen times before he had spoken. Yet I enjoyed the venerable gentleman even while I inwardly fussed at his ponderous propriety, and outran exceedingly his cultured slowness. There are as true gentlemen in Boston as the General, but he was of another variety altogether: a huge watermelon ripening asleep in the sun, as compared with a seckel pear, small but closely buttoned up to the chin in its perfect-fitting suit of brown and red: say, rather, and be done with it, a pineapple contrasted with a pippin.

What I wanted to say, when I began all this, was, that we two found it impossible to make our trip between Dick Frazier's tavern in Brownstown, and the General's proposed place down the river, in one day; the General being altogether too deliberate for that in waking, dressing, breakfasting, riding, looking over the land, conversing about its varied localities for corn and cotton, house and gin; and this explains how we came to ride one afternoon up to the cabin of Mose Evans, whose lands "joined on" ours, to stay, as Mose had assured us we could, all night. Now ten million people of our population, far from the worst of said population, live in just such cabins. We ride up to a rough paling fence, well whitewashed, as are the cabin and the hen-coops, and the trunk of every forest and fruit tree in the inclosure, the spotless geese wearing the same livery, as they string out of the front gate in the morning, and back in the evening, from the river flowing immediately before the house. Mrs. Evans had been described to us as being a devoted mother, a model housewife in point of neatness, but, alas, a woman of temper most terrible; our many informants insisting specially upon this last feature of her character. I

called General Throop's attention, as we hallooed from our saddles and waited for a reply, before dismounting, to the row of reddened bricks from the gate on either side of the pebbled walk to the porch; to the brilliant tin pans sunning upon thoroughly scrubbed shelves around the well in the yard, the long pole thereof, as also oaken bucket, seeming just from the same process. At this moment Mrs. Evans appeared, knitting in hand, upon the porch, and, with eyes shaded from the setting sun by the stocking held in her hand, bade us "light." It was so very easy, the way in which General Throop conquered our dreaded hostess upon her outpost and on the instant! Before he was half-way up the walk he had taken off his hat. It was natural to him; it was not natural to me following him, and I did not do it. Had she been the wife of Washington, he could not have been, and from sheer nature, more respectful. "Mrs. Evans, I presume?" hat in hand and with a grave inclination of his white head. And when, in manner adapted to his own, she had bidden us enter — "I am ashamed, madam, to step with such boots upon your porch!" For steps of stone, pine floor, rude posts and railing of the porch, doors opening upon it from the cabin, the very pegs in the white-washed logs from which bags of dried seeds were hung, all were of almost painful cleanness, the hide-bottom chairs pure and white from incessant soap and sand. After our weeks upon the road and at Dick Frazier's, the snowy towels and tablecloth, especially the coarse but very clean sheets and pillow-cases at night, were luxuries to General Throop I was glad of. To me Mrs. Evans was simply a tall, well-looking, neatly dressed female who had worried her husband to death, and who might, unless Odd Archer and Brownstown had lied to me, drive us from under her roof any moment by her termagant tongue. People had told the General the same, but, like all Southern gentlemen, he instinctively invested every white woman with certain chivalric attributes of sister, daughter, wife, mother, elevating her into an ideal being whom they call Woman, a creation, like Dulcinea del Toboso, having no existence outside imagination. In the most natural manner, all the time of our acquaintance, General Throop idealized Mrs. Evans, and she *was* idealized; that is, he assumed and she accepted and acted upon the assumption, that she was Woman.

Mose Evans observed it, at table, for I can read *men*, though he was merely a big and very handsome and bearded boy. Had General Throop said much about her admirable cookery, it would have ruined all; only a sincere word or two, his manner, his evident enjoyment of his meals, did everything. "He makes more work than all the rest of the housekeeping," the mother said of her son in the course of conversation, "always in the fields with the hands, hunting and the like, he cannot help muddying and tearing his things, I know. But he does not haunt the town, never enters a doggery, doesn't know a card, thank Heaven! and, then, I will not have any woman to help me!" This last for reasons with reference to her son, too, as I well knew. I wonder if people like General Throop do really stop at and sleep upon the surface of things as they seem to. "In these days of the overthrow of everything," the General remarked, amazingly brightened up after a very substantial supper upon coffee, venison, and the perfection of corn bread and butter, "my intention, Mrs. Evans, is to adopt the very life you are now leading. That is, if I close with Mr. Anderson here." The General and myself had really and finally reached certainty about that, only his outer person, so to speak, had not yet arrived. "I never talk politics," the General added. "There are, in fact, no politics to talk. Victorious force has destroyed all I hold worth living for. We have entered, as did Greece and Rome, upon the era of military despotism and all corruption. The only glory is of gold, and that is evanescent! Excuse me. We may, in case I should close with Mr. Anderson, be neighbors. Mrs. Throop and my daughter Agnes. My

only son, Theodore Throop, gave his life, at Sumter, for his country, but I did not desire to speak of that. We bury ourselves in these primeval woods purposely, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. I like your son, madam," for that individual had gone to look to our horses. "I pride myself, Mrs. Evans, upon being a judge of character, and I am free to say, he seems to me to be a thoroughly manly and sensible person, as he certainly is most prepossessing in his outer man. You should be, and doubtless are, very proud of him, madam!"

Now, I knew Evans to be all of this and more, but I could not have kept it from seeming flattery if I had said it. The bearing of the stately old soul gave such weight to all his remarks.

"He is all I have!" was her only reply, and she was halted, I saw, at the mention of that daughter!—with reference to any possible results concerning her son, halted, like a female panther guarding her cub. And I began to understand this Xantippe, by help of what I had heard, through and through!—But I could have laughed aloud. Miss Agnes Throop! The flower and perfection of Charleston culture; the belle of all its beauties by their own confession. Agnes Throop and this handsome boor; Beauty and the Beast; heaven and earth are not more removed. "You seem to be pleased at something, sir?" It was the panther again, with her head ever so little upon one side, a gleam of danger in her eyes, and quicker knitting!

How people do have to steer in the rapids of life, barely grazing the rocks! And the steering is sometimes very like lying.

"Ah, General," I readily exclaimed, "Mrs. Evans has her household duties. Were you to seclude yourself from all the outer world, as you threaten, you would have to take to books as some persons take to drinking!" And, to make my blunder worse, I glanced around as I said it.

"Not one! Except an old Bible, not one book or paper in the house!" Mrs. Evans said it out, and I to myself in the same instant. I began to take deeper interest in her! It was not at all to me, it was in subjection to the inquiring yet perfectly respectful "Ah?" of General Throop, that Mrs. Evans gave us her version of their family history. Not at once. Doubtless she brooded day and night over her story, and it forced its way out by a sort of fermentation during our after acquaintance. But it was to my companion she always addressed herself, and to him exclusively. He seemed, in some way, to have brought back a former life, as of ages ago, to her mind. One day, during our many calls at her cabin, she showed us her husband's daguerreotype. I had a suspicion that it had lain unopened in the bottom of some trunk until very lately.

"He was evidently, madam, a gentleman and a scholar," the General said, after long and grave inspection of the faded and old-fashioned picture. "And he seems," he added as he returned to its inspection, "to have been somewhat broken down. Ill health, I presume?"

The woman did not reply. I saw that she refrained by an effort from looking at me. Odd Archer explained it all to me afterward, as we shall see. Yet I must say here that he hated the woman, connected, I think, as chief witness with one of his manifold disgraces. I made allowance for its being from him in all I learned from his very unreliable lips. Yet Brown County agreed the woman had worried and scolded the miserable husband to death. Somehow she had embroiled and broken him up along a series of downward removals. What books remained to him were his only refuge. To give value to these pages, I would like greatly to know whether they were sold for bread, lost in their many moves, burned accidentally. It would be dramatic if Brown County was right, but I do not certainly know, and therefore cannot say, whether or no Mrs. Evans in her storms of temper did really, as Brown County asserted, rend to fragments and burn the poor fellow's volumes to the very last leaf. From

what Chaucer makes his Wife of Bath confess of her tempestuous course in reference to the volumes of *her* bookish husband, I think this quite likely.

I had bought a picture or two, had heard Helen and others talk, as well as listened to some of what Ruskin has to say, enough to enjoy a little grouping of trees, cows, children — any light and shade and life. Therefore I remember the morning after our first night at Mrs. Evans' double log cabin. As we afterward learned, Mose had got up about midnight, watched from a tree a certain worn ravine down which the deer came to drink in the river at dawn, and returned by breakfast with the antlered result. I could have painted it if I could have painted anything, that morning scene. He had hung the buck to a limb of a live-oak off to one side in the yard. From respect for his mother's ideas of neatness, I suppose, he had disemboweled the beast before we appeared, so that no reminder even remained, and was slowly flaying the animal as it hung, replying, as he did so, to the General standing by greatly interested; for there is an occult connection between chivalry and hunting, since Esau. The General, his white hair uncovered to the air, and aglow with the bright morning, a sound sleep and hearty breakfast, was admiring the young Esau more than his prey. No wonder. I would n't have given the man a hundred a year as entry clerk in our office; but he was worth thousands as a picture. He was in leather from head to foot, the fringe along hunting frock and cape, and general neatness throughout, telling of his mother. His old cap lay at the stock of his rifle, which was leaning against the well near by, and his uncovered head with its abundant hair was as glorious as that of a god, the sun striking upon its gold. He seemed a model, in all his vigorous frame, of absolute youth, health, strength. It was the sneer of Brown County, the watch Mrs. Evans kept upon Mose, and his consequent purity in all regards; and the complexion of the man, the childlike unconsciousness of his manner, the infantile steadiness and clearness of his brow, and of his eyes in yours! — you see, I can no more paint with pen than with brush!

"I never met a nobler youth in my life," the General said, as we rode off about our lands. "He seems to me to be of the very chivalry of nature. Good blood, rest assured. Possibly his father may have come of some Carolina or Virginia family. Good material for a man if fallen into the right hands. I intend to have him supply us with game, *if* we close our matter, Mr. Anderson. I think he would interest Agnes; you know we will not bring even our negroes — former slaves, I should say — or our dogs, if we remove."

"I have puzzled myself," I replied, "as to why his mother has allowed him to grow up untaught. Jealous even of books, because she never opens one? Hating them as the preference of her husband to her, his last resort from her? Or sheer indifference and brutal ignorance! The only intellect the woman ever had has run into temper; vixen, virago, termagant, they tell me."

"I never allow myself, Mr. Anderson," General Throop makes grave reply, "to speak disrespectfully of others. Therefore no one speaks, I believe, disrespectfully of me. Or, it is to their face, when I must speak. Excuse me, as so much the elder, but I never express myself with other than respect of the aged, of the helpless, especially of woman. You need not always speak, you know. As I said before, yes, sir, her son is noble material. But for what? If there is a future for this most miserable country, I do not know it!"

VI.

In one point we were unanimous at the post-office, that day I first met the worthies assembled therein, and this was that we would all go and hear the Rev. Mr. Parkinson preach next Sunday. He had come in for his letters while we were assembled there, a pale, thin, long-haired, exceedingly shy youth, fresh from the institution which prepared

him for the pulpit. So very long had Brownstown been without the services of any minister, of his denomination, at least, that he was accepted as a novelty, an experiment, a mild sensation, even. The members of his church were the richest men around, having been the first settlers of Brown County. Doubtless no stricter members existed when in the North Carolina from which they removed; but "things had got awfully torn up," as the patriarch among them himself told me, during the absence of a pastor — very much so indeed if I was to accept the unanimous statement of all I met.

Now, my host, Mr. Robinson, was a member and officer of the church of which Mr. Parkinson was the very youthful minister. He was a very tall man, exceedingly stooped in his old age, and answered to the title of Squire, Judge, Colonel, General, Deacon, or Elder, as the case might be; and although not quite so bad as Odd Archer, yet even he had fallen, unless greatly slandered, into singular courses in reference to card-playing and horse-racing. Sabbath having come, there was quite a congregation of us at church. And a tumble-down old "cathedral" it was; for an Irishman, in excess of native politeness, alluded to it as such in my hearing the week after. A miserable old disused dwelling it was, that Sabbath, and has fulfilled before this, I do hope, what was then its fixed intention of tumbling down.

"The entire Robinson connection are on the ground," Odd Archer informed me before we entered the house. "North Carolina! See it? Stamped in strong family likeness: tall, red-haired, sandy-complexioned, gaunt as their hogs, long armed and legged, inflexible. As strong a family likeness among them as there is in a boat-load of clams — their very noses long and insisting like those of the animals mentioned! In fact, they are Scotch-Irish, but sadly degenerate after two centuries of emigration. Sir," Odd Archer adds, "my father is to-day one of their most eminent divines. He was out here once, preached to them and to me. But it was too much for him, these people and myself."

Yet this disreputable limb of the law is evidently arrayed in the best suit of his shabby black, to do honor to the day and place; and in certain curious aspects, tones, bearing, is as thorough a gentleman as General Throop; and with a mutual bow, these two exchanged the civilities of the hour before the General passed on into the place of worship.

"A religious man, the General, I see," the lawyer added. "A gentleman always is. Washington was. I am a hopeless case myself, but I can and do respect religion in others! If they are not actually bringing my pet to church! How are you, Dob?" For Dick Frazier, hotel keeper and sheriff, presses past us through the throng round the entrance at this moment, with a man heavily ironed. "Dob Butler," my informant explains, "the worst desperado in all Brown County. You see, he would n't stay in the jail, breaks out. It is a good idea having him at church; it rests Dick Frazier and may do Dob some good. His case is on at court next week. Oh, I will clear him! No doubt about his guilt, murdered a teamster, but he kept money enough to put him through! How are you, Harry! Now, Harry, be a gentleman. No fun here! Dr. Jones, excuse me! Pardon the liberty, but seeing it is Sunday and church, you ought to have dressed up a little, Doc."

"Only what I wore every day in Philadelphia," Dr. Alexis Jones makes cool reply, for he is dressed in the extremity of fashion.

"Is there not, excuse me, something offensive in the air?" the lawyer says, with his fingers to his ruby nose; "pity it should be under the church — polecat, I 'm afraid!"

The youthful physician cannot but color a little at this reference to his perfumery, and hastens to turn the topic.

"But how singular, gentlemen! here in this nineteenth century attending church; so far as I am concerned, as well be at a pagoda in Japan!" In fact Dr. Jones prided himself upon his

unbelief, as being the one precious possession which specially distinguished him from and elevated him above the common herd, and made it prominent accordingly, very much as he did his broadcloth and jewelry. As the young man passes in, Odd Archer, Esq., says, in a plaintive manner, "I can stand a scoundrel, like Dob Butler in there, or myself, but a consummate fool" —

At this juncture we are swept along with a number of people, male and female, into the long, low, dingy room used as a church; and as nearly twenty thousand of our best preachers labor every Sabbath under like circumstances, along the line of the nation's advance westward, let me review, for my gratification if not for yours, dear reader, this Sabbath service with Mose Evans, Mr. Robinson, and the rest, Mr. Parkinson preaching. Because there is a heroism in such service. Planks have been so disposed upon hide-bottom chairs as to make seats sufficient to accommodate the two or three hundred persons present, while the youthful clergyman has his special chair beside a little well inked and whittled school desk by the huge fire-place at one end of the apartment; to which now this, now that member of the congregation comes during sermon and stands beside the preacher, warming first one, then the other of his or her feet, listening, somewhat in the attitude of a critic, to the discourse in progress. There was a puncheon plank, a foot or so off to the left from the fire-place, which I heard Mr. Robinson warn the young minister of before sermon, as sure to let him through into the cellar below, if he should step upon it. There were never less than seven children running about the room all through and through the sermon; the number of smaller members of the congregation crying at once I attempted but failed to count, owing to inadequacy of brains for labor so multiform. Besides, in order to see his sermon, Mr. Parkinson had piled two brickbats from the old hearth under each leg of the little table before him, and was in evident terror all along lest a touch of his hand should topple the pulpit, and, with it, the entire service and Sabbath, over, as actually did occur some weeks after! And the poor young fellow is as thoroughly unfitted for his ministry of such a flock as a man can possibly be. Yet I do not know! He is as fair and frail as a flower, and his congregation are robust, sunburned, hardened to work, and, a good many of them, to wickedness. He knows nothing about the world, and they know nothing about books. Things they are accustomed to as matter of course are repulsive and impossible to him! The exceeding contrast may have done the people good, like that of a woman to a man! But, oh, that sermon! A plea for the personality of the devil, I remember, making Satan very nebulous, however, from excess of drapery. Perfectly true in general and utterly false in particular, merest moonshine as to practical effect upon the people, who waited with waning patience for him to get through. Mr. Robinson was in a hide-bottom chair to the left, tilted against the wall upon its hind legs, solemnly and soundly asleep. To do the preacher justice, he and his subject both became more practical toward the close. And it was Mose Evans, listening with large, earnest eyes, like a big boy who really wanted to know all about the matters concerning which the minister spoke, who steadied him, until unconsciously he stopped *preaching* and began to *tell* him, in reply to his eager eyes, all the theologian himself knew about it.

"For God's sake, Mr. Parkinson," I said to him afterward, when we had become thoroughly acquainted with each other, "don't talk in abstract essays to these folks. Your discourse is so elaborate that, so to speak, it chills and changes you into a sort of ecclesiastical automaton the moment you begin to deliver it. Why clothe yourself (for I want you to do good here) in such a mannerism of starch and silk? You are not a medicine-man among savages, relying upon your feathers and paint to conjure them out of their evil case! These are common-sense, sinning, suffering men and women. God has given you a suf-

face-surface

ficient gospel to save them with. Use it, man! Speak it out plainly, squarely, to the sin and need of the congregation. Don't speak of your Creator as 'the Deity.' And Satan is not 'the ethereal effluence of essential evil;' call him the devil and be done with it! Whom are you so afraid of? They will respect you and listen to you and be benefited by you as you fear no one but your Master. Be as practical, Bible in hand, as if you were driving a trade! Odd Archer before a jury, liar, rogue, lewd dog that he is, has a thousand times your sense in his way of pleading his cause" —

But never mind. To go back to the congregation, — the second object of interest at church was old New Hampshire. Burdett, Seth Burdett, is his name; I should have recorded it before. To the amazement of Brownstown he came out, the old, hard, tough postmaster, in a new light altogether that day. After giving out a familiar hymn the young minister sat blushing and paling in the silence which followed, broken as it soon was by certain titterings among the young ladies present. "If any friend can raise the tune" — the preacher said, at last. I had not been to singing-school in New England for nothing, and had already hit upon Ortonville as the orthodox tune for the hymn announced. But the postmaster was from New England, also, and, to the profound astonishment of all there, raised that very tune and in full voice himself! Like the others he was carefully attired in his best, and was as practical, persistent, and undaunted in leading the singing as in all else. It was music from a stone Memnon indeed! His voice was somewhat shrill, but not without a certain quaint and old-fashioned sweetness too, and we all joined in when a verse or two had given the world assurance of a tune!

I can see at this instant the horse-thief and murderer — Dob Butler — sitting in his chains beside the county sheriff, Dick Frazier, in the farthest right-hand corner, the jail being too frail to be relied upon for an hour, even; how the clink, now and then, of the fetters still sounds upon my ear as during the sermon then, through all the manifold noises of the years since!

Immediately in front of the minister were the rest of the Robinsons, male and female, who all seemed to me like a party of school children caught in a melon patch, stealing, and who had made solemn promise to do so no more.

I found General Throop talking with Mose Evans out of doors after service that day. He was as carefully arrayed as his saddle-bags allowed, but in coarsest jeans he would have been General Theodore Throop and — Charleston — still.

It made a vast difference to Mose Evans, the being dressed in his Sunday best, a modest suit of gray stuff. He was twenty-three years old, as I was told, of stalwart yet perfect proportions, with abundant hair and beard, silken and of that peculiar shade of gold called, Helen tells me, by painters, "lion's eye," — as handsome a man as I ever saw in my life, his glory lying in his large, frank eyes, sincerity, simplicity, absolute independence, supreme health, cordial willingness to be hearty friend or enemy, as you saw fit!

I was the more interested in him as his home joined the General's estate, and he was being employed to oversee certain improvements towards the removal of the family from Charleston — the lands being yet exactly as they were left after Creation and Deluge. I think it was the day after that Sunday's service that Odd Archer remarked to me, in continuation, "Mose Evans is, sir, a child of nature! As you will pay me no fee for lying in the matter, I will add that the man is, from sheer ignorance, I suppose, and lack of opportunity, considered to be as immaculate as King Arthur of the Round Table, — for I read a book occasionally as variety to steady wickedness."

"Is he very poor?" I began.

"Land!" My informant's only reply, but with an emphasis.

"We spent a night at his cabin; his mother seemed to be" — I venture.

"Vixen. Virago. Termagant. Xantippe. Should have been ducked to death as a notorious scold years ago. Sir," my companion gravely added, "it could be legally done in the river to-morrow — statute law of old England never repealed. She killed her husband. This way. He was a professor in some Georgia college, years ago. Like those dry old pedants, fell desperately in love with his wife when a blooming girl, because, I suppose, she was so pretty and so ignorant. Mold her, you observe. Very soon she broke him up in Georgia. They had to move and move and keep moving, until they wound up here, where he died. Sir, that poor fellow was scientifically scolded to death! I tell you, Mr. Anderson, if Mrs. Evans had been a Madame Brinvilliers or La Farge, and made daily use of the lesser poisons of herb and crucible, it could not have been accomplished more systematically. I knew him. About his land titles. We lawyers have to know everybody and everything. He had been driven into a kind of dazed insanity long before he died. His poor body held out longest, being only the secondary object of her assault. The son does not know how to read, sir!"

"Mose Evans?"

"Mose Evans! Splendid specimen of a man as I ever saw in a jury box, or on trial for murder, yet cannot read. Owing to the peculiar unsettledness of their life and to his remarkable mother, as they say of Cornelia and Martha Washington! I do not know if there ever were other children, but Mose is now her only child. She may love him, for what I know, but he never learned to read. I doubt whether she has ever opened a book since she was a schoolgirl. Fact, sir." All of which made me look with more interest upon Mose Evans, meeting him next day down the river by appointment in company with General Throop. Although I did not know of it until long afterward, I will mention it here that the man had begun to learn to read in those days. It was the old postmaster who taught him, very secretly, in the little back room of the old man's store, and at night. I am certain his mother knew nothing of it.

"This queer thing about it, sir," the lawyer had told me in the conversation just mentioned; "it is the poor fellow's mother has kept him clear of the women, virtuous and otherwise. I suppose he dreads them all as he dreads her, knowing his father's experience and his own. All the women about admire him, but they are too much afraid of his mother to speak to him, hardly!"

Aside from the mere gossip of Brown County, all this interested me to a singular degree. Foolish as it may seem to you at this stage of my narrative, I regarded Mose Evans as a species of nugget I had most unexpectedly stumbled upon; and I propose to be rigidly statistical and accurate in regard to the man, as we all instinctively are where gold is in question. As I write he rises before me, illumined by all the wonders which followed; yet, had any lunatic imagined them all, and asked me if such things were possible of him, I would have said, even before those remarkable events took place, "Such things never entered my mind, sir, but now that you have raised the question as to their possibility, why, yes, sir, yes!" And I would have made the reply even with enthusiasm! Looking back over the whole affair, I do declare, as upon oath, before a notary public, that I regard Mose Evans as being the most remarkable man I ever knew. What is more, dear reader, I trust you will heartily agree with me before we part.

VII.

At the time of which I would now speak, General Throop and family had arrived in Brown County from Charleston, and were settled down in their new home upon the bank of the river, a few miles below Brownstown. The General and myself had carefully selected the site for the house. I am satisfied that the General entertained some vague idea of being the Romulus of a new Rome, or rather, and far better,

the founder of a new Carolina, if not of a second Charleston, though ages must roll away before his purpose could be consummated. The glory of the place was in the baronial old live-oaks, bearded with sweeping gray moss, and extending their arms abroad over the roof below, in perpetual benediction. There were plenty of magnolia-trees scattered around the cottage, as up and down the river for hundreds of miles, laden in season with their yellow-white flowers, and intoxicating the air with perfume. A paradise of a place, with its greensward, the broad verandah having a swinging hammock for the old General, in which he smoked the day through and the year round; smoked with set purpose, as if he would puff his soul and body, all his disastrous past, blasted present, and hopeless future away, to be lost and perish with the Confederate cause, as the smoke from his white-mustached lips did in the air! No syllable of complaint about his personal fortunes; a vast deal, I confess, about the Federal government, and the era of "ism and rapid ruin over all the world!"

"The very prosperity, sir," he often said to me, "of your country, — *your* country, for it is not mine, — like that of Rome when it had fallen under the despotism of its Cæsars, is but the flush of the fever which is destroying it!" and much more to the same effect.

Whenever I happened for the night at the General's, in my many land excursions here and there over Brown County, I could not but observe the Mary Martha Washington, their slave of whom I have already spoken, — their slave on religious principle, as sublimated by her delusion as was Mrs. General Throop by hers. I was to the old "girl" a specimen of the terrible variety of my race known as "an Abolitionist," alluded to during all her life, only in dark and shuddering whispers, as at once the vilest and most venomous of mankind, and endured by her now only under protest!

But I am speaking of the home of the Throops. I had secured the services of Mose Evans as a kind of overseer, while the building was being erected. It was nothing but a pile of hewn logs, the cracks between carefully "chinked and daubed," that is, filled in with blocks of wood sawed for the purpose, and coated with mortar outside and inside alike. My "overseer" had given his heart to the work during the months it was in course of being constructed, before the arrival of the family, and Brown County in general came to see, and congratulated him upon the result. There were a good number of rooms carpeted with India matting, a comfortably furnished library, the parlor arranged as much like the one in Charleston as Mose Evans could manage it, from plans furnished by me. The whole place, in fact, was a spot to spend a week of romance in, and then to weary to death of, unless alive with some deeper interest to you. The family were there simply as in exile, confident of living and dying in banishment. There was no possible reversal of their sentence; you would learn that much soon after your acquaintance! Knowing this, the household did all that human beings in their case could do to feel at home, and to be neighborly with all; their culture, however, marking them off as distinctly from the families and persons around as if they had arrived from another planet. I had ventured this last assertion to my venerable host, Mr. Robinson, one day during my sojourn with him, in the emergency of having no one else to say it to, only to be misunderstood, my friend being deaf of outer and inner hearing.

"From another plantation? so they *are;* sea-island cotton place somewhere there in Carolina. Twenty cents, I'm told, when our best upland is only ten! Longer and finer staple, you see! Gin it with rollers instead of saws like us. Stuff it in a long bag hung through a hole in the gin floor, with a nigger and a crowbar, instead of a screw and press like us. Sing'lar, is n't it?"

Now I regret all the time I am writing, that, being merely an overworked business man, I cannot put upon paper

the people inhabiting this, their new home, at the time I would speak of, all of whom I came to like almost beyond any persons I had ever known before. Certainly, they were to me a new and remarkable variation upon all my previous experiences. There was, for instance, the wife and mother. You have met invalids — I select the gentlest term — like Mrs. Throop, or my effort to place her before you is utter failure. Dickens would have run off with the comic side of her singular character, Thackeray with the tragic; torn to atoms, the poor lady, in either case. Ah me! I close my eyes and see her now! Nothing but a matron in deep black, with the simple manners of a lady, but with eyes which, with abnormal insight, arraign you on the instant, read your soul, condemn you, endure you merely for the present! "I myself used to sin like the rest of you," I have actually heard her say in conversation, "but I have got beyond all that. You are to me as I myself once was, therefore I know your very soul so well! I used all the forms and ceremonies; there in Charleston, not for myself, but for their influence on others. I do not regret being deprived of them all here," for it was after her removal to the West I heard her that evening, many evenings, "since I had long done with them. Nothing in Sabbath or Scripture, prayer or praise, of service to me any longer. And how sorry, sorry I am for the rest of you!"

All that Agnes, so like and so utterly unlike her mother, could do on such occasions was to say, occasionally, "Oh, mother!" "Now, mother!" as to an invalid, or simply to hang her head in shame. The old General always gravely arose, when the topic came up, and walked sadly from the room.

"Our Theodore is, you know, Mr. Anderson, in heaven, — killed in Sumter! and I have so much, oh, so *very* much more actual companionship every day with him than I have with the General or with Agnes here! *we* two understand each other! You, poor creatures, how I do know and pity you!"

And there was Mr. Clammeigh! Once or twice he came out from Charleston to see them. I wish I could photograph him upon this page. Of course, his connection with Helen — I refer to my wife — prejudiced me. And why should I be so drawn toward and repelled from that cold, correct, polished, silent corpse of a man? I am from New England, not from the tropics, yet there is some profound antipathy of our natures; my fault of excess, possibly, or his of deficiency. Lift a cabbage leaf and, in recoiling from the toad squatted beneath, you recoil from Mr. Clammeigh! smite asunder a primeval rock to find a living frog seated in its centre from the creation of the world, as indifferent to light as to darkness, to motion as to rest — "Now, *I* like Mr. Clammeigh!" Why should it always be said as in defense of the man? Hawthorne would analyze the inmost ice of this heart; I do not pretend to. About the only thing I know is, if Mr. Clammeigh dwells, we will say, as at the North Pole, then Mose Evans has his home at the South Pole; never two men more exactly the opposite the one of the other! I have a sense of relief as I cease in despair from saying anything more upon the subject. I do not understand Mr. Clammeigh. Yet Mose Evans I do understand, as I do, may I say, a section of land, or a summer morning? The philosophy of it all, I suppose, is that Mose Evans is simply and purely nature, human nature!

Although it seems absurd to name Miss Agnes Throop in the same breath with the untutored backwoodsman in question, yet, if I was to say that I never knew a manlier man than Mose Evans, I could add, and in the same sense, that I never met a womanlier woman than Miss Throop. Draped as she was from birth in the linens, silks, ribbons of conventionalism, thoroughly enveloped, as to her very soul, so to speak, in the subtler valenciennes of her peculiar breeding, she was, as if in virtue of her very refinement, so much the more woman, simply woman! Heaven knows what it was in her that reminded one of Eden and Eve. Small figure, dark yet

ever variable eyes, hair of the same hue, peculiar grace of manner, highest culture of tone and bearing, natural grace and sweetness, — it is useless for me to attempt description, though all the army of nouns and adjectives marched to my assistance! I admire and love my wife as well as husband ever did, or could, yet next to her, I swear allegiance to this lady, because you can no more deny her being a queen, than you can deny her existence.

"I do thank you so sincerely, Mr. Anderson!" she said to me the day I dropped in upon them for the first time after their arrival; and, somehow, in giving me her cordial eyes and hand she gave me, if I dared to say it without being misunderstood, her heart and soul. "You and that Mr. Evans have done so much more for us than we could have hoped, and in such a short time, too. It is a paradise of a place! There is so much in our taking a strong liking to a new home, and from the very first!"

But I cannot record the conversation. As much in tone and manner as in words, she let me know that she perfectly understood her new position and intended to fill it. To make up to her parents for wealth, slaves, health, lost son and brother, Charleston, the whole world they had forever lost, — this was the task she had taken upon her. Task is not the word, nor duty, nor even pleasure; this was to be her glad life thenceforth! Fascination? And consisting as much in my weakness as in her peculiar power? Perhaps so. Yet I insist upon the fact that all persons coming under her influence were affected, more or less, in the same way. Not my own sex only, the other also, which makes it the more wonderful.

VIII.

I was much occupied, after I had seen the Throops fairly fixed in their new home, with the affairs of our company. I had to examine in person large bodies of land, not merely in Brown County but over the entire State. My wife has likened me to a sparrow-hawk. Certainly no fowl of the air could come and go upon the wing more irregularly, hardly more swiftly than myself. The fact is, money was to be made, just there and then, and a good deal of it. In consequence, I often lost sight of the Throops, and for long periods at a time, for I had to come and go, too, between Charleston and Brownstown more than once at this juncture. I made a rapid call upon the General whenever I possibly could, but my headquarters were chiefly, for land reasons, with Mr. Robinson, patriarch as he was both in church and state. On one of my rapid returns for the moment to Brownstown, Odd Archer, Esq., had laid hands upon me as I alighted in front of Dick Frazier's hotel, from my mustang.

"Look here, Major Anderson," he said, "I 've tre-men-dous news for you, sir! It will astonish you, sir, tough to astonishment as I 'll acknowledge you are!"

"That you have given up drinking, and the like, Mr. Archer? Yes," I replied, "I *am* astonished. If it will only hold out." But I decline to narrate what followed upon the part of the reprobate lawyer. The fact is, I halted him in mid-volley, so to speak, mounted my weary animal, and, caked in mud, as well as ravenously hungry and dead tired as I was, rode through the swamp and the darkness to Mr. Robinson's plantation, miles out of town. Upon some topics I "had to stand Odd Archer," as the county phrase ran; upon the subject of his remarks just then, "I could n't and would n't and did n't!" to use the same county dialect.

Even when comfortably seated with Mr. Robinson, after a particularly hearty supper beneath his roof, I shrank from asking questions. No questions were needed. The matter mentioned to me by the lawyer was the epidemic astonishment of all Brown County; it was impossible for my host not to speak of it. But I allowed him to approach it in his own way. "Oh yes," he said, "we all know Mose Evans. Everybody likes Mose, takes a fancy to him

from the first, like you. And it is nigh impossible to stir him up. But when he *is* roused! You never heard, Mr. Anderson, of the thrashing he gave Job Peters? Oh, well, hardly worth telling, at least not to-day, Sunday. Job did not know, I suppose, about Miss Agnes Throop. Not then! He does now! We all do *now*, of course! Job whispered something about her to Mose; he will never say what it was, and no man dares ask Mose. Only one blow! Nary another! I tell you they were so long bringing Job to, with their buckets of water dashed on him, that they began to believe Job had gone for good!" To the place where the bad Jobs go, I say to myself; for we all know Job Peters, too, as well as we do Mose Evans. Job is the only brother of Harry Peters, the native Joe Miller of Brown County, but "all the cussedness," Mr. Robinson remarked, "of the family was in Job." Harry's fun was enjoyed by the passing object of it, most of any; somehow Job's fun was very apt to draw a blow in return, — a curse, at least.

"There is one thing about Mose Evans will astonish you," Mr. Robinson proceeds; "I never think of Mose, but as a great big promising lad. Why, Mr. Anderson, that man" —

"Pardon me, I've been told of it five hundred times, — cannot read," I reply.

"And no better rider in Brown County," says Mr. Robinson, "no better neighbor in a bear fight, no better shot, as good a planter, let alone being too easy with his black ones."

"They told me, as I came through town" — I interrupt, with considerable reluctance, too.

For so old a man, my host snatches the topic from my lips with singular eagerness.

"It was the first day Father Hailstorm preached after her people moved here," he said, filling his cob-pipe full again as for a good talk. "You see, she came for the first time to our meeting that day" — strong pull at his pipe — "with her old father, the General there. What a powerful gentleman he is to look at; high-toned, too! But, fact is, sir, *I* never saw anything so wonderful in her: a nice lady, a very nice lady, of course, but more like a whiff of smoke! *My* taste is something solid, substantial, healthy, stout, you see!" my informant added frankly, his wife quite overflowing two hundred pounds, and every freckled daughter upon the ascending path to the same avoirdupois, or more.

"That day there at church, it was Father Ransom preached; I disremember what month, but it was Ransom, sure; Hailstorm, they call him. That is the way I come to remember. She took her seat upon the front plank, — lit on it like you see a chip-bird on a twig, her father with her; so crowded you see, no other place. I always set on one side the stand, — keeps the folks in order when they know I see every soul of them, — and I thought of it the moment she came in. And so you are that old General Theodore Throop and his daughter, I said to myself, come out to get better and better acquainted? Glad to see you, and not so glad either. Hailstorm! I know you won't believe it, sir, but I tell you the fact. One day years ago when the folks started for church, I stayed at home. I 'll bet you a bale, I said to Judy as she got up on the horse-block, — we had run down a little in our ways then, so long without a preacher of our own denomination, — a bale, I said, if I do not tell you, sitting here upon my front porch, just as much of the sermon, a mile away it was, as you do. See if I don't! such a tremendous voice he has, Father Ransom."

"I hope you lost your bale, Judge," I remarked, Judge being the phase of Mr. Robinson's character when spoken to just then.

"I do not approve of betting!" as from the bench, my friend gravely replied, in contradiction to statements I had heard of him, "or they would have had to pay! You know wife and the girls claim a bale each, of the crop when it goes to the port. In county sales," by which my host meant account of sales, "the price is given of their bales separate;

for calicoes, ribbons, hoop-skirts, and things, you know! Of course I could n't hear until the old man, a most an excellent man he is, got warmed up. After that? I managed even to guess out the text!"

"But about Miss Agnes Throop, Squire?"

"What I 'm talking about!" my friend Mr. Robinson added. "It will kill you, I said to myself very first thing when I saw her take that seat in reach of his very hand — so close I was afraid he would strike her *that* way, too, when he got a-going. You see, the old man forgets everything but the sinners and their danger. And" — my friend continued after considerable pause — "we *do* have some hard cases among us for *sure!* And he knows exactly *how* case-hardened they are! I tell you he mauls them! And not one bit of use their pretending to slip out to look after their animals! One good mile all around! Unless them fellows actually mount and ride for it, they can't help hearing, — after the old man gets roused, I mean! A most an excellent man; does *his* duty, yes, sir! And I've noticed this," my friend proceeds after a serious pause, "this," — longer pause, — "oh, well, this: he tells them just what and who they are, and, very plainly, pre-cisely where they are going! Makes *that* awful plain! hair stand on an end, you see. Not to say he ever shook us of the Robinson connection much; not of our denomination, you know. If Brother Parkinson nor no other of our own church had never come, we never would have joined any church but our own. That is n't our way, in politics or religion! But before he closes, — Hailstorm, I mean, — he always speaks of the Saviour for every one of them that will repent, and always in the lowest tones! May be he is worn out, no voice left. But it is *if* they repent and believe, — powerful plain upon that *if;* weeping, too, and everybody else, for that matter! It may be because of what goes before, but this last part of his sermon always brings them! I mean, does them most good!"

"But, Miss Agnes Throop?" I have to add, for my friend is gravely thinking of something else.

"Oh, her! That day? Well, I watched her as he got a-going. She was actually frightened for a while. His voice is tremendous! And he never preaches less than an hour and a half. She? Like a prairie flower in a whirlwind, sitting almost in the whirl of his arms, most of his voice over her head, somehow. Fact is, I forgot all about her as he drew toward the close; the old man was speaking of amazing love to the worst case there, tears running down his white beard, worse than the perspiration before; we were all weeping, all except myself, I believe. Oh, her? I happened to notice her as the old man fell back in his hide-bottom chair, sermon done. She was crying, too, more like a flower you have seen all beaten down and drenched after a heavy shower. Not that I think her what you would call pretty, mind. Too frail-like, swinging on a stem a breath would break. Now, I like solid, well, fleshy" —

"I wonder when Mose Evans first saw her," I said at this point. "When was it, General?"

"That is what I 'm coming to, if you 'll only give me time," my friend makes eager reply. "That very day it was! You see I always sit on the right of the stand — a loose puncheon plank there, and ever so many children coming about during preaching, to drink from the preacher's water there on the stand. That day Mose Evans he got crowded on to the end of a plank seat, farthest end, not six inches to sit on, holding on by gripping into a crack between the logs behind him some way. Oh, I noticed Mose! The instant that Miss Agnes Throop came crowded along after the old General, her head down, I noticed Mose looking at her as any man would; she a new-comer, somehow not like our other girls, you see. It was only *that* after she sat down!" and the narrator illustrated his meaning by a snap of finger and thumb. "Oh, I saw it all! She lifted up her head and looked mod-

estly about. The instant her eyes fell upon Mose Evans" —

"Well?" I demanded, after some silence.

"For my life, I never *could* see, for my soul I never *can* see, what it is in her!" my friend said in accents of complaint. "Eyes? Yes. Everybody's got eyes. And I know hers are what you'd call larger eyes than usual. Brown? I believe they *are* brown eyes. And she's so slight put together, does n't weigh more 'n half of our Betsy spinning in the cook-house back there all the week. Poor thing! Loss of their property, that wild brother of hers dead back in Carolina, pining, the girls tell me, for that chippy sort of a Clammeigh that came out to see her. Eyes? She seems all eyes, — the frailest thing!"

"But about Mose Evans, Colonel?"

"Struck like by lightning, sir!" (Gravest animation.) "The girls say it is all my fancy. I suppose I can see if I *am* seventy.! The moment her eyes fell on that man's face, great big man as he is, over a hundred and eighty! — he was sitting, Mose Evans was, on less than half a foot of the plank end, holding hard to the crack behind him to keep that — the moment she looked him in the face, that man, sir, great big fool that he is, wilted like — like — whether he was astonished, scared . . . You see, all his life Mose has lived in the woods. If she is pretty, *I* cannot see, and all even of the men folks say the same, so very much of it! But that poor fellow fell in love with her like falling down a well! I sat so near, happened to be looking so close, the matter has made so much talk since, I often think of it; it was her eyes, sir, and they hit and killed that man! Never saw anything like it in all my life. A perfect fool he has made of himself. I 'm as certain as a man can be of anything, he never heard a sound of Father Ransom's sermon! Staring at first at her as if he had never seen a woman before! She is not like the common run of girls, I acknowledge. Soon as he saw how she colored up and turned away, he was careful not to do that, only stealing a look out of the corners of his eyes, his face toward the preacher all the time, and no more hearing that preacher" —

"I wonder if he ever" — I suggested.

"Went to their place there on the river?" my informant anticipated me. "No, *sir!* Nor ever mentioned her name to a soul, that *I* know of. He would n't have given Job Peters that blow, — only one blow it was, whatever Job said, — if he had stopped to think. For her sake, you see, he would n't have done it. And he never annoys her like by following her about. Mose Evans is as high a toned a gentleman as I know; owns thousands of acres of best bottom lands. You 'll see his brand of stock, an E in a circle, scattered fifty miles around. Pity he never learned to read. People laugh at Mose Evans, but they like him, too, more even than they do Harry Peters; you see there 's a thousand times more in him! It is here as it always is where young people are, good deal of courting going on. But not *this* sort! Mose Evans is as still and silent about it as you please, but it 's the most powerful sort of love ever known in these parts! Because it has changed Mose Evans so! They say he is learning to read, and if that young fellow had been off to college — pshaw, not that; look at that Dr. Alexis Jones! I mean if he had clerked ten years in a dry goods store, — it would n't have transmogrified him so, as the boys say. All the women pity and despise Mose Evans, only they can't help understanding and not understanding it! And Miss Throop 'll never have him. That man 's no more to her than if he was a big live-oak she happened to pass, no more to her than a dog or an ox. She from Charleston, and — he? It would kill that proud old General. And there 's that man Clammeigh, too, out here once from Charleston. Out of a bandbox. What a cool cowcumber sort of a fellow he is! Rich, is n't he? Saw him at church, and looks like it. But there 's the bell for supper!" my host adds, rising upon his very long legs and putting his cob-pipe

on the joist over the door. "I do believe it is actually killing Mose. Sounds redickerlous! A man could knock an ox off its tracks with his fist. Man of strong sense, too. Somebody ought to tell her, and stop it. They seem to like you, Major Anderson; suppose you stop it. But, supper; come!"

In the course of conversation at table, Mrs. Robinson tells me, at length, of the black woman of the Throops, who persists in considering herself their property, because the Bible says she is.

"I tell you, Judy," my host breaks in with energy, "it is not that negro's religion at all. It 's that Miss Agnes has bewitched her! Slave? Look at that poor Mose Evans!"

William M. Baker.

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

No! never such a draught was poured
  Since Hebe served with nectar
The bright Olympians and their Lord,
  Her over-kind protector, —
Since Father Noah squeezed the grape
  And took to such behaving
As would have shamed our grandsire ape
  Before the days of shaving, —
No! ne'er was mingled such a draught
  In palace, hall, or arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
  That night in Boston harbor!
It kept King George so long awake
  His poor old brain got addled,
It made the nerves of Britain shake,
  With seven score millions saddled;
Before that bitter cup was drained,
  Amid the roar of cannon,
The western war-cloud's crimson stained
  The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon;
Full many a six-foot grenadier
  The flattened grass had measured,
And many a mother many a year
  Her tearful memories treasured;
Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,
  The mighty realms were troubled,
The storm broke loose, but first of all
  The Boston tea-pot bubbled!

An evening party — only that,
  No formal invitation,
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
  No feast in expectation,
No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
  No flowers, no songs, no dancing —

A tribe of Red men, axe in hand —
Behold the guests advancing!
How fast the stragglers join the throng,
From stall and workshop gathered!
The lively barber skips along
And leaves a chin half lathered;
The smith has flung his hammer down —
The horse-shoe still is glowing;
The truant tapster at The Crown
Has left a beer-cask flowing;
The cooper's boys have dropped the adze
And trot behind their master;
Up run the tarry ship-yard lads —
The crowd is hurrying faster —
Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
The streams of white-faced millers,
And down their slippery alleys rush
The lusty young Fort-Hillers;
The rope-walk lends its 'prentice crew —
The tories seize the omen:
"Ay, boys! you 'll soon have work to do
For England's rebel foemen,
'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,
That fire the mob with treason —
When these we shoot and those we hang
The town will come to reason."

On — on to where the tea-ships ride!
And now their ranks are forming —
A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
The Mohawk band is swarming!
See the fierce natives! What a glimpse
Of paint and fur and feather,
As all at once the full-grown imps
Light on the deck together!
A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
A blanket hides the breeches —
And out the cursed cargo leaps
And overboard it pitches!

O woman, at the evening board
So gracious, sweet, and purring,
So happy while the tea is poured,
So blest while spoons are stirring,
What martyr can compare with thee,
The mother, wife, or daughter,
That night, instead of best bohea,
Condemned to milk and water!

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
Who plies with rock and spindle
The patient flax, how great a flame,
Yon little spark shall kindle!

The lurid morning shall reveal
A fire no king can smother
Where British flint and Boston steel
Have clashed against each other!
Old charters shrivel in its track,
His Worship's Bench has crumbled,
It climbs and clasps the Union Jack —
Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
The flags go down on land and sea
Like corn before the reapers; —
So blazed the fire that brewed the tea
That Boston served her keepers!

The waves that wrought a century's wreck
Have rolled o'er whig and tory —
The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck
Still live in song and story,
The waters in the Rebel Bay
Have kept the tea-leaf savor, —
Our old North-Enders in their spray
Still taste a Hyson flavor;
And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows
With ever fresh libations,
To cheat of slumber all her foes
And cheer the wakening nations!

O. W. Holmes.

December 16, 1873.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AGASSIZ.

Old Valenciennes, Professor at the Garden of Plants in Paris, used to call him "*Ce cher Agassiz.*" The French in their short sayings seldom miss the mark; he was, indeed, that dear Agassiz.

The Garden of Plants (or Museum of Natural History, as the professors call it) was one of his daily haunts in the old times before he came to America. Not many of those travelers who throng the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix know anything of that place so sweet to the student. It is three miles from the shops and the hotels. You keep on past the Ile St. Louis, and the great depot of wines, where the guardians stand all day in their glazed caps, gimlet in hand, ready to test the casks as they are carted out, and you come to an open gate on the Rue Cuvier. Once past the sentry, the air takes on a sort of repose, quite foreign to the rattle of the quai, just outside. On the right, a nursery of young pear-trees; on the left, paddocks with several species of deer; then sedate porcupines, whose meek look contrasts so strongly with their warlike quills; farther on, the galleries of anatomy, with groups of peasants staring at the skeleton of the whale, outside. Opposite is the duck pond, where there is pretty sure to be a bridal pair from the Quartier Latin who are taking their wedding walk, and who have stopped to gaze at the silver gulls, and the great grotesque adjutant bird standing motionless on one leg.

As you pass the round lecture hall, pasted over with announcements of the

different courses, it grows more and more quiet until you come into a paved square and are confronted by an old building propped at one end with timbers. Go in by the middle entrance, the stair is on the left; ascend two flights and there is a small brown door with this inscription: "Mollusques et Zoophytes." On one side hangs a bell-rope with a cone-shell for handle, and an inscription requesting you to pull hard. In reply to the bell comes Pierre, in his blue apron and French cap. Nobody knows exactly how old Pierre is; he is one of those government employés who always look the same, and who never seem either young or old. He speaks in the subdued voice of one often in the presence of great men who do not like to be interrupted. Lately he has taken to spectacles, because of injury from a Prussian shell which exploded in the laboratory. "It was full of powder-smoke, and dust from the plaster," said Pierre, in a simple sort of way, "and five drawers full of fossils were wholly destroyed. Monsieur Deshayes felt very badly about them." Now the laboratory has got back its usual look, and its vague smell of dried shells and sponges, with an occasional whiff of alcohol. Five little rooms there are in all, full of specimens that are ready for the galleries, or under examination. In the corner is the small study of Professor Deshayes, successor of Valenciennes and of Lacaze Duthiers, the most learned and charming of men. Few know the plain ways of such people. A cup of coffee in the morning; at noon some tea with a bit of meat and a crust of bread; and then hard work again till evening. These men are professors in the Museum and members of the Academy, the highest scientific position in France. They have no fortune, and never expect to have any; but their craving for knowledge and their love of fame keep them there laborious to the end. Thus we can understand why Agassiz said in America, "I have no time to make money." In that very laboratory, and in others like it, he worked for years, never knowing the value of silver except as it served to get his meals at some café of the students; or, when very fortunate, to buy a scientific book at second hand, from the open-air stalls near the Institut. His small handwriting, which seemed unnatural in so broad and impulsive a character, was a result of early necessity. On the backs of old letters, and on odd scraps of paper, he copied, as closely as possible, many volumes which he needed but which he could not buy. "Here," said excellent M. Rousseau, patting emphatically a small pine table in the second room, "here he used to sit, every day when he was not in the galleries, and study echinoderms — ce cher Agassiz!" Those little low rooms, in the old building propped at one end with timbers — they should be the Mecca of scientific devotees! Perhaps every great zoölogist of the past hundred years has sat in them, and discussed the problems which are always inviting solution and are never solved. Cuvier, Humboldt, Johannes Müller, Von Baer — they all have gone, except the last, who lingers to remind us of the giants that once were. And Humboldt recognized Agassiz as one who was growing toward his own stature. He gave him that good dinner at the café, and that good advice with it, which the recipient so pleasantly described at the Humboldt centennial.

Then there are those "galleries" which must not be forgotten. Go down the stairs once more to the paved court, and take the wide gravel path that leads past the Administration (what is a public establishment in France without an Administration!). On the right, and almost overhanging the way, is the great cedar of Lebanon planted in the time of Louis XIV. To the old tree it seems only yesterday that it stretched its dark branches over the Swiss naturalist as he walked to his daily task with the strong step of a mountaineer. It could tell you of Buffon and his rambles in the King's Garden, when he would come up to Paris from the confines of Burgundy and "les vieilles tours du château de Montbard." Just beyond, you pass between

the great greenhouses and descend a flight of steps to the esplanade of botany. On the right, and at the end of a fair alley of lime-trees, stands a long building, with an old clock in the centre gable. Here are the Galleries of Zoölogy. Again go up two small flights of stairs and turn to the right, past a boa-constrictor in a tall glass of spirits, — quite a landmark in its way, — and keep on through a long hall whose ancient but well polished floor of inlaid wood imperils the footing of the unwonted foreigner. In the wall-cases, and in the centre, there are stuffed animals, while the ceiling is beset with alligators, standing there like so many flies. Philippe Poteau will explain, in a deprecatory manner, that this is not a position natural to alligators; but one that results from lack of room in the cases. The Administration has handed in plans for new buildings, but government is too much occupied with the army to give a great deal to science. Philippe must have been born somewhere in the galleries, so thoroughly is he pervaded by their air. He it is that made the noted collection of ethnographic photographs. From his laboratory window he always looked, with a watchful eye, into the garden, and when a new "type" appeared — an African Spahis, perchance, or the follower of some Japanese ambassador, Philippe would snatch off his blouse and velvet cap, put on his black coat and hat, and hasten after the type to persuade him to sit for a likeness. From this hall of stuffed animals, two tall doors with heavy locks of curious ironmongery lead to just such another hall, in which are displayed some of the radiated animals, and mollusca. Here Agassiz loved to work, and here he got together much material for his Catalogue raisonné. His handwriting may be seen on the labels, beside that of Valenciennes and De Blainville, and of the great Lamarck, who, as Professor Martins will have us think, was the real originator of that theory of evolution known as Darwinism. Everywhere in these galleries and laboratories it is the same; you are surrounded by the traditions of science. The spirits of great naturalists still haunt the corridors, and speak through the specimens their hands have set in order. And, as if to bind past and present in unbroken reality, sometimes there passes an old man, whom time has forgotten; a contemporary of Cuvier and Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, and who now regards Milne Edwards as a youth of promise.

These scenes, and scenes like these, Agassiz left in 1846. The books and collections were his tools in trade; the professors were his fellow-workmen. He left them all, to come to the United States, where nature was rich, but tools and workmen were few; and traditions none. It was the act of a man bold, restless, and original. He was not spurred by failure, for already his reputation had been made by his great monographs on the glaciers and on fossil fishes. He came, perhaps, in a spirit of adventure and of curiosity; but he *staid* because he loved a country where new things could be built up; where he could think and speak as he pleased; and where his ceaseless activity would be considered a high quality.

From that time forth, Louis Agassiz grew more and more an American. He became a master of English composition, and spoke the language not only with fluency, but with a voluble eloquence which was peculiarly his own. He studied the modes of thought among the people, and learned to know in what they differed from the European. His family ties, his household, his associates were of the country; and yet, after all, he was unchanged. A genius like his could put itself in communication with many and different people; it could grow also, but it could not change.

A thing he never liked, and which troubled him quite as much in this country as in others, was book-learning. Text-books and "school-series" exasperated him; and he had a sympathetic recollection of Humboldt who laughed at the elaborate encyclopedia and called it a *pons asinorum*. This turn of mind led him to gather what he considered the real books, animals of all sorts, pre-

served, so far as might be, in their natural state — "material for investigation," he always called them. Before long he had, with incredible activity, got together a respectable representation of our fauna, kept in such bottles, glasses, and phials, as could be obtained, and placed for safety in a poor wooden shanty or outhouse, in Cambridge. Once, after a vacation, Agassiz went to inspect his precious store. It was gone! The building was no longer there! In trouble of spirit he asked its whereabouts, and was told that the college had caused the shed to be "moved" to a distant spot, near the Brighton bridge. Distracted by visions of jars overturned and broken glasses, he hastened thither, and was overjoyed to find that, in this remarkable country, a building might be bodily carried from place to place, without disturbing the most delicate preparations.

In those days (it was about 1853) he still kept up his habit of walking, for which he had been noted even among the guides of his native mountains. To illustrate the lectures on geology, he used to invite students to accompany him on excursions to neighboring towns. From boyhood an associate of students, there was no company in which he felt more at ease; and he regarded, with unfeigned consternation, the stiff relations that, twenty years ago, subsisted between our professors and their pupils. It was pleasant to see him, at the head of a score of us youngsters, taking his way towards the pudding-stone quarries in Roxbury. His face wore an easy smile, and, as his quick, brown eye wandered over the landscape, it saw more than did all our eyes put together; for he looked, but we only stared. Near by, like a sort of lieutenant, walked Jacques Burkhardt, the life-long friend and artist of the great professor. Though his beard was white, he never grew old; and, to the last, preferred the cheerful company of the collegians. Whenever we came to a gravel pit, or a railway cut, the professor would stop, and would expatiate on the structure of the drift with as much interest as if he saw it for the first time. This enthusiasm, fresh and untiring over trite facts, was a source of immense power to him. It showed his French blood, for it was but an enlargement of that peculiar temper which renders the Parisian workmen at once the most interesting and the most successful in the world. Of the section of conglomerate in Roxbury he was never tired of talking; and, over and over again, to different sets of hearers, would explain the cleavage planes of the rock; and how the cleavage had cut right through hard pebbles, like a knife; then the structure of the stone itself, and the different origins of flat and of rounded pebbles; and finally he would climb to the top of the ledge, and earnestly show the grooves and scratches running north and south, and the surface polished by the glaciers.

His collections soon got a step higher than the unstable shed. They were put in an oblong wooden building, somewhat better than a barn and not quite so good as a house. It stood between the scientific school and Cambridge common. One of the scientific students was lodged, not too luxuriously, in one corner; there was a working-room above, and a sort of study and lecture-room below, one side of which was occupied with a long blackboard of slate slabs. Such a great blackboard was a necessity for Agassiz, as precious to him as his right hand. It is very curious that he never learned to make finished drawings: — curious, because he had often been too poor to employ an artist, and because his accuracy of eye and of touch were remarkable. If there were ten hairs in the field of the microscope and the artist had put eleven in the drawing, the professor would exclaim, the moment he got his head over the eye-piece, "Those cilia are crowded; there must be too many!" He would hold the dried shell of a turtle in his left hand and with a saw divide it lengthwise into precise halves, with no other guide than his eye. Although he never attempted to become an artist, his chalk outlines on the blackboard were what few artists could make. The thousands of people who have heard his lectures

will always recollect the astonishing rapidity with which he drew an animal, putting in only the characteristic points. If he were saying, "The salmons have a peculiar fatty fin, called the adipose," almost with the words would appear an unmistakable chalk outline of the fish. There was no better nor more pitiless critic of a zoölogical drawing. He rarely was satisfied with the finest work. Were the artist painstaking, he would encourage him with, "Try it once again; it 's all wrong, but don't get out of patience." The careless or self-sufficient draughtsman got a brisk admonition. The man who never failed to please him was Sonrel, who made the plates for the Embryology of Turtles, of which Claparéde said, "I had supposed that such lithography was impossible."

Those were especially the days of turtles, when, in 1856, the second volume of Contributions to the Natural History of the United States was in preparation. From the four corners of the earth these animals were there gathered together, and the iterated names Emys, Testudo, and Chelonia drove all the rest of Latin nomenclature out of our heads. They were everywhere, some preserved in jars, and some dried on shelves; then the living ones in all directions. A large Galapagos tortoise dwelt in the front entry; many little terrapins hid under the stair; and soft-shell turtles inhabited tubs. The professor's own house was not free from them, and his little garden was, at times, quite swarming. The excitement culminated when there arrived, one day, a strong box with bars, suitable for a wild beast, and containing two huge Mississippi snappers, perhaps the most ferocious, and, for their size, the strongest of reptiles. The professor traced the ferocity back at once, and showed that the very embryo of the snapper, before it is ready for hatching, would fiercely bite a bit of stick. We were getting clear of turtles, and were dropping down among the jelly-fishes, in preparation for the third volume of Contributions, when there happened an event that marked a new era in the life of Agassiz.

People had begun to find out that a very valuable collection was piled up in the barn-like building, and that there was little provision for its care, and great risk of its burning. It indeed was a pathetic-looking museum, — two great, dreary rooms with rough tables and chests of drawers, on which were piled alcoholic preparations in bottles, none of them good, and scarcely two alike. There were tall jars meant to be cylindrical, closed with slabs of cork which had been round before they got warped: then pickle bottles, wide mouthed phials, and many other receptacles. In winter the bad glass snapped and let out as much of the alcohol as had not evaporated through the loose stoppers during the heat of summer. Many witnesses could testify to the evil state of affairs. Committees of the Overseers came and looked despairingly at the two large rooms. There was one who had known of these pressing needs and had thought of them. On the death of Mr. F. C. Gray in 1858, it was found that he had left fifty thousand dollars to establish a Museum of Comparative Zoölogy; and his nephew, Mr. William Gray, scrupulously following his uncle's inclinations, selected Harvard College as the proper institution. During the following year, a committee of gentlemen raised more than seventy thousand dollars, and the State gave one hundred thousand. Why, at a time when natural history attracted even less attention than it now does, did an individual, and a body of gentlemen, and a State legislature, all interest themselves to give large sums of money to found an establishment purely for scientific investigation? It was because Agassiz was something more than a very strong zoölogist. He was a man of what people call, in defiance of physics, "magnetism." Everybody sought his society, and no one could stand before his words and his smile. It is proper to say "everybody," for this power of his influenced all alike. The fishermen at Nahant would pull two or

three miles to bring him a rare fish; and only for the pleasure of seeing him rush out of his little laboratory, crying, "Oh! where *did* you get that? That is a species which goes as far as Brazil. Nobody has ever seen it north of Cape Cod. Come in, come in and sit down!" He would talk with farmers about the history and the breeding of cattle and horses with the greatest earnestness and excitement. In fact his profound general sympathies led him to put aside the social position of the person he addressed; he not only did not care for, but was almost unconscious of it. He often laughed over something that happened to him in London. They were dissecting a crocodile at the college of surgeons, and an interesting part was given to him, which he tied in a silk handkerchief and then declared himself ready to accompany an eminent naturalist who was waiting. The gentleman looked dubiously at the package and suggested that his servant should carry it, or that they should take a coach; both of which offers were declined with great simplicity. After they had walked a little in the street, Agassiz suddenly stopped, and said: "You are ashamed to walk with me, because I have a bundle!" The Englishman's native honesty rallied at once, and he replied, "I was ashamed to walk with you, and now I am ashamed of myself; let me carry that handkerchief for you."

Nothing better illustrated the power of his enthusiasm than his public lectures. Often he would talk of things familiar and easy to understand; but sometimes he would plunge among difficult matters of structure and morphology, where only technical language could be used. Then it was curious to watch the faces of the thousand people who sat listening to him, and to see their expression of struggling perplexity, as the great professor, with ever-increasing rapidity of thought and word, went on through nucleated cells, vibratile cilia, and epithelium. All the while the audience tried hard to understand, and listened with unflagging interest till the firm ground of every-day facts was reached again.

Another characteristic, which added to his power and popularity, was his intense devotion to science, which few people cared for, and his unfeigned ignorance of, and indifference to, money, which everybody cared for. More than this, he was singularly careless of personal ambition and place and glory; a feeling which increased with his years. But he was eager for, and would struggle hard to get any position, or point of advantage, which would enable him to push his favorite studies. It is not surprising that such qualities had a strong effect among a people like the Americans, who set a very high value on enthusiasm and disinterestedness. His advocates, when urging appropriations, could always say: "This is a man who, at the height of Napoleon's power, refused the directorship of the Garden of Plants, and a seat as senator of the empire. He might, with little pains, have been rich; but he is penniless, after much toil, and the very house over his head is mortgaged to support a museum which belongs to other people." As to the value of abstract science, many persons were not in a position to judge and were obliged to take his word for it; but at any rate, nobody would stand by and see so brave a man struggle without aid.

The sudden appearance of such considerable sums of money turned the current of Agassiz's thoughts in a new direction, and in one which they afterwards kept. He determined to found a great Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, arranged to show his views of the relations of living animals among themselves and their connections in the geological and embryological successions. Such a museum he hoped to leave as a legacy — his all — to the people of this country, and to make it at once a mark of his affection and a monument of his labor. He gave less and less of his time to those special investigations by which he had gained his reputation, and pondered more and more on this museum, which should serve as a sort of

tabulation of the creative thought, by presenting the creations themselves in a connected order.

When the first section of the edifice was finished, fire-proof and fairly fitted with shelves and cases, a grand moving took place, and the motley boxes and bottles were carried, or carted, in all haste to the new quarters. Meanwhile the barn-like building was not treated with ignominy. On the contrary, it also was moved to an honorable spot, near the new museum, and was slated, papered, and painted, and turned into lodgings for students and artists. Such an old coat as the collection had was not suited to so fine a house, and fresh clothing was ordered in the form of fair glass jars, with good ground stoppers. But this child kept outgrowing its clothes. We could never get jars, or drawers, or alcohol enough! In a museum of natural history everything pours in, and nothing goes out, except money. Nature has no beginning or middle or end; the process of increase and arrangement is an everlasting one. The Brazilian expedition of 1865 brought home barrels and cases by the hundred, and so did the Hassler expedition of 1871. Nor were these half; for the incessant eagerness of the director sought original collections from all parts of the world, some by exchange and some by purchase. In 1870 the building was increased to double its former capacity, but it does not afford room to-day for the arrangement of the collections stored in it.

Year by year Agassiz strove to support the ever-increasing burdens of his task, — his vast correspondence carried on in three languages; the superintendence of numerous assistants; protracted conferences almost daily with the learned men who were at the head of the different departments; and a constant and intense study of the grand question of arrangement. In addition to this labor, especially devoted to the museum, he exerted himself in many other ways. He gave lectures and contributed to scientific literature. He was at the disposal of every one who came to ask questions; and he found time to attend agricultural meetings, learned societies, and literary clubs. Besides all this, he undertook a task very disagreeable to him in asking aid to carry on so expensive an establishment. More than once his warm friend and admirer, Brown-Séquard, warned him that such a strain was not to be borne. Agassiz *could not* stop. He was driven by a power like that which the Greeks called mighty fate. At length, in December of 1869, his system gave way, and his brain was attacked in a manner which threatened paralysis. Nothing saved him then but his powerful constitution, seconded by the most careful treatment. Weakened by disease and with death imminent, his heroism was at once noble and pathetic. One day the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he said: "Brown-Séquard tells me I must not think. Nobody can ever know the tortures I endure in trying to stop thinking!"

Had it been in his nature to be what is called prudent, or to draw lessons from the past, he would never have been what he was. He worked four years longer, and then fell: — suddenly, and in the glory of his power.

To Agassiz applies the familiar saying that he was winning in his ways; nay, more than this, the ways were often irresistible. He was a French Swiss, and in him was developed in its highest degree the Gallic power of pleasing. No man was more set in his aims; no man more determined and courageous in their pursuit; but he had not the Saxon style of riding rough-shod over people who were in the path. He worked his way through the crowd of the world deftly; and, when he arrived, as he always did, at the wished-for place, it was with a kindly smile on his face, and accompanied by the good-will even of his opponents. His kindliness was inseparable from his nature, and was a force in itself. It was shown by his love of children and his inexhaustible patience with them, and by his toleration of dull or ignorant people. Behind this came his enthusiasm, like the line

after its skirmishers; his kindliness charmed, his enthusiasm overwhelmed and carried off captive. These qualities gave an extraordinary play to a face which would otherwise have been massive, and a boyish twinkle to an eye which had not been a boy's for half a century. His powers were all mobilized; none were reserved, or shut up, or in places of difficult access; therefore he was the most brilliant of talkers. Although cheerful and fond of laughter, he was not exactly humorous; and, singularly enough, was incapable of comprehending the ludicrous mixture of exaggeration and contradiction which we call a *joke*. Nevertheless he appreciated sarcasm and enjoyed fine wit. One day he came smiling into his study and said: "I have thought of a good hit for the Evolutionists, who say they can effect anything, if only they have enough time and repetition. You recollect the Tragische Geschichte of Chamisso, where the philosopher is discontented because his *queue* hangs behind him; so he turns himself round; and finding it still behind him, he keeps on spinning, expecting to get it in front. I asked Felton if it would do to introduce this in my Essay on Classification, but he thought it too much of a pleasantry for so serious a topic, so I will hint at it in a foot-note." [1]

It has already been said that Agassiz was a man who seemed rather driven by mighty fate, than led by inclination or taste. The craving for knowledge and the love of imparting it to other people were the passions before which he could not stand if he would, and would not if he could. That he was influenced by both at once was remarkable, and in keeping with other exceptional combinations presently to be noticed. Good teachers are not commonly original investigators; and original investigators often lack both the will and the power to tell other people what they know. No village schoolmaster was ever more patient than he in teaching elementary zoölogy; and when, for the thousandth time, he would write with chalk on the blackboard the words Vertebrata, Articulata, Mollusca, and Radiata, it was with a zeal and vigor that showed he was doing something agreeable. From a class of school-girls he would turn to his microscope and specimens, and, within five minutes, would take up the thread of a research which lay in the farthest limits of zoölogy. But one of the two things he must always have in hand, investigation or teaching.

The intellect of Agassiz was one of the noblest of the Latin race, and it is no exaggeration to call it colossal. It was one of the few in this or in any generation, which not only had great intensity but also had the capacity to see and examine both sides of a question. Here again is a rare combination. As a rule, the greater the intensity, the less the discrimination; and when such an over-balance is fully carried out, we have a fanatic. Despite so much real progress in charity and gentleness, fanatics were never perhaps more numerous than they now are; and a large part of them are just where there should be none, — in science. The wheel of human thought has again brought to the surface an old form of philosophy under the name of positivism. Positivism is the doctrine of necessity carefully illustrated by a series of phenomena; or, if you please, it is a series of phenomena carefully arranged to lead to, and illustrate, the doctrine of necessity. It has done much good, and is likely to do more, in breaking down dogmas and crude superstition, and in teaching exact modes of thought. It has done much harm, and is likely to do more, in weakening the vital idea of free will, and in leading to the neglect, and even contempt, of what is spiritual in nature. As a system of philosophy it resembles all others that ever were thought out, in that it illuminates one side of the medal and leaves the other in darkness; or even ignores the existence of any

[1] On page 54 the Evolutionists above mentioned are referred to the charming poem of Chamisso, beginning: —

'S war Einer dem's zu Herzem ging.

It has been well translated by Thackeray.

other side. Finally, it also resembles all other philosophical systems in its power to breed fanatics. When one has read the story through he is tempted to say: This game is not worth the candle. If life itself and all Cosmos are only a procession of figures, why take so much pains about them? And especially, why talk so much about Truth? It is essentially as well to feed on Falsehood, which may be made as sweet as you like; whereas the truth of positivism is nothing but that ghastly procession; it is despair. Strauss must have had some such notion when he, in substance, said: Kingship is a fraud, but, just now, it is advisable fervently to uphold the Hohenzollerns.

We cannot easily understand how a mind of such intensity as that of Agassiz, and of such vivid belief, could check itself, at each step, to weigh evidence and probabilities; how, in a word, it could escape fanaticism. Everything seemed to draw him in that direction, and the hidden cord that held him back was a thing not to be expected. Nay, many observers, taking in simply the glow of his enthusiasm, held him for one who had too much abandoned himself to rapid and brilliant generalizations. But generalization was only a part of his well-considered method of work. He knew that the workman, to avoid being cramped by his material, must sometimes deal rough blows, to get a guide, — some light and some form to go by. What observers were apt not to see, was the long and patient toil; the plodding among dry details; the deep reflection that returned again and again to its object. Nor were they apt to see how the truth of science was to him a law that brooked neither excuse nor delay; and how, in resignation, he would turn on his own structures and remorselessly tear them down; saying: "If I have more ability than some men, then my mistakes are more dangerous than theirs."

The steadiness of his discrimination especially showed itself in treating the popular philosophy. To a man of his spiritual nature there were few things more discordant than positivism; and yet he did not usually condemn it by name, or as a whole; but, on the contrary, recommended its good parts, its exactness of method, patient research, and freedom from superstition. Nor did this charity rise from indifference or lack of appreciation. Agassiz was a born metaphysician, and moreover had pursued severe studies in philosophy. Those who knew him well were constantly surprised at the ease with which he handled the more intricate problems of thought. It was charming, for example, to hear him, in familiar conversation, treat of the relation of Darwinism to other theories of evolution, and show the different interpretations it had received from the English, German, and French minds. Darwinism was to him the sum of wrong-headedness, yet Darwin has called him his most courteous opponent, and most formidable.

Last, and above all, Agassiz was a man of an inborn spiritual belief, which made a primary element in his nature, and which entered into all his interpretations of the outer world. That material form was the cover of a spirit appeared to him a truth fundamental and almost self-evident. His own personality was a unit indestructible and destined to unceasing development and improvement. In the presence of death he exhibited a faith which towered above creeds and dogmas, and whose roots were in the depths of his soul.

He is dead, and a great light has gone out. We buried him from the chapel that stands among the college elms. The students laid a wreath of laurel on his bier, and their manly voices sang his requiem; for he had been a student all his life long, and, when he died, he was younger than any of them.

Theodore Lyman.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

A DISTINCT and peculiar school of writers in New England, akin to the Lake School in England, was the group of Concord authors, of whom the two youngest, Thoreau and Ellery Channing, are represented in the book lately published by the latter. We say *was*, because though but two of the five friends who composed the group have passed away, — Thoreau and Hawthorne, — the school itself is a thing of the past. Mr. Emerson ranks as its founder, though he has been rather the centre about which the others have clustered, than the root from which they sprang. There was an independent and original genius in Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, which, though related to the genius of Emerson, made each of the four a separate individuality, sure to manifest itself sooner or later in its own peculiar fashion. Hawthorne touched his associates at fewest points, and earliest withdrew from close companionship with them, — though none of his few intimates was perhaps more truly intimate with him than Ellery Channing. But even Hawthorne could not escape the charm of Concord; he left it twice and twice returned thither after an interval of years; his third departure was for the brief journey that preceded his death, and his third return was to the grave where he lies buried on a Concord hill-side. Of the five, Thoreau was the only one born in the town, for Emerson and Channing were natives of Boston, Hawthorne of Salem, and Alcott of Wolcott, in Connecticut. Perhaps it was for this reason that Thoreau was also the most sedulous in his abode there, and the most diligent in celebration of his birthplace. He has been accused, indeed, of treating Nature herself "as if she had been born and brought up in Concord," — and perhaps there was something narrowing in the persistence with which he clung to the flat plains, swampy meadows, and low hills of the Musketaquid valley. But if Concord contracted his genius somewhat, the very process gave it point and pungency; and his memory is best preserved thereby, — for, as a friend said, after his death, "This village is his monument, covered with suitable inscriptions, by himself."

Thoreau died in May, 1862, and in August of that year Mr. Emerson printed in this magazine the eulogy and biographical sketch read by him at his friend's funeral. This seeming incomplete, Mr. Channing began in 1863 the memoir now published, and printed some portions of it in 1864, in the Boston Commonwealth. Less than a third part of the present volume, however, has been seen in print before; and a great deal of it is drawn either from Thoreau's unpublished journals, or from note-books of walks and talks which the two friends took together across the fields and by the brooksides they were never tired of perambulating. No man

[1] *Thoreau: The Poet-Naturalist.* With Memorial Verses. By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Threading my Way. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1873.

An Historical Account of the Expedition against Sandusky under Col. William Crawford in 1782. With biographical Sketches, personal Reminiscences, and Descriptions of interesting Localities; including also Details of the disastrous Retreat, the Barbarities of the Savages, and the awful Death of Crawford by Torture. By C. W. BUTTERFIELD. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1873.

The Prostrate State: South Carolina under Negro Government. By JAMES L. PIKE, late Minister of the United States at the Hague. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

The Poems of Charles Fenno Hoffman. Collected and edited by his Nephew, EDWARD FENNO HOFFMAN. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1873.

Sounds from Secret Chambers. By LAURA C. REDDEN. (Howard Glyndon.) Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

The Courtin'. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Illustrated by Winslow Homer. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

The Golden City. By B. F. BARRETT, author of Lectures on the New Dispensation, etc. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger. 1874.

Common-Sense in Religion. A Series of Essays. By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Buddhism; Its historical, theoretical, and popular Aspects. In three Lectures. By ERNEST J. EITEL, M. A., Ph. D., of the London Missionary Society. Second edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

The Study of Sociology. By HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Ancient Classics for English Readers. Edited by the REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M. A. *Lucian.* By the Editor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

Artists and Arabs; or, Sketching in Sunshine. By HENRY BLACKBURN. With numerous Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Literary and Social Judgments. By W. R. GREG. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

ever walked so many miles with Thoreau, or sailed so far with him in his boat, as Mr. Channing did; none was more familiarly his friend, or knew better the character and genius of the man whom he so aptly calls "the poet-naturalist." There is then a peculiar fitness in a biography of Thoreau by Channing, enriched as this book is by numberless quotations, not only from Thoreau's own writings, but from his favorite authors, and from the manuscripts of his companions. We seem to detect along the pages verses of Emerson's hitherto unprinted, as well as passages from Mr. Channing's unpublished poetry, and other poems of his, collected from the oblivious corners of newspapers. Were there only a little more method in arranging the work, and a great deal more clearness of style, the merit of the volume would be thrice what it now is, and more than that of any recent literary biography. Even in its present crude condition, it is a mine of rich matter, and, in parts, of exquisite beauty and inimitable native force.

Thoreau was born in 1817; began to write and publish when he was twenty years old; was a contributor to the Dial in 1840–44, and to other magazines for a few years after; went to live at Walden in 1847, and left his hut there when he had published his first volume in 1849, returning to the village of Concord and to his father's house. Here he wrote his next book, "Walden," which came out in 1854, and has been more extensively read than any other of his volumes. He published no other books during his life-time, but contributed to the magazines from 1852 to 1862. After his death these papers and others, including a few of his letters and poems, were edited by Miss Thoreau, Mr. Channing, and Mr. Emerson, in five volumes, which appeared successively from 1863 to 1866. Since then nothing has been published of Thoreau's, until now these passages, making perhaps half of Mr. Channing's memorial volume.

There is much similarity between his style and Mr. Channing's. Both are humorists, and carry their humor into verbal excesses, — puns, quips, and obscurities, which often puzzle the plain-minded reader. Of the two, Thoreau is the less obscure, so that there is force in a complaint we have heard that this book translates Thoreau into an abstruser dialect than his own, which was needless. It is by no means smooth and easy reading, either in its prose or verse. Like Montaigne and Burton, it requires to be read sparingly, and with much thought and meditation. But its peculiarities give it piquancy, and from its very unlikeness to other books, a position of distinction is at once conferred upon it. Its absolute value as a biography is considerable, though it fails to give in a connected way the chief events in Thoreau's life. It abounds in anecdotes and in good sayings of his, which sound like quotations from Plutarch sometimes, sometimes like the inconsequent utterances of Jean Paul. It is overloaded with verses, some of them very hard to read and of no pertinence to the place where they occur. Its rhetoric and syntax are eccentric, and it occasionally becomes tiresome. Nevertheless, it sets forth, as has never been done before, the true nature and paradoxical composition of Thoreau, who has been much misunderstood by admirers as well as by those averse to him. Mr. Channing dwells with warm affection, and yet with discrimination, on one of his noblest traits, his constancy in friendship. "Those who loved him never had the least reason to regret it. He meant friendship, and meant nothing else, and stood by it without the slightest abatement; not veering as a weather-cock with each shift of a friend's fortune, nor like those who bury their early friendships in order to make room for fresh corpses." To the same effect are those lines with which he closes his dedication, and which were the close, with slight variations, of an earlier volume of Mr. Channing's, printed during Thoreau's life-time. We quote them as they then stood (the earlier form is better, to our thinking), because they furnish a portrait of Thoreau quite different from that which has generally been given of him.

"So Henry lived,
Considerate to his kind. His love bestowed
Was not a thing of fractions, half-way done,
But with a mellow goodness like the sun,
He shone o'er mortal hearts and brought their buds
To blossoms, thence to fruits and seed.
Forbearing too much counsel, yet with blows
In pleasing reason urged, he took their thoughts
As with a mild surprise, and they were good,
Even though they knew not whence it came,
Or once suspected that from Henry's heart,
That warm o'er-circling heart, their impulse flowed."

— Mr. Robert Dale Owen's good wine should certainly need no bush in this place where it was first broached; and yet we would fain flourish over it a wreath of the vine interwoven with laurel; not so much to draw custom to it as in sign of our own pleasure in its goodness. As the papers which have gone to make up Threading my Way appeared one after another in these

pages last year, there were few readers or none, we imagine, who did not enjoy their geniality of spirit, their entertaining material, their lightness and ease of manner. They were of a kind of writing that, when all is said, remains to our thinking the most delightful kind of writing there is. Autobiography is the soul of history, the most precious contribution to men's knowledge of each other. It gives the delight that story-telling imparts in fiction, and if it is faithfully done, it out-romances all invention by the records of those facts in man's consciousness or experience, which it is the highest ambition of the inventive writer to make his creations resemble. It is not disheartening like biography, at the end of which always stands that sad *Hic jacet*, — your autobiographer goes on living forever; and it is as intimate in its appeal as the finest poetry. Best of all, it utterly forbids the mock-modesty which pretends to shrink from the mention of one's self. For once, the worthy first person is accorded the first place, and egotism becomes the sole virtue; the autobiographer who proposed not to talk about himself would be a ludicrous hypocrite and pretender. And being put upon his honor, as it were, by these conditions, the autobiographer is commonly very modest. He does not spare his faults, he owns manfully to his mistakes, he recognizes his failures; and even when he does not judge his actions he leaves them frankly to your judgment.

Mr. Owen seems to have realized the ideal of autobiography in these papers, which, written so as to be each complete in itself, and to serve the humor of the reader who cared for but one of them, had yet a continual purpose of developing the history of the author's first twenty-seven years. Later in life he became part of our political, social, and religious history, and in a second volume he promises that we shall have his estimate and record of himself in that character. "But here," he says, referring with a wise frankness which we find very charming, to his efforts to set the world right in points where he believed it wrong, "but here ends the first portion of my life, during which my home was in the Old World and in my native land. These were the tentative years, the years throughout which I was proving all things and seeking for that which is good. Up to that time I seem to myself to have been but threading my way; and I thought I had found it. I had energy, moral courage, eagerness to render service in the cause of truth, and a most over-weening opinion of the good which I imagined that I could do, in the way of enlightening my fellow-creatures. It needed quarter of a century more to teach me how much that intimately regards man's welfare and advancement, moral and spiritual, had till then been to me a sealed book; to bring home the conviction that I stood but on the very threshold of the most important knowledge that underlies the civilization of our race."

We cannot leave this delightful book without asking the reader's attention to the extent and variety of the experiences and observations it records, and which strike us more in the collected chapters than when they appeared from month to month. Mr. Owen's notices of his ancestors, and especially his study of his grandfather David Dale's character and work at New Lanark; the pictures of his own early life at Braxfield, those fascinating Scotch *interiors*, which we should hardly know where to match elsewhere; the excellent characterization of his father, and the account of his efforts in behalf of labor-reform; his own youthful experience at London; his education at Hofwyl; his chapter on English Reformers; the pretty and touching idyl of his first love; the recollections of the community life at New Harmony; the chapters sketching famous people whom he met afterwards in France and England — leave scarcely any representative man or leading interest of the first quarter of our century untouched; while they abound in entertaining anecdote and harmless gossip. Through all runs the sweetest and gentlest spirit; a lenient judgment, a generous sympathy, a high morality, a shrewd and humorous self-perception. It is as Christian a book as ever was written, and is to be praised as much for its blameless conscience, as for its blameless manner.

— Mr. Butterfield's history of Crawford's expedition against the Indian towns at Sandusky, in 1782, is the latest of that excellent series of local narratives, biographies, and sketches of pioneer life in the Ohio valley which Messrs. Clarke & Co. have been issuing for the past five or six years, and which have been successively noticed here, and commended as an enterprise worthy of all encouragement. For the pioneer history of the Ohio valley is by no means merely of local interest. It was in that region, and more particularly in that part of it west of the Ohio, that the Indian tribes made their last considerable stand against the United States, defeating St.

Clair, and finally succumbing to Wayne. They were aided and abetted, first secretly and afterwards openly, in their raids upon the Virginia and Pennsylvania settlements, by the British from their post at Detroit; and if the English name were not already rather too thickly incrusted with barbarities of all sorts, it would form a conspicuous stain on it that for seven years the British arms protected these pitiless savages in the slaughter of men, women, and children along the frontier, and in the murder, with atrocious tortures, of their prisoners. It was when these forays had become unendurable, that the Virginian and Pennsylvanian borderers, acting with the coöperation of General Irvine, commandant at Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh), volunteered for the expedition against Sandusky, whither they marched some hundred and seventy-five miles through the unbroken forest. They were led by Col. William Crawford, a personal friend of Washington, and a tried soldier and expert Indian fighter, who had done good service against the French at Braddock's defeat, and afterwards in the reduction of Fort Du Quesne (Pittsburgh). Congress appointed him in 1788 to the command of the Western Department, and he proved himself an efficient and trusty officer; his popularity on the frontier was unbounded, and fully merited.

The Indian towns at Sandusky were under the protection of the British at Fort Detroit, but it was expected that Crawford's command, all mounted men, could reach them and destroy them before help arrived. A battle was actually fought with the Indians, who had deserted their towns, and who were beaten by Crawford's men; but the Indian spies had been swifter than the whites; they had carried news of the invasion to Detroit, and the day after the first battle, a troop of British cavalry came up and joined the Indians, who already vastly outnumbered the Americans. Then it was only a question how to keep the retreat from becoming a rout and slaughter. The officers succeeded in this, and the main body of Crawford's command returned home in safety, though many were cut off, and perished. Crawford himself became separated from his men, the first night of the retreat, and was captured by the Indians, who burned him to death. The story of his torments, prolonged for many hours, is one unsurpassed for horror even in the annals of our border wars, and it is of course the darkest chapter in the disastrous history which Mr. Butterfield narrates.

This history has a general value as a study of pioneer life and warfare, which we should be sorry to leave unmentioned, and the sketches of adventure in which it abounds add greatly to the interest of the main narrative. We can commend to the historical novelist looking about for a hero, the story of Major John Rose, permitted by General Irvine to join the expedition: a most gallant and cheerful gentleman throughout the terrible affair, who proved afterwards to be Baron Gustavus de Rosenthal, a young Russian noble obliged to fly his own country for having killed another in a duel. He served to the end of our Revolution, and then by the Emperor's permission returned home, where he married, and died on his Livonian estates, at a good old age, cherishing with enthusiasm the memory of his exile in America, and especially the scenes and friendships of his life on the border.

Mr. Butterfield endeavors, and it seems to us endeavors with perfect success, to redeem the memory of Crawford's command from the wrong done it by the Moravian writers, and those that follow them, in declaring that the expedition against Sandusky was intended to complete the work of massacre at Gnadenhütten, where, in the previous year, the Americans had murdered ninety-six men, women, and children, of the Christian Delawares. The rest of the Moravian converts had been removed by the British Indians to Sandusky; but Mr. Butterfield shows that there is no reason to believe Crawford's expedition directed against them. It would have been better, we think, if Mr. Butterfield had treated the massacre at Gnadenhütten more fully — perhaps a little more frankly — as an important circumstance of the contemporaneous history; but whatever his short-coming in this respect, he seems clearly to have established the fact that Crawford's expedition was a measure dictated by the necessity of the borderers, who had suffered the cruelties and horrors of savage warfare from the Indians living there, till it had become simply a question whether Sandusky should be destroyed, or the settlements west of the mountains abandoned.

— The Prostrate State is the euphemistic style under which Mr. Pike speaks of the present condition of South Carolina, which might better be called the dismembered and devoured State, so entirely has it ceased to exist in any true political sense, so utterly has it fallen a prey to the black and white

thieves who "govern" it. It is not exactly news that Mr. Pike tells us, for it has for years been notorious that the ignorant negro rulers of that ex-Commonwealth had carried into their legislation and administration the spirit of the servile raid on the plantation hen-roost and smoke-house; but his book is nevertheless freshly impressive, and one cannot read it without shame that such things should be. It is well enough, once in a way, and for an impressive spectacle, that the slaves should sit in the place of their old masters; but the fact remains that they are totally unfit to make laws, and that as yet they have shown not much political ability to do anything save to steal the public money. In this they improve even upon the example of the carpet-baggers, whom by an early dispensation of Providence, they are already beginning to push from their places in the government. The administration of South Carolina is now in the hands of the blacks, who outnumber the whites only by twenty thousand votes, but who understand their own affairs so well that they effectively oppose all schemes of white immigration tending to reduce their majority. Mr. Pike shows very conclusively that farming is more profitable in South Carolina than in the West; but with the sable despotism now established, the white immigrant may be at any moment taxed out of the State, as the native whites have already been largely taxed out of house and home. The statements and charges of Mr. Pike's book are supported by figures and instances, which do not permit us to doubt their truth, and which would present a prospect too alarming and shocking, if it were not relieved by the amusing fact that the present legislators of South Carolina cannot for the most part read or write the laws they make. Though, upon reflection, we do not see why this fact should be amusing to any one.

— It is rather a pensive pleasure that the soft-hearted critic of this day, with his modern tests and tastes, finds in looking over a volume of old-fashioned verse like that of Charles Fenno Hoffman; so much of it is so very obsolete in matter and in manner, and it all enforces again so poignantly the question how much of what we admire in the poetry of our own time is not mere fashion and perishable. It is not so long ago since he was a conspicuous figure on our thinly-peopled Parnassus; wrote Greyslaer, a much-accepted romance, printed several books of poetry and was reviewed to his disadvantage (as was the common fate of American poets thirty years since, and even later) in the English quarterlies, founded the Knickerbocker Magazine, edited the American Monthly Magazine, and helped to edit the New York Mirror. "It is as a lyrical poet that Mr. Hoffman is best known to the world," says Mr. Allibone, from whose amiable dictionary we have learned these facts, "and in this department he unquestionably occupies a very high rank. Among the principal favorites of the songs which have carried his name so extensively through the social circles of the land are Rosalie Clare, 'Tis Hard to Share her Smiles with Many, Sparkling and Bright, and the Myrtle and Steel."

Which of these principal favorites are the young ladies now slenderly piping and tinkling their pianos to? Is it Rosalie Clare?

"Who owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair?
Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!
Let him list to her voice, — let him gaze on her form, —
And if hearing and seeing his soul do not warm,
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is blessed by sweet Rosalie Clare."

Or is it the Myrtle and Steel?

"Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel!
Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel!
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill a round to the Myrtle and Steel."

It does not greatly matter which of these is the principal favorite in the social circles of the land at this moment; perhaps neither is so, and that would not greatly matter either. They might very well be immortal for all that; and the opening lines of Sparkling and Bright, at least, have still a pulse and living color in them: —

"Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.

Then fill to-night with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting."

This is all the poetry there is in the song, which is nevertheless good enough, as songs go, throughout; and we will not say that it is the only poetry which we have been able to make sure of in the book. There is a poem called Waller to Sacharissa, in which there is the heat and sorrow of true passion; but it is hastily *oversaid*, so to speak; and it is true that very, very many of the pieces here are apparently what used to be called copies of verses. A faint, pathetic odor, as

of old-fashioned perfumes embalming the poet's manuscripts in the drawers where they were laid away by the young ladies to whom he gave them, steals from the first lines of these pieces, and rehabilitates a whole forgotten literary world.

"When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decayed,"
"Young Love when tender mood beset him,"
"O trust not Love, the wayward boy,"
"Wake, Lady, wake! the stars on high,"
"We parted at the midnight hour,"
"Bright as the dew on early bud that glistens,"
"He roamed an Arab on life's desert waste,"
"Think of me, dearest, when day is breaking,"
"When tears from such as thee bedew the cheek,"
"O tell not the stars, the gay stars of thy sadness,"

And so forth, and so forth. It makes one very melancholy, and insecure of the fashion of this world, and old, to run over such things, but once they were brilliant and fresh, and filled people who read them with youth and youth's joyful sadness; for they are mostly mournful, though there are here and there some *vers de société*, which have not yet lost their lightness and sparkle. Mr. Hoffman was a lover and an intimate of nature, and he wrote of her wilder aspects with sympathy and effect; he also wrote Indian legends and Indian songs, which our poets do not much affect nowadays, and which the reader instinctively shuns; and one may quite honestly say of him with Mr. Bryant, who encouraged his nephew to make the present collection, his "thoughts are expressed in musical versification with the embellishments of a ready fancy." Even greater praise than this might be true.

— The good intention with which the author of Sounds from Secret Chambers begins the principal poem of her book, Sweet Bells Jangled, seems to fail her before she is far advanced in it, and a rather common tragicalness prevails over the true and simple note that she first struck. The brave, undirected ambitiousness of the young girl who thinks love an overrated affair; who will have a friendship with the young man who loves her, but perceives with a sudden terror that some other woman will some day get her friend for a lover, if she does not, and so is, as it were, dismayed into love, — is as prettily imagined as need be, and it was a great pity to force such an amiable little idyl to be a tragedy. We wish Miss Redden would try her fortune again with some such conceit as this, and have it end pleasantly. She has a light and graceful touch when she will, and she should set herself to rebuke those faults of over-intensity and rhetorical passion. It is odd how the ladies, nowadays, when they write, will insist upon seeking to make us unhappy. They want to be storming away on the bass, with the pedal pressed down hard, and the whole piano trembling before them, instead of taking the company with those gentle airs which they might so much more successfully play and sing. But Miss Redden shows in this little book of hers that she has too much faculty to be of any mere fashion: there is enough good in it to make it her obligation to do better.

— Among the books for the holidays which we hope people will not forbear to buy because the holidays are past, we wish to mention Mr. Winslow Homer's silhouette pictures to Mr. Lowell's Yankee poem of The Courtin'. They are the simple black figures on white ground, with which Konewka charmed us in his illustrations for the Midsummer Night's Dream and Faust, and they depend like these for their effect upon a sculpturesque purity and strictness of outline, and for the grace with which a wandering tendril of hair, or a flying ribbon, or a curling length of apple-peel may be shadowed forth. They are not imaginative; they are literal versions of the text; but the best of them interpret the spirit of the poem exceedingly well. There are seven of them; the first where

"Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
And peeked in through the window,"

the next where Huldah, bent over the bowl of apples she is thoughtfully paring,

—— "sot all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender;"

and the third where she has lifted her head, and, looking at Zekle with the half-pared apple in her grasp, perpetrates the bold hypocrisy,

"You want to see my pa, I spose."

Zekle appears at full length in the fourth, at the moment of saying, "I'd better call again;" and in the fifth he has "up and kissed her," — a very prettily managed scene as to Huldah, in whose face and attitude the proper degree of not altogether unexpected surprise is humorously expressed. But the best picture of all is that which follows: Huldah sitting with her head bent down again over the apples, and rubbing her eyes with the back of the hand which holds the blade of the knife thrust forward. This is where she is

—— "kin' o' smily roun' the mouth,
And teary roun' the lashes."

The last shows them arm in arm

"In meetin' come next Sunday."

It is the only one of the seven in which the artist has suffered the delicately managed character of Huldah to degenerate into caricature. Elsewhere he has expressed her country brightness and quickness, in which there is no vulgarity, most satisfactorily, and has made such a charming figure of her that most readers will be glad to accept it as that which was in their own minds. Zekle's face and action are always good, and it is therefore the greater pity that his dress should be that of the stage Yankee. It was doubtless difficult to costume him aright; but his dress is too cheaply contrived by Mr. Homer.

— Mr. Barrett's little book, The Golden City, has a double purpose: first to commend Swedenborg's interpretation of the Apocalypse to persons interested in sacred prophecy; and incidentally to stigmatize the Swedenborgians themselves for the injustice which in his opinion they do to Swedenborg in giving his writings an ecclesiastical bias. Mr. Barrett's readers will agree very probably that his effort is more telling in the incidental direction than in the primary. He may on general principles fully justify an appeal to Swedenborg from the chaos of interpretations which have been put upon the Apocalypse; but when the appeal is answered, the answer itself requires to be interpreted in a very much broader sense than Mr. Barrett gives it. Mr. Barrett has none of the spirit of sect, and his readers cannot complain of him in this direction. But he persistently fails to *secularize* Swedenborg's treatment of the Christian symbols — that is, bring out their strictly *universal* import and interest in application to the alleged union of the divine and human natures. And consequently his exposition of the New Jerusalem, as symbolizing a spiritual divine work accomplished exclusively in human *nature*, reads rather as if it were a work accomplished among the *persons* of that nature; as if in other words it were a work of judgment, and not of mercy, a work not of larger comprehension but rather of larger exclusion. And this is a *New* Jerusalem that continues to savor far too much of the Old, to interest a truly Christian imagination. Nothing can be better of course than that the evil and the false shall find themselves excluded from the New Jerusalem; but if you exclude the evil and the false from human nature only by finiting that nature, only by destroying its individuality of freedom, the New Jerusalem will turn out more of a loss to the world than a gain.

But Mr. Barrett's book is still valuable as a vindication of his author from the ecclesiastical abuses to which he has been put, and will no doubt attract many well-pleased readers. It is indeed worthy to be commended to every one interested in the matters of which it treats.

— In the opening chapter of his Common-Sense in Religion, or essays on the doctrines of the New Testament, Mr. Clarke, as it seems to us, falls into some confusion of definition and statement, which seems rather surprising in a writer usually so clear and forcible. "In this volume," he says, "I propose to look at questions of religious truth and religious culture from the point of view of common-sense. I do not undervalue other tests in applying this. What does Scripture say? What does the church say? What does abstract reason say? — These questions are all legitimate. But it may also be well to supplement these with another method of investigation, taken from the common analogies of earthly life." What Scripture says, what the church says, what abstract reason says of religious truth, are then tests — are legitimate questions, which he does not undervalue, but which he would supplement by appeal to the standard of common-sense. Does the author mean that the Bible, the church, and abstract reason have an authority and weight *apart* from that of common-sense? His language seems to convey this idea — and yet his subsequent course of thought, immediately following, and continued through his whole book, is entirely opposed to the idea that Scripture, church, and the private reason have any weight except as they are tested by common-sense.

"Common-sense," he says, "is not a special power of the human mind, but a method of judgment derived from experience. It consists of those habits of thinking which have resulted from life, and have been verified by life.

"Nor by common-sense do I mean the uneducated or miseducated heathen judgment, but the educated Christian judgment. We did not bring into the world our common-sense; we have acquired it here. Common-sense differs in different countries, times, nations, religions, civilizations." The common-sense of the Feejee Islander justifies cannibalism, that of the Middle Ages the burning of heretics and witches, that

of America self-government, that of Europe, a few hundred years ago, the divine right of kings. "When, therefore, I speak of common-sense in theology, I mean that part of Christian truth which has been taken up into the average mind of Christendom. I mean those ideas of right and wrong, of God's character and man's duty, into which, by slow and various processes, the Christian world has at last been educated. I mean those great underlying principles of truth which pervade the New Testament, giving it its vital power."

But what is the *average* mind of Christendom? Christendom is the great population of so-called Christians scattered over the world, of whom an overwhelming majority belong to the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Evangelical Protestant churches. And does the author assert that even the most advanced of this majority are prepared as a mass to accept the broad and free theological views which he teaches as Scriptural truth?

It is to be regretted that the author, in the introduction to his book, wherein he endeavors to state his premises clearly, should have written rather plausibly than consistently. We say this in no invidious sense, for these essays (or sermons, for such they apparently are in their structure and tone) are full of broad, deep, and lofty statements of truth, clearly and forcibly expressed, and at the same time with such a tender and hearty sense of the essential humanity of man, and with such a reverent faith in the Divine Fatherhood, that they will appeal strongly to the heart and reason of a large class of seekers and believers. The essays are twenty in number, and embrace a wide range of thought. After discriminating well between revelation and mystery, he discourses with profound earnestness on the Common-sense View of Human Nature; on the doctrine concerning God, on the Bible and Inspiration, on the True Meaning of Evangelical Christianity, on Sin, Hell, Heaven, the Future Life, on the Church, on Piety, on Jesus as a Teacher and "Mediator," on Salvation by Faith, on Fear, Hope, Love, and the Brotherhood of Man. He writes not for the learned but for the simple; and there is hardly a child but might follow his course of thought, and take delight in his fresh and striking illustrations.

— Nowadays when Buddhism is made use of as a convenient stalking-horse for attacks on Christianity, when we are bidden to admire the greater charity of the heathen who is taught to carry his obedience to the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," so far as never to take even the life of brutes, and when the cruelties which have so often stained the religions of the West are compared with the absence of the persecutions in the cause of Buddhism, it is well that over-enthusiastic persons who are very anxious for a new religion, should be able to lay their hands on a succinct and accurate account of the faith which is held with more or less orthodoxy by a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the world. Only scholars have time to consult Bennouf's large volumes on Buddhism. Köppen's book is perhaps the best for general use; it is certainly a very painstaking compendium, but it is written in German. In English there is no lack of writers, but they are not all of equal authority. Dr. Eitel's little volume is perhaps the best we have. Besides a very thorough knowledge of the copious native literature on the subject, he has the immense advantage of having seen the practical working of the religion. Many of his remarks are of great interest, and all are extremely fair-minded. He says: —

"The strong point of Buddhism lies in its morality, and this morality is equal to the non-Christian morality of our civilized world. It is not civilization, therefore, but Christianity alone, that has a chance against Buddhism, because Christianity alone teaches a morality loftier, stronger, holier than that of Buddhism, because Christianity alone can touch, can convert the heart, for there — in the heart of the natural man — it is where the roots of Buddhism lie." . . . . "Buddhist morality is a morality without a God and without a conscience. There appears in Buddhism an utter want of an active principle of goodness. Buddhist morality does not endeavor to produce in man a conviction of sin, it does not appeal to his own inner sense of moral goodness. Buddhism does not attempt to purify the affections, to govern desire, to control passion, to renovate the heart, to regenerate, to sanctify the whole being. Its virtue is essentially negative. It enjoins men to cease from doing evil, it demands the total extinction of all desire, of all passion, but stops short of urging men to do good, and has no assistance to offer by way of strengthening humanity in its struggle with the power of evil."

Buddhism is indeed, as Dr. Eitel says, the religion of despair.

The doctrine of Nirvâna, which has been the subject of so much hot discussion, is treated intelligently by the author. He says it is now impossible to determine what was the opinion of the founder of the religion about it, but that since then while the tendency of the philosophical schools has been towards a definition of Nirvâna as a state of annihilation, the most ancient Sutras describe it as a happy immortality. His own belief, like that of the best students of the subject, is "that a consistent development of the principles of Buddhism must always lead to the same negative result, that existence is but a curse and that therefore the aim of human effort should be the total annihilation of the personality and existence of each individual soul."

— Herbert Spencer's Study of Sociology, one of the admirable International Scientific Series, is a book as suggestive, as thoughtful, and as entertaining as one could wish to read; and when we consider that this is merely a preparation to a larger and more thorough work in three volumes which is to form part of Mr. Spencer's philosophical system, we have good reason to admire the activity of mind and the intelligence of a thinker who is able to take so wide a view of the universe, while noticing and recording even petty details. Some years ago the Principles of Sociology was announced, and a very good idea of the value of that work may be formed by those who are familiar with what he has already done. This book shows us the spirit in which the subject of Sociology is to be studied, the need of such study, and the difficulties it has to encounter.

The study of Sociology he represents "as the study of Evolution in its most complex form," without having recourse to the theory of special providences, or to what he calls the great-man-theory. The difficulties in the way of accurate study are numerous; the untrustworthiness of witnesses, and the necessity of avoiding too hasty generalizations, — these are the objective, while the subjective difficulties are our lack of sympathy for others; our subjection to various hopes and fears, to anger at one time and undue admiration at another. Then we are biased by faulty methods of education, by social training, by patriotism; "the class-bias .... no less inevitably causes one-sidedness in the conceptions of social affairs." "The theological bias .... disturbs in various ways our judgment on social questions."

As the result of such studies, he says, "the only reasonable hope is, that here and there one may be led in calmer moments to remember how largely his beliefs about public matters have been made for him by circumstances, and how probable it is that they are either untrue or but partially true. When he reflects on the doubtfulness of the evidence which he generalizes, collected haphazard from a narrow area — when he counts up the perverting sentiment fostered in him by education, country, class, party, creed, — when, observing those around, he sees that from other evidence selected to gratify sentiments partially unlike his own, there result unlike views; he may occasionally recollect how largely mere accidents have determined his convictions. Recollecting this, he may be induced to hold these convictions not quite so strongly; may see the need for criticism of them with a view to revision; and, above all, may be somewhat less eager to act in pursuance of them."

We might quote still further to show the reader that Mr. Spencer teaches caution as well as boldness, that he urges wise moderation as warmly as he denounces sluggishness with regard to what is to be learned in the way of improving the faults of society, but it needs no proof that a man who sees so far into the laws that govern the world will be the one most likely not to content himself merely with detecting errors.

The number of ingenious remarks the book contains is marvelous. Mr. Matthew Arnold is attacked for his undue depreciation of the English character, for his undeserved praise of French institutions, and again it is pointed out how defective are the usual tongs by our fire-places, — there is no one who will not find the lesson made clear to him by Mr. Spencer's singularly clear style and copious illustrations. There is hardly a writer of English who makes himself more intelligible; indeed, this is a peculiarity of the school to which he belongs; another instance is Mr. Walter Bagehot. Both of these gentlemen write as the best talkers talk, without inversions or pomposity, and with abundant illustrations to make obscure points clear. With both it is a minor merit, but one which must be of great service to them.

— There is no need of going into a discussion about the relative merits of classical and scientific education in order to praise the excellent design of the series of Ancient Classics for English Readers, the last volume of which, containing an account of Lucian, lies before us to-day. Homer,

Herodotus, Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, Æschylus, Xenophon, Cicero, Sophocles, Pliny, Euripides, Juvenal, Aristophanes, Hesiod, Hesiod and Theognis, Plautus and Terence, Tacitus, have already appeared, and all have been well treated. The intention of the editor has been to bring into the compass of a brief volume a life of the author discussed, and an account of his works, together with such an analysis of them as may serve to jog the memory of those students who have more or less forgotten what they have already read, and to give an accurate idea, to those who have not read the originals, of their most striking qualities. The work has been very well done; the best translations have been used, and all the latest lights of scholarship have been brought to bear on the preparation of the different volumes. It was hardly to be expected that all the authors could be treated with equal success. It is difficult to dispose of the Iliad, for instance, or of Æschylus, in any satisfactory way within the slender limits of a single volume. But there is hardly any writer who is so capable of this treatment, who is, indeed, so much improved by it, as Lucian. In the first place, he is much more nearly in sympathy with modern tastes, vastly more so than many later writers, as, for example, Rabelais; all that he wrote is in a very brief form, with no lofty poetical flights which defy translation, and his humor is as modern, for the most part, as if it had been written yesterday. Lucian's admirable, sensible wit in his dialogues derisive of the old Greek mythology will always be entertaining reading, and to those who do not care to spell out the original Greek, we can recommend this interesting volume by Mr. Collins.

— It will seem rather strange to an American reader of domestic habits, to find himself stepping over to Africa as easily as it may be done by falling in with Mr. Blackburn's Artists and Arabs. Nevertheless, he may entertain himself for a half hour, perhaps, without too great a shock of strangeness, under this gentleman's guidance; lounging about in Moorish *cafés*, scrutinizing life upon the house-tops from a painter's studio, and finally making a short run to the lesser Atlas Mountains and back. The motive of the book, as set forth in the argument, is simple and good: "The advantage of winter-studios in the South, and the value of sketching in the open air, especially in Algeria." We sometimes wish that Mr. Blackburn should not so completely succeed as he does in rubbing off the varnish of mystery in which we are disposed to keep all countries unknown to us. But he is looking for the picturesque, and has rather a business-like eye for it. There is this advantage, however, that he will teach a great many people who might not have known, what they had better try to enjoy in foreign countries. There is a spirited passage on the growth and appearance of palm-trees and aloes (which last are described as in bloom at all ages, apparently in defiance of the tradition of their hundred year flowering), and a description of one of the fierce characteristic storms of the region. Inland among the mountains, there are green and pastoral glades full of trees and sparkling water in sight of the arid and rainless plains, and bordering other rocky, mountainous wastes, hard by, where there are sudden storms similar to those of the plain. Then we have a touch or two about French colonization and the Kabyle war, and presently we come to the end. The book is made up of brief jottings that suggest more than they tell. There is less material in it for the amateur than in the same author's Normandy Picturesque, but more that will catch the eye of the artist, perhaps.

— Literary and Social Judgments is a volume which contains some earlier essays by the author of The Enigmas of Life. The greater number discuss literary subjects, as the titles will show: Madame de Staël, Kingsley and Carlyle, French Fiction, Chateaubriand, and M. de Tocqueville. These are all far from dull, they every one stand as good representatives of review-writing, and yet without forming an extraordinarily valuable collection of monographs. Perhaps the best of all is the article on Chateaubriand, who both as a writer and as a man is far from winning sympathy or admiration from the essayist. The Frenchman's inexhaustible vanity, his colossal conceit, are set before us with severity, but with perfect justice. From his birth, nay, even before his birth, if his own account is to be believed, Chateaubriand had an aversion to life. This trait, and those qualities mentioned above, combined with deep satisfaction at his literary and political success, make him, in Mr. Greg's opinion, "a typical man of his class, time, and country." And, indeed, few writers of his time sounded a note which won so universal admiration among his fellow-countrymen as did Chateaubriand in his *Génie du Christianisme* and his *Atala*. For none of our time and coun-

try can these works have the interest they had for those for whom they were intended, and the admiration which has been expressed about them so unreservedly will always sound to us as affected. Mr. Greg does not denounce them, but he hints what his readers will be very ready to confirm.

The article on Madame de Staël is entertaining, but its especial merit lies in what it tells us about Talleyrand. Some of the *mots* of this wit we have never seen before, and with their courteous outside but biting point they bear the ear-mark of truth. The following is one of the best: "When 'Delphine' appeared, Madame de Staël was currently reported to have drawn both herself and M. de Talleyrand therein, — herself as Delphine, him as Madame de Vernon. Talleyrand met her shortly afterwards and paid her the usual compliments on the performance, adding, in his gentlest and sweetest voice the keen sarcasm, 'On m'assure que nous y sommes tous les deux, vous et moi, *déguisés en femmes.*'"

The essay on M. de Tocqueville is one which will be of interest to all Americans; it has the advantage of having been written by a personal friend as well as by one who warmly sympathized with the eminent political philosopher.

The article on Kingsley and Carlyle is far from exhaustive, especially with regard to its treatment of the latter. Kingsley's superficiality of reasoning and frequent coarseness of expression are alluded to in terms that must have sounded stranger at the time they were written than they do now, when the author has sunk from the exaggerated position in which his indiscreet admirers placed him some ten or fifteen years ago.

Of very much the same sort of literary criticism are the two articles on the false morality of lady novelists, and on French fiction. In the first named, he attacks some novels, most of which are now deservedly forgotten, for their crooked morality and the false notions of sacrifice which they contain. The subject he treats with much good sense, not with remarkable brilliancy, but with gratifying frankness and intelligence. The immorality of French novels he attacks in no measured terms. That the author might alter somewhat the leniency of his remarks about Dumas *fils*, in view of some of his subsequent work, seems to us more than likely. But, it must be said, he shows no desire to soften the expression of the disgust which fills his mind when he regards the too common tendency of French novels. That he has exhausted this subject cannot be affirmed. French fiction is not merely a collection of impurities; and while we rejoice to see such grossly offensive works attacked as are some which he mentions, we feel that it is but fair that some word should be said in behalf of the great cleverness of some French novels (some of George Sand's, for instance), which attracts readers more than does the inclination of man to interest himself in reading chronicles of sin. What Mr. Greg says is true, but there is more to be said before the solution of the whole matter is found.

In his Why are Women redundant? he strikes a note with which the readers of his Enigmas of Life are tolerably familiar. His plan for remedying the evil of the redundancy is to arrange for the emigration of one third, another third is to be employed in domestic service, the other third, with so many rivals removed, will find the struggle for life less difficult, marriage will be more common, and the evil will thus gradually disappear.. With such a plan there is one objection to be found, and that is, that it reads much better on paper than it is likely to work in real life. It is an easy solution which it is justly customary to laugh at when it is a fanatical reformer, such as Mr. Greg is always laughing at, who proposes it. The author's gentle optimism seems to mislead him here; there is a vagueness about it not unlike that for which he criticises Mr. Matthew Arnold in the essay called Truth *versus* Edification.

Other Publications.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, publish The Proud Miss MacBride, by John G. Saxe, with illustrations by Augustus Hoppin, the greater part of which are produced in heliotype with a clearness equal to that of the best wood-engraving, and with almost as great brilliancy. The result is indeed more satisfactory than any yet attained by similar photographic processes in America; the heliotype lends itself with peculiarly happy effect to the delicate lines and suggested shadows of our best and most imaginative illustrator of books. We should say that he had very fairly interpreted Mr. Saxe's poem in these pictures, and that is perhaps why Mr. Hoppin is not seen at his best in them. Yet they are full of that charm of *style* in woman, which no one knows so well as he how to catch, and to look upon them is as good as to stroll down

Broadway or Fifth Avenue at the hours when the ladies are most abundantly abroad. The same house sends us Cameos selected from the works of Walter Savage Landor, by E. C. Stedman and T. B. Aldrich, with an Introduction by Mr. Stedman; a book which we reserve for future notice.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, we have the first volume of Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, being the fourth volume of their new and revised edition of that author's works. In a note to the preface, Mr. Kirk, the editor, tells us that "the author's emendations of this history include many additional notes . . . . chiefly derived from the copious annotations of Don José F. Ramirez and Don Lúcas Alaman to the two Spanish translations published in Mexico. There could be no stronger guarantee of the value and general accuracy of the work than the minute labor bestowed upon it by these distinguished scholars." If any one cares to know how this accuracy was once impugned and how defended, we refer him to the Atlantic Monthly for April and for May, 1859, in which Mr. Kirk reviews Mr. Robert A. Wilson's New History of the Conquest of Mexico. These two notices, published in the hot youth of the magazine, before age had tempered its judgments with mercy, showed Mr. Wilson the smallest conceivable compassion, and seem apparently to have obliterated his book. Lippincott & Co. also send us a new edition, enlarged and thoroughly revised by Dr. Richard Dunglison, of Dunglison's Dictionary of Medical Science.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, publish From the Earth to the Moon direct, in Ninety-seven Hours and Twenty Minutes, and a Trip round it, by Jules Verne, between whom and the public it must soon become a question whether the power to produce is greater than the capacity to consume ingenious and enormous fables. Nothing is yet decided, but we venture to predict that M. Verne will triumph in such a contest. Another work, almost as idle and a good deal harder to read, is Mr. Fitzedward Hall's Modern English, from the same publishers. Mr. Hall is one of those enemies of man who desire man to speak and write good English, or rather who desire to convict man of speaking and writing bad English. It is needless to say that he succeeds in this last, and that it does not matter to any one but Mr. Hall, who has nothing important to say when he has perfected his language. The worst of these efforts to purify the English tongue is that they imperil the souls of its champions; and against Mr. Hall can be alleged some sins of dishonesty, especially in a former book, for which we hope (against hope) he may not find it embarrassing to answer at the last day. However, much is to be forgiven to a purist.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have Nancy, a novel, by Miss Rhoda Broughton; Religion and Science, a series of Sunday Lectures on the Relation between Natural and Revealed Religion, or the Truths revealed in Nature and Scripture, by Joseph Le Conte, Professor of Geology and Natural History in the University of California; and The Water-Witch, and The Two Admirals, by Cooper.

Lee and Shepard, Boston, publish Home Nook, or the Crown of Duty, a novel, by Amanda M. Douglas; Ten Minute Talks on all Sorts of Topics, by Elihu Burritt, with an Autobiography of the Author; Mrs. Armington's Ward, or, The Inferior Sex, a novel, by D. Thew Wright.

We have also received the following publications: From the State Journal Company, Lincoln, Nebraska, Midland Poems, by Orsamus Charles Dake. From De Witt C. Lent, New York, Poems of Twenty Years, by Laura Winthrop Johnson. From Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Rosemary Leaves, poems by Mrs. D. M. Jordan. From Macmillan & Co., New York, Comparative Politics, being six Lectures read before the Royal Institution, with The Unity of History, the Rede Lecture read before the University of Cambridge, by Edward A. Freeman. From Henry Holt & Co., New York, Primitive Culture; Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Language, Art, and Custom, by Edward B. Tylor, in two volumes. From Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston, The Life of John Warren, M. D., by Edward Warren, M. D. From the Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Our Common Insects: A popular Account of the Insects of our Fields, Forests, Gardens, and Houses, illustrated with four plates and two hundred and sixty-eight wood-cuts; by A. S. Packard, Jr.

French and German.[1]

Those who are accustomed to regard French society as a seething mass of wicked-

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schäphof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Madame Récamier. Les Amis de sa Jeunesse et sa

ness, which is faithfully portrayed in such novels as are to be found in much greater abundance than is desirable, would do well to read *Madame Récamier, les Amis de sa Jeunesse et sa Correspondance intime*, which admirably supplements the very readable, or more than that, the very delightful *Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des papiers de Mme. Récamier*, by the same author, Madame Lenormant, the niece of Mme. Récamier. In the whole history of French society of this century there is no such pleasing picture as that which is presented by these volumes. We see an agreeable society of scholars like Ampère, scientific men like Ballanche, statesmen like Chateaubriand, who for years are devoted to the queen of it all, who rules by her beauty, her amiability, and her gentle sympathy. What was the secret of the charm every one will wonder who sees by the light of these volumes how great her influence was. There are very few letters of hers published, and those we have seen are nothing but commonplace. They are kind, and those to her niece especially are affectionate, but they read like the letters of a person who is averse to writing. In the *Souvenirs et Correspondance* we have a large number of letters from her friends, and notably from Chateaubriand, whose colossal egotism stands out in every line with the effect of showing us how much Mme. Récamier must have liked him to be able to prefer him to all of her admirers. In the new volume we have before us to-day there is hardly any mention made of Chateaubriand, for which the reader should be grateful, but considerable space is given to J. J. Ampère, whose outburst of devotion to Mme. Récamier, then over forty years old, when he was but twenty, has been described by Sainte-Beuve. It will be remembered that she feared lest he should fall in love with her niece, and was giving him a few words of warning when he fell on his knees and said, "*Ah! ce n'est pas pour elle,*" and all the rest of his life he was a constant admirer of his first love. A collection is to be made of the works of Ballanche, which will include his correspondence, and, we presume, more of the letters of Mme. Récamier.

We have said these volumes give us a charming picture of society, but it is of society as distinguished from domestic life. With all these men who were such devoted admirers, family affection held a secondary place. Ampère never married; Chateaubriand's wife, whom he had not married out of love, was always, and naturally enough, jealous of him; Camille Jordan's letter to Mme. Récamier about his marriage is not one that would have given much pleasure to his bride; he says: —

"Chère Juliette, quel va être votre étonnement! Cet irrésolu se fixe, cet inconstant s'enchaîne! Je me marie, j'épouse une Lyonnaise, je fais un de ces mariages conseillés par les grands parents, mais sanctionné par le cœur, à la fois raisonnable et doux. Il y a, malheureusement pour la perfection du roman, de la fortune et des convenances. Mais d'ailleurs on est jeune, on a du sens, de la vertu, de la grâce: on parait m'aimer beaucoup, et tout dur que je suis, je m'en laisse attendrir."

Mme. Récamier, however, knew how much more valuable were the joys of domesticity than the greatest social successes, as she continually repeated to her niece. "I want you," she used to say, "to have everything I have missed and to be happier than I." In her letters, too, we see that she was not a happy woman. We hope this new volume will find many readers.

— *Les Moralistes Français au dix-huitième Siècle* is the title of an interesting little volume by M. Jules Barni. The author's aim in writing it was to show that if bad doctrines had many followers in that century there were yet some who opposed them, and that even those whose doctrines were pernicious were not without a generous desire to diminish some of the mischief they might cause. Those whom he has chosen to treat of are Vauvenargues, Duclos, Helvetius, Saint-Lambert, and Volney. Of these the most important by all odds is Vauvenargues. He was born in 1715, and from the age of seventeen until he was twenty-nine was in active service. Although he detested army-life with all its petty cares, his ambition, and a strong feeling that it was the best because the most honorable career for a young gentleman, kept him in it until his health, enfeebled by his campaigns, compelled him to resign. He then betook himself to Paris where he died, May 28, 1747, aged thirty-one. Voltaire, who for a few years had been a friend of his, wrote that he had always seen him the most unfortunate and the calmest of men. His life, though short and ill-adapted for intellectual work, was very productive. His maxims are but little known, especially to us English readers, but

Correspondance intime. Par l'auteur des Souvenirs de Madame Récamier. Paris. 1873.

Les Moralistes Français au dix-huitième Siècle. Par JULES BARNI. Paris. 1873.

they well deserve to be read and when read to be remembered.

We take this opportunity to quote a few; we forbear translating them, lest the flavor of the original should be lost.

"On suppose que ceux qui servent la vertu par réflexion la trahiraient pour le vice utile: oui, si le vice pouvait être tel aux yeux d'un esprit raisonnable."

Here is one which is more especially directed at the moralists of the preceding century, La Rochefoucauld and Pascal.

"Nous sommes susceptibles d'amitié, de justice, d'humanité, de compassion, et de raison. O mes amis, qu'est-ce donc que la vertu?"

In general, he may be said to belong to the reaction against Pascal, who painted the heart of man in such black colors. Though this at times leads him to exaggeration, we never fail to detect the noble heart which inspired Vauvenargues, so that besides being a philosopher by reflection he was a brave man, a nobleman by nature; as when he says:—

"Le courage a plus de ressources contre les disgrâces que la raison." Or again: "Il y a peu de situations désespérées pour un esprit ferme, qui combat à force inégale, mais avec courage, la nécessité."

Very many of his thoughts urge the virtue of humanity. He says that in considering the extreme weakness of men, the variance between their means and their wishes, their misfortunes always greater than their faults, their virtues always less than their duties, he concludes that there is nothing just except indulgence and humanity.

Again he says about our ordinary severity and lack of patience with our kind, that we keep our indulgence for the perfect.

Here are a few words directed at La Rochefoucauld, but which may be quoted nowadays without doing harm.

"Plusieurs philosophes rapportent généralement à l'amour-propre toutes sortes d'attachements. Ils prétendent qu'on s'approprie tout ce que l'on aime, qu'on n'y attache que son plaisir et sa satisfaction, qu'on se met soi-même avant tout, jusque-là qu'ils nient que celui qui donne sa vie pour un autre le préfère à soi. Ils passent le but en ce point; car, si l'objet de notre amour nous est plus cher sans l'être que l'être sans l'objet de notre amour, il paraît que c'est notre amour qui est notre passion dominante, et non notre individu propre, puisque tout nous échappe avec la vie, le bien que nous nous étions approprié par notre amour, comme notre être véritable. Ils répondent que la passion nous fait confondre dans ce sacrifice notre vie et celle de l'objet aimé; que nous croyons n'abandonner qu'une partie de nous-mêmes pour conserver l'autre; au moins ils ne peuvent nier que celle que nous conservons nous paraît plus considérable que celle que nous abandonnons. Or, dès que nous nous regardons comme la moindre partie dans le tout, c'est une préférence manifeste de l'objet aimé."

The remainder of this volume is by no means devoid of interest, although the other men who are described are of much less importance. Volney we would be far from recommending to any English reader; Helvetius is by no means fascinating; such men as these represent fashions, while Vauvenargues is one of the few who speak for all time. He had a wonderfully acute mind and the ability to make all manner of wise remarks without yielding to the temptation of saying witty things. And when we consider the occupations of his life, so averse to thought, and the early age at which he died, in view of the merit of what he left behind him, it is impossible not to regret that he could not have lived longer. As it is, he was one of many forerunners of the revolution, a half-century ahead of his time, saying the wise thing which is not yet old in practice. He said it too with a flavor of old-fashioned courtliness only to be found in a time when the army and diplomatic life were all that stood open for young men of family. While we are all ready enough to quote the apothegms of those philosophers who detect the selfish impulses in the human heart, it would be well not to forget the sayings of a man who was generous as well as sharp-sighted.

ART.[1]

The lady who has translated for us the chapters from Charles Blanc's interesting and useful book has put all of us under obligation, and the publishers have pleasantly done their part with excellent paper, and large, clear type. It strikes us as a singularity, the leaving out the author's first name on the title-page, and calling him simply Blanc. Charles Blanc, although a distinguished name in a certain literary and artistic circle, is not a distinguished man, and in America may be said to be heard of for the first time by this translation, so that on both accounts — as introducing him to a new circle, and as giving him his proper distinction, — it would, we think, have been better to print his full name on the title-page, or at least so much of his full name as he himself commonly uses. Nor would a few words of information about her author have come amiss from the translator, if only to indicate to those who first hear of him through her labors his position in the world of letters, and the character of his performances. He has indeed been so useful and industrious a writer that he deserves we should know something about him. Auguste-Alexandre-Philippe-Charles Blanc is the elder brother of Louis Blanc, the well-known historian and statesman. He was born November 15, 1813, at Castres, a small town in southwestern France. His father was inspector-general of finance in Spain, under Joseph Bonaparte (and Louis Blanc was born in Madrid); the mother, if we may judge by her family name of Pozzo di Borgo, was an Italian. Charles was at first an engraver, and he has never completely abandoned his early employment, — it is not long since a very delicate etching from his needle was published in the Gazette des Beaux Arts, — but his brother having, in 1838, established a journal, and, soon after, the first having been given up, a second, Charles contributed to these some notices of the annual exhibitions of works of art — the Salon — and also a number of critical articles. Since that time he has given himself almost exclusively to his pen. At first, his work consisted of articles published in various journals, in which his fine qualities as a critic and a writer made him so favorably known, that after the Revolution of 1848 he was appointed Director of Fine Arts, a place which he held with great profit to France until the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, when he was removed to make room for that curious piece of incompetence, the Count of Nieuwerkerke.

In 1845 he published the first volume — all that has ever appeared — of a History of French Painters of the Nineteenth Century. In 1853 The Painters of Fêtes-Galantes introduced his readers to Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher, three men whose pictures, in spite of criticism, the French will always delight in. In 1853 he issued the first edition of his work of Rembrandt, of much value for the completeness of the account it gives of Rembrandt's works, especially of his engravings. The new edition, however, now in course of publication, is much to be preferred, since not only is the text considerably enlarged and brought up to our later knowledge of the artist, but the number of copies of his engravings is also greatly increased. Beside numerous woodcuts, it contains many of Flameng's etchings after the originals by Rembrandt, and copies in fac-simile, by the process of heliogravure, of all the most celebrated plates. This work on Rembrandt is, perhaps, of all his literary performance that by which Charles Blanc sets most store, but he has made a more popular name as the principal contributor to that valuable work, The History of the Painters of all the Schools (*Histoire des Peintres de toutes les Écoles*), begun by M. Armengaud in 1849, and completed in 1859, a treasury of information, enriched with excellent wood engravings of all the principal pictures in the world. Although it bears Charles Blanc's name, he was largely assisted in his task by the best writers, such as Delaborde, Mantz, and Silvestre, and the work owes much of its value to the fact that both the text and the en-

[1] *The Grammar of Painting and Engraving.* Translated from the French of Charles Blanc, with the original illustrations, by Kate Newell Doggett. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1874.

Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their Works. A Handbook. By Clara Erskine Clement. With Illustrations and Monograms. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

gravings were executed by those who were most at home in the different subjects and styles. But Charles Blanc's learning and enthusiasm gave color and unity to the whole. The Grammar of the Arts of Design, a part of which has been so well translated by Mrs. Doggett, was originally written for the Gazette des Beaux Arts, where the first chapters appeared in the number for April, 1860. The installments did not appear regularly in successive numbers of the Gazette, and it was not until 1867 that the work was published in a separate volume. The original work covers a much wider field than is indicated by Mrs. Doggett's publication, and it is to be hoped that she will complete her task so well begun by the translation of the chapters on architecture and sculpture.

In the Grammar of Painting and Engraving will be found a vigorous attempt at furnishing what has too long been needed, namely, "a lucid *résumé* of all accepted ideas touching the arts of design." Being at dinner, one day, with the dignitaries of a large French town, M. Blanc was obliged to protest against the principle assumed by all the other gentlemen present, that in matters of art there is no disputing tastes; but his protests were without result. One of the disputants was modest enough to ask him frankly if there were no book in which he could find the true principles of art briefly and clearly set forth; and M. Blanc, reflecting that there was nothing to be recommended as meeting this demand, determined to remedy the difficulty by writing a book himself. This grammar is the result; and if it be true, as he tells us, that "the France of the nineteenth century presents the incredible anomaly of an intellectual nation professing to adore art, but knowing not its principles, its language, its literature, its history, its veritable dignity," it follows that the volume should play a still more important part in this country than it can have had to play in France. The plan of the work is simple. Starting with the fundamental statement that "painting is the art of expressing all the conceptions of the soul, by means of all the realities of nature; represented upon a smooth surface by their forms and colors," the author proceeds to unfold a series of seventeen maxims, each one of which is made the heading of a separate chapter, the series being designed to embody in general terms all that need be known by the lay reader about the arts of design. In the course of these chapters, there is a simple elucidation of perspective, and a discussion of the various modes of painting, fresco, wax, distemper, pastelle, enamel, and aquarelles. They are followed by an interesting and simple treatise, arranged in the same forms, on engraving and lithography. Besides this easily-followed mode of development, it has the advantage of containing a great number of valuable suggestions and allusions, and is provided with a series of well-chosen illustrations.

M. Blanc begins very properly by saying that painting, in order to represent nature, borrows nature's language of light, color, and form. "Color . . . . is the peculiar characteristic of the lower forms of nature, while the drawing becomes the medium of expression more and more dominant the higher we rise in the scale of being." To his ensuing assumption, however, that painting can sometimes dispense with color, "if, for example, the inorganic nature and the landscape are insignificant or useless in the scene represented," we cannot allow ourselves to stand committed. It is a conventional notion, based on the old opinion of his contemporaries which so troubled William Blake, that drawing and painting may be regarded almost as distinct arts; an opinion now thoroughly exploded. M. Blanc then sets forth very clearly how painting is not by any means literal imitation, which is the function of the stereoscopic photograph or of illuminated transparencies made to appear as natural objects. But we wish that he had explained, for the benefit of the general reader, in what different sense he uses the word imitation at a subsequent stage of his inquiry, where he employs it as denoting a performance necessary to every student. This word is a cause of serious misunderstandings, not only to the popular mind but to critics, for the reason that it is only lately that people have tried to understand the word itself and its relation to the functions of art. The quality of imaginative interpretation is apt to, and ought to, insinuate itself into the earliest efforts of the genuine artist. And M. Blanc clearly recognizes the character of artistic interpretation, so far as is necessary to measure by its predominance over simple record of fact the relative importance of different achievements in art. In regard to interpretation, however, it strikes us that he has made one slip, when he describes the painter's interpretation of a group of "two porcelain cups, a coffee-

pot, a sugar-bowl, and a glass of water," as being the suggestion of "the master and mistress . . . . not far off," of "two beings closely united" who are about to sit down at this table. On the contrary, that is *our* interpretation of the painter's idea; and it is our idea of association. The only interpretation which the painter could have to do with in this case would be the interpretation of line, form, light-and-shade, color; for there is a sensitive rendering possible of even such slight objects, which is more than mere accuracy of representation, and which we must distinguish as interpretation. There are cases, of course, in which the painter might add to this interpretation of the sensuous kind an interpretation of some distinct idea or poetic intuition; but this case is not one of them.

The subject of fiction in painting which he touches upon would furnish matter for an interesting essay; but, to our disappointment, he dismisses it with a brief, vague, and unsatisfactory paragraph. We have some doubts whether in any case he could have treated it with much penetration, judging from his peculiarly French manner of describing art in general as "a beautiful fiction that gives us the mirage of truth, upon condition that our soul shall be the accomplice of the falsehood." There is a wanton delight in giving a quasi-sinful aspect to something perfectly pure and sinless. There is no falsehood in the business. The highest art is but a higher order of truth-telling, of the same nature radically as the simplest transcription of fact; but the definition of fiction would be found in explaining by what steps the artist must pass from this transcription of fact to that higher order of truth-telling. When the imagination begins to work, it modifies existing fact, or else creates new fact of an ideal kind which is still permeated by the essence of law, such as we discover it to be in known fact. Of composition M. Blanc has little to tell us; and this sentence — "The Greeks called composition the *drama* of the painter . . . . without which the composition would be the whole painting" — can only be accounted for by the supposition of some oversight on the translator's part. We do not think his theory, that sublimity may be gained "by the invention of the painter rather than by the appliances peculiar to his art," a very happy one. It does not stand the test of the examples he himself adduces. The first is Rembrandt's Supper at Emmaus, in which the effect distinguished by him under the name sublimity is directly a result of the appliances peculiar to the painter's art, being an effect of fantastic light. The second example is a landscape by Nicholas Poussin, in which the interest he praises is purely literary. The theory seems to come to the same thing as saying that nothing fine could ever come into existence except through the operation of the painter's mind and hand upon his materials; clearly not a very important statement.

We must allude, in passing, to the rather alarming programme which M. Blanc sketches for the student of painting. He convinces himself that "to be acquainted with forms before drawing them is a necessary condition for the beginner." He would therefore open on the student with anatomy, geometry, and perspective, before setting him at the flat copy; and should the pupil be inclined to become a great painter he is to take up the study of architecture, in addition, for the "fixing of picturesque ideas in stable lines," etc. Now this is beginning with theory instead of practice, an order opposed to all rational views of education, and all recent reforms in education of every sort. This weight of erudition would paralyze the hand, the eye, and the imagination of the would-be painter. We are not in a position, in this country, to complain that our painters more often fail from over-knowledge than through ignorance; but it is certain that the greatest danger in the training of a generation of artists is that of stiffening them out of all flexibility with strong academic starch. By all means, let them know everything connected with their art; but do not forget to preserve the balance between acquisition of abstract knowledge and the gaining of manual and ocular skill. The analytic tendency is strongest, in our day: it must be balanced by a tender fostering of spontaneity, of the creative element. Set the young student at natural objects before he has drawn too long from the flat; give him stones, leaves, twigs, berries, and birds to copy. This sort of discipline M. Blanc entirely overlooks. Indeed, he has a contempt for small things, and expresses the opinion that rocks and even clouds have no proportion, and cannot therefore be subject to treatment under the highest style. "How . . . . discover the form of that which is without form?" he asks (p. 207) in regard to these objects; apparently having no conception of the rigorous but infinitely varied laws that govern their forms by strictest proportionment,

and with results of the highest and most satisfactory beauty — a beauty akin to that of the human form itself.

We take these exceptions to M. Blanc's opinions, not at all because we wish to discourage the public from reading them. On the contrary, we believe that we need all the instruction that such teachers, so learned, enthusiastic, and yet so humane and moderate, can give us, and we hope to see their books more widely known and read by our young Americans.

— The appearance of a new compilation by Mrs. Clement, whose Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art, published three years ago, has already reached an eighth edition, is sure to be heartily welcomed. It is a noticeable fact that works relating to the fine arts are now disputing popularity with those that deal with scientific and historical matters, whereas, only a few years ago almost all fine art publications were intended for the rich, or for persons specially interested in the subject. And such works are still all the time appearing, and are only to be had by paying prices that would perhaps not seem so large if only an occasional demand were made upon the purse; but even a very rich man may shrink from the necessity of having all the costly fine art publications that issue from French houses alone, to say nothing of those produced in England and Germany, though these countries are far behind France both in the number of fine art books brought out yearly, and in the excellence of their manufacture. But, beside these expensive publications, what a host of useful and beautiful books have been published of late years that are within the reach of people of moderate means! For much of this popularizing of fine art we have to thank photography and the arts of reproduction related to it, heliotypy, heliogravure, and the like; after all the fears to the contrary, photography has really acted as a stimulus to art study. The cheapness of its products has made it possible for us to study and compare works widely separated and difficult of access, with a facility all unknown a little while ago, — and it has brought the art of the world into new relations with criticism. Works that have long been shut up from general observation and study, and which the world has long been obliged to see reflected "as in a glass darkly" by the minds of conceited, enthusiastic, cynical, or idolatrous people, suddenly find themselves in an unexpected manner standing in the full light of the public square, and subjected to the fire of a thousand eyes. Their photographs are in the windows of every print-shop in Christendom, and even flow into myriads of private houses in sizes adapted to the means of all lovers of beautiful things, from the largest folio, to the sociable visiting-card, that enables a man to carry his beloved picture or statue next his heart in his wallet.

Much of what is put before us, however, needs comment, explanation, illustration; and it is a real service that is rendered us by the student, when he puts into accessible shape what he has learned of the lives of artists, of the history of their works, and the history of the subjects they painted or carved. One of the most useful of the writers who have attempted to interest English-speaking people in the subject of Art — Mrs. Jameson — holds an honest place in the world's esteem. Her books — Sacred and Legendary Art, Legends of the Monastic Orders, Legends of the Madonna — are of permanent value, and will never be wholly outworn. Mrs. Jameson sometimes makes mistakes in statement, and is now and then too meagre, but, on the whole, it would be hard to better her books, and we are too comfortable with them to dwell on their deficiencies. Their size and price, however, have prevented their having as wide a circulation as could be wished for them, and Mrs. Clement has cleverly compressed into one small volume a great deal of the sort of information which makes Mrs. Jameson's books so valuable, and has added a great deal that she has laboriously gleaned from kindred sources. If we seem to connect Mrs. Clement's book with Mrs. Jameson's works in thus alluding to it, it is not that we intend any comparison, for Mrs. Clement's is an entirely independent book, and original in its plan. It is an extremely useful book, accurate and full, and supplying a want that is proved to have been felt, by the call for so many editions. Her new work is also useful, and the task she has set herself in it generally well performed. It is a portable dictionary of painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, and their works, and it is singular that there should not be in any language any book on the same subject so extensive in its range and at the same time so compact. It is really a handbook, being a small octavo of 628 pages exclusive of the indexes, and it is marked by the same accuracy and completeness as the author's companion volume. We think Mrs.

Clement should have somewhere explicitly stated that her book does not include the names of living artists; in general all the names are present that the scope of the work demands. If we have any fault to find with the execution of this dictionary it is not the occasional want of proportion; seven pages to Canova, and only six to Raphael (exclusive of the list of engravings after his pictures are not well proportioned; and considering what Leslie was and what Read and Leutze were, it is not pleasant to find the notices of the two inferior artists more important than that of the painter who is one of the very few of whom America may be justly proud. Defects like these are inevitable in any such undertaking, and excusable too, if we choose to say that we are not sorry to have so much of A, only we would be glad of a little more about B. An objection is that in too many instances Mrs. Clement shows a respect for certain German writers which we think they hardly deserve, and that she is too willing to repeat the old worn-out stories of the older artists, most of them apocryphal, and many of them clearly disproved, which have done duty in every biographical collection from Vasari down. A book of this sort published to-day ought to give only what is now absolutely settled, or the latest word, whatever it may be, and if any one wishes to read the fables he might be warned that the author had tried hard to leave them all out, and that he must seek them in the older books. However, we do not mean to leave these excellent publications in a fault-finding mood. In by far the greater number of instances, Mrs. Clement's information is fresh and accurate and her authorities are the latest.

— *Histoire de l'Art de la Verrerie dans l'Antiquité.* Par Achille Deville (Paris: Morel, 1873), is a publication quite worthy of the house that has given to the world more and more valuable books on subjects connected with the fine arts than any other with which we are acquainted. As one looks over even so many of their publications as are ranged on the shelves of Mr. Levy, their agent in this country (F. W. Christern, 77 University Place, New York), he must wonder at the capital invested in these splendid books no less than at the learning and the mechanical skill they represent. The present volume is, like so many of its companions, not merely a handsome book printed with the fine black ink that seems known in the European printing-houses and nowhere else, on strong, white paper, with 112 illustrations in the best style of chromo-lithography, but it contains a text of singular value, giving us in something short of a hundred pages a clear account of the history of glass from the most ancient times down to the fall of the Roman empire. The illustrations are drawn from the most recent discoveries, as well as from the more famous of those that have been longer known, and the artist has been very faithful in his copies. The work comes at the very time we need it, now that we have in our own country, in the Di Cesnola Collection in the New York Metropolitan Museum, one of the most complete and remarkable collections of ancient glass in the world.

— J. Bourgoin — the author of *Les Arts Arabes*, a work just completed, which gives an ampler notion than has been previously attainable, of the inventive fancy and the deep science of the Arabs — has published *Théorie de l'Ornement*, A. Levy, Paris, 1873, a work we desire to recommend to those of our teachers who are interested in mastering the arts of decorative design in order to impart their principles to pupils. This seems to us a more useful, because more scientific and philosophic work than Owen Jones' Grammar of Ornament, although superficially it is not so attractive, owing to the absence of color. But color cannot be taught nor even well suggested by chromo-lithography, at least in the present condition of that art, and therefore we lose nothing by the plates of the present volume being in outline. These plates are exquisitely engraved and are very delightful to study, though the young reader needs to be reminded that no beautiful design — no more these than all the others that man has produced — was ever worked out by thinking, but only by feeling. Works like these serve a good purpose in demonstrating how the artist who has lived with nature, observing her and studying her, will be proud to be in the method of his work no less than in its spirit, one with her. But because we can bring the frets and ribbons and guilloches and sprigs on a Greek vase, or the patterns on a Zealander's war-club, or the designs on the dress of a Japanese daimio or fishwoman into a geometrical demonstration, we must beware of thinking that the designer of the ornament necessarily knew anything of geometry or of any art of design. At its best, good design is the product of pure instinct, and the reason why we cannot produce it in these days nor even copy perfectly the old, is because we know too much.

— B. Westermann & Co., New York, send us the first number of a work which will be interesting to antiquaries: *Antiquités Suédoises arrangées et dévites par Oscar Montelius dessinées par C. F. Lindberg*, Stockholm. 1873. The first part contains 261 wood-cuts of stone and bronze implements, weapons, ornaments, and utensils, executed in a singularly clear, bold fashion, as veritable as photography, but more intelligible and artistic. From the same publisher we have also received the concluding number of Dr. Lübke's *Geschichte der Deutschen Renaissance*, one division of a popular work on the Renaissance Architecture and Ornament, of which the other divisions — that on the French Renaissance, also by Dr. Lübke, and that on the Renaissance in Italy, by Jacob Burckhardt — are also published in separate volumes. Dr. Lübke is a voluminous and superficial author, but his books are not without merit, and at any rate they give us a great many fresh and well-executed pictures of the subjects he treats of. This History of the Renaissance Architecture in Germany is in one stout volume of handy size, containing nearly a thousand pages, and illustrated with 261 excellent wood-cuts.

— Lübke's Introduction to the Study of Church Art and Architecture, *Vorschule zum Studium der Kirchlichen Kunst*, has reached a sixth edition, and comes to us enlarged and improved through Westermann from the enterprising house of G. A Seemann, Leipzig, which is doing a great deal to popularize the study of art in Germany. Last year, we are sorry to say, saw the close of the publication of the *Jahrbücher für Kunstwissenschaft*, which has been issued for seven years by this house, but which came to an end with the publication of the first and second parts of the seventh year in August, 1873, in consequence of the sudden death of Dr. Albert von Zahn, its very learned and able editor. Students of art will find it difficult to do without some such medium of intercourse with their fellow-students, and we suppose an effort will be made to continue the publication, though Von Zahn's loss cannot be supplied in a day.

— Alfred Woltmann has published a second edition of his work, *Holbein und seine Zeit*, which originally appeared in 1866–68. The new edition contains all the old matter, with a full discussion of the disputed questions relating to the great artist, more especially as to the authenticity of the Dresden picture of the Meyer family. Herr Woltmann is clear for the Darmstadt picture as the original, and in this opinion we believe he now has all the principal critics and connoisseurs with him.

— An exception to the usual holiday-principle of keeping back everything not to be digested with entire ease by the popular taste, seemed to have been made in the exhibition of some English water-colors at Messrs. Doll and Richards's rooms, last month. The exception was more apparent, however, than real; nor was there anything in the exhibition fairly illustrative of the modern English school of water-colorists. Under the influence of those pre-Raphaelites who believe in correct drawing and strong, harmonious coloring, a school has come into existence which is really a school of tempera-painters, using body-color and the white of egg, or other medium, and thus giving to water-color a richness and consistency equal to that of oil, while preserving its own greater natural purity and softness. There are one or two feeble imitations of this among the pictures we are noticing, but nothing, as we have said, at all fairly illustrative of it. At first sight, the array seems a harmless one enough, but we find things in it which are not altogether so; as, for instance, the illustration to Childe Harold, by J. B. Pyne. There is some crude feeling for color in the man who put together those yellow trees in the background, with that white tower on the hill, and the white moon on the right, all emerging from a bluish twilight; but the sketch is utterly devoid of drawing, or of any distinction of values, and the dauby willow in the foreground is really injurious to one's sense of common rectitude. J. C. Reed is represented by several landscapes, one of which is a broad meadow by the Thames, over which a copious but pale light has been poured from the background; while some regulation oxen approach the water in the centre, and a useful punt floats in the left corner. Mr. Reed exhibits a fair amount of manual dexterity; and a view in Argyllshire is perhaps the best that is shown of him. A brawling stream flashes into white foam over the purplish rocks in its bed, and hills rise behind it, clothed at the base with soft mossy green, but passing into purple and blue before they meet the clouds lingering along the tops. These clouds break away at the left, letting a fresh, cool light shine out. There is an agreeable sensation of cool and bracing mountain-air to be had from the contemplation of the sketch; but

we must not expect from it any sort of artistic revelation, and hardly a faithful transcription. The utter lack of appreciation for the character of stone apparent in the rocks might recall Ruskin's scornful phrase, that "Trees, clouds, and rivers are enjoyable even by the careless; but the stone under his foot has for carelessness nothing in it but a stumbling." Mr. J. B. Smith, in like manner, lays himself under strong suspicion of having drawn upon his knowledge of meal-bag contours for the forms of the rocks in his two mountain-scenes. He achieves, to be sure, a certain harmony of coloring, through his combination of brownish-purple heathery hills and light greens and gold-tints in the foliage. But it is impossible to procure vitality of any sort by mere combinations, especially if wholly unsupported by drawing. And it is curious that even the coloring in such cases, though nursed into a quasi-harmoniousness, is very apt to be lifeless and enervating. Another example of this is to be found in two little sketches, pendants, by J. C. Rowbotham, — one of which depicts Rouen, with rose-smitten spires in the background, a bridge of three or four arches across the river, with smoke from a steamer behind it; a sloop on the left strand, and trees; and on the right rich golden-brown trees hanging like a heavy tapestry upon the bank, and reflected in the water. Here we have in perfection what Mr. Smith was trying hard, but with only partial success, to attain. It is all very soft and sweet, and just what would be called by admiring ladies who did not care to think twice about the matter, "lovely." But the critic naturally asks himself whether a success of this kind is at all worth the attaining. There has been a considerable expense of labor in this instance, to reach much the same result as that which would be possible to a superior chromo-lithograph. There has also been more or less exertion of intellect, to make something which will excite no exercise of intellect in the observer.

The Landing of Cæsar, by Mr. Smith, is a masquerade, the object of which it is difficult to discern. It curiously suggests the mock-dramatic style employed by the ingenious illustrator of the Comic History of England; but, on looking closer at it, something of deadly earnestness makes itself felt, and enforces the ludicrous conviction that it is an attempt at history-painting. The author of it casts off all responsibility as to organizing his composition, and has so thoroughly abandoned himself to the idea of multitude and bellicose confusion, that it is pretty nearly impossible to reproduce the situation in words. The most prominent feature, however, is a group of two or three vessels on the right, the material of which is so ill-defined that it might pass readily either for birchbark or earthenware. These ships are filled with Romans. On the deck of one of them several warriors are indulging in horrible contortions, though for what purpose it is not easy to determine. On the deck of the other, and facing the spectator, stands a rather squat individual, bearing some resemblance to the first Napoleon, and also to the accepted effigies of Julius Cæsar, who displays a tendency to engage in similar contortions, at the same time gazing out upon us in such a melancholy manner that we involuntarily expect to see him plunge into the water below, with a double summersault. In the foreground, meanwhile, a severe tussle is in progress; the most striking incident of which is the complete destruction of a Briton by the javelin of somebody on Cæsar's vessel. The Briton is so completely thrown off his balance by the blow, that he has dropped backward in the water, where he had been standing; and nothing is to be seen of him except a disordered head and a pair of legs; while the lance, sticking upright at about his middle and causing a great splash of water, excites in us an unpleasantly acute appreciation of the Briton's sensations at the moment. It certainly requires imagination to crush up a man in this loose way, as if he were an egg-shell. And there is also imagination in the production of ancient Britons in such numbers as to confuse our minds by a doubt whether it is not some extraordinary fungus which we see clinging to the rocks and shore on the left, rather than savage warriors.

Besides these horrors of antique war, there are some very execrable and ignorant memoranda of the Crimea, which have absolutely no artistic value, and in all probability no value from a military point of view — if we may judge by the doubtful veracity of the scene called "A Warm Situation," where two men lie under the side of a rock on a hill-side, with twenty or thirty bomb-shells bursting all round them. But there are pleasanter things for him to look at than these; and among the best are two small pictures by H. Sutton Palmer, one a landscape in Dartmoor (we believe), in a cool lavender strain; and a bit of a bazar in Cairo, — two old men with a becoming allowance of beard, squatted on mats in a court-like in-

closure, in front of some luxuriously-colored fabrics supplemented by brown shadows in the corner and under the arcades. There are also two or three architectural interiors, by J. Nash, in which the effect of carving and so on is well enough given, although the sketches themselves are thin and mechanical, barely getting within the line which separates painting from architectural designing. Then, too, there is a small group by Smirke, B. A., one of the valiant Academicians who made such brave but futile endeavors to illustrate Shakespeare satisfactorily in outline. This is called The Dance, and represents a pair of slender virgins in loose, old-fashioned gowns, with some youths in perfect-fitting coats, who are playing piano and flute, and flinging about gracefully under a queer old candelabrum shaped like a wash-bowl, with the candles stuck around the brim. It strikes us, first of all, as being eminently proper and respectable; it could not possibly have an injurious effect upon the young. But then it is doubtful also whether it would have any effect worth recording upon anybody. The drawing is neat, the color pale and thin, and hardly deserving of mention. There have been too many men in the annals of British art who knew color no better than Smirke. They penciled away pretty skillfully, though without much character in their drawing, and then clapped on the colors here and there as they might have done upon a print. We understand, when we look at productions like this, how the phrase "*drawing* in water-color" came in vogue. It is no more than a drawing delicately tinted. The instinctive feeling and thinking in color, the simultaneous and harmonious conception of form and color and situation, — these belong to a trait of only recent development in the English water-colorists. It is, however, one of the most prominent traits, at present, and one which ought to be thoroughly represented in any group of water-colors from England.

In Sanctioned at Last, J. M. Wright goes boldly on in the footsteps of Smirke. A sallow individual with an unsuccessfully bitter expression is lying on a bed, grasping the hand of a young woman who stands at the bedside, with a young man presumably her lover. The lover turns away from the spectacle of the sanction, with what we suppose to be a pathetic wrinkle in his fawn-colored trousers. A couple of cloaks, too, one brown and the other purple, have kindly consented to occupy the only two chairs visible in the apartment, thus throwing a delicate guise of melodrama over the incident. How many sins of weak idea have not these drooping cloaks covered, in the history of art! It is fortunate that they are no longer fashionable.

The only really interesting piece in the collection is a colored drawing by John Leach, — "Private Theatricals," — a drawing in the style of the vast number formerly engraved in the London Punch, and familiar to all who know Leach's Sketches of Life and Character. Whether this particular drawing was reproduced among those included in the series, we are unable to say, without reference. It represents a dusky drawing-room (with a screen at the farther end), where a company of amateur actors are assembled in partial readiness for their performance. A chandelier trimmed with evergreens depends from the ceiling, but it is not lighted; and a wash of pale purple has been spread over the entire drawing, to give the impression of a dimly-lighted apartment. The figures that need it, however, are allowed to bask in an abundant illumination of a yellowish tendency, so that in the general gloom they gradually come to look like glow-worms or little elfin creatures hopping about in the twilight. The coloring, it may be said shortly, is not at all a success. Leach took up the whim of coloring late in life, and probably had no gift for it. But there is much enjoyment in the skillful physiognomical indication. There is the great Falstaff of a fellow dancing up to a queen or princess, in the centre, to offer her some refreshment; the pompous butler, slightly amused, serving coffee; the two persons in the right-hand corner, who are all ready, and afraid to stir for fear of discomposing their *tout ensemble;* the gaunt young man declaiming from a book, and another trying to get into the proper tragedy-mood; all depicted with the greatest economy of line. Yet there is nothing careless in the strokes; for the sketchiness of a man like Leach requires enduring patience and careful thought. With no more than two or three slight touches he will give to the bare outline a complete and vigorous expression; and this cannot be done carelessly. Perhaps there is nothing more than an ingenious manner about it; but we do not want more in caricature. There is plenty of matter in this drawing for any one who wants to learn how to blend delicate caricature with clear and concise state-

ment of realities, in such a way that we shall hardly know when the artist is feigning, and when not. That is the real art of caricature with the pencil; and when exaggeration gets the upper hand too far, as with Pellegrini of the London Vanity Fair, and with our own Nast, it must be added, caricature is apt to give place, on very short notice, to simple buffoonery.

As for color, there is not a single piece of vigorous, manly color in all this collection.

MUSIC.

In the complete edition of Richard Wagner's collected writings and poems, that has recently been published in Leipzig,[1] we have undoubtedly one of the most considerable items in the esthetic literature of our day. Nine octavo volumes of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pages each, coming from the pen of a man whose influence, either as fanatical bugbear or inspired prophet, has made itself felt throughout the musical world for the last two or three decades, claim a respectful attention even from the author's most convinced opponents. Genius or no genius of the musical or poetic kind, the man has at least the genius of sincerity and perseverance. Of him it might have been said, as Mirabeau said of Robespierre: "This man will do somewhat; he believes every word he says;" and whether we regard his artistic career as an enchanting vision of an esthetic and social millennium now made possible, or as a hideous nightmare of chaos regained, we may be assured that for good or for evil he has done and been something real; that his existence is more than a sham.

His career has thus far certainly been a remarkable one. Such success as he has had, has been genuine; the spontaneous effect of some efficient cause to be found in his works themselves, not the factitious result of much talking. If success were only to be got by mere conciliation of opponents, surely Wagner was the last man to have succeeded. Of all men in the world he was the least calculated by nature to conciliate. Self-assertion in its most violent and even offensive forms, wholesale denunciation of opponents, scathing sarcasm, and direct vituperation, though never rising to the hysterical pitch, have ever been his weapons. He has succeeded in spite of everything that he has done to prevent success. One day he launches forth a volley of most damaging criticism, not unmixed with personalities, at the head of pedantry and "Modern Romanticism," only to find on the morrow his operas applauded in the very citadel of "Modern Romanticism" and antiquarianism. In spite of his consistent treatment of the modern Italian opera-school as mere musical infants, or worse, mere clap-trap amusement purveyors to an emasculated public, *Lohengrin* has had a marked success in Bologna. He has shown up Meyerbeer's weaknesses and artificialities with such intensity of language and such searching brilliancy of satire as it has been the fate of few composers to call forth; yet even in Paris itself, where the worship of Meyerbeer, like that of Mendelssohn in England, is carried to an extent that must be witnessed to be believed in, — even in Paris, though the tunes and cat-calls of a Jockey-club deprived of its after-dinner ballet could make *Tannhäuser* inaudible, they could not make it forgotten; and at the Cirque Napoléon (now Cirque National) and the Théâtre Lyrique, Wagner has gained too firm a foothold to be easily ousted; and though the management in the rue le Pelletier, with an eye to its subscription list, might sleekly announce that it would no longer oppose the judgment of an intelligent public by keeping Tannhäuser on the boards, M. Pasdeloup, some few years afterward, told the hissers of the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire to take themselves home and let the audience hear the Lohengrin music in peace; which, finding further hissing unprofitable, they accordingly did. So ended what we believe was the last anti-Wagner demonstration in Paris; in silent, not contemptuous, going away. What the secret of Wagner's success has particularly been, would, at this time, be hard to say. Great power over men and the minds of men he certainly has — supported, as we have said, by great sincerity and an invincible

[1] *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen* von Richard Wagner. Leipzig: E. W. Fritzsch. 1871–73. To be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

perseverance; above all by an unquenchable enthusiasm. The man is nothing if not intense, he can do nothing on a small scale. Of the quantity and quality of his genius we can by no means judge, but of his being thoroughly in earnest every one must be convinced by this time.

In the present edition of his literary and poetical works, we find the texts to all his operas and musical dramas; his larger theoretical and controversial essays: Art and the Revolution, The Work-of-art of the Future, Art and Climate, Opera and Drama, Concerning the State and Religion, German Art and German Politics; and a host of smaller writings of all descriptions, from short occasional poems and (not so short) occasional speeches, burlesque political farces, reports on various art projects, and newspaper critiques, to essays esthetic, polemical, and controversial, almost without end. In an appendix to the ninth volume are collected all that he has written about the Bayreuth Festival, together with six architectural plans of the projected opera-house.

Throughout all his critical and controversial writings the violent, indomitable spirit of the man distinctly shows itself, uncompromising in all things. Yet even in his most violent and vituperative moments, he never quite loses head. Hysterical raving he has no taste, perhaps no capacity for, and even under his most turgid bombast, amid his most sensuous metaphors, we can always trace a fixed principle resolutely worked out, without wavering or hesitation. He never seems to be disturbed by skepticism or half-faith; what he feels and believes, he feels and believes with his whole soul and being. These writings put before the reader in the fullest and most distinct shape what his art-faith essentially is. That the subject is an important one in art, perhaps even the all-important one of our day, is sufficiently evident from the interest it has excited, and from the fundamental principles of art that are at stake in the discussion.

According to Wagner, the "work-of-art of the future," in other words, the ideal work-of-art, the crowning object and end of all artistic working and striving, is the musical drama; of which we have already an imperfect and distorted example in the opera. The function that music is to fulfill in this perfect lyric drama is perhaps as clearly shown in his statement of the fundamental mistake in the opera, as in any direct confession of faith that we can call to mind. He says: "The mistake in the art-form of the opera has been, that *the means of expression* (music) *has been made the end of expression, and the end of expression* (the drama) *the means.*" In other words, music, instead of being made the means of intensifying and vivifying the expression of the dramatic intention, has, in the opera, been made the be-all and end-all; the text being a secondary matter, a mere excuse for the music. According to Wagner, music in its highest form is the outgrowth and necessary complement of poetry. Poetry places certain ideas before the mind, and to a certain extent expresses them; music steps in where poetry leaves off, and carries the expression to the highest pitch of intensity. Music that has not its origin in poetry is merely sensuous, without power of definite expression, simply because there is nothing definite to express; a mere bit of absolute intensity, of unapplied force thrown out into the world at random, a lever without a fulcrum, an effect without a cause. This doctrine he has worked out in all its smallest details, with a power of language and poetic imagery that are at times astounding. It would carry us too far to look into the validity of this theory at present; let it suffice to say that the artistic scheme that he has built up on this foundation is a thoroughly self-consistent one, and has rid the opera of many palpable absurdities.

As to Wagner's purely musical theories, it must be borne in mind that, as he makes music wholly dependent upon the dramatic intention, his music necessarily follows an entirely different law of development from any music that is self-dependent and has no definite poetic basis. Those who have called Wagner's music lawless, wanting in an internal necessity of being, and a definite plan or system of development, have shot wide of the mark.

How much evidence there is in it of genius, original creative power, or esthetic sensibility is another question; but that his music, in his later works at least, follows a distinct and consistent plan can be doubted only by a very superficial observer. It does not, certainly, follow the rules we find set down in treatises on harmony and counterpoint, but that does not prove that it has no rules of its own. To quote from Hans Sachs in Wagner's own *Meistersinger*: —

> "Wollt ihr nach Regeln messen
> was nicht nach eurer Regeln Lauf,
> der eig'nen Spur vergessen,
> sucht davon erst die Regeln auf!" [1]

[1] Would you measure by rules that which is not

In short, his music has a fundamentally different anatomy from that of any of his great predecessors in art, and cannot be measured by the old musical yard-sticks. It has been objected that he has not been true to his own principles in art; that, in spite of his new theories, much of his music has a purely musical, not a dramatic or poetical basis. This is undeniably true, especially in his earlier works, and is, moreover, perfectly natural. No young reformer or innovator in art, religion, or what not, if he be so from irresistible conviction, and not from a natural taste for image-breaking, can all at once break loose from old, time-honored traditions, endeared to him by many an exalting association. No sincere artist will try the new, untrodden path, until he has tried the old beaten way and found it too narrow. Thus it is only in his later works that Wagner has fully applied his theories. His first published grand opera, *Rienzi*, written in 1838 and '39, is in no essential different in form from the standard French grand opera of Meyerbeer and Halévy. In the *Fliegende Holländer* he begins to give evidence of the revolution that was to take place in his style, a revolution which became more and more marked, until in *Tristan und Isolde* he has entirely left the beaten track and developed his peculiar theories to the fullest extent.

In the first volume of his writings, he gives us a short autobiography of himself, of which a slight sketch may not be uninteresting.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig, on the twenty-second of May, 1813. He does not seem to have developed any marked musical talent at a very early age, although he mentions being able to play a couple of little popular airs on the pianoforte when seven years old. Carl Maria von Weber's *Freischütz* strangely attracted him when a boy; he even went to the length of learning to play the overture by heart; the result of which study was his teacher's prophecy: "that he would never come to any good." "He was about right, for in my whole life I have never learned to play the piano-forte," Wagner says. He seems, however, to have continued the objectionable practice of scrambling through overtures with what "most horrible fingering" his young fingers might find out for themselves. Upon the whole, he was a most impressionable youth, with little talent for strict application to anything in particular, but gifted with a large fund of enthusiasm for anything that happened to strike his fancy. His first decided bent seems to have been towards poetry, and we find him cutting quite a respectable figure at school, especially in writing verses and in the Greek poets. At one time his ardor for poetry led him to study English, that he might read Shakespeare in the original, which burst of enthusiasm ended in unbounded admiration for the poet, but also in a thorough disgust for the difficulties of the English language, for he soon gave up the study. He nevertheless determined upon making Shakespeare his model, and began in secret a grand tragedy, a sort of mixture of Hamlet and King Lear. He was then fourteen or fifteen years old. Of this literary effort he writes: "The plan was most sublime; forty-four people died in the course of the piece, and in working it up, I found myself forced to have most of them reappear as ghosts, since the *dramatis personæ* would not have otherwise held out for the last acts." He worked for two years upon this play, much, apparently, to the detriment of his school studies.

He meanwhile finds time to go to the Gewandhaus concerts and hear some compositions of Beethoven, which have a strong effect upon him; *Egmont* especially inspiring him to such a degree that he resolves upon writing similar incidental music to his tragedy. "Although," he says, "I never doubted being able to write this indispensable music myself, I yet held it expedient to first get at least an idea of some of the fundamental rules of thorough-bass." At this study he flies with his usual ardor, finding however more difficulties than he expected; but he has a natural taste for overcoming obstacles, especially when they do not spring up in his regular school studies, and though the difficulties are more and more exasperating, yet they are also fascinating in a strange way; at last he determines to be a musician outright. In the midst of his studies his family discover the tragedy, upon which discovery there ensues much grave reprimanding. Two years of neglected studies, waste of time, general laziness in all desirable directions, and too strong a tendency to grasp at forbidden fruit! Of sermonizing he gets enough and to spare, and bears it, we can imagine, with due amount of recalcitrant growling, and impetuous, volcanic flaring up. He is hard put to it to persuade his family that this new consuming passion for music is more than a temporary one,

according to your system, first seek to understand *its* laws, forgetful of your own beaten track.

not having shown much steadiness of character in any direction, and being in general rather a discouragement to the parental mind. He has now arrived at the age of sixteen. He nevertheless persists in his undertaking in spite of parental frowning; and studies music in the wildest, inconsequent way, to the despair of teacher and friends. He at last finds that the rudiments are beneath his notice; he prefers writing overtures for full orchestra, and even has one performed at the Leipzig theatre. Of this performance he says: —

"This overture was the culminating point of my nonsensicalities. For the easier comprehension of those who might wish to study the score, I had intended to write it out in three different inks; the strings red, the flutes and reeds green, and the brass black. Beethoven's ninth symphony was to have been a Pleyel sonata compared with this wondrously combined overture. The thing that was of especial injury to me at the performance was the regular recurrence, every four bars throughout the whole overture, of a *fortissimo* stroke on the kettle-drums. The public passed, from their first astonishment at the obstinate pertinacity of the drummer, to unconcealed ill-humor, and finally to a most distressing joviality. This first performance of a piece of my own composition left a strong impression on me."

Then comes the Revolution of July. Our young Wagner rushes headlong into revolutionizing; he arrives at the conviction that "every active man should exclusively occupy himself with politics," shuns all society but that of political literati; yet, not to break entirely with his old love, music, he begins an overture, this time on a political theme, like an orchestral Theodor Körner. At last he enters a university to attend lectures on philosophy and esthetics, but does not, seemingly, profit by his opportunities, — now an old story. He prefers taking another of his wild, spasmodic plunges, this time into all sorts of dissipation, and with such hearty good-will, that he soon disgusts himself with life of that sort, and really begins to feel the necessity of doing something better than playing with the arts and vices. He now for the first time applies himself seriously to music, having providentially, as he calls it, hit upon the right instructor, Theodor Weinlich, of the St. Thomas School in Leipzig. He works with a will, struggling in the mazes of counterpoint until he at last comes out victorious, a master of musical anatomy. His teacher dismisses him with: "What you have appropriated to yourself by these dry studies is called 'Self-dependence.'" From this moment Wagner shows himself thoroughly in earnest about his art; he studies Beethoven and Mozart as only a German with a fixed purpose can study. He composes also to some extent, writing, among other things, an overture and a symphony, both of which are publicly performed, not without gratifying applause. He also writes an opera — *Die Feen* — which was never performed, and which, like all his earlier works, is now forgotten. Thus he continues, studying and composing, until we see him appointed Music Director at Magdeburg in the summer of 1834. He has a rapidly growing success as a conductor, and composes another opera (doing both text and music himself, as he has done ever afterwards), entitled *Das Liebesverbot*, founded upon Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, which he finishes in the spring of 1836, but so near the end of the opera season, that at the performance, which he presses on with characteristic energy, everything is at odds and ends; the prompter doing more than the singers, who do not in the least know their parts, and the whole resulting in general confusion and musical Babel. Some few numbers, however, less badly sung than the rest, are worthily applauded. A second performance so near the end of the season is out of the question. In the autumn he marries in Königsberg, — whom we do not find out, — without a groschen in his pockets, and with a large crop of debts standing against him. Now succeed years of poverty and vexations of all kinds, during which we find him in various parts of Germany, and at last in Paris, where he writes his first grand opera, *Rienzi*, surrounded by a thousand petty trials, of which want of bread and butter is not the least.

Rienzi is soon followed by Der Fliegende Holländer the music of which he writes in seven weeks. Neither of these operas, however, get performed in Paris. An attempt to revive his old Liebesverbot also fails, and after two years of unhappy struggling for mere existence, he returns to Germany in 1842. Here both Rienzi and the Holländer are brought out in some of the principal cities. At length, through the influence of Franz Liszt, then at the height of his fame as a virtuoso, and whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, his Tannhäuser is brought out in Dresden. From this moment his

success as a composer is assured. His acquaintance with Liszt (since then his father-in-law) soon ripens into the warmest and most enthusiastic friendship. His career since the performance of Tannhäuser being pretty generally known, we stop here. His other operas are *Lohengrin, Tristan und Isolde, Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg,* and his great trilogy, *Der Ring des Nibelungen,* which consists of four connected musical dramas, namely: the introductory *Das Rheingold,* and *Die Walküre, Siegfried,* and *Die Götterdämmerung.* The last of these is not yet published.

— In piano-forte music,[1] L. M. Gottschalk's posthumous *Chant de Guerre* will be interesting to the late pianist's admirers. It would be hardly fair to criticise the composition from a musical point of view, as there are so few musical qualities in it. It is certainly the most madcap piece of whirring and whizzing from key to key, but yet not without a certain charm as a sort of musical alcohol. A posthumous work by Gottschalk is in itself a sort of ghastly joke, rather like a posthumous performance on the tight-rope; for Gottschalk's music has died with him without hope of resuscitation in this world. As a pianist and composer he occupied a thoroughly unique position, as much so indeed as Chopin, though on a different level. As there was only one Chopin, so there was only one Gottschalk. As Chopin was the most perfect exponent of the Polish element in music, so was Gottschalk the great interpreter of the Hispano-Ethiopian element, and by as much as the Polish esthetic spirit is higher and more developed than the Negro, by so much was Chopin higher than Gottschalk. Add also the difference that, while Chopin was a man of distinctly musical sensibility and culture, Gottschalk was, as far as music is concerned, little better than an untutored savage. But he had a spark of most undeniable original genius, and to hear him play his own compositions was a musical experience entirely unique of its kind. As he often could not play passages from other composers (only think of a man of his really astounding technique working for a week over one of the parts of Moscheles's *Hommage à Händel* and then giving it up in despair!), so was he the only man who could really play his own works. The charm that he lent to such futilities as the *Last Hope,* and the maddening *entrain* with which he played his *Bamboula* and *Banjo* was as inimitable as it is indescribable. He was something more than merely astonishing, he was irresistibly fascinating.

Stephen A. Emery's *Grasshopper's Story* is quite a fascinating little bit of musical baby-talk, such as only a man who can talk plainly when he will, can trust himself in without being insipid or grotesque. Mr. Emery has shown in some of his previous compositions that he is as far as possible from being a musical infant himself, and this little piece, recalling the nursery as it does, is neither weak nor commonplace.

Of Gounod's *Marche Romaine,* when we have said that it was written by Gounod and was performed on the anniversary of the coronation of his Holiness, Pius IX., we have said all that is noteworthy about it.

— In vocal music[2] Gabussi's duet *The Fortune-teller* and Vincenzo Cirillo's *Barcarolle* are both good specimens of straightforward, unaffected Italian writing, not remarkable for distinct individual inspiration, but having a healthy, natural melody and generally correct harmony (which is a comfort), and a good deal of national Italian spirit.

Ciro Pinsuti's *Fly forth, O Gentle Dove* is well written and would be fascinating and worth the composer's while, if Hatton and Claribel and a host of others had not long ago worn that sort of tune quite threadbare.

Berthold Tours's *Violets in the Snow* tries hard to be something, and in some places almost succeeds, but in many passages shows the composer not to be very sure on his musical legs, and rather liable to be tripped up when he attempts anything like a striking effect in modulation.

[1] *Chant de Guerre.* Composè par L. M. Gottschalk. Publié sur des manuscrits originaux avec autorization de sa famille, par N. R. Espadero. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Grasshopper's Song. By Stephen A. Emery, op. 32, No. 5. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Marche Romaine. Par Ch. Gounod. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

[2] *The Fortune Teller.* Duet for Soprano and Contralto. By V. Gabussi Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Barcarolle. By Vincenzo Cirillo. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Fly forth, O Gentle Dove. Song. By Ciro Pinsuti. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Violets in the Snow. Ballad. By Berthold Tours. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

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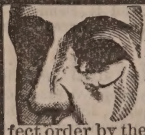

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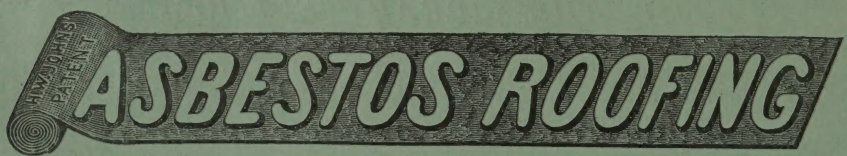

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A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXIII.—MARCH, 1874.—No. CXCVII.

PRUDENCE PALFREY.

VII.

HOW JOHN DENT MADE HIS PILE AND LOST IT.

IT is an epic that ought to be sung at length, if one had the skill and the time; but I have neither the time nor the skill, and must make a ballad of it. The material of this chapter is drawn chiefly from Joseph Twombly's verbal narrative, and the fragments of a journal which John Dent kept at intervals in those days.

It was an afternoon in the latter part of September that the party with which Dent and Twombly and Nevins had associated themselves drew rein, on a narrow bridle-path far up the side of a mountain in eastern Montana. Rising in their stirrups, and holding on by the pommels of their saddles, they leaned over the sheer edge of the precipice and saw the Promised Land lying at their feet. On one side of an impetuous stream, that ran golden in the reflected glow of the remoter peaks, lay a city of tents, pine-huts, and rude brush wakiups, from which spiral columns of smoke slowly ascended here and there, and melted as they touched the upper currents of the wind. Along the cañon, following the course of the stream, were hundreds of blue and red and gray figures moving about restlessly like ants. These were miners at work. Now and then the waning sunlight caught the point of an uplifted pick, and it sparkled like a flake of mica.

It was a lonely spot. All this busy human life did not frighten away the spirit of isolation that had brooded over it since the world was made. Shut in by savage hills, stretching themselves cloudward like impregnable battlements, it seemed as if nothing but a miracle had led the foot of man to its interior solitude. What a lovely, happy valley it looked, flooded with the ruddy stream of sunset! No wonder the tired riders halted on the mountain-side, gazing down half-doubtingly upon its beauty.

"Dent," whispered George Nevins, impressively, "there is gold here." Then he sat motionless for a few minutes, taking in every aspect of the cañon. "But we will get no nuggets, mind you," he presently added, in a low voice. "That wide gash you see in the mountain, running down through the valley like a swath cut by some gigantic mowing-machine, is the ancient bed of a river. The little smooth pebbles that lie thick in the gulches, though we cannot see them from this height, were mighty bowlders once. The rush of the water, which maybe has not been here

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for thousands of years, ground them small. It treated the gold with no more distinction; what there is in this place is pulverized, lying in dainty drifts or pockets, two, ten, or twenty feet down on the pipe-clay. But no nuggets, John Dent."

"But there *is* gold?"

"Tons — for the man that can find it."

"Let us go!" cried John Dent, plunging the spurs into his horse. The rest of the party, refreshed by the halt, followed suit, and the train swept down the mountain-path, the rowels and bells of their Spanish spurs jingling like mad.

So they entered the Montana diggings.

More than once on their journey to Red Rock, which had not been without its perils, Dent and Twombly had found Nevins's experience and readiness of great advantage to them, and that afternoon, on arriving at the cañon, they had fresh cause to congratulate themselves on having him for a comrade. Two diggers, who were working a pit below them on the ravine, had encroached on their claim, and seemed indisposed to relinquish a certain strip of soil next the stream very convenient for washing purposes. Nevins measured the ground carefully, coolly pulled up the stakes which had been removed, and set them back in their original holes. He smiled while he was doing this, but it was a wicked sort of smile, as dangerous as a sunstroke.

The men eyed him sullenly for a dozen or twenty seconds; then one of them walked up to his mate and whispered in his ear, and then the pair strolled off, glancing warily from time to time over their shoulders.

Dent and Twombly looked on curiously. Dent would have argued the case, and proved to them, by algebra, that they were wrong; Twombly would have compromised by a division of the disputed tract; but Nevins was an old hand, and knew how to hold his own.

"The man who hesitates in this community is lost," said Nevins, turning to his companions. "If I had not meant fight, they would have shot me. As it was — I should have shot them."

"Why, Nevins!" cried Twombly, "what a bloodthirsty fellow you are, to be sure!"

"You wait," Nevins said. "You don't know what kind of crowd you have got into. Here and there, maybe, there 's an honest fellow, but as for the rest — jail-birds from the States, gamblers from San Francisco, roughs from Colorado and Nevada, and blackguards from everywhere. Our fellow-citizens in the flourishing town of Red Rock are the choice scum and sediment of society, and I shall be out of my reckoning if the crack of the revolver does n't become as familiar to our ears as the croak of the bull-frogs over there in the alders."

Nevins had not drawn a flattering picture of the inhabitants of Red Rock; but it was as literal as a photograph.

The rumors of a discovery of rich placer diggings in Montana had flown like wild-fire through the Territories and the border States, and caused a stampede among the classes first affected by that kind of intelligence. Two months before, the valley was a solitude. Only the songs of birds, the plunge of a red-deer among the thickets, or the cry of some savage animal, broke its stillness. One day a trapper wandered by chance into the cañon, and got benighted there. In the morning, eating his breakfast, he had stuck his sheath-knife for convenience into the earth beside him; on withdrawing it he saw a yellow speck shining in the bit of clay adhering to the blade. The trapper quietly got up and marked out his claim. He knew it could not be kept secret. A man may commit murder and escape suspicion, though "murder speaks with most miraculous organ;" but he may never hope to discover gold and not be found out.

Two months afterwards there was a humming town in Red Rock Cañon, with a population of two thousand and upwards.

There was probably never a mining town of the same size that contained

more desperadoes than Red Rock in the first year of its existence. Hither flocked all the ruffians that had made other localities too hot to hold them — gentlemen with too much reputation, and ladies with too little; and here was formed the nucleus of that gang of marauders, known as Henry Plummer's Road Agent Band, which haunted the mountain-passes, pillaging and murdering, until the Vigilantes took them in hand and hanged them with as short shrift and as scant mercy as they had given their fellow-men. That is a black page in the history of American gold-seeking which closes with the execution of Joe Pizanthia, Buck Stinson, Haze Lyons, Boone Helme, Erastus Yager, Dutch John, Club-foot George, and Bill Graves, — their very names are a kind of murder.[1] And these were prominent citizens of Red Rock when our little party of adventurers set up their tent and went to work on their claim in the golden valley.

"Nevins has not mistaken the geological any more than he has the moral character of the cañon," writes John Dent in his journal under date of September 30. "Gold-dust has been found scattered all along the bed of the pre-Adamite river, and in some instances lucky prospectors have struck rich pockets; but of those massive nuggets which used to drive men wild in the *annus mirabilis* '49, there are none here, and no likelihood of any, confound it! *Mem.* Digging for gold, however it may dilate the imagination in theory, is practically devilish hard work."

This is a discovery which it appears was made by our friends long before they discovered the gold itself. For a week they toiled like Trojans; they gave themselves hardly time to eat; at night they dropped asleep like beasts of burden; and at the end of seven days they had found no gold. At the end of a fortnight, they had made nearly a dollar a day each — half the wages of a day-laborer at the East. John Dent, with a heavy sigh, suggested that they had better look up a claim for a cemetery.

"I never like to win at first," said Nevins, genially; "it brings bad luck."

"The fellows from Sacramento, down the stream, are taking out seven hundred a week," remarked Twombly.

"Our turn will come," Nevins replied, cheerly still, like Abou Ben Adhem to the Angel.

This was on Sunday. The trio had knocked off work, and so had the camp generally. Sunday was a gala day. The bar-rooms and the gambling saloons were thronged; at sundown the dance-house would open, — the Hurdy-Gurdy House, as it was called. Lounging about camp, but as a usual thing in close propinquity to some bar, were knots of unsuccessful diggers, anathematizing their luck and on the alert for an invitation to drink. All day Sunday an odor of mixed drinks floated up from Red Rock and hung over it in impalpable clouds.

The three friends strolled through the town on a tour of observation, and brought up at the door of a saloon where a crowd was gathered. A man had been shot at one of the tables, and his comrades were fetching him out, dead, with his derringer, still smoking, clutched in his hand. Following the corpse was a lame individual, apparently the chief mourner, carrying the dead man's hat on a stick. The crowd opened right and left to let the procession pass, and our friends came full upon it.

Dent and Twombly turned away, sickened by the spectacle. Nevins looked on with an expression of half-stimulated curiosity, and stroked his long, yellow beard.

"And this is Sunday," thought John Dent. "In Rivermouth, Uncle Jedd is tolling the bell for the afternoon service; Uncle Dent and my little girl are sitting in the high-backed wall-pew, — I can see them now! Uncle Ralph preparing to go to sleep, Prue looking like a rose, and Parson Wibird, God bless his old white head! going up the pulpit stairs

[1] An account of the careers of these men is to be found in a curious little work by Prof. Thomas J. Dimsdale, of Virginia City, who narrowly escaped writing a very notable book when he wrote *The Vigilantes of Montana.*

in his best coat shiny at the seams. Outside are the great silver poplars, and the quiet street, and the sunshine like a blessing falling over all!"

The close atmosphere of the camp stifled him as he conjured up this picture. He longed to be alone, and, dropping silently behind his companions, wandered off beyond the last row of wakiups and out into the deserted ravine.

There he sat down among the rocks, and with his elbows resting on his knees, dreamed of the pleasant town by the sea, of Prudence and his uncle, and the old minister in Horseshoe Lane. Presently he took from his pocket-book a knot of withered flowers and leaves; these he spread in the palm of his hand with great care, and held for half an hour or more, looking at them from time to time in a way that seemed idiotic to a solitary gentleman in a slouched hat and blanket-overcoat who was digging in a pit across the gully. What slight things will sometimes entertain a man when he is alone! This handful of faded fuchsia blossoms made John Dent forget the thousands of weary miles that stretched between him and New England; holding it so, in his palm, it bore him through the air back to the little Yankee seaport as if it had been Fortunatus's magic cap.

It was sunset when Dent sauntered pensively into camp, meeting Twombly and Nevins on the outskirts, looking for him.

"Jack!" cried Twombly, "you have given me such a turn! It really is n't safe in this place for a fellow to go off mooning by himself. What on earth have you been doing?"

"Something quite unusual, Joseph, — I've been thinking."

"Homesick, eh?" said Nevins.

"Just a little."

Then they walked on in silence. Nevins stopped abruptly.

"What is that?"

"A bit of rock I picked up out yonder; say what it is yourself," and Dent tossed the fragment to Nevins, who caught it deftly.

"Pyrites," said Nevins, flinging it away contemptuously. "Come and have some supper."

The instant they were inside the tent Nevins laid his hand on Dent's shoulder.

"Do you happen to remember the spot where you picked up that — bit of rock?"

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing, — only it was as fine a specimen of silver as we shall be likely to see."

"Silver!" shouted John Dent, "and you threw it away!"

"I'll go get it directly, if you 'll be quiet. Did you see those two fellows watching us? It behooves a man here to keep his eye open on the Sabbath-day."

He was a character, this Nevins, in his way, though it would be difficult perhaps to state what his special way was. In the gulches, with pick and spade, he was simply a miner who knew his business thoroughly; on horseback he became a part of the horse like a Comanche; when a question in science or literature came up, as sometimes happened between him and Dent, he talked like a man who had read and thought. "Nevins has apparently received a collegiate education," John Dent writes in the diary, "and is certainly a gentleman, though what it is that constitutes a gentleman is an open question. It is not culture, for I have known ignorant men who were gentlemen, and learned scholars who were not; it is not money, nor grace, nor goodness, nor station. It is something indefinable, like poetry, and Nevins has it."

From the hour they met him at Salt Lake City, he had been a puzzle to the two New Englanders; his talents and bearing were so out of keeping with his circumstances. But, as for that matter, so were John Dent's. Nevins was candor itself, and if he said little of his past life, he did not hesitate to speak of it, and seemed to have nothing to conceal. One fact was clear to both our Rivermouth friends, — Nevins was worth his weight in gold to them.

The next morning it was noised through Red Rock that a party from

New England had struck a silver lode of surprising richness farther up the valley. That night John Dent wrote a long letter to Prudence. Three nights afterwards the Road Agents overhauled the Walla Walla Express, and the gutted mail-bag was thrown into a swamp.

Perhaps there was more truth than jest in Mr. Dent's picture of the Bannock chieftains puzzling over the rhetoric of Jack's epistle.

John Dent's visions of wealth would have been realized in a month or two, but unfortunately the silver lode, as if repenting its burst of generosity, abruptly turned coy, and refused to lavish any more favors. It did worse than that, it ran into the next claim.

"It is a shame we cannot follow it," said Nevins; "but we — or rather you — have made a fair haul."

"My luck is your luck and Twombly's," Dent replied.

They had, as Nevins observed, made a fair haul. Their pile was so large now, and its reputation so much exaggerated, that they took turns in guarding the tent, only two going to work at a time. The presence of thieves in the camp had been successfully demonstrated within the month, and the fear of being robbed settled upon them like a nightmare. Dent had another apprehension, the coming of the cold season. Nevins reassured him on that point. Though the winter was severe in Montana, they were in a sheltered valley; at the worst there would be only a few weeks when they could not work.

The silver exhausted, they fell to prospecting. After varying fortunes for a fortnight, they had another find, Twombly being the involuntary Columbus.

It was gold on this occasion, and though it did not yield so bounteously as the silver lode, it panned out handsomely.

So the weeks wore away, and the young men saw their store steadily increasing day by day. It was heart-breaking work sometimes, and back-breaking work always; but it was the kind of work that makes a man willing to have his back, if not his heart, broken.

The winter which Dent had looked forward to so apprehensively was over, and had been propitious to the gold-hunters. Spring-time again filled the valley to the very brim with color and perfume, as a goblet is filled with wine. Then the long summer set in.

All this while John Dent had refrained from writing home; it was his design to take Prudence and his uncle by surprise, by walking unheralded into Willowbrook some happy day, with his treasures.

Those treasures had now become a heavy care to the young men. "We keep the dust and ore" — I am quoting from the journal — "in a stout candle-box set into the earth at the foot of the tent-pole, and one of us lies across it at night. There have been two attempts to rob us. The other night Joe turned over in his sleep, and found himself clutching a man by the leg. An empty boot was left in his hand, and a black figure darted out of the tent. There was a search the next morning for that other boot. There were plenty of men with two boots, and not a few with none at all; but the man with one boot was wanting, and well for him! If he had been caught it would have been death on the spot; the blackest scoundrels in camp would have assisted at his execution, for there 's nothing so disgusts knaves as a crime of this sort, — when they do not commit it themselves."

The morning after this attempt at burglary, — it was the second, — the following conversation took place : —

"It will never do for us to keep all this here," said Nevins; "there is at least thirty thousand dollars. I could pick you out fifty men in Red Rock who would murder us for a tenth of it."

"What can we do with it?" asked John Dent.

"There 's an agent here of Tileston & Co.'s who will give us drafts on Salt Lake City, or turn it into bank-notes at a Jewish discount."

Dent and Twombly preferred the

bank-notes. "But suppose they should be stolen?" suggested Nevins.

"Suppose Tileston & Co. should fail?"

"That is true, again," observed Nevins.

The bank-notes were decided on, and thirty-two slips of crisp paper, each with an adorable M on it, were shut up in a leather pocket-book, which they buried in the middle of the tent, piling their saddles over the hiding-place.

They had now been nearly twelve months at the diggings, and John Dent's share in the property reached five figures. It was not the wealth of his dreams; every day in Wall Street men make three times as much by a scratch of the pen; but it was enough to set him on his feet. With ten thousand dollars in his pocket he could ask Prudence Palfrey to marry him. Red Rock was overrun, and the supply of metal giving out. If he remained without lighting on fresh finds, what he had would melt away like snow in the March sunshine. Was it worth while to tempt fortune further? was it likely that two such golden windfalls would happen to the same mortal? He put these questions to Nevins and Twombly, who were aware of the stress that drew him to New England. They knew his love-affair by heart, and had even seen a certain small photograph which John Dent had brought with him from Rivermouth.

Nevins declared his own intention to hold on by Red Rock. Twombly was for instantly returning home. With ten thousand dollars in the Nautilus Bank at Rivermouth, he would snap his fingers at Count Monte Cristo himself, who, by the way, was as real a personage to Twombly as John Jacob Astor. The two New England men decided to join the next large party that started for the East.

The incalculable sums which our friends were imagined to have accumulated, rendered their position critical. They took turns regularly on the night-watch now, and waited with increasing apprehension and impatience for the making up of a train to cross the mountains.

Red Rock had not improved with time. It seethed and bubbled, like a witch's caldron, with all evil passions. Men who might have been decently honest if they had been decently fortunate, turned knaves. Crowds of successful diggers had already shaken the gold-dust from their feet and departed; only the dissolute and the vicious remained, with here and there a luckless devil who could not get away. The newcomers, and there were throngs of them, were of the worst description. Every man carried his life in his hand, and did not seem to value it highly. It was suicide to stray beyond the limits of the town after dusk. Tents were plundered every night. Though murder did not shock the nerves of this community, thieving did. An attempt was made by indignant citizens of Red Rock to put a stop to that. They went so far as to suspend from the bough of a butternut-tree one of their most influential townsmen, a gentleman known as the Great American Pie-Eater (on account of certain gastronomic feats performed at Salt Lake City), but the proceeding met with so little popular favor, that the culprit was taken down and resuscitated and invited by his executioners to stand drinks all round at Gallagher's bar, — which he did.

When the Vigilantes sprung into existence, they managed these things differently in Montana: they didn't take their man down so soon, for one thing.

"If we had been there by ourselves," said Joseph Twombly, describing Red Rock at this period, "we 'd have been murdered in less than a week." But there was, it seemed, something about Nevins that had a depressing effect upon the spirits of sundry volatile gentlemen in camp.

One morning just before daybreak, John Dent awoke suddenly and sat up in his blankets, trembling from head to foot. At what he did not know. He had not been dreaming, and it was not a noise that had broken his sleep. He

looked about him; every object stood out clearly in the twilight; Twombly lay snoring in his shake-down, but Nevins, whose watch it was, was not in the tent. Dent was somehow struck cold by that. He rolled out of the blankets, and crawling over to the spot where the money was hidden, felt for it under the saddles. The earth around the place had been newly turned up, and THE POCKET-BOOK WAS GONE!

The pocket-book was gone, and one of the three saddles — Nevins's — was missing. The story told itself. The outcries of the two men brought a crowd of diggers to the tent.

"We have been robbed by our partner," cried Twombly, picking up a saddle by the stirrup-strap and hurrying out to the corral for his horse.

John Dent lay on the ground with his finger-nails buried in the loose earth near the empty hole. A couple of worthies, half roughly and half compassionately, set him upon his feet.

"Do you care to know who that mate of yours was?"

The speaker was a gaunt, sunburnt man, with deer-skin leggins, fringed at the seams, and gathered at the waist by a U. S. belt, from which hung the inevitable bowie-knife and revolver. Dent looked at him stupidly, and dimly recognized one of the two miners who had disputed the claim with Nevins that first afternoon in camp.

"I knew he'd levant with the pile, some day. But I didn't like to let on, for fear of mistakes. I thought, maybe, you other two was the same kind. I knew that man in Tuolumne County. He's a devil. He's the only man breathing I'm afraid of. No, I don't mind allowing I'm afraid of him. There's something about him, when I think of it, — a sort of cold cheek, — so that I'd rather meet a Bannock war-party in a narrer gully than have any unpleasantness with that man. Frederick King was what they called him in Tuolumne County in '56."

Several ears in the crowd pricked up at the words Frederick King. It was a name rather well known on the Pacific slope. John Dent had recovered his senses by this.

"Are there any true lads here," he cried, "that will go with me to bring back that thief?"

A dozen volunteered at once, and half an hour later twenty armed men galloped out of Red Rock Cañon.

They returned with jaded horses, at sunset, without having struck the trail of either Twombly or Nevins. The next day, at noon, Twombly himself rode into camp and dropped heavily out of the saddle at the door of the tent. He had a charge of buck-shot in his leg. Some one had fired on him from the chaparral near Big Hole Ranche. It was not Nevins, for he had no gun, so far as known; probably some confederate of his.

And this was the end of it. This was the result of their twelve months' hardship and industry and pluck and endurance.

Then John Dent wrote that letter to Prudence, which she laid away in the drawer, telling her the story, not as I have told it, tamely and at second hand, but with fire and tears. Then, in a few weeks, came Joseph Twombly, limping back into Rivermouth, alone. There were no more El Dorados for him, poor knight; he was lamed for life, or he would never have deserted his comrade. John Dent himself had gone off, Twombly did not know where; but to California, he fancied, in search of George Nevins.

And this was the end of it for Prudence, too. She shut up the letter and her dream in the writing-desk with the brass clamps. It was a year before she could read the letter without a recurrence of the old poignant pain. At the end of another twelvemonth, when she unfolded the pages, the words wore a strange, faded look, as if they had been written by one long since dead, and dealt only with dimly remembered events and persons, — so far off seemed that summer morning when she first read them. She shed no tears now, but held the letter in her hand thoughtfully.

It was nearly three years since John Dent went away from Rivermouth, and

nothing more had been heard of him. A silence like and unlike that of the grave had gathered about his name. Life at Willowbrook flowed back into its accustomed channels. Mr. Dent had disposed of the skeleton effectively and forever, and Prudence had passed into the early summer of her womanhood. It was at this point my chronicle began.

This was the situation — to borrow a technical term from dramatic art — when the congregation of the Old Brick Church, after much ruffling of parochial plumage, resolved to relieve Parson Wibird Hawkins of his pastorate.

VIII.

THE PARSON'S LAST TEXT.

This brings my story again to that afternoon in May, when Prudence Palfrey made her appearance at the cottage in Horseshoe Lane, and was solicited by Salome to speak to the parson, who had locked himself in the little room after the departure of the two deacons.

It was with an inexplicable sense of uneasiness that Prudence crossed the library, and knocked softly on the panel of the inner door. The parson did not seem to hear the summons; at all events, he paid no attention to it, and Prudence knocked again.

"He 's gittin' the least bit hard of hearin', pore soul," said Salome. "Mebbe he heard that, though," she added, more cautiously, "for he always hears when you don't s'pose he will. Do jest speak to him, honey; he 'll know your vice in a minit."

Prudence put her lips down to the key-hole and called, "Parson Wibird! — it 's Prue, — won't you speak to me?"

He made no response to this, and in the silence that ensued, broken only by the quick respiration of the two women, there was no sound as if he were preparing to undo the fastenings. Prudence rose up with a half frightened expression on her countenance and looked at Salome.

"What can have happened?" she said, hurriedly.

"Lord o' mercy knows," replied Salome, catching Prue's alarm. "Don't stare at me in sech a way, dear; I 'm as nervous as nuthin'."

"Are you sure he is there?"

"Sartin. I all but see him goin' in, an' I have n't ben out of the room sence. He must be there."

"Is he subject to vertigo, ever?"

"Dunno," said Salome, doubtfully.

"I mean, does he ever faint?"

"He did have a cur'ous sort of spell two or three weeks ago, an' Dr. Theophilus give him some med'cine for it."

"He has fainted, then! Get a candle — quick. Stop, Salome, I 'll go with you."

Prudence was afraid to remain in the library alone. She was impressed by some impalpable presence in the half darkness. The shadows huddled together in the corners. The long rows of books in their time-stained leather bindings looked down sombrely from the shelves. On the table was an open volume, with an ivory paper-cutter upon it, which he had been reading. His frayed dressing-gown lay across a chair in front of the table. It seemed like some weird, collapsed figure, lying there. All the familiar objects in the room had turned strange and woe-begone in the twilight. Prudence would not have been left alone for the world.

The two went out together for the candle, which Salome with a trembling hand lighted at the kitchen stove. Then they flitted back to the library silently, with white sharp faces, like ghosts.

"What shall we do?"

"We must break in the door," said Prudence under her breath. "You hold the candle."

She placed her knee against the lower panel and pressed with all her strength. The lock was old and rusty, and the screws worked loosely in the worm-eaten wood-work. The door yielded at the second pressure and flew open, with a shower of fine dust sifting down from the lintel.

The girl retreated a step or two, and, shading her eyes with the palm of her hand, peered into the darkened space.

Nothing was distinct at first, but as Salome raised the light above Prue's head, the figure of the parson suddenly took shape against the gloom.

He was sitting in an old-fashioned arm-chair, with his serene face bent over a great Bible covered with green baize, which he held on his knees. His left arm hung idly at his side, and the forefinger of his right hand rested lightly on the middle of the page, as if slumber had overtaken him so, reading.

"Laws o' mercy, if the parson has n't gone to sleep!" exclaimed Salome, stepping into the small compartment.

"Asleep!" repeated Prudence, the reassured color returning to her cheek.

Salome laid her hand on the parson's arm, and then passed it quickly over his forehead.

"He 's dead!" cried Salome, dropping the candlestick.

The hour-hand of the cuckoo-clock in the hall at Willowbrook pointed at seven; the toy bird popped out on the narrow ledge in front of the carved Swiss cottage, shook seven flute-like notes into the air, popped in again hastily, and the little door went to with a spiteful snap.

Mr. Dent glanced at the time-piece over the fire-place in the sitting-room, and wondered what was detaining Prue. She had gone to town on a shopping expedition shortly after dinner, and here it was an hour and a half past tea-time. Fanny had brought in the tea-urn and carried it off again. It was as if the sun-dial had forgotten to mark the movements of the sun; the household set its clocks by Prudence.

For the last hour or two Mr. Dent had been lounging restlessly in the sitting-room, now snatching up a book and trying to read, now looking out on the lawn, and now vigorously poking the coals in the grate, for it was one of those brisk days which make a fire comfortable in our delusive New England May.

Mr. Dent was revolving in his mind how he should break to Prudence the intelligence of Parson Hawkins's dismissal, and more especially in what terms he should confess his own part in the transaction. "What will Prue say?" was a question he put to himself a dozen times without eliciting a satisfactory reply. He was a little afraid of Prue, — he had that tender awe of her with which a pure woman inspires most men. He could imagine what she would have said three years ago; but she had altered in many respects since then; she had grown quieter and less impulsive. That one flurry of passion in which she had confessed her love for John Dent did not seem credible to her guardian as he looked back to it. As a matter of course, she would be indignant at the action of the deacons, and would probably not approve of the steps he had taken to bring Mr. Dillingham to Rivermouth; but she would not storm at him. He almost wished she would storm at him, for her anger was not so unmanageable as the look of mute reproach which she knew how to bring into her gray eyes.

The cuckoo in the Swiss châlet had hopped out again on the ledge, and was just sounding the half hour in his brisk, business-like way, when Prudence opened the drawing-room door.

"I thought you had run off for good," said Mr. Dent, rising from his chair; then he stopped and looked at her attentively. "Why, Prue, what is the matter?"

"The parson" — Prudence could not finish the sentence. The nervous strength that had sustained her through the recent ordeal gave way; she sank upon the sofa and buried her face in the cushions.

"She has heard of it already," thought Mr. Dent. He crossed to the sofa and rested his hand softly on her shoulder. "Prue, my dear girl, you must be reasonable. It had to come sooner or later; he could not go on preaching forever, you know. He is a very old man now, and ought to take his

ease. He will be all the happier with the cares of the parish off his hands."

"All the happier, yes!"

"And we 'll have him up to Willowbrook often; he shall have a room here" —

Prudence lifted her face beseechingly.

"Oh, you don't know! you don't know!" she cried. "He is dead! he died this afternoon, sitting in his chair. Ah! — it was so dreadfully sudden!" and Prudence covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the scene in the library.

Mr. Dent was greatly shocked. He leaned against the mantel-piece, and stared vacantly at Prudence, while she related what had happened at Horseshoe Lane. She had completed her purchases in town, and was on the way home when she met Miss Blydenburgh, who told her of the deacons' visit to Parson Hawkins to request his resignation. Knowing that the poor old man was unprepared for any such proposition, she had turned back and hastened down to the parsonage, to say and do what she could to comfort him in his probable distress. Then she and Salome, alone there in the dark, had found him dead in the chair. Ah!

Mr. Dent left his tea untasted. He had the horse saddled, and rode over to town. He was greatly shocked. And Deacon Zeb Twombly, that night, as he stood for a moment beside the cradle in which the little ewe-lamb lay nestled in its blankets, was a miserable man. He crept off to the spare room in the attic — where he was undergoing a temporary but not unprecedented exile — with the conviction that he was little better than a murderer.

"I hope Parson Wibird will forgive me my share in the business," murmured the deacon, blowing out the candle; then he lingered by the window dejectedly. It was a dreamy May night; the air, though chilly, was full of the odors of spring, and the mysterious blue spaces above were sown thick with stars. "P'rhaps he knows all up there," he said, lifting his eyes reverently, "an' how it went agin me to give him any pain. I wonder how brother Wendell feels about it."

Deacon Wendell, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, was of that tougher fibre out of which the strong sons of the world are made. He had performed the duty that devolved upon him, as he had performed other unpleasant duties, having been sheriff once, and there was nothing to be said. He was sorry the parson died just as he did. "Looks as though he done it on purpose to spite us," reflected Deacon Wendell. Perhaps his chief emotion when he first heard the news — it was all over Rivermouth now — was an ill-defined feeling of resentment against Parson Wibird for having cut up rough.

The effect produced on Mr. Dent was more complex. Though neither so callous as Deacon Wendell nor so soft-hearted as Deacon Twombly, he shared to some extent the feelings of both. He keenly regretted the death of the old parson, and particularly the manner of it. It was an unlucky coincidence, — he could not look upon it as anything more than a coincidence, — and would give rise to much disagreeable gossip. If it had happened a month or two before, or a month or two later, he would have been sorry, as anybody is sorry when anybody dies; but he would not have been shocked. He wished he had not been quite so warm in advocating the desirableness of Mr. Dillingham. If he could have foreseen the present catastrophe, he would have thrust his hand into the flames rather than move in the matter.

But what was done was done; and as he urged the mare across the long wooden bridge which ended among the crumbling wharves and shabby warehouses of Market Street, he trusted something would transpire showing that the parson's death was the result of natural causes and in no degree to be attributed to — to what had probably caused it.

There was an unusual glimmer and moving of lights in the windows of the parsonage, and a mysterious coming and going of shadows on the brown Holland shades, as Mr. Dent turned into

Horseshoe Lane. He was within a dozen rods of the cottage, when the gate creaked on its hinges and Dr. Theophilus Tredick passed out, walking off rapidly in an opposite direction.

Mr. Dent pushed on after the doctor, and overtook him at the doorstep of a neighboring house.

"A moment, doctor," said Mr. Dent, leaning over the horse's neck. "Has there been an inquest?"

"Yes; we have just finished the examination."

"Well?"

"Paralysis."

"Attributable to any sudden mental excitement or anything of that nature? You know he had a conversation on church affairs with the deacons this afternoon; could that have affected him in any way?" Mr. Dent put the query anxiously.

"It would be difficult to say," replied the doctor. "It is open to conjecture of course; but at the worst it could only have hastened what was inevitable. I am not prepared to affirm that it hastened it; in fact, I do not think it did."

"I do not entirely catch your meaning, doctor," Mr. Dent said.

"I mean that Parson Hawkins had had two slight strokes of paralysis previously; one last winter and the second three weeks ago. I was apprehensive that the third would terminate fatally."

"I never heard of that."

"No one knew of it, I think; not even Mrs. Pinder, the housekeeper. It was at his own urgent request I kept the matter secret. At the time of the occurrence of the second attack, I had a long talk with our friend, and advised him strongly to give up work altogether; finding him obstinate on that point, I urged him to have an assistant. I warned him plainly that he might be taken ill at any moment in the pulpit. He declared that that was the place of all others where he could wish to die; but he promised to consider my suggestion of an associate minister."

"Which he never did."

"For the last three Sundays," continued the doctor, "I have gone to church expecting to see him drop down in the pulpit in the midst of the service. He was aware of his condition, and not at all alarmed by it. Though he overrated his strength, and had some odd notions of duty, — he did have some odd notions, our estimable old friend, — he was a man of great clear sense, and I do not believe the recent action of the parish affected him in the manner or to the extent idle people will suppose. What has happened would probably have happened in any case."

Dr. Tredick's statement lifted a weight from Mr. Dent's bosom, and from Deacon Twombly's when he heard of it; though there were numerous persons in the town who did not hesitate to assert that the parson's dismissal killed him. To look on the darkest side of a picture is in strict keeping with the local spirit; for Rivermouth, in its short-comings and in its uncompromising virtues, is nothing if not Puritan.

"Might as well have took a muskit and shot the ole man," observed Mr. Wiggins.

"Capital punishment ought to be abolished in New Hampshire," said ex-postmaster Snelling, "if they don't hang Deacon Wendell and the rest of 'em."

Mr. Snelling was not naturally a sanguinary person, but he had been superseded in the post-office the year before by Deacon Wendell, and flesh is flesh.

The event was the only topic discussed for the next ten days. Parson Wibird had so long been one of the features of the place, that he seemed a permanence, like the brick church itself, or the post-office with its granite façade. If either of these had been spirited off overnight, the surprise and the shock could not have been more wide-spread. That tall, stooping figure, clad always in a rusty suit of black, was as familiar an object on the main street as the swinging sign of the Old Bell Tavern. There were grandfathers and grandmothers who, as boys and girls, remembered Parson Wibird when he looked neither older nor younger than he did that day lying in the coffin, — nay, not so young, for the

deep wrinkles and scars of time had faded out of the kindly old face, and the radiance of heavenly youth rested upon it.

There was one circumstance connected with the old minister's death that naturally made a deeper impression than any other. When Salome summoned the neighbors, that night, they found the parson with the Bible lying open before him, and one finger resting upon the page as if directing attention to a particular passage. There was something startlingly life-like and imperative in the unconscious pointing of that withered forefinger, and those who peered hastily over the slanted shoulder and read the verse indicated never forgot it.

"Thet was th' parson's las' tex'," said Uncle Jedd, leaning on his spade worn bright with oh! so many graves: "Well done, thou good an' faithful servent, enter thou inter th' joy of thy Lord!"

T. B. Aldrich.

WONDERINGS.

I WONDER if ever the hawk,
Sailing the depths of blue
In graceful motion at rest,
Longs to be tender and true
Like the sparrow guarding her nest?
Does the tuneless bird ever long
For the lark's rare gift of song?
Does he ever grieve at his lot,
Or quarrel in vain with fate,
If others are what he is not?
Does he ever deem it a wrong
To swoop on the sparrow's mate?

I wonder if *I* shall find
The task for my hands and mind,
That for me is fittest and best —
In the doing of which is rest,
And weariness in *not* doing?
Ah! happy will be the day
When my toil shall seem like play,
And, whatever I am pursuing,
I shall see with as clear an eye,
And seize with as keen a zest,
As the hawk that drops from the sky
To pounce on the sparrow's nest.

A. L. Carlton.

A MEDIÆVAL NATURALIST.

When, in 1121, Henry "the Fine Scholar," the first of his name to sit on the English throne, wedded Alice, "the Fair Maid of Brabant," the accomplished Matilda of Scotland had a worthy successor in the royal household. Queen Alice was not so demonstratively religious as Henry's first wife, but she was gentle, beautiful, and young; and, although not half the age of her husband, was evidently attached to him and desirous of pleasing him to the best of her ability. A liberal education enabled her to share the literary tastes of the "Beauclerc," and at her court, as at that of Matilda, the scholar and the poet were always welcome. Matilda had been prodigal of gifts to those who could make verse, especially of a religious character, and could sing their productions in a pleasing voice. Henry generously favored scholarship of all kinds, and when Matilda died, those who had shared her bounty were permitted to remain at court and continue to bask in the sunshine of royal favor. So when the young and handsome Alice crossed the seas to be Henry's second queen, she found a number of *trouvères* ready to laud her beauty and her wisdom in Anglo-Norman rhymes. In her they found a generous mistress, and were always ready to do her bidding.

About the time of this second marriage, Henry had gratified his love for animals by establishing an extensive menagerie at Woodstock. Natural history was not a strong point in the accomplishments of Queen Alice, but she wished to become familiar with a study which so deeply interested her husband. No compendious work on the subject existed in the vernacular of the court, — the Anglo-Norman, — although several fragmentary treatises in Latin had been written at various times and scattered among the convents.

Among the trouvères encouraged, if not supported, by her bounty, was Philippe de Thaun, who had shown his skill and learning by the compilation of a rhymed treatise on astronomy, the Livre des Créatures. He was clearly the man for the occasion; and Philippe de Thaun was directed to embody in a single poem all the wisdom of the age concerning the strange beasts of the field and the forest, the fowls of the air, the monsters of the deep, and such other matters as might be of interest and instruction to the royal amateur zoölogist. The poet-naturalist, who seems to have been of a serious turn of mind, "improved" the recorded traits of the animals in such way as to enforce the tenets of the church and the doctrines of Christianity. It is not easy to decide whether the characteristics ascribed to the several animals, or the edifying morals appended to these characteristics, are the more amusing. As Queen Alice lived a blameless life and died in the odor of sanctity, it is to be hoped the preachings of Philippe de Thaun were of more benefit than his teachings in zoölogy.

In performing his allotted task, De Thaun drew the largest part of his materials from the Latin treatises in existence at that time, adding something from other works that probably have perished, and supplying something of his own. That the poem is, in great part, a translation from Latin *Bestiaria*, he admits at the outset; but no Latin manuscript now extant contains so much of De Thaun's Bestiary as to fairly claim the credit of being its original. But one manuscript copy of the Anglo-Norman poem has come down to our own time, and that is now in the British Museum. Thirty years ago Mr. Thomas Wright edited this, and a few other fragments of mediæval science, for the Historical Society of Science, a body that closed its very brief existence with the collection of these curious relics of past knowledge or ignorance.

The language of this Anglo-Norman Bestiary is not inviting, and its translation is a work of prodigious labor, there being neither dictionary nor grammar of the period. A specimen of the opening will probably be sufficient to satisfy the reader on that head, although presenting few of the difficulties to be found farther along in the poem.

"Philippe de Taun en Franceise raisun
Ad estrait Bestiaire, un livere de gramaire,
Pur l'onur d'une gemme, ki mult est bele femme,
Aliz est numée, reine est corunée,
Reine est de Engleterre, sa ame n'ait jà guere!
En Ebreu en verité est Aliz laus de Dé.
Un livere voil traiter, Dés sait al cumencer!"

Freely translated, that is to say: "Philippe de Thaun has translated into the French language the Bestiary, a book of science, for the honor of a jewel, a very handsome woman. Alice is she named, and queen is she crowned — the queen of England, may her soul never be troubled! Truly, in Hebrew, Alice means praise of God. A book I will make; God be with its beginning!"

The introductory flattery disposed of, the poet-naturalist plunges into his subject without further delay, and first, of course, he brings into view the lion, the king of beasts. And just here we may express regret for the great loss zoölogical science has sustained by the absence — probably through the negligence of some lazy illuminator — of the figures of animals that should have illustrated the manuscript, and which are frequently alluded to in the text. The missing pictures would have helped us to a better realization of the ideas entertained by mediæval naturalists. The description of the lion shows that its appearance was not unfamiliar, — probably King Henry's menagerie at Woodstock contained one or more specimens, — but of its habits in a wild state there was great ignorance. It is described as having a frightful face, a great hairy neck, the breast square, hardy, and "combatant," slender flanks, a large tail, flat legs, large cloven feet, and long claws. When hungry or ill-tempered, it has an omnivorous appetite, devouring animals without discrimination. But the ass, of all creation, seems to be alone credited with spirit enough to demur to this leonine peculiarity. With true asinine obstinacy it "resists and brays,"

"Cum il cest asne fait, ki rechane e brait,"

kicking up its heels in dissatisfaction and lifting up its voice in resonant protest. But if the lion of those days was not much unlike its relative of the present age, it had some peculiar ways unknown to Jules Gérard and the other famous lion hunters of this generation. When hungry, Leo trotted to a convenient place, traced out a wide inclosure by dragging its tail on the sand, leaving an opening which it watched from a neighboring lurking-place. It is a peculiarity of the lion's tail mark — at least we have Philippe de Thaun's word for it — that no beast can cross it. So the unsuspecting victim walks into the charmed enclosure, the lion rushes out, closes the entrance with a draggling sweep of its tail, and then settles accounts with its prey in true leonine fashion. Nor is that the only use of the lion's tail. When the hunter pursues it closely, the cunning beast swings its bushy appendage lustily about, wiping out its foot-prints as it dashes onward. The lion has several other peculiarities. For some occult reason it has a great dread of a white cock, and distinguishes its crow from that of a barn-yard fowl of colored plumage. Either in fear of the white cock, or for some other cause, it sleeps with open eyes. When the lioness brings forth a dead cub she holds it until the lion comes. He goes about it, crying and lamenting, when the cub is restored to life and the old lions resume their business of slaughter.

"Now," says the poet, passing from the character of naturalist to that of sermonizer, "hear without doubting the meaning of this." By the lion is symbolized the Son of Mary, who is king of all men. The fierceness of the beast typifies his wrath when he judges the Jews for crucifying him. The square breast of the lion signifies the strength of the Deity, its slender flanks the divine humanity, the tail his justice; the cloven foot shows that God will

clasp the world and hold it in his fist; the claws indicate the vengeance he will execute on the Jews. The Jewish race is typified by the ass, obstinate and foolish, which can only be kept by main force from straying from the right path, as the Jews can be converted only by forcible means. Of such methods of conversion the unhappy Jews of that day knew more than they desired. Passing to the peculiar habits of the lion, it is shown that the tail, when marking an inclosure on the sand, represents Holy Scriptures tracing the bounds of Paradise and leaving an opening for human souls to find entrance when worthy. The print of the lion's feet in the sand represents the incarnation, and its erasure by the swinging tail shows how God became man so slyly that even the angels were unaware of it and the devil was completely outwitted. The white cock signifies the men of holy life, the prophets of the Old Testament, who announced beforehand the shameful death upon the cross. Jesus, in his character of man, feared that death and shuddered at the voice that proclaimed its necessity. The days that the lion's cub lies dead and its revival on the third day are, of course, explained as typifying the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ. And here, too, occasion is taken to explain the canonical hours, or the devotional services marking the clerical divisions of the twenty-four hours. Matins are chanted in the morning because then was God judged, beaten, and bound; prime at sunrise because then he was raised and recovered us from death; tierce, for that then he was punished and raised on the cross; at midday because at noonday was it darkened when Christ was pierced with a spear; nones, for that then the Saviour died and the rocks were rent in twain; vespers in the evening, that being the time his body was placed in the sepulchre; and then, all being completed, follow silence and sleep, when the devil sees his advantage and roams about the world until dawn brings with it morning prayers and sends him to his retreat.

The panther is no less wonderful in its ways than the lion. It is a mild and gentle beast, much loved by all the animals except the dragon, which unlovely and unloving monster hates and fears it. The appetite of the panther is easily gratified. It eats all kinds of meats, and after a good meal turns in for a three days' nap. On the third day, again feeling hungry, it goes to the entrance of its den and utters a great cry. With the cry issues an odor as of balm, and all the animals that hear the cry, be they far or near, assemble and follow the smell which the panther makes. Whether the panther then takes its pick from among its admirers and feeds on its loving victim, we are not told, but a grievous fate befalls the dragon. On hearing the cry and smelling the odor, it falls on its back and commits hari-kari by disemboweling itself, dying universally detested. In the "application" of this story, Christ is the panther, and the dragon is the devil. When Christ rose from the dead and called his people, the astonished devil turned over on his back and concluded all was lost.

For the benefit of those who never met with a dragon, it is proper to say that it had the form of a serpent, crested and winged, was furnished with two feet and a full supply of teeth, and, moreover, had a tail that was its weapon of offense and defense. And there is a moral to that tale. "Tail," said the theologians quoted by Philippe de Thaun, "means end," and the fatal swishing of the dragon's tail means that the devil will make an end of those who will not leave their evil courses.

As for the idrus, it is not easy to say what animal is meant. Snake-like in form, it lives on an island and swims with great swiftness. The purpose of its existence is to kill the crocodile, which it hates. When the crocodile is asleep with distended jaws, the idrus covers itself with mud, creeps slowly up to its foe, and crawls into the crocodile's mouth. The saurian awakes and swallows the morsel already in its throat. Then comes the opportunity of the idrus.

It cuts and rends the bowels of the crocodile, and tears its way out, leaving the scaly reptile to perish in agony. The only good thing to be said of the crocodile is that when it had devoured a man it manifested some pity for his fate, shedding crocodile tears over the hard necessity that compelled him to make a meal of so noble an animal.

The stag of those days had a trick which its modern descendants have forgotten. Being fond of snake-hunting, it sought a hole where the snake was concealed, blew water from its mouth into the hole until his snakeship was forced out, and then stamped the reptile to death with its hoofs. A relative of the stag, though it is not easy to identify it under the name of "aptaleon," was so fierce, that no one cared to undertake the adventure of capturing it except when the animal had involved itself in difficulties that rendered it powerless. It had a pair of curved horns, so sharp, though slender, that with them the animal could fell large trees. But when moved with a powerful thirst, that no water could slake save that of the Euphrates, flowing from Paradise, the aptaleon ran to the river bank, entangled its horns in a peculiar bush, and uttered a great cry of distress, which notified the hunter of its strait, when "Li veneres la prent, si l'ocit en turment," — the hunter takes it, and kills it in torment. A long moral is appended to the story, the gist of which is, that wine and women place many a man in the clutches of Satan.

The ant, its provident care for the winter, and its preference of wheat over barley, figure, of course, in the pages of our naturalist, and the moral that has been enforced from Solomon downwards, finds its accustomed place. A peculiar species of ant found in Ethiopia deserves more especial mention. In one of the rivers of that distant country are found grains of gold. The ants on the bank are very jealous concerning those treasures which they gather with their feet and store up. They suffer none of this gold to be taken, and as their bite is instant death, there is no desire to attack them boldly for the rich prize in their keeping. Strategy is called into play. A number of mares that have newly colted are kept without food and sent hungry across the river to the meadows where the ants resort. There the mares remain, feeding on the rich herbage, until they are satisfied. In the mean time the ants build their cells in baskets strapped on the backs of the mares and fill them with golden grains. When the mares are filled with food and their baskets laden with gold, they hear the whinnying of their colts and rush across the stream. The current washes away the ants, and the mares come to their owners with the golden sand.

Our old acquaintances, the centaur and the siren, of course make their appearance among the strange beasts in this collection. The centaur is after the classical pattern, a man to the waist and animal the inferior half, with the difference that the ass, instead of the horse, furnishes the hind quarters. The change seems to have been made to suit the "moral," which is that man is at least half an ass. The siren is woman to the waist, and the remainder made up of bird and fish, having the legs of a falcon and the tail of a fish. Its chief peculiarity is that it sang at the approach of a storm and wept bitterly in fine weather, and that the singing was fatal to the navigators who neglected the precaution of the wily Greek sailors who stuffed their ears with wax.

Our industrious friend, the beaver, is credited with a performance that can scarcely be put down as the result of mere instinct. It was hunted for a portion of its body considered a "sovran remedy" in the mediæval pharmacopœia. The beaver was well acquainted with the fact, and when hard pressed compounded with the hunter by biting off the coveted portion and throwing it to him; then making its escape unmolested. If the same animal were hunted afterwards, it fearlessly ran in front of the hunter, showed that it had been mutilated and was therefore worthless, and thus secured immunity from

further harm. Modern beavers can make dams and build huts, but the ancestral beavers were far ahead of them in knowledge and cunning devices.

In no age has the hyena had a good name, but according to De Thaun it was a very unlovely beast, a stag-wolf, savage and malodorous. The law very unnecessarily forbade its use as food. But fierce, filthy, and generally disagreeable as it was, some good was obtainable from it. In its eye was concealed a rare and precious stone. Whosoever secured that stone and concealed it under his tongue would possess the gift of divination.

The elephant is a beast of understanding, — "est beste entendable," — goat-shaped and huge of bulk, with teeth of ivory. So powerful is this beast that it can carry a castle on its back. Having but one joint in its legs it cannot lie down to sleep, because it would be unable to rise again. It therefore rests its back against a wall or tree and sleeps in this posture. But here is its danger. The hunter comes along, and secretly undermines the wall or cuts a slit in the tree. The elephant breaks down its treacherous support and falls with it, thus becoming an easy prey. When elephants mate, which they do at very rare intervals, they make a long journey to Paradise where Adam and Eve were first placed, and there repeat the incidents of the temptation and fall, the female eating the fruit of the mandragora instead of the tree of knowledge. The period of gestation is two years, and the young are brought forth in deep water. The age of an elephant is three hundred years.

The fox of the twelfth century was as sly and cunning as its successors, — perhaps a little more so. When hungry it powdered itself with red earth and lay as if dead, with its mouth open and tongue out. The unsuspecting bird flew to the seemingly dead fox, alighted on its tongue, and commenced pecking it. A snap of Reynard's jaws immediately settled the fate of the foolish bird. The hedgehog was also gifted with ingenuity. At the time of the wine-harvest it climbed the trees around which the vine was twined, and knocking down the ripest clusters of grapes impaled them on its bristles and carried them off to its young. The wild ass was not such an ass as to be ignorant of the days and the seasons. On each twenty-fifth of March it lifted up its voice and brayed piteously twelve times, thus proclaiming that night and day were divided into equal lengths of twelve hours, and mourning therefor, having an objection to short nights.

A mediæval zoölogical catalogue would be incomplete without an account of the salamander, sometimes called the grylio. It is a small lizard-shaped creature, of a nature so cold that it extinguishes fire immediately on touching it. Besides thus supplying a domestic fire-department, it was handy to have about because no trouble could happen where it was. But there were inconveniences connected with its presence, the salamander having a reprehensible habit of climbing apple-trees and poisoning the fruit, and also of falling into wells and poisoning the water.

A more remarkable creature than the salamander was the serra, a nautical beast that terrified ancient navigators as the sea-serpent now makes some excessively credulous Jack Tars gaze apprehensively at every huge sea-weed. The serra was winged like a bird, had the head of a lion and the tail of a fish. It was the foe of the seaman, because of the practical joke it enjoyed playing on him. When the serra espied a ship it made straight for it, and rising to full height with outstretched wings it took the wind from the ship's sails and so held her becalmed. The serra having enjoyed its little joke sufficiently, plunged to the ocean depths and rewarded itself with a hearty meal of fish.

The whale is credited with a trick probably unknown to the hardy sailors who chase it with poised harpoons in the Arctic regions or in the Southern seas. It covers its back with sea-sand and lies dormant on the water like an island. The sea-farer, anxious to stretch his legs ashore and cook his meal over a

camp-fire, lands on the seeming island, kindles a flame, and sits down to prepare a feast. When the whale feels the heat on its back, it plunges into the watery depths, carrying with it cooks, mess-kettle, and fire, greatly to the astonishment of those left on board ship. The question concerning the food of the whale, which has furnished some modern naturalists with a topic of discussion, is satisfactorily settled in the Bestiary. Its process of provisioning itself is that of the panther, already described. It breathes a sweet odor which attracts myriads of little fishes, and these are devoured in shoals as they come up for a sniff at the perfume.

The birds of De Thaun are as curious in form and characteristics as the animals that crawl, run, or swim. The partridge steals eggs from other nests and rears the brood as its own. But when the real parents meet the foster children, there is instant recognition, and the thieving foster-parent is left to mourn the fruitlessness of its roguery. The eagle clutches its young, and carries them up to look at the sun when it is brightest. The eaglet that stares without winking is petted and cared for, whilst the weak-eyed are sent, torn and bleeding, into ignominious obscurity. When the eagle is old and its sight fails, it mounts so high in the air that its wings scorch, and the darkness of its eyes is burned. Then it goes to the East, finds a miraculous fountain in which it bathes three times, and comes forth with renewed youth. The "caladrius," a species of thrush, is white. When it refuses to look on a sick man, the man is doomed to die, but if it looks at him, the disease passes from the man to the bird, and the patient recovers. If a blind man takes the marrow from a great bone in this bird's thigh, and anoints his eyes with it, the blindness will instantly leave him. The phœnix, takes its place with the other odd birds. Of course every one knows that the phenix lives five hundred years, then dips and anoints itself three times, and flies to the city of Heliopolis, to be made young again. A priest, whose sole business it is to make old phenixes young, collects spice, and burns it upon the altar. The bird descends on the burning spice and is utterly consumed. Out of the ashes comes a little worm which on the second day becomes a bird, and on the third day, when the priest comes to see the progress made, the bird bids him farewell in good Latin, and takes to its wings, good for another five hundred years.

Asida (the ostrich?) has two feet like a camel's, and the wings of a bird. It seems to have had a knowledge of astronomy, for on seeing a certain star that appeared each July, it scooped a hole in the sand and began laying its eggs. The pelican, when fiercely attacked by its ungrateful brood, slays them in self-defense; then returning on the third day and finding them dead, it tears its breast so that the blood drops on the dead birds and immediately restores them to life. Concerning doves there is one remarkable story. In India is a tree so sweetly fruited that the doves from all parts of the earth fly to it and settle in its branches. A huge dragon circles the tree, not daring to come near it or to approach its shadow. When the doves remain in the tree they are safe, but as soon as they leave it and pass beyond its shade, they fall a prey to the dragon. The last of the birds in De Thaun's aviary is the huppe, a bird of filial instincts, that takes its parents in their old age, covers them with its wings, and informs them that it does so in remembrance of the care received from them in its infancy. A singular quality of the blood of the huppe is that the anointing of a sleeper with it will cause him to dream that devils are strangling him.

Of the mandragora (mandrake) eaten by the elephants in Paradise, De Thaun says it has two roots, a male and a female. The female has the leaf of a lettuce, whilst the male is lucidly described as having leaves like its own. To gather mandragora requires skill and stratagem. To touch it growing is death. A hungry dog is tied to the plant and bread shown it. The dog jumps for the

bread and breaks the mandragora root. The root in breaking sends up a piercing shriek. The dog hears it and falls dead, but the man, having stopped his ears, remains unhurt and puts the broken root triumphantly in his basket, having thus secured a cure for all diseases but death, for which, says the author sorrowfully, "there is no help."

Before closing his treatise De Thaun gives his royal mistress some information concerning precious stones. Turrobolen are stones of great beauty, found in the forms of men and women. When these male and female stones are kept apart, there is no other peculiarity than their shape noticeable, but the moment they are brought near each other they emit fire. A still more wonderful stone is the unio, the most precious of all gems. The unio grows in the island of Tapné, or in the sea near it. Though smooth as ice, and without crevice or flaw, it has the power of opening at its own will, and of floating on the surface of the water. Whilst thus floating open it receives a drop of dew, when it immediately closes and sinks to the bottom of the sea. Nine months it carries the dewdrop inclosed; at the end of that time, the dewdrop having changed to stone, the unio rises, reopens, and ejects the petrified dewdrop, now itself a perfect unio. He who carries that stone is secure against unchaste desires, and to drink it with dew will restore to health any one, however sick.

"And now," says Philippe de Thaun, after having treated of beasts, of birds, and of stones, "may God bestow his majesty upon her for whom this book was made! And those who will pray for that, and say a *Pater noster* for it, may they have the merit of Saint John, and may they be in the bosom of holy Abraham! Unio is Father and Son, unio is the Holy Ghost; unio is the beginning; unio is the end; unio is alpha and omega; *Benedicamus Domino!*"

J. H. A. Bone.

MÉLANIE.

When first I heard thy soft, quaint, Gallian name,
I pictured thee before my dreaming eyes
In some such lovely shape as sudden came
With sound of syllables in Gascon guise.
But when I saw thee first, — when first thy mouth,
Yielding its rosy curves in amorous smile,
Revealed the vagrant dimples ambushed there, —
The vision I had conjured erst awhile
Was lost in mortal form so laughing-fair
That it might symbolize the Mænad South:
A glowing maiden with disheveled hair
Fleeing a low, white forehead, shading eyes
Within whose depths the warmth of summer lies,
Steeped in the melting blue of Garonne skies!

W. L. Brigham.

JOHN'S TRIAL.

Just where the Wilderness road of the Adirondack Highlands strikes the edge of the great Champlain Valley, in a little clearing, is a lonely log-house. On the 10th day of July, 1852, a muscular, gaunt woman stood at the door of the house, overlooking the vast extent of the valley. From her stand-point, ten miles of green forest swept down to the lake's winding shore. She saw the indentation made in the shore line by "the bay," and beyond, the wide waters gleaming in the fervid brightness of summer. Specks were here and there discernible in the light, flashed back from the blue, mirror-like surface, and by long watching it could be seen that these specks were moving to and fro.

The woman knew that these distant moving atoms were boats freighting lumber through Lake Champlain. She knew there was but one boat that would be likely to turn aside and come into the little bay, and that this boat would be her son John's sloop.

That was why she watched so anxiously a speck that neared the bay and at length entered it. To make doubly sure, she brought to bear an old spy-glass whose principal lens was cracked entirely through. It gave her a smoky view of the famous sloop, The Dolly Ann, John's property, and then she was entirely certain that her son, who had been three weeks absent on his voyage, was coming home.

Jupiter, the house-dog, who had been watching her, seemed to know it too, perfectly well; for as she turned from her survey through the glass, his canine nature developed a degree of wriggling friskiness of which the grave old dog seemed half ashamed. He whined and walked about the door-yard for a few moments, then gave his mistress a long, steady look, and seeming satisfied with what he read in her face, jumped over the fence and started down the road into the valley, at a full run.

The woman knew that three or four hours must yet elapse before John and Jupiter would come along the path together, tired by their long tramp up the mountain-side. She thought and waited as lonely mothers think and wait for absent sons.

At about four o'clock, a young, dark-eyed man and the dog came up the road and to the house. "Heigho, mother, all well?" was the man's greeting. The woman's greeting was only, "How do you do, John?" There was no show of sentiment, not even a hand-shake; but a bright look in the man's face, and a tremor in the voice of the woman, conveyed the impression that these plain people felt a great deal more than they expressed.

Two hours passed away, and after supper, the neighbors who had seen John and the dog come up the road, dropped in for a talk with "the captain," as John was called by his friends.

Soon the inquiry was made, "Where did you leave your cousin William?"

John had taken his cousin William, who lived upon the lake-shore, with him upon this last trip, and hence the question.

But John did not answer the question directly. He seemed troubled and unhappy about it. He finally acknowledged that he and William had not agreed, and that high words and blows had passed between them, and added that his cousin had finally left the boat and had gone away in a huff, he knew not where, but somewhere into the pineries of Canada. He declared, getting warm in his recollection of the quarrel, that he "did n't care a darn" where Will went, any way.

A month passed away; it was August. Cousin Will did not return. But certain strange stories came up the lake from Canada, and reached the dwellers along the Adirondack Wilderness road. No cousin William had been seen in the

pineries; but just across the Canada line, at the mouth of Fish River, where the sloops were moored to receive their lading of lumber, a bruised, swollen, festering corpse had risen and floated in the glare of a hot, August day. The boatmen rescued it and buried it upon the shore. They described it as the body of a hale, vigorous young man, agreeing in height, size, and appearance with cousin William.

And there was another story told by the captain of a sloop which had been moored at the mouth of Fish River, near by John's sloop, on the fatal voyage from which cousin William had not returned.

The captain said that upon the 4th of July, he had heard quarreling upon John's sloop all the afternoon, and had noticed that only two men were there. He thought the men had been drinking. At night-fall there was a little lull; but soon after dark, the noise broke out again. He could see nothing through the gloom, but he heard high and angry words, and at length blows, and then a dull, crushing thud, followed by a plunge into the water, and then there was entire silence. He listened for an hour, in the stillness of the summer night, but heard no further sound from the boat. In the early gray of the next morning, the captain, looking across the intervening space to John's sloop, which he described as hardly a stone's throw from his own, saw a hat lying upon the deck, and using his glass, was confident that he saw "spatters of blood." He thought it "none of his business," and taking advantage of a light breeze, sailed away and said nothing. But when the floating corpse was found, he felt sure there had been a murder, and, as he expressed it, felt bound to tell his story like an honest man, and so told it.

Putting these things together, it soon grew to be the current opinion upon the lake, that Captain John had murdered his cousin William. The dwellers upon the Wilderness road also came by slow degrees, and unwillingly, to the same conclusion. It was felt and said that John ought to be arrested.

Accordingly, on a dreary day in November, two officers, from the county town twenty miles away down the lake-shore, came and climbed the steep road to the lonely log-house, and arrested John. It was undoubtedly a dreadful blow to those two lonely people living isolated in the wilderness. Perhaps there ought to have been some crying and a scene, but there was no such thing. The officers testified that neither John nor his mother made any fuss about it. There was a slight twitching of the strong muscles of her face, as she talked with the officers, but no other outward sign.

John gave more evidence of the wound he felt. He was white and quivering, yet he silently, and without objection, made ready to go with the officers. He was soon prepared, and they started. John, as he went out of the door, turned and said, "Good-by; it will all be made right, mother." She simply answered, "Yes, good-by; I know it, my son."

The trio went on foot down the road to the next house, where the officers had left their team. Jupiter, standing up with his fore paws upon the top of the fence, gazed wistfully after them. When they passed around the bend of the road out of sight, Jupiter went into the house. The strong woman was there about her work, as usual; but the heavy tears would now and then fall upon the hard pine floor. She knew that her own boy would spend the coming night in the county jail.

At twelve o'clock of that chill November night, the woman and the dog went out of the house; she fastened the door, and then they went together down the dark mountain road, while the autumn winds swept dismally through the great wilderness, and the midnight voice of the pines mourned the dying year. The next day at noon, a very weary woman on foot, with a small bundle and a large dog, put up at the little village hotel hard by the county jail.

Another day passed and then the preliminary examination came on before a justice, to determine whether there was

sufficient evidence to hold John in custody until a grand jury of the county should be assembled for the next Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Three days were spent in this examination before the justice; the captain of the sloop who had overheard the quarrel in the night told his story, and the boatmen who had found the body told theirs. Two men who had been the crew of John's little vessel were also called. But they could tell little more than that they were absent on shore upon the 4th of July, and when they returned to the vessel William had gone, they knew not where nor why.

The evidence against John seemed to the magistrate clear and conclusive. But the counsel for the accused (employed by John's mother) took the ground that as the offense was committed in Canada, a justice in the United States had no jurisdiction in the matter.

This view prevailed, and after five days the accused was set at liberty. But that voice of the people, which the ancient proverb says is like the voice of God, had decided that John was guilty. It was under this crushing condemnation that John and his mother left the county town on a cold December day, turning their steps homeward; and at evening they climbed the acclivity so familiar to them, and reached the lonely log-house upon the mountain. Their neighbors were glad to see them back again, but were plain to say that "it appeared like as if John was guilty." These dwellers in the solitudes were accustomed to speak truly what they thought. John and his mother too spoke openly of this matter. It was only of showing affection and love that these people were ashamed and shy. They both admitted to their neighbors that the evidence was very strong, but John added quietly that he was not guilty, as if that settled the whole matter.

But the voice of the people and a sense of justice would not let this crime rest. It came to be very generally known that a man guilty of murder was living near the shore of Lake Champlain unmolested. Arrangements were effected by which it came to pass that the Canadian authorities made a formal application to the United States for the delivery of one John Wilson, believed to be guilty of the murder of his cousin William Wilson.

And so again two officers, this time United States officials, climbed up to the little log-house upon the edge of the great valley. Through a drifting, blinding storm of snow they were piloted by a neighbor to the lonely house. They made known their errand, and in the course of half an hour the officers and their prisoner were out in the storm *en route* for the distant city of Montreal.

It was many days before the woman saw her son again. For four months John was imprisoned, awaiting his trial before the Canadian courts. Doubtless those four months seemed long to the solitary woman. She had not much opportunity to indulge in melancholy fancies; she spent much of her time in pulling brush and wood out of the snow and breaking it up with an ax, so as to adapt it to the size of her stove.

The neighbors tried to be kind, and often took commissions from her to the store and the grist-mill in the valley: "But after all," said Pete Searles, one of John's friends, in speaking of the matter afterward, "what could neighbors amount to, when the nearest of them lived a mile away, and all of them were plain to say that they believed she was the mother of a murderer?"

But the neighbors said the woman did not seem to mind the solitude and the rough work. Morning, noon, and night she was out in the snow or the storm at the little hovel of a barn back of the house, taking care of two cows and a few sheep which were hers and John's. At other times travelers upon the Wilderness road would see her gaunt, angular figure clambering down a rocky ridge, dragging poles to the house to be cut up for fuel.

She received two letters from John in the course of the winter. The first told her that he was imprisoned, and await-

ing his trial in Montreal, and the next one said that his trial had been set down for an early day in March.

This correspondence was all the information the mother had of her son; for the lake was frozen during the winter, so that the boats did not run, and no news could come from Canada by the boatmen.

When March came and passed away without intelligence from John, it was taken by the dwellers upon the lake-shore and along the Wilderness road as a sure indication that he had been convicted of the crime. A letter or newspaper announcing the fact was confidently looked for by the neighbors whenever they went to the distant post-office for their weekly mail.

As March went out, and spring days and sunshine came, it was noticed that the face of John's mother looked sharp and white, but she went about the same daily duties as before, without seeming to feel ill or weak.

On a plashy April day full of sunshine, she stood on the rocky ridge back of the house, looking down upon the lake. A few early birds had come back and were twittering about the clearing. Although the snow still lingered in patches upon the highlands, the valley looked warm below, and the first boats of the season were dotting the wide, distant mirror of "old Champlain." A man came slowly up the muddy line of road, through the gate, and around the house; then first the woman saw him. A slight spasm passed over her face. There was a little pitiful quiver of the muscles about the mouth, and then she walked slowly down the ridge to where the man stood. She struggled a little with herself before she said, "Well, John, I am glad to see you back."

John tried to be cool also, but nature was too much for him. He could not raise his eyes to hers, and his simple response, "Yes, mother," was chokingly uttered.

The two walked into the house together in the old familiar way; the woman without a word began to spread the table, and her son went out and prepared fuel, and bringing it in replenished the fire. Then he sat down in his accustomed place by the stove, with a pleasant remark about how well the fire burned, and how good it seemed to be home again. And the woman spoke a few kind, motherly words.

It was the way they had always done when John came back, but now there was a great sadness in it, for he had come "*from prison.*" Jupiter seemed fully to realize the situation. He exhibited none of that friskiness which characterized the welcome he had usually given: but when John was seated the old dog came slowly up to him, laid his fore paws and his head in his master's lap, and looked sadly in his face.

As they sat down to supper, John began to tell of his fare in the jail at Montreal, and to speak freely of his life there. "Will you have to go back?" said his mother with that quiver about the mouth again. "No, mother," said John, "it is finished, and I am discharged."

After supper the story was told over, how well John's counsel had worked for him, and how the judge had said there was not sufficient evidence to convict of so great a crime.

John continued from this time on through the spring to live at home. He allowed his sloop to float idly in the bay, while, as he said, he himself rested. The truth was, he saw, as others did not, that his mother had carried a fearful weight, and now, when it was lifted by his return, that the resources of her life were exhausted. The change, not yet apparent to other eyes, was clear to his vision. So it is that these silent spirits read each other.

As the warm weather advanced, the strong woman became weak; and as the June flowers began to bloom, she ceased to move about much, and sat the most of each day in a chair by the open door. John managed the house and talked with his mother. Her mind changed with the relaxation of her physical frame. She no longer strove to hide her tears, but, like a tired infant, would weep without restraint or concealment, as she told her son of the early loves

and romance of her girlhood life in a warm valley of the West. He learned more of his mother's heart in those June days than he had surmised from all he had known of her before. And he understood what this predicted. He felt that the heart nearest his own was counting over the treasures of life ere it surrendered them forever.

There was no great scene when the woman died. It was at evening, just as the July fervors were coming on. She had wept much in the morning. As the day grew warm she became very weak and faint, and about noon was moved by her son from her chair to her bed, and so died as the sun went down.

John was alone in the house when she died. Since his return from Montreal, he had been made to feel that he had but one friend besides his mother. Only one neighbor had called upon him, and that was Pete Searles. *He* had ever proved true. But John did not like to trouble his one friend, who lived two miles away, to come and stay with him during the night. So he lighted a candle, took down from a shelf a little Bible and hymn-book that he and his mother had carried on an average about four times a year to a school-house used as a church, some six miles away, and so alone with the dead he spent the hours in reading and tears and meditation.

In the morning he locked the door of his home and walked "over to Pete's." As he met his friend, he said in a clear voice, but with eyes averted, "She has gone, Pete — if you will just take the key and go over there, I'll go down to the lake, and get the things, and tell Downer, and we'll have the funeral, say on Thursday."

Pete hesitated a moment, then took the key John offered him, and said, "Yes, John, I will tell my woman, and we will go over and fix it, and be there when you come back." And so John went on his way. "Downer" was the minister, and "the things" were a coffin and a shroud.

On Thursday was the funeral. Pete took care to have all the people of the neighborhood there, although it hardly seemed as if John desired it. The popular voice, having once decided it, still held John as a murderer, and claimed that he was cleared from the charge only by the tricks of his lawyer. John knew of this decision. At the funeral he was stern, cold, white, and statue-like. While others wept, but few tears fell from his eyes, and even these seemed wrung from him by an anguish for the most part suppressed or concealed.

He chose that his mother should be buried, not in the "burying-ground" at the settlement, but upon their own little farm where she had lived. And so in a spot below the rocky ridge, where wild violets grew, she was laid to rest.

John spent the night following the funeral at Pete's house, then returned to his own home, and from that time his *solitary* life began. He took his cattle and his sheep over to Pete's, made all fast about his home, and resumed his boating upon Lake Champlain. He fully realized that he was a marked man. He was advised, it was said even by his own legal counsel, to leave the country, and to leave his name behind him: but no words influenced him. Firm and steady in his course, strictly temperate and just, he won respect where he could not gain confidence.

The years rolled by. Captain John still was a boatman, and still kept his home at the lonely log-house on the edge of the great valley. From each voyage he returned and spent a day and night alone at the old place; and it was noticed that a strong, high paling was built around his mother's grave, and a marble head-stone was placed there, and other flowers grew with the wild violets. Even in winter, when there was no boating and he boarded down by the lake, he made many visits to the old homestead. His figure, which, though youthful, was now growing gaunt and thin as his mother's had been, was often seen by Pete at nightfall upon the top of a certain rocky ridge, standing out clear and sharp against the cold blue steel of the winter sky.

John had no companions and sought none. The young men and women of

his set had married and settled in life; he was still the same.

But there came a change. Eleven years had passed since the mother died, and it was June again. John was spending a day at the old place once more. He sat in the door, looking out on the magnificent landscape, the broad lake, and the dim line of mountains away across the valley. The lovely day seemed to cheer this stern, lonely man.

Three persons came up the road: they advanced straight to where John was sitting. One of them stepped forward, looked John steadily in the face, held out his hand to him, and said, "John, do you know me?"

The voice seemed to strike him with a sharp, stunning shock. He quivered, held his breath, stared into the eyes of the questioner, and then suddenly becoming unnaturally cool and collected, said, "Is it you, William?"

The two who stood back had once been John's warmest friends. They now came forward, and with such words as they could command, told the story of William's sudden return, and sought for themselves forgiveness for the cruel and false suspicion which had so long estranged them from their friend.

John seemed to hear this as one in a dream. He talked with William and the men in a manner that seemed strangely cold and indifferent, about where William had been voyaging so long in distant seas, and of his strange absence. A quarter of an hour passed away. The men proposed that John should go with them to their homes, and said there would be a gathering of friends there. They pressed the invitation with warmth, and such true feeling as our voices express when a dear friend has been greatly wronged, and we humbly acknowledge it.

John said absently, in reply, that he did not know. He looked uneasily around as if in search of something, perhaps his hat. He essayed to rise from his chair, but could not; and in a moment he fell back ashy pale, fainting and breathless. The men had not looked for this, but accustomed as they were to the rough life of the wilderness, they were not alarmed. They fanned the fainting man with their straw hats, and as soon as water could be found, applied it to his hands and face. He soon partially recovered, and looking up, said in a broken voice, "Give me a little time, boys." At this hint, the two old friends, who were now crying, stepped out of the door, and cousin William sat down out upon the door-step.

John found that a *little* time was not enough. He had traveled too long and far in that fearful desert of loneliness, easily or quickly to return. A nervous fever followed the shock he received, and for two months he did not leave the homestead, and was confined to his bed. But the old house was not lonely. The men and women came, both his old friends and some newcomers, and tried to make up to him in some degree the love and sympathy he had so long missed. But for many days it was evident that their kindness pained and oppressed him.

"It appears like," said Pete, "that a rough word don't hurt him, but a kind one he can't stand." And this was true. His soul was fortified against hatred and contempt, but a kind voice, or a gentle caress, seemed to wound him so that he would sob like an infant.

As he recovered from his illness he continued gentle, kind, and shrinking, to a fault. By the operation of some spiritual law that I do not fully comprehend, he was, after his recovery, one of those who win a strange affection from others. His influence seemed like a mild fascination. It was said of him in after years, that he was more truly loved, and by more people, than any other man or woman in all the settlements round. Children loved him with a passionate attachment, and the woman of child-like nature whom he made his wife is said to have died of grief at his death. He departed this life at the age of thirty-eight years, and he sleeps on the edge of the great valley, with his mother and his wife beside him.

P. Deming.

SHIPS.

A CHILD, I played beside the sea.
Across the far horizon line
Ships came and went, the whole day long,
And went and came, — but none were mine.

A girl, I sat upon the shore
And dreamed sweet dreams of what might be,
When, out of tropic latitudes,
My laden ship should come to me.

A woman, still unsatisfied,
I climbed the cliffs and gazed afar;
My wishes freighted every ship
That sailed across the harbor bar.

Near by, upon the rugged rocks,
A bright-faced workman toiled and sang,
And loudly, over wave and beach,
The strokes of ax and hammer rang.

I watched him, as he hewed and joined, —
As slowly, day by day, he wrought
The strong proportions of a ship
(Such as had lived within my thought).

At length I sought his side, and asked,
"Why toil from dawn to set of day?
Come watch with me; ere many hours,
Your ship may anchor in the bay."

The workman smiled: "My ship, you say?
My ships are sailing south and north.
My ships are those I build and launch;
Year after year, I send them forth,

"Laden with comfort and content,
To wishful hearts beside the sea.
I know not if, across the brine,
A ship sails now, to gladden me;

"But this I know, that when my hands
Are weary, and my hair is gray,
When I sit idle on the strand,
The ships that I have sent away

"Shall crowd with sails the empty east,
Where mistily they passed before,
Shall bring me back, from over seas,
More treasure than I gave, of yore."

H. K. Hudson.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

I.

[In laying before the public a few slight sketches (in the form of extracts from letters to a daughter remaining in Europe) of our "bush" experiences during the first year after our arrival in Muskoka, Ontario, Canada, I desire to state the reasons which prompted us to such an imprudent step as emigrating without even the moderate capital necessary for any one who would start with the slightest chance of success. To do this I must go back to the beginning of the French War in 1870. This was certainly the means of breaking up our happy home in France, which, with one short interval, had been the shelter of my family and myself during fifteen years of my widowhood. The commencement of the war found us living in the outskirts of St. Pierre-lès-Calais, a suburb of Calais, and a busy place full of lace factories. Our house and grounds, quite open to the country at the back, fronted the canal which communicates with the sea at Calais.

When the war had made some progress, and the Prussian army appeared to be steadily advancing through France, we found ourselves in a most unpleasant dilemma; in fact, literally between fire and water! On the one hand, the civic authorities made known that, in case of the approach of a Prussian army, it was their fixed intention to cut the sluices, and to lay the adjacent country under water for a distance of ten miles, and to a depth of seven feet.

Our large, rambling, convenient old mansion, which shook with every gale of wind, and had no cellarage or secure foundations of any kind, we felt would surely be submerged. On the other hand, the military commandant notified, that in case Calais were threatened with siege, all houses and buildings within the military zone would be blown up, to allow free range for the cannon on the ramparts. This was pleasant intelligence to people in the direct line of fire, and with a certainty of very short notice to quit being given. Still, we took the chances and stood our ground. At this time I had a married daughter residing at Guines, where her husband was mathematical professor in the principal English school, conducted by a French gentleman.

In the middle of August, about midnight, we heard a carriage drive to the door, and found that my son-in-law had thought it more prudent to bring his family to a safer place than Guines, which, being quite an open town, was at any moment liable to incursions from the dreaded Uhlans. He was obliged to return to his employer, who could not be left with the sole responsibility of a numerous school, mostly English. A few days afterwards, on an alarm that the Prussians had entered Amiens, we all took refuge in Calais, where, as soon as the war broke out, I had taken the precaution to secure apartments. We had most of our property hastily packed up and placed in store. In Calais we remained till nearly the beginning of winter, when my son-in-law took his family back to Guines and we returned to our house. In fact, it began to be recognized that Calais was too far out of the way, and presented too little temptation to a conquering army, to make it likely we should be molested.

The spring of 1871 brought great changes, both public and private. The war ended, but France was no longer the same country to us. My eldest son had left us, to take a situation in London. Before the summer was over, my son-in-law, whose health was greatly injured by his scholastic duties, made up his mind to emigrate to Canada, and to join my youngest son, who, after many misfortunes, had settled on the "free grant lands" of Muskoka, and who wrote frequently to urge other members

of the family to come out before all the good land near his location was taken up. At this time he was himself thriving, but immediately afterwards suffered great reverses. He had a rheumatic fever which lasted many weeks, and threw him back in his farming; he lost one of his two cows from the carelessness of a neighbor, lost most of his crops from the dry season and their being put in too late, and was only beginning to recover when his sister and her family arrived, having with them his affianced wife.

My eldest daughter and myself were thus left alone in France, and were obliged to give up our cherished home, my reduced income being quite insufficient to maintain it. We, too, began to think of emigrating; and, finding my eldest son not disinclined to try farming, we came to perhaps too hasty a decision, and he relinquished his excellent situation, his employers behaving with the greatest kindness and liberality. We read up a few books on emigration, which invariably paint it in the brightest colors, and being quite ignorant of the expense of so long a journey, of the hardships of the bush, and of the absolute necessity for a sum of money to begin with, we came out hoping, in our innocence, that strong hearts, willing hands, and the pension of an officer's widow would be inexhaustible riches in the wilderness. The problem remains to be solved whether we can continue our farming without capital, or whether we shall be compelled to go to one of the large towns in Canada or the "States" to seek for remunerative employment.]

We went on board the good ship T——s, lying in the Thames, at least twenty-four hours too soon, and lay awake the whole of the first night, as the carpenters never ceased working — the ship having met with an accident on her previous voyage. The next morning I was greatly grieved to find that your brother had engaged first cabin berths only for your sister and myself, and, finding that our purse was very scantily filled, had, with his usual self-denial, taken a steerage berth for himself.

Of the young friend who came out with us we saw but little, for though he had a first-class berth, he was a good deal in the steerage with your brother, who was a veritable Mark Tapley among the poor emigrants. He helped the minister in charge to keep order among them; he procured all manner of little extra comforts for the sick women from the surly cooks, and was the delight of all the children, who followed him in troops. He managed to be a good deal in our cabin when we were too ill to move, and also came to us on deck when we were able to crawl there.

We first landed in America at Quebec, and found ourselves, at the very beginning of an immense journey, utterly without means to carry us on beyond the first few stages. The little extra expenses paid on leaving the ship, and the clearing our baggage as far as Toronto, had emptied our purse. We half expected to find a letter and a small remittance waiting for us at the post-office. Your brother's young friend, too, who came out with us, was in the same strait, as his money-order was only payable in a bank at Toronto. Finding on due inquiry no letter, your brother was compelled to pledge his gold watch and seal, upon which he could only get five pounds advanced. This unavoidable delay lost us the one o'clock train, and so we started for Montreal by the seven o'clock train, being quite thankful that our journey had at length begun.

Towards midnight the train came to a full stop before a small station, and at last I asked the guard why we did not go on. He told me that a train which ought to have been in before us was missing, that men had gone out with lights to look for it, and that, for fear of being run into, we must wait till it was safely in. A most dreary four hours we passed before we were relieved. In consequence of our delay, we did not arrive at Montreal in time for the early train to Toronto, but had to breakfast there, and remain some hours.

When we started we found that we had indeed a hot and dusty journey before us. An incident however in the course of the day afforded me a few moments of real satisfaction, which every mother will understand. While our train was drawn up before a small station, an emigrant train going to some distant part went by. Numbers of the emigrants were those who had been steerage passengers in the vessel which brought us over. They recognized your brother standing with his young friend on the steps of a carriage, and at once vociferated, "Mr. K.! Mr. K.! three cheers for Mr. K.!" Then arose three deafening cheers, which died away in the distance, and your sister and I, looking out of the window, saw an indefinite number of pocket-handkerchiefs of all colors and dimensions fluttering from the windows in token of recognition.

It was past midnight when we reached Toronto, where we were driven to a respectable cheap family hotel, strongly recommended to your brother by a gentlemanly Canadian who was our fellow-passenger from England. Unluckily for us they were full from garret to cellar, and could in no way make room for us. Our driver, left to his own choice, took us to the "——— House," where we remained till the next day, most supremely uncomfortable in a wild, rambling hotel of immense extent, where from not knowing the hours we were all but starved, where I lost my way every time I left the saloon, and where it was hardly possible to obtain a civil answer from any one of the attendants.

We started from Toronto at three P. M. the next day, leaving our young friend behind, who, having drawn his money, was going back to Montreal to pass a little time there before joining us in the bush. The farther we went from Toronto the more ugly and barren the country appeared, and the hideous stumps on every clearing became more and more visible. By degrees also the gardens by the roadside showed less and less of floral vegetation, till at last my eyes rested on nothing for miles but hollyhocks and pumpkins. Towards dusk the lurid glare of the burning trees in the far-off forest became appalling as well as magnificent. I was told that the season had been exceptionally dry, no rain having fallen for more than three months, and that in different parts the fires had been most destructive. We slept that night at Belle Ewart, and the next morning took the steamer across Lake Simcoe. This was the most beautiful part of our journey. The sky was bright and clear, the water blue, and the scenery most lovely. All was changed when we landed at Orillia. We were transferred from our nice, roomy, well-appointed steamer to a filthy, overcrowded little boat, where we had hardly standing-room. I now saw for the first time *real*, *live* red Indians, both men and women. Their encampment on Lake Simcoe was pointed out to me, and some of the men with their squaws were on board with us. I was dreadfully disappointed! The men appeared to me undersized and sinister-looking, the squaws dirty and almost repulsive. No stretch of imagination could bring before me in the persons of these red men the dignified and graceful Uncas, or the stately and warlike Chingachgook.

We landed at Washage, and, after standing for more than an hour on the quay, took the stage-wagon to Grunenhurst. It was our first acquaintance with corduroy roads. The burning forest gradually closed in upon us on both sides — blazing trees crashing down in all directions; here and there one fell across the road, and had to be dragged out of the way before we could go on. Your brother, with his arm round me the whole way (I clinging fast to the collar of his coat), could hardly keep me in my place as we bumped over every obstacle. Your poor sister was glad to cling convulsively to the rope which secured the passengers' luggage, to avoid being thrown out on the road. At last when it was quite dark we arrived at Grunenhurst, where we were obliged to sleep, as the steamer to Bracebridge could not start before morning on account of the fog. We went

on board, however, and had a good supper, but as there was no accommodation for sleeping, and we knew not in the dark where to go, we were indebted to an Englishman well acquainted with the locality for taking us to a place of refuge — a small tavern by the roadside. The next day we went to Bracebridge, and there we found a letter from your brother-in-law, charging me to go before the stipendiary magistrate and sign for my free grant of one hundred acres, the papers for which had been forwarded to me in France, but missed me, as I had already left. Unfortunately our means were too nearly exhausted to allow of our remaining even one day, and as the stage-wagon left two hours before the magistrate's office would be open, we thought it better to leave with it. The not being able to sign at this time, or indeed for some months afterwards, prevented my having the right of selling the pine-trees on my lot — the new Act (a most unjust one) having come into operation in the mean time. We were at the N. A. Hotel, and the mistress of it, herself not long from England, told me afterwards how sincerely she pitied us, and said to her husband when we were gone, "That poor lady and her daughter little know what hardships they are about to encounter in the bush."

The drive from Bracebridge to Uttersan, the nearest post town to our settlement, and distant from it about five miles, was a long and most fatiguing stretch of eighteen miles, but unmarked by any incident of consequence. The forest fires were burning fiercely, and our driver told us that a week before the road had been impassable. As we passed rapidly along we felt the air quite hot and stifling, and on both sides of the road large trees were burning. It was a gloomy afternoon, with fitful gusts of wind portending a change of weather, and we were nearly smothered in clouds of Muskoka dust, much resembling pounded bricks. When we reached Uttersan we were obliged to remain two hours, to rest the poor horses, as no others were to be got. While at the little tavern we ascertained that your youngest brother had been married as we expected a few weeks before, and that your sister, with her husband, the dear children, and the *fiancée*, had rested there on their way into the bush six weeks before our arrival. It was a relief to our minds to feel that we were near our journey's end, that the dear ones who had preceded us were all in good health, and that your young brother's long engagement had been so happily terminated. *I* alone of all our party felt a hopeless depression of spirits, a presentiment of months of unhappiness.

Our short drive from Uttersan was unmarked by any fresh incident, but as we went slowly it was late in the day before we turned into the bush. Our driver called the forest path a road! I saw nothing but a narrow track with frightful stumps over which our wagon jolted in a manner to endanger our bones. Indeed, though more than three miles from your brother-in-law's, we soon insisted on walking, as safer, though the thick undergrowth of ground hemlock caught our feet in a very dangerous manner. Our path was intersected by deep gullies, but the horses of this country, like the mules of Spain, are wonderfully sure-footed, and the drivers, apparently as reckless and daring as Irish carmen, very seldom meet with an accident. After we had crossed the second gully our driver told us he could go no farther, or it would be dark before he got out of the bush, a thing much dreaded here. Accordingly your brother paid and dismissed him, and we were left with all our packages on the roadside, to find our way as best we could. Luckily we came upon a very respectable settler who was working on a part of his "clearing" near the path, and who kindly left his work and piloted us to your brother-in-law's lot, where we found a very small clearing, and a log-house in the middle of it.

Your sister and the two dear children came running out to meet and welcome us, and after the first warm congratula-

tions, J. and your brother went to fetch the newly married couple, who at once came back with them. There was much to hear and to tell, and you may judge how great was our dismay to find that we had come to families as penniless as ourselves, and that wearied and fatigued as we were, my dear child had no refreshment in the house to offer us but linseed tea without sugar and milk, and sour, doughy bread which I could not persuade myself to swallow. Our sleeping arrangements were of the most primitive kind. A scanty curtain shaded a corner of the room, and dear F. with all her small stock of bedding made a kind of Noah's Ark, where we four ladies with the two children took refuge. The three gentlemen lay down in their clothes before the stove, and thus passed our first night in the bush!

The next morning your brother C. and his dear little wife left us to return to their own home, making me promise to visit them, as soon as I had recovered from the fatigue of the journey. You will perhaps wonder that they should have remained over night with us in our overcrowded room, but the fact is that when we first came here in the autumn of 1871, the forest paths between our lots were so indistinctly marked out, and so little trodden, that to be out after dark was most unsafe; and indeed it is a received rule among the settlers here that if any one is out after nightfall, the nearest neighbor must afford him a shelter till the morning. To go astray in the bush is more dreaded than anything.

We were very much shocked to see such a change in your youngest brother's appearance. In spite of his present happiness as a married man, we could see in his face and person unmistakable marks of the hardships he had gone through. He had left us only a year before, and when he quitted France was in the highest health and spirits, and in the expectation of finding in America, and especially in New York, an El Dorado where he might easily make his fortune, or at least employ his little capital to advantage. We now found him frightfully thin, his face pinched and worn, and looking at least ten years older than his eldest brother, who is his senior by five years. In a future letter I must give you a sketch of his misfortunes, his failure in New York and subsequent settlement on the free grant lands of Muskoka, his being burnt out of his first house in the bush, and the amusing incidents attending his marriage as recounted to me by your sister, who brought out his long-engaged young lady from England. I may mention here what dear F. told me as soon as we could have any conversation. When she arrived with her husband and family, and found how utterly wild and comfortless everything was and would be, as she too truly foresaw, for a long while, she wrote to me in France urgently entreating and advising that we should at least wait a year before breaking up our happy home — so as to give time for preparation out here before our arrival. This letter reached France many days after we had left, and followed me out here.

My first employment was to write to my lawyer for an advance of money, and to some dear friends who had already helped us, for the same purpose. This was the more necessary as your brother-in-law J. was also expecting remittances which were late in arriving, so that we were altogether in a very difficult and painful position. As soon as this necessary work was finished I began to look about me, and to examine the house and the clearing it was in. I found that the space cleared from trees and brush was not more than half an acre, and I confess that the very sight of the dense forest circling us all round, with hardly any perceptible outlet, gave me a dreadful feeling of suffocation, to which was added the constant fear of fire, for the long-continued dry season had made every leaf and twig combustible. Yet there was much to admire in the situation. An amphitheatre of rock behind the house, wooded to the very top, and the trees tinged with the glowing hues of autumn, was very picturesque, and the log-house itself, built on an emi-

nence, seemed likely to be both dry and comfortable. The house inside was simply one fair-sized room, which like the "cobbler's stall" in the nursery rhyme, served for "kitchen and parlor and all." It was built of rough, unhewn logs, with pieces of wood between them, and the interstices filled up with moss. The building (inside measurement) was eighteen by twenty-five feet, and there were two small windows and a door in the front. When your brother-in-law's logs for his house were ready, he called a "raising bee," which is the custom here, and fourteen of his neighbors responded to the call. This is for building up the walls of the house, and placing the rafters for the roof. Strength and willingness are most desirable at a "bee," but for the four corners, which have to be saddled, skill is likewise required, and therefore four of the best hands are always chosen for the corners. Saddling is cutting a piece out of the end of each log as it is raised, so that each succeeding log rests in the niche made for it, and thus when the building is finished all is firm as a rock. No payment is expected for the assistance given, but good and plentiful meals are always provided. Sometimes these bees are quite festive meetings, where the wives and daughters of the settlers wait at table, and supply the wants of the hungry visitors. At a bee which your brother attended some time ago, all the young women were in their Sunday attire, and they noticed even a sprinkling of book-muslin garibaldis. The female element was entirely wanting at your brother-in-law's bee, and two or three little things went wrong, but excuses are always made for the ignorance of new settlers, and in subsequent meetings on his behalf, the fare has been better, and full satisfaction given.

In the middle of the log-house stands out, hideously prominent, a settler's stove with a whole array of pots, pans, and kettles belonging to it, and which when not in use are generally hung up on the walls. In the very cold weather, when the fire has to be kept up night and day, it takes nearly the whole day's chopping of one man, to supply it. You must not suppose that we had come into a furnished house, — there had as yet been neither time nor means to get furniture of any kind. F. had herself been settled but a fortnight, and we were only too glad to sleep on the floor, to sit on upturned boxes, and to make the top of a large chest our dining-table. When our baggage at length arrived, for some days we could hardly turn round, but we were most thankful for the excellent bedding and the good, warm blankets we had brought from France, packed in barrels. We already found the nights very chilly indeed. You know what excellent amateur carpenters your brothers have been from boyhood, and this knack they have turned to good account in the bush. As soon as time could be found, your brother E. made quite a good bedstead for his sister, and stools, benches, and shelves which we have found most useful.

For a long time after my arrival, and even after your brother-in-law and myself had received our remittances, we were in danger of starvation, from the coarse, bad food, and the difficulty of procuring it. At the time of which I am writing, the autumn of 1871, there was neither store nor post-office nearer than the village of N., fully seven miles off; the state of the roads I have already described; the gentlemen of our different families had to bring in all provisions in sacks slung upon their backs. We found the staple food of the settlers to be hard, salt pork, potatoes, oatmeal, rice, molasses, and flour for bread, which is invariably doughy, and, according to the "rising" employed, either bitter, sour, or salt. With regard to other articles of consumption, such as tea, coffee, sugar, etc., I was and am of opinion that we were using up the refuse of all the shops in Toronto. The tea abounded in sloe leaves, wild raspberry leaves, and other vegetation which never came from China, and it was so full of bits of stick, that my son informed the people at the "store," that he had collected a nice little stock for winter fuel.

My chemical knowledge was not suffi-

cient to enable me to analyze the coffee, but we all agreed that it was a villainous compound, of which the coffee berry formed the smallest ingredient. We were very glad to fall back upon, and take into favor, pure chiccory, which is tolerably good with sugar and milk, and which many of the settlers grow and prepare for themselves. You know what a simple table I kept in France, but there our plain food was delicately cooked and prepared, and, plain as it was, was the best of its kind. We found the change most unpleasant and injurious to our health, and what was worse than all, the store was often out of the most necessary articles, and our messengers were compelled to return weary and footsore, without what we wanted. We are much better off now, having a post-office and store belonging to the settlement only three miles away, kept by very civil and intelligent Scotch people, who do their best to procure whatever is ordered. We suffered much also from the want of fresh meat, for though at times some one in the neighborhood might kill a sheep, yet we seldom heard of it before all the best parts were gone.

I come now to speak of a delusion which is very general in the "old country," and in which I largely shared. I mean with regard to the great plenty of venison and game to be found in these parts. This fallacy is much encouraged by different books on emigration, which speak of these desirable articles of food as being plentiful and within the reach of every settler. I certainly arrived with a vague idea that passing deer could be shot from one's own door, that partridge and wild duck were as plentiful as sparrows in England, and that hares and rabbits might almost be caught with the hand. These romantic ideas were wofully dispelled! There is very little game of any kind left, and to get that good dogs are wanted, which are very expensive to keep. None of our party have caught the most distant glimpse of a deer since we came, except your two brothers, who once saw a poor doe rush madly across a corner of C.'s clearing, hotly pursued by a trapper's deer-hound, at a season when it was against the law to shoot deer. Your sister-in-law once, venturing from C.'s clearing to ours without an escort, was much alarmed at hearing a rustling in the bush, quite near her, and a repeated ba-a, ba-a! We were told that the noise must have come from an old stag which is said to have haunted for years the range of rock near us. This mythical old fellow has, however, never been seen, even by "the oldest inhabitant." Your brothers have now and then shot a chance partridge or wild duck, but had to look for them, and the truth must be told, that when settlers, gentle or simple, are engaged in the daily toil of grubbing, and, as it were, scratching the earth for bread, it is difficult to find a day's leisure for the gentlemanly recreation of shooting. Your youngest brother was pretty successful in trapping beaver and musk-rat, and in shooting porcupine; of the two former, the skins can be sold to advantage, but as to eating their flesh, which some of our party succeeded in doing — your eldest brother and myself found that impossible, and turned with loathing from the rich repasts, prepared from what I irreverently termed vermin!

I must now tell you how our lots are situated with regard to each other. C., having come out a year before the rest of us, had secured two hundred acres of free grant land, one lot in his own name, and one in the maiden name of his present wife, who came out from England to marry him, under the chaperonage of your sister and her husband. Since the birth of his little boy, he has also obtained another one hundred acres as "head of a family." His land is good and prettily situated, with plenty of beaver meadow and a sprinkling of rock, and also a very picturesque waterfall, where in coming years he can have a mill. I have the adjoining one hundred acres, — good, flat land for cultivation, but not so picturesque as any of the other lots, which I regret, though others envy me the absence of rock. My land lies between C.'s and the two hundred acres belonging to your brother-in-law, whose very pretty situation I

have already described. I am sorry to say that the two hundred acres taken up before we came, for your eldest brother and sister, are at a distance of five miles from here; your brother, who went over to see about clearing a portion of them, says the landscape is most beautiful, as in addition to rock and wood there are good-sized lakes, which make the lots less valuable for cultivation, but far more beautiful to the eye.

As the autumn advanced we began most seriously to give our attention to building my log-house, hoping that I might settle my part of the family before the winter set in. Accordingly, an acre of my land was cleared, and the logs for a house cut and prepared, a skillful workman being hired to help, and when all was ready, we called a bee, and took care to provide everything of the best, in the shape of provisions. Our plan was a signal failure, partly because settlers do not like coming to a bee so late in the year (it was November), and partly because some of the invitations had been given on Sunday, which, as most of the settlers near us were Scotch and strict Presbyterians, had caused offense. Only three people came, and they were thanked and dismissed. The very next day (November 11th), snow-storms and hard winter weather began; but in spite of this, our four gentlemen, seeing my deep disappointment at being kept waiting for a residence, most chivalrously went to work, and by their unassisted efforts and hard labor actually managed, in the course of a fortnight, to raise the walls and place the rafters of a log-house not much smaller than the others. Their work was the admiration of the whole settlement, and many expressed themselves quite ashamed of having thus left us in the lurch. After raising the walls, however, they were reluctantly compelled to stop, for the severity of the weather was such, that shingling the roof, chinking, and mossing became quite impossible. As it was, E. nearly had his hands frost-bitten.

We were thus compelled to remain with your sister till the spring of 1872.

We greatly felt, after we came here, the want of all religious ordinances, but we soon arranged a general meeting of all the members of the family on a Sunday at your sister's, when your brother-in-law read the Church of England service, and all joined in singing the chants and hymns. Sometimes he was unavoidably absent, as the clergyman at B——e, knowing him to have taken his degree at St. John's College, Cambridge, and to be otherwise qualified, sometimes required his assistance, though a layman, to do duty for him at different stations in the district. We found in our own neighborhood a building set apart for use as a church, but too far off for us to attend either summer or winter. Here Church of England, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan ministers preached in turn, and thus some semblance of worship was kept up.

I hardly dare describe the miserable change we found in our employments and manner of life when we first settled down to hard labor in the bush. It was anguish to me to see your sisters, so tenderly and delicately brought up, working harder by far than any of our servants in England or France. It is one thing to sit in a pretty drawing-room, to play, to sing, to study, to embroider, and to enjoy social and intellectual converse with a select circle of kind friends, and it is quite another thing to slave and toil in a log-house, no better than a kitchen, from morning till night, at cleaning, washing, baking, preparing meals for hungry men (not always of one's own family), and drying incessant changes of wet clothes. I confess, to my shame, that my philosophy entirely gave way, and that for a long time I cried constantly. I also took to falling off my chair in fits of giddiness, which lasted for a few minutes, and much alarmed the children, who feared apoplexy. I felt quite sure that it was from fretting, want of exercise, and inanition from not being able to swallow a sufficiency of the food I so much disliked. Fortunately, we had brought out some cases of arrow-root, and some bottles of Oxley's Essence of Ginger, and with the help of

this nourishment, and walking resolutely up and down the clearing, where we kept a track swept for the purpose, I got better. Your eldest sister likewise had an alarming palpitation of the heart, no doubt brought on by poor food, hard work, and the great weight of the utensils belonging to the stove. After some time she too partially recovered; indeed we *had* to get well as best we might, for there was no doctor nearer than B——e, eighteen miles off, and had we sent for him, we had no means of paying for either visits or drugs.

Christmas at length drew near, and as our funds were exceedingly low, dear C. insisted on contributing to our Christmas dinner, as of course we were to collect our family party on that day. He bought a fowl from a neighboring settler, and sent with it some mutton. Your poor sister has told me since, that while preparing the chicken for cooking, she could have shed tears of disgust and compassion, the poor thing being so attenuated that its bones pierced through the skin, and had it not been killed, it must soon have died of consumption. In spite of this, I roused my dormant energies, and with the help of butter, onions, and spices, I concocted a savory stew which was much applauded. We had also a pudding! Well — the less said of the pudding the better. It was eaten, — peace to its memory! We all assembled on Christmas morning early, and had our church service performed by your brother-in-law. Cruel memory took me back to our beloved little church in France, with its Christmas decorations of holly and evergreens, and I could almost hear the sweet voices of the choir singing my favorite hymn, "Hark! the herald angels sing!"

There was indeed a sad contrast between the festive meetings of other years, when our little band was unbroken by death and separation, and when out of our abundance we could make others happy, and this forlorn gathering in a strange land, with care written on every brow, poverty in all our surroundings, and deep though unexpressed anxiety lest our struggles in this new and uncongenial mode of existence should prove fruitless. For the sake of others, I tried to simulate a cheerfulness I could not feel, and so we got over the evening, and had a good deal of general conversation, and some of our favorite songs were sung by the gentlemen. It was late when our party separated; your brother C., with his wife and C. W., actually scrambled home through the forest by moonlight, a track having been broken by snow-shoes in the morning. I gladly retired to bed, and under cover of the darkness had a good silent cry, of which no one was cognizant but your sister, who lay by my side, but took care not to say a word.

New Year's Day, 1872, was one of those exceptionally beautiful days when hope is generated in the saddest heart, and when the most pressing cares and anxieties retire for a time at least into the background of our lives. The sky was blue and clear, the sun bright, and the air quite soft and balmy for the time of year. We had before and afterwards some bitter cold and gloomy weather, the thermometer being at times forty degrees below zero during the winter. We had the greatest difficulty in keeping ourselves sufficiently clothed for such a season. All people coming to the bush bring clothes far too good for the rough life they lead there. In coming out, we had no means of providing any special outfit, and therefore brought only the ordinary wardrobes of genteel life. All silks, delicate shawls, laces, and ornaments are perfectly useless here. Every article I possess of that kind is carefully put away, and will probably never see daylight again. We found everything we had taken of woolen, warm plaid shawls, winter dresses, thick flannels, furs, etc., most useful; of these we had a tolerable stock, and we put one thing over another as the cold increased, till we must often have presented the appearance of feather-beds tied with a string in the middle. As to our feet and legs it was not a trifling matter to encase them securely. Our delicate French boots and

slippers were of no use here. Stockings drawn over stockings, French *chaussons*, and over all moccasins or large stockings of your brothers', even these hardly kept us warm enough. Nor were the gentlemen a whit behind us in wrapping up. Your brother sometimes wore six pairs of thick woolen stockings at a time, with sea-boots drawn over all; shirts, jerseys, and coats in proportion. Your brother-in-law and C. had goat-skin coats brought from France, such as are worn by the shepherds there, and in which they looked like Crusoes.

Our occupations were manifold; hard work was the order of the day for every one but me; but all the work I was allowed to do was the cooking, for which I consider that I have a special vocation. A great compliment was once paid me by an old Indian officer in our regiment, who declared that Mrs. K. could make a good curry, he was sure, out of the sole of a shoe! At other times I read, wrote letters, and plied my knitting-needles indefatigably, to the great advantage of our little colony, in the shape of comforters, mittens, Canadian sashes, sacks, and petticoats for the children. Sometimes I read to the dear children out of their story-books, but their happiest time was when they could get your eldest sister to give them an hour or two of story-telling in the evening.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen were busy from morning till night in chopping down trees in readiness for burning in spring. This is mostly done in mid-winter, as they are reckoned to chop more easily then.

You must not suppose that all this time we had no visitors. By degrees many of the settlers scattered over the neighborhood came to see us; some, doubtless, from kindly motives, others from curiosity to know what the strangers were like. I found some of them pleasant and amusing, with a sprinkling of higher intelligence, which made their conversation very interesting, particularly when they talked of their bush experience. One very picturesque elderly man, tall, spare, and upright, came to fell some pine-trees contiguous to the house, which much endangered its safety when the hurricanes, so frequent in this country, blew. He had begun life as a plowboy on a farm in my beloved county of Kent, and had the unmistakable Kentish accent. It seemed so strange to me at first to be shaking hands and sitting at table familiarly with one of a class so different from my own, but this was my first initiation into the free and easy intercourse of all classes in this country, where the standing proverb is, "Jack is as good as his master!"

I found all the settlers kindly disposed towards us, and most liberal in giving us a share of their flower seeds and garden seeds, which, as new-comers, we could not be supposed to have. They were willing also to accept in return such little civilities as we could offer, in the way of lending books and newspapers from the "old country," and sometimes drugs which could not be got in the settlement. There might be a little quarreling, backbiting, and petty rivalry among them, with an occasional dash of slanderous gossip; but I am inclined to think not more than will inevitably be found in small communities. As a body they certainly are hard-working, thrifty, and kind-hearted. Almost universally they seem contented with their position and prospects. I have seldom met with a settler who did not think his own land the finest in the country, and who was not full of hope that the coveted railway would certainly pass through his lot.

I began to feel an increasing anxiety about your sister. That a child should be born in this desolate wilderness, where we could have no servant, no monthly nurse, and not even a doctor within reach, was sufficiently alarming. To relieve my mind, your brother-in-law went about the neighborhood, and at last found a very respectable person, a settler's wife, not more than three miles off, who consented to be our assistant. We had been made a little more comfortable in the house, as your brother-in-law and brother had made a very

tolerable ceiling over our bed places, and your brother had chopped and neatly piled up at the end of the room a large stock of fire-wood, which prevented the necessity of so often opening the door.

We felt now more than ever the want of fresh meat, for the children could not touch the salt pork, and were heartily tired of boiled rice and dumplings, which were all the variety we could give them, with the exception of an occasional egg. In this emergency, your brother C. consented to sell me a bull calf, which he intended bringing up, but having also a cow and a heifer, and fearing to run short of fodder, he consented to part with him. Thus I became the fortunate possessor of poor "bully," who, when killed, fully realized my misgivings as to his being neither veal nor beef. He had a marvelous development of bone and gristle, but very little flesh; still, we made much of him in the shape of nourishing broth and savory stews, and as I only paid seven dollars for him, and had long credit, I was fully satisfied with my first bush speculation.

The 18th of January came. The day had been piercing cold, with a drifting, blinding snow; the night was pitch dark, with a fierce, gusty wind, the forest trees cracking and crashing down in all directions. We went to bed. To send for help at three miles' distance in such a night was impossible. Fortunately, we had no time to be frightened or nervous, after being called, and before three A. M., our first bush baby was born, a very fine little girl! I did indeed feel thankful when I saw my child safe in bed, with her dear baby girl, washed, dressed, and well bundled up in flannel, lying by her side, she herself taking a basin of gruel which I joyfully prepared for her. God "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" We could well agree to this when we found your sister recover even more quickly than she had done in France, where she had so many more comforts and even luxuries.

This sudden call upon our energies made me glad that my wandering life in the army had rendered me very independent of extraneous help, and that I had taught you all from childhood never to call a servant for what you could easily do with your own hands. The very first thing people *must* learn in the bush is to trust in God, and to help themselves, for other help is mostly too far off to be available.

At the end of this month, when I felt that I could safely leave dear F., I determined to go to B——e and sign for my land. The not having done so before had long been a cause of great anxiety. I had been more than four months in the country, had begun to clear and to build upon my lot, and yet from various causes had not been able to secure it by signing the necessary papers. These having been sent to France, and having missed me, had been duly forwarded here.

Till the signing was completed, I was liable at any moment to have my land taken up by some one else. Accordingly, your brother wrote to B——e for a cutter and horse, and directed the driver to come as far into the "bush" as he could. We started on a very bright, cold morning, but I had walked fully three miles before we met our sleigh, which was behind time. I never enjoyed anything in the country so much as this my first sleighing expedition. The cutter only held one, and I was nestled down in the bottom of it, well wrapped up, and could enjoy looking at the very picturesque country we were rapidly passing over. I did, however, most sincerely pity your brother and the driver, who nearly perished, for, sitting on the front seat, they caught all the wind. We stopped midway at a small tavern where we dined, and in spite of the dirty, slovenly aspect of the dinner-table and the whole house, I found everything enjoyable, and above all the sense of being for a few hours freed from my long imprisonment in the woods. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at B——e, where we went to the N. A. Hotel, and were made very comfortable by the kind mistress of it.

The next morning we went to the

magistrate's office, where I signed for my one hundred acres, and of course came away with the conscious dignity of a landed proprietor.

We left B——e to return home at one P. M., but it was nearly dark when we turned into the "bush," and quite so when we were put down at the point from which we were to walk home.

Here we were luckily met by your brother C. and C. W., with a lantern and a rope for our parcels, according to promise. C. took charge of me, and led the way with the lantern. I tried to follow in his steps, but the track was so narrow and the light so uncertain, that I found myself every few moments up to my knees in soft snow, having diverged perhaps only a step from the track. I became almost unable to go on, but after many expedients, one only was found to answer. C. tied a rope round my waist and then round his own, and in this safe but highly ignominious manner, I was literally towed through the forest, and reached home much exhausted, but I am bound to say almost as much from laughter as from fatigue. I found all well, and the dear children were highly pleased with the little presents I had brought for them.

The first months of this year found us very anxious to get the log-house finished which had been so well begun by our four gentlemen, and as soon as the weather moderated a little, and our means allowed us to get help, we had it roofed, floored, chinked, and mossed. It was necessary to get it finished so that we might move before the great thaw should cover the forest paths with seas of slush and mud, and before the creek between us and our domicile should be swollen so as to render it impassable for ladies. When the workmen had finished, we sent to the nearest town for a settler's stove; and as the ox team could bring it no farther than the corner of the road which skirts one end of my lot, your brothers had the agreeable task of bringing it piecemeal on their backs, with all its heavy belongings, down the precipitous side of my gully, wading knee deep through the creek at the bottom, and scrambling up the side nearest here. It was quite a service of danger, and I felt truly thankful that no accident occurred. Another important event also took place, and this was the christening of our dear little bush girl, who by this time was thriving nicely.

Our Church of England clergyman at B——e kindly came over to perform the ceremony, but as no special day had been named, his visit took us by surprise, and the hospitality we were able to extend to him was meagre indeed. This christening certainly presented a marked contrast to our last. It was no well-dressed infant, in a richly embroidered robe, and French lace cap like a cauliflower wig, that I handed to our good minister, but a dear little soft bundle of rumpled flannel, with just enough of face visible to receive the baptismal sprinkling. We all stood round in our anomalous costumes, and a cracked slop-basin represented the font. Nevertheless, our little darling behaved incomparably well, and all passed off pleasantly.

We saw but little of your brother at this time, for he was fully occupied in the log-house, where he lit a large fire every day that it might be thoroughly aired for our reception, and then engaged in carpentering for our comfort. He put up numerous shelves for the crockery and kitchen things, made two very good and substantial bedsteads, a sofa fixed against the wall which we call the "dais," and a very comfortable easy-chair with a flexible seat of strips of cowhide interlaced, — an ingenious device of your brother C., who made one for his wife. At last the house being finished, quite aired enough, and otherwise made as comfortable as our very slender means would permit, we resolved to move, and on the 7th of April we took our departure from dear F.'s, who, however glad to have more room for the children, sadly missed our companionship as we did hers. The day of our exodus was very clear and bright, and the narrow snow-track between our lots was still tolerably hard and safe,

but the soft untrodden snow on either side of the track was fast melting, and every careless step we took plunged us into two or three feet of snow from which we had to be ignominiously dragged out. All our trunks, chests, and barrels had to be left at F.'s, and we only took with us packages that could be carried by hand, and our bedding, which was conveyed on the shoulders of the gentlemen. Your brother-in-law and sister, when we finally departed, preceded me, laden with all manner of small articles, and every few yards down they came in deep, soft snow, and here and there into holes full of water, the narrow path treacherously giving way at the edges. I followed with a stout stick which helped me along considerably, and as I carried nothing and picked my way very carefully, I managed to escape with very few falls, and only two of any consequence, one when I pitched forward with my face down flat on the ground, and one when my feet suddenly slipped from under me, and sent me backwards, rolling over and over in the snow, before, even with help, I could get up. The effects of this fall I felt for a long time.

At length we arrived at our new home, but in spite of the magic of that word, I felt dreadfully depressed, and as we were all thoroughly wet and weary, and on looking out of the windows in front saw nothing but a wall of snow six feet deep, which quite hid the clearing from our eyes, I need not say that we were anything but a gay party. Your kind brother-in-law, to console me a little, went home and brought back in his arms, as a present for me, the little cat of which I had been so fond at his house. I cheered up immediately, and had so much trouble to prevent little Tibbs from running away and being lost in the snow, that it was quite an occupation for me. One member of our party made himself at home at once, and took possession of the warmest place before the stove; that was dear old Nero, our French seigneur, whose chief delight seemed to be incessantly barking at the squirrels.

The thaw continuing, we were quite prisoners for some weeks, and as to our property left at your sister's, it was nearly three months before we could get it, as your brother-in-law with your brothers had to cut a path for the oxen between our clearings, and to make a rough bridge over his creek, which, though not so deep as the one on my land, was equally impassable for a wagon and team.

Happy would it have been for us, and for all the new settlers, if, when the snow was quite melted, which was not till the second week in May, fine dry weather had ensued. This would have enabled us to log and burn the trees felled during the winter, and to clear up the ground ready for cropping. Instead of this, drenching rain set in, varied by occasional thunder-storms, so that even after the logging was done, it was June before we could venture to fire the heaps, the ground being still quite wet, and even then the burn was such a partial one that by the 15th of June we had only three fourths of an acre thoroughly ready, and on this your brother planted eight bushels of potatoes, happily for us regardless of the prognostics of our neighbors, who all assured him that he was much too late to have any chance of a return. He had, however, an excellent yield of eighty bushels, which fully repaid him for his perseverance and steady refusal to be wet-blanketed. He also, however late, sowed peas, French beans, vegetable marrows, and put in cabbages, from all of which we had a good average crop.

We had, of course, to hire men for our logging, with their oxen, and to find their meals. I could not but observe how well they all behaved, washing their faces and hands before sitting down to table, and also scrupulously refraining from swearing, smoking, or spitting while in the house. A man who hires himself and his oxen out for the day, has two dollars and food for himself and his beasts; and should he bring any assistants, they each have seventy-five cents and their food. You should have seen the gentlemen of our

party after a day's logging! They were black from head to foot, and more resembled master chimney-sweeps than anything else. Most of the settlers have a regular logging suit made of coarse, colored stuff; anything better, worn during such work, is sure to be spoiled. Our burn, though a bad one, was very picturesque. The fire did not burn fiercely enough to clear off the log-heaps, still wet from the late rains, but it ran far back into the forest, and many of the tall trees, particularly the decaying ones, were burning from bottom to top, and continued in flames for some days and nights.

Not being able to get the land ready for corn of any kind, and our only crop being the potatoes I have mentioned and a few garden vegetables, your brother thought it best to give his whole attention to fencing our clearing all round, and putting gates at the three different points of egress. Before the fence was up your sister and I spent half our time in running out with the broom to drive away the neighbor's cattle, and protect our cherished cabbage plants, and the potatoes just coming up. Two audacious steers in particular, called Jim and Charlie, used to come many times during the day, trot round the house, drink up every drop of soapy water in the washing-tubs, and, if any linen was hanging on the lines to dry, would munch it till driven away.

The being able to turn his cattle into the bush during the whole summer, and thus to feed them free of all expense, is a great boon to the settler, but this bush feeding has its disadvantages, for the cattle will sometimes stray with what companions they gather on the road, miles and miles away. All through the past summer, after his hard day's work, we used to see your youngest brother pass, with a rope in one hand, and his milk-pail in the other, from our clearing into the bush, to look for Crummie and the heifer. Sometimes he would return with them, but much oftener we had to go without the milk he supplied us with, as she would be heard of far away at some distant farm, and she and her compnaion even at times strayed as far as the Muskoka road, many miles off.

Both your brothers and your brother-in-law are excellent at making their way through the bush, and as each carries a pocket compass, they are in little danger of being lost. Just before we came here the whole settlement had to turn out in search of a settler's wife, who had gone to look for her cow one fine afternoon with two of her own children, and two of a neighbor's, who coveted the pleasant walk and the chance of berry-picking. As evening came on and they did not return, much alarm was felt, and when the night had passed, it was thought best to call out all the men. Accordingly twenty men were soon mustered, headed by a skillful trapper, who has been many years here, and knows the bush well. They made a "trapper's line," which means placing the men in a straight line at considerable distances from each other, and so beating the bush in all directions as they advance, shouting and firing off their guns continually. At length towards the afternoon, the trapper himself came upon the poor woman and the four children, not many miles from her home, sitting under a tree, utterly exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and incessant screaming for help. Her account was, that she had found her cow at some distance from home, had milked her, and then tried to return, but entirely forgot the way she came, and after trying one opening after another became utterly bewildered. The forest in summer is so unvarying that nothing is easier than to go astray. As night came on, she divided the can of milk among the poor, hungry, crying children, and at length they all slept under a large tree, the night providentially being fine and warm. In the morning they had renewed their fruitless efforts, getting farther and farther astray, till at length they had sunk down, unable to stir from the spot where they were found.

H. B. K.

IN A MARKET-WAGON.

It was in a spirit of wayward adventure that I set out, one evening in early autumn, to walk from F—— to the little town of L——. The night was gusty and overcast, and before I had gone more than two miles, a chill and noiseless rain began to fall through the lugubrious darkness. I increased my pace to a run, as the road descended into the wooded hollow that lay before me, and pressed forward at a jog-trot through the moist lowland, under the overhanging masses of huge maples and chestnuts, and between solemn lines of silent pines. I think I might go through many regions, walk many nights, without encountering any scene or situation that should give a sense of solitude more complete and melancholy than that which here came over me. I was wet to the skin, but glowing from my long run, before I came upon the first house that had lain in my path for a mile; it broke in some measure the spell of solitude in which I had for a space been enveloped. After that, I encountered dwellings pretty frequently, and even passed through two villages (of which I did not know the names, for it was my first experience of the route, and I had not even consulted a map); but the air of weird remoteness still clung around me.

Much that I saw in passing has now escaped me; but, as I recall the road, under that dim illumination of the fleeting, watery sky, I see before me at one point a sudden bend, with white railings on either side, at the elbow; and hear again the hoarse rush of a falling stream. A house stood on the left; the stream, as I found on drawing nearer, made its fall on the right, and then shot beneath the road, where the white railings were. A slender current had been diverted into a high trough beyond the little bridge. I stopped there, and, hollowing my hand, dipped up a shallow draught from where the water trickled out of the duct into the trough. It was sweet, but at the same time warm and oppressive; — like the night, for it had now ceased raining. Indeed, I was in a mood to believe that it bore some deep affinity with the peculiar mood of the atmosphere, the curious circumstance of my adventurous presence in this spot, and the uncertainty as to whither I should extend my wandering, and how terminate it, before the sunrise of the following morning. I could have fancied it a stream not flowing from common springs, but a charmed distillation from some witch's rock-hid still, sent hither for my especial need, to fortify me for adventures yet to come. The dusky brew smacked of home-made mystery.

Next, after a long interval, there was an episode of pretty villas by the roadside, with gardens trim-kept, so far as they could be seen, and a late light in a library-window, one of the drawn-up curtains of which admitted the hurrying pedestrian to a transient glimpse of the interior. After that, houses began to appear in groups here and there; gradually the rumbling of a wagon made itself heard on a neighboring road which presently converged with the one I was on; and at last I entered the town. It was silent; and hardly a light appeared in the whole place. Suddenly a slight wagon, containing a merry party, clashed toward me from the darkness of a winding street; deposited one of its company at a house, the door of which was shut with a loud clap, as he entered; and then rolled away again. I looked up at the church-steeple, but could not distinguish the hour; and it was too dark to see my watch-face. Then I stretched myself on a bench in the little green triangle in front of the church, and considered with myself the strange possibility of passing the night there.

In a little while, however, I walked on farther, and came to a large inn, which was close-shut and darkened. At

this moment, a small wagon, creaking in a slow, dry manner, came up behind me, and halted by the tall and powerful pump placed by the roadside, between the house and its open stable-yard. A pair of sleepy men with a lantern were pottering about, and, on the owner of the wagon asking them whether many wagons had already passed, became a little livelier; so that I put some questions. Finding there was but little chance of securing a resting-place here, I determined to follow out what had all along formed a possible extension of my plan.

"Can you take me to the city, if you 're going that way?" I asked of the wagoner.

"Well, I don't know," he said, giving his trousers a slight, slow tap with his stubby and lashless whip. "I shan't get there till daybreak."

"Never mind," I said, "I'm in no hurry. And I would just as lief pay you what I should have given for a lodging here, if you 'll take me."

The farmer went to his wagon, and worked at the seat he had arranged for himself.

"It don't make any odds to me," he said, presently. "Though I don't go very fast, and I don't know whether you 'll find anything very comfortable to sit on."

So it was arranged. I jumped up, and established myself on the hard board laid across at the front, bracing my back against a barrel of early apples, and resting my feet on the traces in front. The horse was soon rested and refreshed, so far as the possibility lay open to him at all, and we started off, at a slow pace; the animal striking the broad, hard highway with heavy footfalls, and the wheels ever crackling wearily on their axles. For a time, our talk was but brief and immaterial. But at last we drew up by a little tavern in which a hospitable light was glowing, and from which came strains of a desultory fiddle. Being by this time well chilled from the previous rain, and my inactive state during the drive thus far, I followed the wagoner's lead, through a dingy room in which some red-faced young men in black clothes were diverting themselves with a fiddle and a double-shuffle, executed by one more accomplished than the rest, into a smaller and brighter apartment beyond, where we were soon obsequiously attended, and served with warming liquor.

Here first I had an opportunity fully and distinctly to survey my companion. He was a short man, with a red face, a sort of blunted nose, and dusty, tired eyelids, and white hair — it was almost wholly white. When he mounted the wagon again, he was more disposed to conversation than before.

"Yes, it 's hard," he said, quietly, in answer to an observation of mine; "it *is* a hard life. Three times a week, now, I get up at midnight, and come down to market. Well, I 'm getting old. Used to do it every morning; but I 'm too old, now, for that. Get up, Robin."

And he smote the horse with his ineffectual whip.

"Hard on the horse," pursued the wagoner, "working in the field, — I can't spare him, — and then goin' to market." He gave a low grunt of luxurious fatigue, as if to relieve the unspeaking horse; and presently whipped him again.

We went on talking of the vicissitudes in his trade.

"Well," said he, "I don't know but I shall have to hire a man, next year, if I can get the money together. It don't hardly pay, as it is. Just make the ends lap over, and no more. My son was with me one year, on the farm, and it was a great help. I 've felt it more, since."

"And he 's married, now, I suppose," said I.

"No," the farmer answered, in a dull tone, "he 's dead."

I cannot tell what passed immediately after that. It was no case for prompt response; and yet, I may have made one. The farmer had summed up, in his two syllables, the total result of life, so far as he was concerned in it. There was something in his whole tone which conveyed this; and his estimate of the ca-

lamity was beyond comment or correction, then. But some quality of the speechless night-hour helped us. The impulse of pity, and the suppressed yearning for fresh and ever-renewed sympathy, met, and in their meeting formed a bond between us for the time being, at least. The darkness shielded this broken and sorrow-smitten soul, still decently proud and shy in the showing of its grief; he sought relief in speaking to me. And this was what I heard that night, moving slowly on the road, amid the petty clatter of our wagon, and interrupted from time to time by a flick of the whip, or an ejaculation to the horse.

"It was his twenty-first birthday. I don't know why it should have come just then; but it did. That was the way the Almighty had fixed it, I suppose. And it was down at the pond near where you told me you live. There 's where he was drowned.

"Well, sir, it seems strange, now, to look back on 'em all, — those twenty-one years! If you have n't any children, you can't tell what it is. But I say to you, sir, when the child has once come, you ain't the same man, any more; you 're that child, then, as much as anything else. If he dies, — you don't exactly die, I know that; but it ain't much better. Well, I saw that boy growing up from the little bit of a thing he was at first, all the way till he was a man, piece by piece, changing from a boy into a young man, so that you could n't tell hardly where one left off and the other joined on; — and then, all at once, he goes off, brave and happy as ever, and that 's the end of it. Just a little pleasure party of three or four of his friends and himself going off to bathe; and he got drowned.

"I was twenty-one myself, when I got engaged to be married. Just his age! I was n't married for several years after that, though. And then it was a good while before we had the baby. Well, I suppose you may say all my life, until he was born, was a sort of leading up to that. And now it seems a good many years to have lived, before I had a son. I did n't use to think so. I don't think, any way, I ever thought of it at all, while he was alive. But things change; it seems, now, as if all those years had been wasted. Why, they only led up to his being born, and now he 's dead!

"But it does me good, after all, to look back on my life, and see how I lived it up to then all for him, without hardly knowing it; and then, after he came, how I lived for him purposely, every day, and did n't often have my thoughts off him. We was pretty careful of him, always. We never had but him. He was a good boy, from the start, — only just wild enough to show he had a spirit. But we was all the tenderer with him. Folks say a child is too good to live, sometimes. I don't believe it, though. I don't see why he could n't have lived, why he would n't have been living now, if he had n't happened to have got drowned. You see, he did live twenty-one years. So that was n't the reason. But, even if I was n't particularly afraid of his dying, it was just the same as if I had been, as far as taking care of him goes. He was a good learner, and we sent him to school straight along; only I had to look out he did n't work too hard. I don't know what he 'd have been, if he 'd lived. He was too full of real go, to keep on farmin'. He 'd have done it, if I 'd said so. But what I wanted, was to make money enough to let him go his own way. Somehow, money seemed to come easier in those days, when we wanted it for his bringing-up; though, of course, we had bad years, too. But that was before the war.

"He went to the war, too. I don't suppose it was any harder for us, than it was for lots of folks at the same time; but I tell you it was a terrible burden. There he was gone three full years, and only once he came back on a furlough; and all that time not a thing his mother could do for him, except knit stockings and hem shirts, and once or twice she managed to get a box of good things for him. Now when I think of it, there

have been plenty of times that I did n't see him at all, — whole winters when he was off to school and academy, and I never saw him; and then those three years at the war. Fully one quarter of his life I did n't see him, counting in odd days, I guess. And I suppose I 'd ought to have got used to it. But it ha'n't made any difference; I miss him just the same. I pretty near gave him up, that while he was at the war. And it does seem strange he should n't have got hurt, all the while. He was in a good many battles, too, and down in those places where they had the fever so bad; and yet he came home all right. Maybe that was what made it all the harder, when something did happen afterward.

"My wife, she says perhaps it was wrong to have been so rejoiced over his coming safe home; that we did n't think enough of what others had suffered that had lost their children in the war. Perhaps it was a judgment on us; I don't pretend to say it wa'n't. What I do know is, it was harder than ever to lose him, when we 'd just got him back. Somehow it 's strange he should have died just that way. It was a beautiful day; you would n't have expected anything so sad was going to happen. The grass was as green, and the sky shon' blue as ever any other summer day; but he got his death of it, for all that. Sometimes I see it all before me just that way as if I had been there when it happened; though I 've never been to the pond since. Don't think I ever shall go. But I see him a-goin' into the bright, calm water, tall and slim, — though he had a good broad chest and a stout back, — just as full of life and fun as he could be; and then I remember how he looked when they brought him home. Nobody could tell just how it happened. The boys was so frightened, they could n't tell it straight. Well, I don't wonder. Who *could* tell how such a thing happened? It 's no use; it would n't make it any better; he could n't have come alive again.

"Yes, it was a great help, as I was saying, to have him on the farm that one year. He was a good hand. That 's what I was thinking of, when I began talking to you about it, just now. Most likely I shall have to get a hired man, next spring. I *was* thinking of having another horse; Robin 's pretty stiff. I need a new one, pretty bad. But I guess I shall have to put the money into a hired hand. Go 'long, Robin; seems to me you 're awful dull to-night."

Before the first morning twilight crept along the highway, I had left the farmer. Our roads diverged; I leaped down from my rough seat beside him; I have never seen him since. For a little while, I heard the wooden rattling of his modest vehicle, as he drove on toward the city by another way from that which I followed. Then the sound died away. But when the sunrise appeared, floating in over the sea and crowded city, I thought of him still. It was a dawn fairer, as it chanced, than many fair dawns I have known. The sky in the east was set thick with clear-cut clouds of fresh crimson, drifting in long lines with their points against the wind, and separated each from each by slender rifts of gray. As yet, only an occasional vehicle of clumsy sort clattered over the pavements; and in the intervals of quiet, a dim and multitudinous whisper seemed to pervade the air, as of the ocean softly breathing in a dream. The farmer was by this time breakfasting in a dingy refreshment stand of low price, near the scene of his impending business. In an hour, market would begin.

G. P. Lathrop.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

III.

It was then summer, and the weather very fine; so pleased was I with the country, in which I had never traveled before, that my delight proved equal to my wonder. — BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THERE are few pleasures in life equal to that of riding on the box-seat of a stage-coach, through a country unknown to you, and hearing the driver talk about his horses. We made the intimate acquaintance of twelve horses on that day's ride, and learned the peculiar disposition and traits of each one of them, their ambition of display, their sensitiveness to praise or blame, their faithfulness, their playfulness, the readiness with which they yielded to kind treatment, their daintiness about food and lodging.

May I never forget the spirited little jade, the off-leader in the third stage, the petted belle of the route, the nervous, coquettish, mincing mare of Marshy Hope. A spoiled beauty she was; you could see that as she took the road with dancing step, tossing her pretty head about, and conscious of her shining black coat and her tail done up "in any simple knot" — like the back hair of Shelley's Beatrice Cenci. How she ambled and sidled and plumed herself, and now and then let fly her little heels high in air in mere excess of larkish feeling.

"So! girl; so! Kitty," murmurs the driver in the softest tones of admiration; "she don't mean anything by it, she's just like a kitten."

But the heels keep flying above the traces, and by and by the driver is obliged to "speak hash" to the beauty. The reproof of the displeased tone is evidently felt, for she settles at once to her work, showing perhaps a little impatience, jerking her head up and down, and protesting by her nimble movements against the more deliberate trot of her companion. I believe that a blow from the cruel lash would have broken her heart; or else it would have made a little fiend of the spirited creature. The lash is hardly ever good for the sex.

For thirteen years, winter and summer, this coachman had driven this monotonous, uninteresting route, with always the same sandy hills, scrubby firs, occasional cabins, in sight. What a time to nurse his thought and feed on his heart! How deliberately he can turn things over in his brain! What a system of philosophy he might evolve out of his consciousness! One would think so. But, in fact, the stage-box is no place for thinking. To handle twelve horses every day, to keep each to its proper work, stimulating the lazy and restraining the free, humoring each disposition, so that the greatest amount of work shall be obtained with the least friction, making each trip on time, and so as to leave each horse in as good condition at the close as at the start, taking advantage of the road, refreshing the team by an occasional spurt of speed, — all these things require constant attention; and if the driver was composing an epic, the coach might go into the ditch; or, if no accident happened, the horses would be worn out in a month, except for the driver's care.

I conclude that the most delicate and important occupation in life is stage-driving. It would be easier to "run" the treasury department of the United States than a four-in-hand. I have a sense of the unimportance of everything else in comparison with this business in hand. And I think the driver shares that feeling. He is the autocrat of the situation. He is lord of all the humble passengers, and they feel their inferiority. They may have knowledge and skill in some things, but they are of no use here. At all the stables the driver is king; all the people on the route are deferential to him; they are happy if he will crack a joke with them, and take it as a favor if he gives them better than

they send. And it is his joke that always raises the laugh, regardless of its quality.

We carry the royal mail, and as we go along drop little sealed canvas bags at way offices. The bags would not hold more than three pints of meal, and I can see that there is nothing in them. Yet somebody along here must be expecting a letter, or they would not keep up the mail facilities. At French River we change horses. There is a mill here, and there are half a dozen houses, and a cranky bridge, which the driver thinks will not tumble down this trip. The settlement may have seen better days, and will probably see worse.

I preferred to cross the long shaky wooden bridge on foot, leaving the inside passengers to take the risk, and get the worth of their money; and while the horses were being put to, I walked on over the hill. And here I encountered a veritable foot-pad, with a club in his hand and a bundle on his shoulder, coming down the dusty road, with the wild-eyed aspect of one who travels into a far country in search of adventure. He seemed to be of a cheerful and sociable turn, and desired that I should linger and converse with him. But he was more meagrely supplied with the media of conversation than any person I ever met. His opening address was in a tongue that failed to convey to me the least idea. I replied in such language as I had with me, but it seemed to be equally lost upon him. We then fell back upon gestures and ejaculations, and by these I learned that he was a native of Cape Breton, but not an aborigine. By signs he asked me where I came from, and where I was going; and he was so much pleased with my destination that he desired to know my name; and this I told him with all the injunction of secrecy I could convey; but he could no more pronounce it than I could speak his name. It occurred to me that perhaps he spoke a French patois, and I asked him; but he only shook his head. He would own neither to German nor Irish. The happy thought came to me of inquiring if he knew English. But he shook his head again, and said,—

"No English, plenty garlic."

This was entirely incomprehensible, for I knew that garlic is not a language, but a smell. But when he had repeated the word several times, I found that he meant Gaelic; and when we had come to this understanding, we cordially shook hands and willingly parted. One seldom encounters a wilder or more good-natured savage than this stalwart wanderer. And meeting him raised my hopes of Cape Breton.

We change horses again, for the last stage, at Marshy Hope. As we turn down the hill into this place of the mournful name, we dash past a procession of five country wagons, which makes way for us; everything makes way for us, even death itself turns out for the stage with four horses. The second wagon carries a long box, which reveals to us the mournful errand of the caravan. We drive into the stable, and get down while the fresh horses are put to. The company's stables are all alike, and open at each end with great doors. The stable is the best house in the place; there are three or four houses besides, and one of them is white, and has vines growing over the front door, and hollyhocks by the front gate. Three or four women, and as many bare-legged girls, have come out to look at the procession, and we lounge towards the group.

"It had a winder in the top of it, and silver handles," says one.

"Well, I declare; and you could a looked right in?"

"If I'd been a mind to."

"Who has died?" I ask.

"It's old woman Larue; she lived on Gilead Hill, mostly alone. It's better for her."

"Had she any friends?"

"One darter. They are takin' her over Eden way, to bury her where she come from."

"Was she a good woman?" The traveler is naturally curious to know what sort of people die in Nova Scotia.

"Well, good enough. Both her husbands is dead."

The gossips continued talking of the burying. Poor old woman Larue! It was mournful enough to encounter you for the only time in this world in this plight, and to have this glimpse of your wretched life on lonesome Gilead Hill. What pleasure, I wonder, had she in her life, and what pleasure have any of these hard-favored women in this doleful region? It is pitiful to think of it. Doubtless, however, the region is n't doleful, and the sentimental traveler would not have felt it so if he had not encountered this funereal flitting.

But the horses are in. We mount to our places; the big doors swing open.

"Stand away," cries the driver.

The hostler lets go Kitty's bridle, the horses plunge forward, and we are off at a gallop, taking the opposite direction from that pursued by old woman Larue.

This last stage is eleven miles, through a pleasanter country, and we make it in a trifle over an hour, going at an exhilarating gait, that raises our spirits out of the Marshy Hope level. The perfection of travel is ten miles an hour, on top of a stage-coach; it is greater speed than forty by rail. It nurses one's pride to sit aloft, and rattle past the farm-houses, and give our dust to the cringing foot tramps. There is something royal in the swaying of the coach body, and an excitement in the patter of the horses' hoofs. And what an honor it must be to guide such a machine through a region of rustic admiration.

The sun has set when we come thundering down into the pretty Catholic village of Antigonish — the most homelike place we have seen on the island. The twin stone towers of the unfinished cathedral loom up large in the fading light, and the bishop's palace on the hill — the home of the Bishop of Arichat — appears to be an imposing white barn with many staring windows. At Antig*onish* — with the emphasis on the last syllable — let the reader know there is a most comfortable inn, kept by a cheery landlady, where the stranger is served by the comely handmaidens, her daughters, and feels that he has reached a home at last. Here we wished to stay. Here we wished to end this weary pilgrimage. Could Baddeck be as attractive as this peaceful valley! Should we find any inn on Cape Breton like this one?

"Never was on Cape Breton," our driver had said; "hope I never shall be. Heard enough about it. Taverns? You 'll find 'em occupied."

"Fleas?"

"Wus."

"But it is a lovely country?"

"I don't think it."

Into what unknown dangers were we going? Why not stay here and be happy? It was a soft summer night. People were loitering in the street; the young beaux of the place going up and down with the belles, after the leisurely manner in youth and summer; perhaps they were students from St. Xavier College, or visiting gallants from Guysborough. They look into the post-office and the fancy store. They stroll and take their little provincial pleasure and make love, for all we can see, as if Antigonish were a part of the world. How they must look down on Marshy Hope and Addington Forks and Tracadie! What a charming place to live in, is this!

But the stage goes on at eight o'clock. It will wait for no man. There is no other stage till eight the next night, and we have no alternative but a night ride. We put aside all else except duty and Baddeck. This is strictly a pleasure trip.

The stage establishment for the rest of the journey could hardly be called the finest on the continent. The wagon was drawn by two horses. It was a square box, covered with painted cloth. Within were two narrow seats, facing each other, affording no room for the legs of passengers, and offering them no position but a strictly upright one. It was a most ingeniously uncomfortable box in which to put sleepy travelers for the night. The weather would be chilly before morning, and to sit upright on a narrow board all night, and shiver, is not cheerful. Of course, the reader says that this is no hardship to talk about.

But the reader is mistaken. Anything is a hardship when it is unpleasantly what one does not desire or expect. These travelers have spent wakeful nights in the forests, in a cold rain, and never thought of complaining. It is useless to talk about the Polar sufferings of Dr. Kane to a guest at a metropolitan hotel, in the midst of luxury, when the mosquito sings all night in his ear, and his mutton-chop is overdone at breakfast. One does not like to be set up for a hero in trifles, in odd moments, and in inconspicuous places.

There were two passengers besides ourselves, inhabitants of Cape Breton Island, who were returning from Halifax to Plaster Cove, where they were engaged in the occupation of distributing alcoholic liquors at retail. This fact we ascertained incidentally, as we learned the nationality of our comrades by their brogue, and their religion by their lively ejaculations during the night. We stowed ourselves into the rigid box, bade a sorrowing good night to the landlady and her daughters, who stood at the inn door, and went jingling down the street towards the open country.

The moon rises at eight o'clock in Nova Scotia. It came above the horizon exactly as we began our journey, a harvest-moon, round and red. When I first saw it, it lay on the edge of the horizon as if too heavy to lift itself, as big as a cart-wheel, and its disk cut by a fence rail. With what a flood of splendor it deluged farm-houses and farms, and the broad sweep of level country! There could not be a more magnificent night in which to ride towards that geographical mystery of our boyhood, the Gut of Canso.

A few miles out of town the stage stopped in the road before a post-station. An old woman opened the door of the farm-house to receive the bag which the driver carried to her. A couple of sprightly little girls rushed out to "interview" the passengers, climbing up to ask their names and, with much giggling, to get a peep at their faces. And upon the handsomeness or ugliness of the faces they saw in the moonlight they pronounced with perfect candor. We are not obliged to say what their verdict was. Girls here no doubt, as elsewhere, lose this trustful candor as they grow older.

Just as we were starting, the old woman screamed out from the door, in a shrill voice, addressing the driver, "Did you see ary a sick man 'bout 'tigonish?"

"Nary."

"There 's one been round here for three or four days, pretty bad off; 's got the St. Vitus's. He wanted me to get him some medicine for it up to Antigonish. I 've got it here in a vial, and I wished you could take it to him."

"Where is he?"

"I dunno. I heern he 'd gone east by the Gut. Perhaps you 'll hear of him." All this screamed out into the night.

"Well, I 'll take it."

We took the vial aboard and went on; but the incident powerfully affected us. The weird voice of the old woman was exciting in itself, and we could not escape the image of this unknown man, dancing about this region without any medicine, fleeing perchance by night and alone, and finally flitting away down the Gut of Canso. This fugitive mystery almost immediately shaped itself into the following simple poem: —

> "There was an old man of Canso,
> Unable to sit or stan' so.
> When I asked him why he ran so? —
> Says he, 'I've St. Vitus' dance so,
> All down the Gut of Canso.'"

This melancholy song is now, I doubt not, sung by the maidens of Antigonish.

In spite of the consolations of poetry, however, the night wore on slowly, and soothing sleep tried in vain to get a lodgment in the jolting wagon. One can sleep upright, but not when his head is every moment knocked against the framework of a wagon cover. Even a jolly young Irishman of Plaster Cove, whose nature it is to sleep under whatever discouragement, is beaten by these circumstances. He wishes he had his fiddle along. We never know what men are on casual acquaintance. This rather stupid-looking fellow is a devotee

of music, and knows how to coax the sweetness out of the unwilling violin. Sometimes he goes miles and miles on winter nights to draw the seductive bow for the Cape Breton dancers, and there is enthusiasm in his voice, as he relates exploits of fiddling from sunset till the dawn of day. Other information, however, the young man has not, and when this is exhausted, he becomes sleepy again, and tries a dozen ways to twist himself into a posture in which sleep will be possible. He doubles up his legs, he slides them under the seat, he sits on the wagon bottom; but the wagon swings and jolts and knocks him about. His patience under this punishment is admirable, and there is something pathetic in his restraint from profanity.

It is enough to look out upon the magnificent night; the moon is now high, and swinging clear and distant; the air has grown chilly; the stars cannot be eclipsed by the greater light, but glow with a chastened fervor. It is on the whole a splendid display for the sake of four sleepy men, banging along in a coach — an insignificant little vehicle with two horses. No one is up at any of the farm-houses to see it; no one appears to take any interest in it, except an occasional baying dog, or a rooster that has mistaken the time of night. By midnight we come to Tracadie, an orchard, a farm-house, and a stable. We are not far from the sea now, and can see a silver mist in the north. An inlet comes lapping up by the old house with a salty smell and a suggestion of oyster-beds. We knock up the sleeping hostlers, change horses, and go on again, dead sleepy, but unable to get a wink. And all the night is blazing with beauty. We think of the criminal who was sentenced to be kept awake till he died.

The fiddler makes another trial. Temperately remarking, "I am very sleepy," he kneels upon the floor and rests his head on the seat. This position for a second promises repose; but almost immediately his head begins to pound the seat, and beat a lively rat-a-plan on the board. The head of a wooden idol could n't stand this treatment more than a minute. The fiddler twisted and turned, but his head went like a trip-hammer on the seat. I have never seen a devotional attitude so deceptive, or one that produced less favorable results. The young man rose from his knees, and meekly said: —

"It 's dam hard."

If the recording angel took down this observation, he doubtless made a note of the injured tone in which it was uttered.

How slowly the night passes to one tipping and swinging along in a slowly moving stage! But the harbinger of the day came at last. When the fiddler rose from his knees, I saw the morning star burst out of the east like a great diamond, and I knew that Venus was strong enough to pull up even the sun, from whom she is never distant more than an eighth of the heavenly circle. The moon could not put her out of countenance. She blazed and scintillated with a dazzling brilliance, a throbbing splendor, that made the moon seem a pale, sentimental invention. Steadily she mounted, in her fresh beauty, with the confidence and vigor of new love, driving her more domestic rival out of the sky. And this sort of thing, I suppose, goes on frequently. These splendors burn and this panorama passes night after night down at the end of Nova Scotia, and all for the stage-driver, dozing along on his box, from Antigonish to the Strait.

"Here you are," cries the driver, at length, when we have become wearily indifferent to where we are. We have reached the ferry. The dawn has not come, but it is not far off. We step out and find a chilly morning, and the dark waters of the Gut of Canso flowing before us, lighted here and there by a patch of white mist. The ferry-man is asleep, and his door is shut. We call him by all the names known among men. We pound upon his house, but he makes no sign. Before he awakes and comes out, growling, the sky in the east is lightened a shade, and the star of the dawn sparkles less brilliantly. But the process is slow. The twilight is long

There is a surprising deliberation about the preparation of the sun for rising, as there is in the movements of the boatman. Both appear to be reluctant to begin the day.

The ferry-man and his shaggy comrade get ready at last, and we step into the clumsy yawl, and the slowly moving oars begin to pull us up-stream. The strait is here less than a mile wide; the tide is running strongly, and the water is full of swirls, — the little whirlpools of the rip-tide. The morning star is now high in the sky; the moon, declining in the west, is more than ever like a silver shield; along the east is a faint flush of pink. In the increasing light we can see the bold shores of the strait, and the square projection of Cape Porcupine below.

On the rocks above the town of Plaster Cove, where there is a black and white sign, — *Telegraph Cable*, — we set ashore our companions of the night, and see them climb up to their station for retailing the necessary means of intoxication in their district, with the mournful thought that we may never behold them again.

As we drop down along the shore, there is a white sea-gull asleep on the rock, rolled up in a ball, with his head under his wing. The rock is dripping with dew, and the bird is as wet as his hard bed. We pass within an oar's length of him, but he does not heed us, and we do not disturb his morning slumbers. For there is no such cruelty as the waking of anybody out of a morning nap.

When we land, and take up our bags to ascend the hill to the white tavern of Port Hastings (as Plaster Cove now likes to be called), the sun lifts himself slowly over the tree-tops, and the magic of the night vanishes.

And this is Cape Breton, reached after almost a week of travel. Here is the Gut of Canso, but where is Baddeck? It is Saturday morning; if we cannot make Baddeck by night, we might as well have remained in Boston. And who knows what we shall find if we get there? A forlorn fishing station, a dreary hotel? Suppose we cannot get on, and are forced to stay here? Asking ourselves these questions, we enter the Plaster Cove tavern. No one is stirring, but the house is open, and we take possession of the dirty public room, and almost immediately drop to sleep in the fluffy rocking-chairs; but even sleep is not strong enough to conquer our desire to push on, and we soon rouse up and go in pursuit of information.

No landlord is to be found, but there is an unkempt servant in the kitchen, who probably does not see any use in making her toilet more than once a week. To this fearful creature is intrusted the dainty duty of preparing breakfast. Her indifference is equal to her lack of information, and her ability to convey information is fettered by her use of Gaelic as her native speech. But she directs us to the stable. There we find a driver hitching his horses to a two-horse stage-wagon.

"Is this stage for Baddeck?"

"Not much."

"Is there any stage for Baddeck?"

"Not to-day."

"Where does this go, and when?"

"St. Peter's. Starts in fifteen minutes."

This seems like "business," and we are inclined to try it, especially as we have no notion where St. Peter's is.

"Does any other stage go from here to-day anywhere else?"

"Yes. Port Hood. Quarter of an hour."

Everything was about to happen in fifteen minutes. We inquire further. St. Peter's is on the east coast, on the road to Sydney. Port Hood is on the west coast. There is a stage from Port Hood to Baddeck. It would land us there sometime Sunday morning — distance, eighty miles.

Heavens! what a pleasure trip. To ride eighty miles more without sleep! We should simply be delivered dead on the Bras d'Or; that is all. Tell us, gentle driver, is there no other way?

"Well, there 's Jim Hughes, come over at midnight with a passenger from

Baddeck; he 's in the hotel now; perhaps he 'll take you."

Our hope hung on Jim Hughes. The frowzy servant piloted us up to his sleeping room; "Go right in," said she; and we went in, according to the simple custom of the country, though it was a bedroom that one would not enter except on business. Mr. Hughes did not like to be disturbed, but he proved himself to be a man who could wake up suddenly, shake his head, and transact business, — a sort of Napoleon, in fact. Mr. Hughes stared at the intruders for a moment, as if he meditated an assault.

"Do you live in Baddeck?" we asked.

"No; Hogamah — half-way there."

"Will you take us to Baddeck today?"

Mr. Hughes thought. He had intended to sleep till noon. He had then intended to go over the Judique Mountain and get a boy. But he was disposed to accommodate. Yes, for money — sum named — he would give up his plans, and start for Baddeck in an hour. Distance, sixty miles. Here was a man worth having; he could come to a decision before he was out of bed. The bargain was closed.

We would have closed any bargain to escape a Sunday in the Plaster Cove hotel. There are different sorts of hotel uncleanliness. There is the musty old inn, where the dirt has accumulated for years, and slow neglect has wrought a picturesque sort of dilapidation, the moldiness of time, which has something to recommend it. But there is nothing attractive in new nastiness, in the vulgar union of smartness and filth. A dirty modern house, just built, a house smelling of poor whisky and vile tobacco, its white paint grimy, its floors unclean, is ever so much worse than an old inn that never pretended to be anything but a rookery. I say nothing against the hotel at Plaster Cove. In fact, I recommend it. There is a kind of harmony about it that I like. There is a harmony between the breakfast and the frouzy Gaelic cook we saw "sozzling" about in the kitchen. There is a harmony between the appearance of the house and the appearance of the buxom young housekeeper who comes upon the scene later, her hair saturated with the fatty matter of the bear. The traveler will experience a pleasure in paying his bill and departing.

Although Plaster Cove seems remote on the map, we found that we were right in the track of the world's news there. It is the transfer station of the Atlantic Cable Company, where it exchanges messages with the Western Union. In a long wooden building, divided into two main apartments, are twenty to thirty operators employed. At eight o'clock the English force was at work receiving the noon messages from London. The American operators had not yet come on, for New York business would not begin for an hour. Into these rooms is poured daily the news of the world, and these young fellows toss it about as lightly as if it were household gossip. It is a marvelous exchange, however, and we had intended to make some reflections here upon the *en rapport* feeling, so to speak, with all the world, which we experienced while there; but our conveyance was waiting. We telegraphed our coming to Baddeck, and departed. For twenty-five cents one can send a dispatch to any part of the Dominion, except the region where the Western Union has still a foothold.

Our conveyance was a one-horse wagon, with one seat. The horse was well enough, but the seat was narrow for three people, and the entire establishment had in it not much prophecy of Baddeck for that day. But we knew little of the power of Cape Breton driving. It became evident that we should reach Baddeck soon enough if we could cling to that wagon seat. The morning sun was hot. The way was so uninteresting that we almost wished ourselves back in Nova Scotia. The sandy road was bordered with discouraged evergreens, through which we had glimpses of sand-drifted farms. If Baddeck was to be like this, we had come on a fool's errand. There were some savage, low hills, and the Judique

Mountain showed itself as we got away from the town. In this first stage, the heat of the sun, the monotony of the road, and the scarcity of sleep during the past thirty-six hours, were all unfavorable to our keeping on the wagon seat. We nodded separately, we nodded and reeled in unison. But asleep or awake, the driver drove like a son of Jehu. Such driving is the fashion on Cape Breton Island. Especially downhill, we made the most of it; if the horse was on a run, that was only an inducement to apply the lash; speed gave the promise of greater possible speed. The wagon rattled like a bark mill; it swirled and leaped about, and we finally got the exciting impression that if the whole thing went to pieces, we should somehow go on — such was our impetus. Round corners, over ruts and stones, and up hill and down, we went jolting and swinging, holding fast to the seat, and putting our trust in things in general. At the end of fifteen miles, we stopped at a Scotch farm-house, where the driver kept a relay, and changed horse.

The people were Highlanders, and spoke little English; we had struck the beginning of the Gaelic settlement. From here to Hogamah we should encounter only the Gaelic tongue; the inhabitants are all Catholics. Very civil people apparently, and living in a kind of niggardly thrift, such as the cold land affords. We saw of this family the old man who had come from Scotland fifty years ago, his stalwart son, six feet and a half high, maybe, and two buxom daughters, going to the hay-field — good solid Scotch lassies, who smiled in English, but spoke only Gaelic. The old man could speak a little English, and was disposed to be both communicative and inquisitive. He asked our business, names, and residence. Of the United States he had only a dim conception, but his mind rather rested upon the statement that we lived "near Boston." He complained of the degeneracy of the times. All the young men had gone away from Cape Breton; might get rich if they would stay and work the farms. But no one liked to work nowadays. From life, we diverted the talk to literature. We inquired what books they had.

"Of course you all have the poems of Burns?"

"What's the name o' the mon?"

"Burns, Robert Burns."

"Never heerd tell of such a mon. Have heard of Robert Bruce. He was a Scotchman."

This was nothing short of refreshing, to find a Scotchman who had never heard of Robert Burns! It was worth the whole journey to take this honest man by the hand. How far would I not travel to talk with an American who had never heard of George Washington?

The way was more varied during the next stage; we passed through some pleasant valleys and picturesque neighborhoods, and at length winding around the base of a wooded range, and crossing its point, we came upon a sight that took all the sleep out of us. This was the famous Bras d'Or.

The Bras d'Or is the most beautiful salt-water lake I have ever seen, and more beautiful than we had imagined a body of salt-water could be. If the reader will take the map, he will see that two narrow estuaries, the Great and the Little Bras d'Or, enter the island of Cape Breton, on the ragged northeast coast, above the town of Sydney, and flow in, at length widening out and occupying the heart of the island. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements, the flavor of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. There is very little tide at any time, so that the shores are clean and sightly for the most part, like those of fresh-water lakes. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh-water lake, with all the advantages of a salt one. In the streams which run into it are the speckled trout, the shad, and the salmon;

out of its depths are hooked the cod and the mackerel, and in its bays fattens the oyster. This irregular lake is about a hundred miles long, if you measure it skillfully, and in some places ten miles broad; but so indented is it, that I am not sure but one would need, as we were informed, to ride a thousand miles to go round it, following all its incursions into the land. The hills about it are never more than five or six hundred feet high, but they are high enough for reposeful beauty, and offer everywhere pleasing lines.

What we first saw was an inlet of the Bras d'Or, called, by the driver, Hogamah Bay. At its entrance were long, wooded islands, beyond which we saw the backs of graceful hills, like the capes of some poetic sea-coast. The bay narrowed to a mile in width where we came upon it, and ran several miles inland to a swamp, round the head of which we must go. Opposite was the village of Hogamah. I had my suspicions from the beginning about this name, and now asked the driver, who was liberally educated for a driver, how he spelled "Hogamah."

"Why-ko-ko-magh. Hogamah."

Sometimes it is called Wykogamah. Thus the innocent traveler is misled. Along the Whykokomagh Bay we come to a permanent encampment of the Micmac Indians, a dozen wigwams in the pine woods. Though lumber is plenty, they refuse to live in houses. The wigwams however are more picturesque than the square frame houses of the whites. Built up conically of poles, with a hole in the top for the smoke to escape, and often set up a little from the ground on a timber foundation, they are as pleasing to the eye as a Chinese or Turkish dwelling. They may be cold in winter, but blessed be the tenacity of barbarism, which retains this agreeable architecture. The men live by hunting in the season, and the women support the family by making moccasins and baskets. These Indians are most of them good Catholics, and they try to go once a year to mass and a sort of religious festival held at St. Peter's, where their sins are forgiven in a yearly lump.

At Whykokomagh, a neat fishing village of white houses, we stopped for dinner at the Inverness House. The house was very clean, and the tidy landlady gave us as good a dinner as she could of the inevitable green tea, toast, and salt fish. She was Gaelic, but Protestant, as the village is, and showed us with pride her Gaelic Bible and hymn-book. A peaceful place, this Whykokomagh; the lapsing waters of the Bras d'Or made a summer music all along the quiet street; the bay lay smiling with its islands in front, and an amphitheatre of hills rose behind. But for the line of telegraph poles one might have fancied he could have security and repose here.

We put a fresh pony into the shafts, a beast born with an everlasting uneasiness in his legs, and an amount of "go" in him which suited his reckless driver. We no longer stood upon the order of our going; we went. As we left the village we passed a rocky hay-field, where the Gaelic farmer was gathering the scanty yield of grass. A comely Indian girl was stowing the hay and treading it down on the wagon. The driver hailed the farmer, and they exchanged Gaelic repartee which set all the hay-makers in a roar, and caused the Indian maid to darkly and sweetly beam upon us. We asked the driver what he had said. He had only inquired what the man would take for the load as it stood! A joke is a joke down this way.

I am not about to describe this ride at length, in order that the reader may skip it; for I know the reader, being of like passion and fashion with him. From the time we first struck the Bras d'Or for thirty miles we rode in constant sight of its magnificent water. Now we were two hundred feet above the water, on the hill-side, skirting a point or following an indentation; and now we were diving into a narrow valley, crossing a stream, or turning a sharp corner, but always with the Bras d'Or in view, the afternoon sun shining on it,

softening the outlines of its embracing hills, casting a shadow from its wooded islands. Sometimes we opened on a broad water plain bounded by the Watchabaktchkt hills, and again we looked over hill after hill receding into the soft and hazy blue of the land beyond the great mass of the Bras d'Or. The reader can compare the view and the ride to the Bay of Naples and the Cornice Road; we did nothing of the sort; we held on to the seat, prayed that the harness of the pony might not break, and gave constant expression to our wonder and delight. For a week we had schooled ourselves to expect nothing more of this wicked world, but here was an enchanting vision.

The only phenomenon worthy the attention of any inquiring mind, in this whole record, I will now describe. As we drove along the side of a hill, and at least two hundred feet above the water, the road suddenly diverged and took a circuit higher up. The driver said that was to avoid a sink-hole in the old road — a great curiosity, which it was worth while to examine. Beside the old road was a circular hole, which nipped out a part of the road-bed, some twenty-five feet in diameter, filled with water almost to the brim, but not running over. The water was dark in color, and I fancied had a brackish taste. The driver said that a few weeks before, when he came this way, it was solid ground where this well now was, and that a large beech-tree stood there. When he returned next day, he found this hole full of water, as we saw it, and the large tree had sunk in it. The size of the hole seemed to be determined by the reach of the roots of the tree. The tree had so entirely disappeared, that he could not with a long pole touch its top. Since then the water had neither subsided nor overflowed. The ground about was compact gravel. We tried sounding the hole with poles, but could make nothing of it. The water seemed to have no outlet nor inlet; at least, it did not rise or fall. Why should the solid hill give way at this place, and swallow up a tree? and if the water had any connection with the lake, two hundred feet below and at some distance away, why did n't the water run out? Why should the unscientific traveler have a thing of this kind thrown in his way? The driver did not know.

This phenomenon made us a little suspicious of the foundations of this island, which is already invaded by the jealous ocean, and is anchored to the continent only by the cable.

The ride became more charming as the sun went down, and we saw the hills grow purple beyond the Bras d'Or. The road wound around lovely coves and across low promontories, giving us new beauties at every turn. Before dark we had crossed the Middle River and the Big Baddeck, on long, wooden bridges, which straggled over sluggish waters and long reaches of marsh, upon which Mary might have been sent to call the cattle home. These bridges were shaky and wanted a plank at intervals, but they are in keeping with the enterprise of the country. As dusk came on, we crossed the last hill, and were bowling along by the still gleaming water. Lights began to appear in infrequent farm-houses, and under cover of the gathering night the houses seemed to be stately mansions; and we fancied we were on a noble highway, lined with elegant suburban sea-side residences, and about to drive into a town of wealth and a port of great commerce. We were, nevertheless, anxious about Baddeck. What sort of haven were we to reach after our heroic (with the reader's permission) week of travel? Would the hotel be like that at Plaster Cove? Were our thirty-six hours of sleepless staging to terminate in a night of misery and a Sunday of discomfort?

We came into a straggling village; *that* we could see by the starlight. But we stopped at the door of a very unhotel-like appearing hotel. It had in front a flower garden; it was blazing with welcome lights; it opened hospitable doors, and we were received by a family who expected us. The hotel was a large one, for two guests; and we enjoyed the luxury of spacious rooms,

an abundant supper, and a friendly welcome; and, in short, found ourselves at home. The proprietor of the Telegraph House is the superintendent of the land lines of Cape Breton, a Scotchman, of course; but his wife is a Newfoundland lady. We cannot violate the sanctity of what seemed like private hospitality by speaking freely of this lady and the lovely girls, her daughters, whose education has been so admirably advanced in the excellent school at Baddeck; but we can confidently advise any American who is going to Newfoundland to get a wife there, if he wants one at all. It is the only new article he can bring from the Provinces that he will not have to pay duty on. And here is a suggestion to our tariff-mongers for the "protection" of New England women.

The reader probably cannot appreciate the delicious sense of rest and of achievement which we enjoyed in this tidy inn, nor share the anticipations of undisturbed, luxurious sleep, in which we indulged as we sat upon the upper balcony after supper, and saw the moon rise over the glistening Bras d'Or and flood with light the islands and headlands of the beautiful bay. Anchored at some distance from the shore was a slender coasting vessel. The big red moon happened to come up just behind it, and the masts and spars and ropes of the vessel came out, distinctly traced on the golden background, making such a night picture as I once saw painted of a ship in a fiord of Norway. The scene was enchanting. And we respected then the heretofore seemingly insane impulse that had driven us on to Baddeck.

Charles Dudley Warner.

PATIENCE DOW.

Home from the mill came Patience Dow;
She did not smile, she would not talk;
And now she was all tears, and now,
As fierce as is a captive hawk.
Unmindful of her faded gown,
She sat with folded hands all day,
Her long hair falling tangled down,
Her sad eyes gazing far away,
Where, past the fields, a silver line,
She saw the distant river shine.
But, when she thought herself alone,
One night, they heard her muttering low,
In such a chill, despairing tone,
It seemed the east wind's sullen moan:
"Ah me! the days, they move so slow!
I care not if they 're fair or foul;
They creep along — I know not how;
I only know he loved me once —
He does not love me now!"

One morning, vacant was her room;
And, in the clover wet with dew,
A narrow line of broken bloom
Showed some one had been passing through;

And, following the track, it led
Across a field of summer grain,
Out where the thorny blackberries shed
Their blossoms in the narrow lane,
Down which the cattle went to drink
In summer, from the river's brink.
"The river!" Hope within them sank;
The fatal thought that drew her there
They knew, before, among the rank,
White-blossomed weeds upon the bank,
They found the shawl she used to wear,
And on it pinned a little note:
"Oh, blame me not!" it read, "for when
I once am free, my soul will float
To him! He cannot leave me then!
I know not if 't is right or wrong —
I go from life — I care not how;
I only know he loved me once —
He does not love me now!"

In the farm graveyard, 'neath the black,
Funereal pine-trees on the hill,
The poor, worn form the stream gave back
They laid in slumber, cold and still.
Her secret slept with her; none knew
Whose fickle smile had left the pain
That cursed her life; to one thought true,
Her vision-haunted, wandering brain,
Secure from all, hid safe from blame,
In life and death had kept his name.
Yet, often, with a thrill of fear,
Her mother, as she lies awake
At night, will fancy she can hear
A voice, whose tone is like the drear,
Low sound the graveyard pine-trees make:
"I know not if 't is right or wrong —
I go from life — I care not how;
I only know he loved me once —
He does not love me now!"

Marian Douglas.

ABORIGINES OF CALIFORNIA.

AN INDO-CHINESE STUDY.

A VERY intelligent lady, who had lived with her husband many years amid the placers of the Sierra Nevada, once related to me the following incident: In the ever-memorable red-letter days of "'49 and the spring of '50," when the Chinese were yet a new apparition on this coast, the California Indians were greatly puzzled what to make of them. They scrutinized them sharply from queue to slippers, noted that they invariably had black hair and black eyes, like themselves, nearly as broad cheek-bones, and faces which, though lighter than their own, were darker than those of the *malditos Americanos;* but they could understand nothing they said. They therefore hit upon a plan to find out what manner of men they were, which presents some novel features as a mode of elucidating ethnological questions, but will be remembered by students of Guizot's History of Civilization, as one form of the judgment of God. Whenever they caught a son of Shem in a sequestered place, where his outcries could not bring others to his rescue, they soused him into the water. If he sank and drowned, they acknowledged him as a brother Indian; but if he managed somehow to scramble out, they repudiated him, and gave him a mauling.

This story is probably apocryphal, for I have never been able to find a second person to confirm it; and yet there is a fact well authenticated which lends it some little color of probability. This fact is, that the Concow tribe, living formerly in the vicinity of Chico, believe to this day that the Chinamen in California are "dead Indians come back to life." They are not good Indians, of course, but bad ones, who, in the spirit-world from which they have just returned, had their language confounded as a penalty for wickedness done in the body in a previous state of existence, so that they cannot now be understood by their brethren. Of the existence of this notion there is no doubt, for the matter was fully expounded to me by one of the "Big Indians" of that tribe, on the Round Valley Reservation, who believed it himself.

But, for the most part, the mere whimseys of the Indians are neither here nor there, in a rational inquiry into their genesis.

From the day of that amazing old book, called, I believe, The Star of the East, which nobody now reads, down to the times of Herr Platzmann, the question of the origin of the American aborigines has been a target; and I may therefore be permitted to have my fling at it with the rest. The California Indians only, none others. It would probably be accounted first in order, to consider the probabilities of a Chinese or Japanese junk drifting or sailing across the wide Pacific, in the early days of navigation, bringing hither living, human freight, male and female after their kind. It is not the purpose of this paper to attempt anything of that sort, for it were a task as bootless as the cruise of the Lost Galleon, in quest of the day which slipped out of the almanac into the Pacific. Concerning the ancient voyaging of the Chinese, we have little information that is more definite than the statement that Powang, in the thirtieth year of Yaon, "set sail on a star-lit log to discover new regions." In an introductory chapter to The Natural Wealth of California, Cronise has collected a great number of citations from old Spanish and other authors, touching this matter; traditions of ornaments found in Peru, known to have been made by an English artisan in the army of Gengis-Khan; of a Japanese junk stranded long ago on the

Oregon coast; of articles of Mongolian workmanship discovered in the Aztec temples of Mexico, etc. I have read none of the originals from which these quotations are drawn. The Lower California Indians, a century and a half ago, used to relate to the Spanish *padres* fables of an ancient banquet held somewhere in the vague North, at which their ancestors fell to deadly quarrel; and part were thrust out, and wandered to their present habitat, where they tarried and multiplied. To this day, the dwellers about the mouth of the Columbia exhibit to the tourist hollow cylinders of bees-wax, which are occasionally thrown up by the Pacific in a great storm, and which are supposed to be the candles used by the Japanese priests, from which the wicks have rotted out. Newspaper readers have probably not forgotten that, in the autumn of 1871, three Japanese sailors were rescued from a junk, off the Alaskan coast, after having drifted helpless at sea for nine months. Once more, an American whaler was broken up on the north coast of Kamtchatka, some time before the disastrous engorgement of ice-floes in the fall of 1871, which went near to destroy the whole Arctic whaling-fleet, and which New Bedford, at least, has not yet forgotten. After living some months in Kamtchatka, they were brought off by a vessel which was a member of that doomed fleet, though they finally escaped alive to Honolulu, and their adventures were briefly narrated in a journal of that city. Among other things they related that, when they were out on one of their hunting excursions with the Kamtchatkans, they fell in with savages who had come over from the American side in quest of game.

All these particulars, whether wholly legendary, semi-historical, or of recent and undisputed occurrence, are not without their significance, as showing *how* the Asiatics might have got on this side centuries ago. But they build up nothing satisfactory, nothing absolute. They are scarcely of equal value with internal evidence furnished by the Indians themselves. During a recent pedestrian journey of many hundred miles through the State, evidence of the latter sort accumulated in my hand to an extent which was very gratifying.

First in order, though perhaps of secondary importance, a general comparison between the Canton Chinaman and the typical California Indian, say of Russian River Valley.[1] Canton lies in 23° 7′ north latitude, Healdsburg in about 38° 30′, but snow and ice are practically unknown in either, and the Indians about the latter, in their aboriginal state, found it necessary to wear nothing more than a girdle of rawhide or of braided grass about the loins. They differ in color nearly in the proportion of old brass to old bronze, though I have seen Canton Chinamen quite as swarthy as the average Indian. But the Indian's cuticle has an oleaginous sleekness, especially in the summer heats, while the Chinaman's tint is dusty or scorched-looking. Both have coarse, black, straight hair, the Chinese being the lanker on account of its length. The Indians cut off their hair, but it is a singular fact that, in describing their Deity, under whatever name, they invariably ascribe to him long hair, as the Chinese wore it before 1627 A. D.[2] The Mongolian oblique eyelids, sloping inward, are not noticeable in the Indian. The latter's cheek-bones are a trifle broader, giving his face in old age something more of angularity, but the nose is less depressed at the root than in the Chinese, and the nares less dilated. Both races, in youth (especially the females), are inclined to extreme fatness, which makes the faces of the aged alike odiously and repulsively wrinkled, with a simian aspect which is startling. The Chinaman is very industrious, the savage indolent and phlegmatic. He has no word in his language for "lazy," and borrows it from the Spanish — an instance of a quality known

1 The name "Digger" is opprobrious and unjust, equally as much as it is to describe all Chinamen as rat-eaters. The principal root which the Indians dig is cammas, but that does not constitute a fourth part of their food. A more appropriate name would be "Wild-Oat People," which they call themselves in Potter Valley, that cereal having been, next to acorns, their great staple in former times.

2 Williams *The Middle Kingdom*, ii. p. 30.

only by its opposite, which the Indian does not possess. It is an indisputable and lamentable fact of history, that human nature is constitutionally lazy. On this basis, therefore, these two diverse facts are reducible to the following statement in proportion: The immense former harvests of wild oats, and the countless myriads of salmon, coupled with the sparse population, were to the Indian's easy indolence, as the moderate yields of China and its vast populations are to its inhabitants' enforced industry. And yet I have seen a fancy work-basket on which a squaw had wrought at intervals for three years, and on which she had expended the plumes of eighty quails, and the scarlet down of over one hundred and fifty woodpeckers; and a veteran pioneer informed me such baskets were formerly numerous among them. As farm laborers the Indians are at least equal to Chinamen, for a California Indian has an almost Ethiopian endurance of the sunshine, but the Chinaman gets under an umbrella. It is the testimony of Southern planters who have had experience with both, that the Indians are something inferior to the negroes in endurance, but quite their equals in docility and domesticity.

There is a notable resemblance to the Chinese in their former fruitfulness, and their capacity to mass dense populations. There are official statistics at the Hoopa Reservation, showing that in 1870 there were sixty-seven and one half Indians to the square mile, for forty miles along the lower Klamath. I have heard several pioneers estimate the aboriginal population of Round Valley at various figures, all the way from five thousand to twenty thousand; but taking even the lowest estimate, there would still have been an Indian to every four acres, or one hundred and sixty to the square mile. Kelsey, the discoverer of it, says that when he looked down from the mountains into that peerless valley, the whole vast round of it was spangled with Indian camp-fires, even as the heaven above with stars. True, there were many salmon streams, and a wide circumjacent area of mast-bearing forest, of which they held usufructuary possession, while living entirely on the prairie of the valley. A pioneer pointed out to me on Van Dusen's Fork the site of an Indian city which contained one thousand inhabitants in 1850, according to his estimate. Near Sanèl, on Russian River, I have wandered over the ruins of an old Indian town which was laid out with perfect regularity, averaging eight blocks wide and twenty deep. Each wigwam constituted a block, but, owing to their patriarchal system, contained from ten to twenty inmates. The former prevalence of infanticide points unmistakably to the same over-fruitfulness and over-population which are pleaded for the atrocity in China.

Again, they are alike in their harmless character and peaceable temper, for either people will jangle endlessly among themselves, with strange, voluble oaths, without ever coming even to fisticuffs. In avarice they are one people, for there is no crime known to the Indian, how heinous and atrocious soever it be, and hardly any to the Chinaman, for which money will not buy the offender off scot-free. In fondness for dancing they are diverse, for the California Indians have a hundred dances and one acorn porridge, while the Chinese almost never dance, and for a very good reason, as stated by Williams:[1] "In tumbling and balancing, the Chinese are almost unequaled, but one would almost as soon think of associating music and medicine, as that Chinese music should be accompanied by quadrilles and cotillons, or that men with shoes like pattens could lead off women with feet like hoofs, through the turns and mazes of a waltz or fandango."

But both have a notable fondness for music. The Chinese make a horrible noise, but they greatly delight in it, and keep good time at least. In their multifarious dances, the Indians have wooden or bone whistles, on which they blow sincere but most monotonous blasts, and though each chants an entirely independent roundelay, in the recitative, all uniting occasionally in the chorus,

1 *Op. cit.* ii. p. 173

they keep time wonderfully well, always having a chorister to beat time, either with a split twig on the hand, or by stamping. That is to say, both races have a good notion of time, but not of melody. It is the testimony of the Reservation agents, that the California Indian children pick up our Sunday-school melodies with the facility of the Southern pickaninnies, humming them over and over again through the week, to the great weariness of their elders. Again, the Chinese and Indians are alike in their unmentionable abominations, and in their dark and revolting cruelties, such as infanticide. There are at least three tribes living about the mouth of Russian River who confess to the existence of this atrocity among them, and this before they had the excuse of that overpowering melancholy which has come over them in view of the sad and miserable fate inevitable since the advent of the Americans. On the other hand, in the treatment of the very aged, they are as different as darkness from light. The Chinaman is proverbial the world over for his filial piety, while some tribes of Indians (at least the Gallinoméros) put their infirm and helpless parents to death by strangulation. A poor old wretch is thrown down on his back and securely held, while a stick is placed across his throat, and two Indians sit on the ends of it until he ceases to breathe. Now, it is a proposition as true in morals as in metaphysics, that the greater includes the less. It is difficult to comprehend why any people capable of sacrificing their own offspring, should not also destroy the aged, who are no longer able to add to the family wealth, and are only a burden on the family resources. It is my belief that the Chinaman's reverence for age is not founded on filial affection, but rather on a superstition, a worship, to be accounted for by the exceptional and extraordinary influence of the teachings of Confucius for twenty-three centuries. If there is one article in their *credo* more vital than another, it is that the souls of deceased ancestors are potent in heaven or in hades, to consign their posterity on earth to either. All the Chinaman's hopes of future felicity in the pure country of Buddha, and all his possibilities of avoiding the Bloody Pond of hell, are inseparably conditioned on devotion to his ancestors. In other words, in his infanticide and his parricide, the savage is simply consistent, while the Chinaman shows his real character in the former, and is deterred from the latter only by a hoary superstition, by what I will venture to call his patrolatry. There will be occasion further on, in making note of other similitudes, to show how the untutored savage is always greatly and thoroughly consistent, while the Chinese, — the fruit of forty centuries of the most hollow-hearted, glozing, and hypocritical civilization that ever existed, — from the top of his head, to the dust beneath his feet, is a most chameleon-spotted contradiction.

But, barring this outrageous inhumanity to the aged while living, the savage shows a notable resemblance to the celestial, in the reverence with which he cherishes the memory of the dead. Among the Cahrocs the *petchidrey*, the simple mention of a deceased father's name, is a deadly insult, which, though it may be compounded for with money, like all other crimes, is ranked with willful murder, and in default of the demanded blood-money, it can be atoned for only with death. Substantially the same is true of many other tribes. When I asked Tacho-colly, tatterdemalion chief of the Ta-ah-tèns, to give me the words for "father," etc., he shook his head mournfully and said, "All dead, all dead; no good." The poor savage could not distinguish between the proper names of those relatives and the abstract words; and the utter sadness of his tones was most touching. So among the Wintoons, the name of a dead person may not even be spoken in a whisper. Let a merry circle of talkers be pattering glibly the gossip of the *campoody*, speaking gayly of their friends and their doings, and let some one in the circle, with bated breath and the very soul of horror in his eyes, suddenly whisper that dread-

ful word *kedátcheda* ("It is a dead person!"), and straightway the whole assembly becomes silent, hushed, and awe-struck, as if they had heard a voice dropping out of heaven. The tribes that bury the dead generally bury them close beside their lodges, where they watch and tend them with faithful vigilance, and more than once I have been silently but strenuously beckoned away from even looking at the graves. They refrain from mentioning the names of the dead, as they have often explained to me, that they may rest peacefully in the grave.

In the gentle, harmless, sociable quality of their daily moods, the California Indians are like the Chinese again. But in their capacity for religious frenzy, they rather resemble the African races, and in their wonderful endurance of penitential fastings on certain occasions, and of self-lacerations and other mortifications of the flesh, they are rather the counterpart of the Hindoo, for the Chinese are impatient of these things. Being savages, they have the savage virtue of hospitality developed to a degree of wastelessness, which the Chinamen have not. For the same reason, they are more truthful and honorable in their dealings, than a nation who are obliged to truckle hourly to infamous officials. They are deplorably alike in their thievishness; and above all things else do they resemble each other in that sly, secretive, close-mouthed quality, which, on the one hand, will make a stabbed Chinese swear to his last breath that he committed suicide, and on the other, makes the California Indian the hardest of all savages to learn about. Lastly, they are both grossly licentious, in both sexes. The Chinese classical literature is said to be pure, compared with that of Greece and Rome; but among the common people, as among the Indians, there are songs and expressions in constant use which are unspeakably vile.

At this stage, let me assume for convenience what will be approximately proved further on, namely, that the Gallinoméro tribe, living in the vicinity of Healdsburg on the lower reaches of Russian River, are the connecting link between California and China; and that their habitat marks the probable site of the earliest Chinese colony in America. Furthermore, that this coast was peopled by two migrations: one, of Tungusic tribes coming by Behring's Straits, or at least by a passage much to the north of California; and the other, of the Chinese, coming probably from about Canton across the Pacific; and that the dividing line between these two independent migrations is discernible to this day about on the meridian of Mount Shasta and the Klamath River. This for the sake of comparing the Indians north and south of this assumed line.

1. Probably the most important of the differences is that, north of this line and on the Klamath, the languages are conspicuously harsh, guttural, and abounding in such hard, consonantal combinations as ks, tsk, ps, sk, etc., as seen in the following words in the Yreka and Modoc languages: *Ksup*, *tsesup*, *skahgiss*, *niswatska*, *snawatska* (five, father, mine, man, woman). Also these from the Euroc on the lower Klamath: *mepche*, *meluthl*, *metska*, *corr-ke-cork* (tongue, head, foot, ten). On the contrary, south of this line, the languages are harmonious and musical, like the Chinese, and indeed, as will be demonstrated further on, some of them seem to sacrifice nearly all syntax to the demands of euphony. As you cross the Mount Shasta watershed and begin to descend the Sacramento, or as you come below the Klamath west of the Coast Range, the transition is very abrupt, much more abrupt than can be explained by the very gradual softening in the climate. I know nothing of the Tungusic languages from actual study, and only presume to compare with them the vocables of these seven tribes in extreme Northern California, on account of the resemblance of many of them to the geographical names around Lake Baikal in Irkutsk, and in Kamtchatka.

2. The deep, circular cellar (not a cellar proper, but part of the dwelling),

which is found in the lodges north of Mount Shasta and on the Klamath, indicates a long residence of the makers' ancestors in a rigorous climate, and agrees with the known habits of the North Asian tribes to-day. But directly you come south of the line above mentioned, this subterranean feature ceases abruptly, the wigwam being built on the surface, with only a hollow scooped out sufficiently to bank out the rain in a storm. This change, too, is quite too sudden to be explained by the greater warmth of the climate. On the Klamath and north of it, the sweat-house, or sudatory, is wholly underground, but south of it everywhere, it is wholly above, though covered with a layer of earth.

3. Among the Indians north of Mount Shasta, including seven tribes within California, a great majority of the pow-wows, or physicians, are women, and the sex has influence accordingly; but south they are almost totally excluded from the medical profession, and are in other regards treated more in accordance with Chinese notions.

4. These seven tribes north of the line, and more especially the Oregon Indians, are notably fond of horses; while the typical California Indian, like the Chinaman, basely kills the noble beast and consumes the flesh, and displays no liking for horsemanship until you go far enough south to find a touch of Spanish blood in his veins, and the long influence of Spanish teaching and example. In other words, these few northern tribes, though now settled and tranquil, show their North Asian, semi-nomadic origin, while the California Indian's ancestors appear to have been peaceful, domestic, and plodding.

5. In leaving the Yrekas, Cahrocs, etc., and crossing over the Mount Shasta divide, among the Wintoons of Sacramento Valley, you transfer yourself suddenly from a people of wit and valor to one of cowardice. These few northern tribes, together with the Oregon Indians, are as superior to the representative California Indians as are the Manchoos and the fierce and cruel hordes of Gengis-Khan to the Chinese.

A general comparison having already been made between the Chinese and the California aboriginals, it remains now to note some points of special resemblance. First, I will describe a great anniversary observed by the Concow tribe, whose habitat extends between Chico and Marysville. It is called the Dance for the Dead, and corresponds somewhat to the All-Souls' Day of the Catholics. I know not if the tribe regulate the precise day by any savage ephemeris, but it always occurs toward the last of August, beginning in the evening and lasting until daybreak. They bring together a great quantity of clothing, food, beads, bows and arrows, baskets, and whatsoever other things they believe the dead require in another world, and hang them on espaliers planted in the ground in a semicircle around a fire. On the opposite side, or hard by, are the graves. Habited in their usual garments, — if anything more sordid than common, — they seat themselves on the graves, men and squaws together, as the twilight closes in around them, and begin a mournful wailing, crying, and ululation for the dead. After a time they arise and form a circle around the fire, between it and the semicircle of poles, and commence a solemn dance, accompanied by that hoarse, deathly rattle of the Indian shout, which sounds so eldritch and so terrible to the civilized ear. Heavily the dancing and the singing go on from hour to hour, and now and then a pound or two of provisions, a string of beads, or some small article is taken down from the espaliers and cast into the flames. All through the black and sultry night the funereal dance goes on without cessation; wilder and more frantic grows the chanting, swifter becomes the motion of the dancers, and faster and faster the sacrificial offerings to the dead are hurled upon the blazing heap. The savage transports wax amain. With frenzied yells and whoops they leap in the flickering shadows like demons — a weird, awful, and lurid spectacle. Now some squaw, if not restrained, would fling herself headlong into the burning mass. Another one

will lie down and calmly sleep amid the extraordinary commotion for two hours, then arise and join more wildly than before in the frightful orgies. But still the espaliers are not half emptied, and as the morning stars grow dim, and daybreak is close at hand, with one frantic rush, yelling, they tear down the residue of the clothing and whirl it into the flames, lest daylight should arrive before the ghosts' year-long hunger is satisfied.

Two trustworthy Americans who witnessed this ceremony in the August of 1871, on Round Valley Reservation, gave me, as their careful estimate, that the Indians destroyed $2000 worth of property. One of them, to test their earnestness, offered an Indian $60 for a pair of blankets he was about to cast into the flames; but the frenzied savage, otherwise so avaricious, hurled him aside with a yell of execration, and dashed the blankets into the fire.

I now subjoin the following description of a Chinese observance:[1] "There is another festival in August, connected with this, called *shau i*, or 'burning clothes,' at which pieces of paper folded in the form of jackets, trousers, gowns, and other garments, are burned for the use of the suffering ghosts, besides a large quantity of paper money. Paper houses with proper furniture, and puppets to represent household servants, are likewise made; and Medhurst adds 'that writings are drawn up and signed in the presence of witnesses, to certify the conveyance of the property, stipulating that, on its arrival in hades, it shall be duly made over to the individuals specified in the bond; the houses, servants, clothes, money, and all, are then burned with the bond, the worshipers feeling confident that their friends obtain the benefit of what they have sent them.'" The Indian in his savagery has kept the old honesty of his soul, and the fullness of the sacrifice as it was when he left China long ages by-gone, burning to the dead the best of his best; but the pettifogging and perfidious Chinaman, grown civilized enough to perceive the folly of the matter, yet not daring to abandon it, thinks to delude the gods, and the spirits of his ancestors, by burning to them paper clothing and paper money. Sir John Davis very well calls this a "wise economy."

1 Williams, *op. cit.* ii. p. 275.

The name of the Concows also demands attention. I do not know the meaning of the first syllable, but *cow* or *chow* prevails among several tribes in this vicinity, and is found in the geography in Hetten Chow (miscalled by the whites Ketten Chow), in which it signifies "place." Now, the proper Chinese name of Canton is Kwang Chow, which is interpreted "wide city." But *chow* means properly a division of the empire which Williams renders by "district," though in the early history of the language it probably meant simply "region," or "place." From these facts, and from the remarkable coincidences above described, I am led to believe that we have in "Concow" a lineal descendant of "Kwang Chow," and in the tribe the posterity of the ancient Cantonese.

The Concows are not alone in feeding the spirits of the departed. Both the Yokias and the Sanèls go every day, for a year, to some place hallowed by the memory of the dead, and there sprinkle pinole on the ground. The Sanèl mother repairs daily to the spot where her infant was burned, weeping, and scatters the pinole while she leaps or dances to a wild, weird measure that means nothing: —

"Hel-lel-leely,
Hel-lel-lo,
Hel-lel-loo."

So, when a Yokia mother has lost her babe, she visits daily some place where her little one played, and with sad and piteous wailing and vain calling upon it to return, milks her breasts into the air.

But there is another feature of this Dance for the Dead which the Concows use that is still more remarkable. Though occurring in August, it marks their New Year, and is therefore seized upon as a proper time for settling their accounts, wiping out all old debts, and making a clean ledger for the coming

year. So, amid all these frenzied orgies and ululations about the fire, while the air is filled with the stench of burning and fizzing woolens, those Indians who are not presently engaged in the dance may be seen squatted all about the fire in twos, busily computing and reckoning their scores, tying and untying their rosaries, counting off beads, etc. On this eventful night, too, are made the marriage contracts for the year. These things I state on the authority of Messrs. P. G. Tuttle and F. A. Gibson, the latter being chief clerk of the reservation.

The white fillet worn by the Chinese in mourning is preserved by the Yokias in the following singular manner: They first cut the hair off close to the head, then mingle the ashes of the burned body with pitch, making a white tar or unguent, with which they smear a band about two inches wide all around the edge of the head, so that at a distance it resembles a white chaplet.

Cremation is by no means universal among the Indians, neither is interment in China, as is shown by the sections of the Book of Rites forbidding incineration. Cremation seems to be largely influenced by the variations of California climate. Thus, in the hot western foothills of the Sierra Nevada it extends as far north as Lower Klamath Lake (lat. 42°), while in the cooler Coast Range it reaches only to the sources of Russian River (39° 30′) though it extends down the warm valley of Eel River nearly to the foot of Humboldt Bay (40° 30′). In those regions where a mixed practice prevails it is a general rule, though not without exceptions, that the mountain tribes bury and the valley tribes burn. But the most significant fact of all is observed in the practice of those, not Romanized, who yet have been persuaded by the whites to abandon cremation. Thus, for instance, the Rios (so called by the Spaniards), living at the mouth of Russian River, in quitting their ancient custom, recurred, not to the American usage, *but to the Chinese.* That is, instead of laying the body horizontally in the grave, they place it in the posture it would occupy when sitting in a chair, with the head pointing upward, and this is substantially the usage of nearly all the tribes who practiced burial from the first. In the southern provinces of China the grave is generally made in the shape of the Greek letter Ω; the Indians usually dig it round. In the province of Fuhkien in South China (from which part the ancestors of the Indians appear to have come), a piece of silver is placed in the mouth of the corpse. Not long ago, on the occasion of the death of a rich Sanèl chief, two gold coins were put in his mouth, as he lay on the funeral pyre (this is given on the testimony of a worthy farmer, Mr. Willard, who witnessed it), and other smaller coins were placed in his ears, in his hands, on his breast, etc., which, together with the other property burned, were estimated at $500 value. The California Indians are worthy of their State in one regard at least; they are no niggards. And it is this extraordinary regard for the dead, coupled with their indifference and even cruelty to the living, which stamps them so strongly as of Chinese origin.

Other proofs, such as the almost universal belief in a Happy Western Land beyond the sea, awaiting the good, and transmigration of souls or even annihilation (some of the Concows have this notion) in reserve for the wicked; their strong yearning to be burned or buried each in his native valley; the practice followed by some tribes of beheading the slain instead of scalping them; their pantheism, or rather, what may be called their pandemonism; the frequent convertibility of the words for "God" and "heaven" — all of which point towards China — must be passed over with a bare mention, in order that space may be left for the last and greatest evidence of all, that of grammar and language.

With a Chinese vocabulary of about two thousand words on my knee, and an intelligent Indian before me, I would cause him to speak in his own tongue while I noted the Chinese analogues. Groping about over the

State with this magnet in my hand, I touched the languages with it here and there, to see if it betrayed any attractions. Now and then a Chinese word appeared, but they were not numerous. After many weeks, coming over from Eel River to Russian River, among a different family of tribes, I saw the number was increasing.

As above premised, it is the Gallinoméro language, which prevails along Russian River for about fifteen miles below Healdsburg, that seems to be the connecting link between California and China. My teachers in this tongue were the chiefs Ventura, Andres, and Pintino, of whom the two former spoke Spanish, and the latter English and Spanish. One rule of grammar after another and one word after another came to sight, bearing a marked resemblance to the Chinese. After getting some preliminary insight into the language, I devoted several days to a more careful study of Summers' Grammar, then prepared a new list of words and phrases, and returning, found that the unwitting savages sometimes almost spoke in Chinese.

First, I append a table of numerals, in the Mandarin dialect of the Chinese and the Gallinoméro respectively : —

	Chinese.	Gallinoméro.
One,	yih,	chah.
Two,	ar,	aco.
Three,	san,	mesibbo.
Four,	se,	metah.
Five,	wu,	tooshuh.
Six,	luh,	lancha.
Seven,	tsih,	latco.
Eight,	pah,	cométah.
Nine,	kiu,	chahco.
Ten,	shih,	chasúto.

It is unjust to judge the words as they stand in this category, without any reference to the changes they may have suffered during the uncomputed period of their separation. Let us take the word *mesibbo*, for instance, and examine it a little. In the first place, the syllable *me* is only a dialectic prefix, for the Pomo for "three" is *sibbo*. Second "b" is convertible with "m," as we see in the formation of the pronominal adjective *wēbakey* from the pronoun *wemo*. Third, *san* in the Mandarin dialect becomes *sam* in the Canton dialect, as seen in the well-known word for "whisky" (*samshoo*, thrice fired). Hence we have, finally, the two words *sam* and *simmo*, which are less unlike than they at first appeared. It is quite as probable that the latter is derived from the former as that "eight" is from *ashtan*. By a similar process the two words for "four" become *se* and *sa*. In the Canton dialect "one" is *yat*, and "ten" is *shap*, which bear a closer resemblance to the Indian words than do the Mandarin. If we possessed all the dialectic changes and historic facts, as we have those intervening between Sanskrit and English, we might be able to prove these two sets of numerals almost identical, though not quite, for, as the reader will notice, the Indian has no single word for "eight," but uses "twice four" instead.

I have before me a list of thirty-six words, not including the numerals, in all of which the resemblance to the Chinese is marked, and in some approaches so near to identity that I fear I shall seem to prove too much. This is not the proper place where to give the entire list, and a few examples must suffice. Thus, do or make, Chinese, *tso;* Indian *tseena*. Fire, *ho*, *oho*. Dog, *kinen*, *hiyu*. Log, *mu-teu*, *moosu*. Outside, *wai-teu*, *wayto*. Day, *jih*, *majih*. There, *na-le*, *male*. Say, *hwa*, *kwa*. Strength, *che-lih*, *cha*, etc. The Chinese locative adverbs, as "here," etc., all end in the syllable *le;* so do the Indian. The Indian for "this" and "that" is the same: namely, *mamo;* the Chinese for "that" is *na*. Here is manifestly the same radical, but the syllable *mo* is retained in the Indian, while it has been dropped in Chinese, except in the words for "thus" and "what," that is, *che-mo* and *shin-mo*. There is another Chinese root for "that," namely, *ki* or *ku* (now obsolete except in the book language), which has an unmistakable parallel in the Indian *ka*, also now no longer used except in composite or ag-

glutinated words, as *ámeka* (*amaka*), "Is that you?" (the common form of Indian salutation). But perhaps the most remarkable parallelism is found in the mode of forming the reflexive pronouns ending in "self." The Chinese adds the syllable *ke*, and the Gallinoméro *key*, which are pronounced very nearly alike. Thus, *wo* and *ah* are the respective words for "I," and from the first the Chinese forms *wo-ke*, "myself," and the Indian *chackey*. In the oblique cases the identity of these pronominal roots becomes manifest, as *wo-ki-tih*, "of myself," for which the corresponding Indian is *owkey*, the two letters of the root being simply reversed. This word *owkey* also denotes "mine," while the Chinese is *wo-tih*. The identity of the other pronouns is also easily shown. The Chinese for "you" is *ne;* the Indian is *ama;* in the accusative, *meto*. So also *ta;* Indian, *hamo* or *wemo*, "he." The Indian has retained the syllable *mo*, above mentioned, which the Chinese has dropped from all words of this class except two.

A few illustrations will make good the assertion that the Gallinoméro today utters now and then a short sentence which the Emperor Tung Chi could almost understand. He says of his arrow, *tseena owkey*, "I make it for myself;" the Chinese is, *tso tih-wo-ke*. The Indian says, *male bata moosu*, "There is a large log;" the Chinaman, *na-le ta mu-teu*. The Indian, *mamo hiyu owkey*, "That dog is mine;" the Chinaman, *na kinen wo-tih*. The Indian, *meto chadúna benta*, "I will see you to-day;" the Chinaman, *ne chausiün kin-tien*, etc. A close study of the Indian reveals Chinese analogues where they did not appear to exist. Thus, the Chinese for "great" is *ta*, while the Indian is *bata;* but in agglutinated words the true radical appears, as *atata* (ata ta), "great house," which is the Indian for "people" or "clan," the Gallinoméros being patriarchal in their social organization.

After all the verbal resemblances and analogies have been taken note of, there still remains the more important evidence of grammatical structure. This part of my article must necessarily be very much abridged.

Nouns. The languages are alike in that there are no endings to denote either gender, number, or case. They are dissimilar in that every substantive in Indian has an independent meaning; but there is another California language, the Concow, which bears a very interesting resemblance to the Chinese in its dual system of nouns. I am not acquainted with it, but am told by a gentleman who understands it, that there are many words, as in Chinese, which are unintelligible when spoken alone, even to a Concow, and acquire significance only by being spoken in couples.

Verbs. As in Chinese, there are no irregular forms; no endings to denote mood, voice, number, or person (except in the imperative, which has three persons); and the tenses are indicated by the agglutination of another verb to the radical. There are only two oblique tenses, the imperfect and future, which are denoted by forms equivalent to the following expressions, "lovedo," imperfect, and "lovewant," future. The simple verb may mean either "to love," "loving," "love," or "lovely." The adverb "not" is interpolated into the verb, as if we should write "transnotgress."

Pronouns. There is a trace of the Chinese usage which requires a different form of the pronoun to be used, according to the social rank of the person addressed. The honorary syllable *me* or *jin* is prefixed to the name of everything or everybody belonging to the chief, and sometimes a different and longer word is used in his honor. The multitude of the pronominal forms also seems to be a relic of the same custom. The Indian uses expressions equivalent to all these: "Ihand," "my hand," "mehand," and "myhand." He also has this form, "(I) strikeyou," and this, "(I) you love." A relative or participial clause is formed by agglutination, as in Chinese; thus, "manhousein," for "the man who is in the house."

Adjectives. All adjectives are really substantives. Thus, "good," "goodness," "well," "very," are all denoted by the same word. Comparison is made by means of particles.

Prepositions. As in Chinese, the preposition is incorporated into the verb, so that the same word, for instance, signifies "in" and "to be in." In adverbs proper this barbaric language is really richer than the Chinese. Of conjunctions there are none whatever.

The two cardinal principles which govern the Gallinoméro in constructing sentences are euphony and brevity. After no little diligent study of the language, I can discover no fixed order of words whatever which the savage will not at any time violate, if necessary, to construct a mellifluous and harmonic sentence. Sound rules as absolutely in the language as in Chinese, but in a different manner; in Chinese sound gives the meaning, in this language it gives the syntax. But there is another feature in which they agree more closely, and that is, in their love of dualism or parallelism. For instance, the chief will say to his tribe, "If we wish to build a wigwam, we must work. If we wish to build a wigwam, we must all work. If we wish to build a wigwam, we must work hard," etc.

What, then, are the final conclusions from the whole survey? Of fifteen or sixteen vocabularies and sets of numerals which I have taken down, that of the Gallinoméros approaches closest to the Chinese; and the resemblance shades away from valley to valley, from dialect to dialect, as you penetrate the State southward, eastward, or northward; and ceases abruptly near Mount Shasta, as you enter among those tribes which I have very imperfectly sought to prove are the result of another and more northerly migration. Assuming a point on the lower Russian River, say Healdsburg, as the focus or seat of the original Chinese colony, we find the etymological lines radiating over the State in every direction, and the Chinese analogues constantly growing fewer as one goes outward. Let a few examples suffice. In the Canton dialect "one" is *yat;* at Healdsburg, *chah;* on upper Eel River, *clyhy;* in the extreme north of California, *chlah.* In Chinese "dog" is *kinen;* at Healdsburg, *hiyu;* at Red Bluff, *chumeh;* on the lower Klamath, *mego kumuh;* at Marysville, *shumeh;* on the upper Trinity, *shetel,* where it has almost lost its identity. The Chinese for "log" is *mu-teu;* at Healdsburg, *moosu;* in Potter Valley, *mahsoo,* etc. But the pronouns, which are perhaps more unchangeable than any other words, are so nearly alike in the various dialects of the State as to prove a common Turanian origin. Thus, Chinese for "you" is *ne;* at Healdsburg, *ama;* elsewhere, *me, mai, na, no, ninc, mick,* etc.

As a final general proposition, therefore, which it does not seem too bold to deduce from the premises, etymological and other, above recited, we may set down Healdsburg as the approximate site of a Chinese colony planted in the far past, voluntarily or involuntarily, which spread into the interior, south, east, and north, meeting an earlier Tungusic migration near Mount Shasta, that is, on the southernmost of the great watersheds between the Columbia and the Sacramento. This would make the California Indians proper, and possibly also the Arizonian and Mexican Aztecs, of Chinese origin; and the Indians of Oregon, the Plains, and the Atlantic States, Tungusic.

Stephen Powers.

MOSE EVANS.

PART II.

I.

I WAS very busy in my land matters, here and there over Brown County, for some weeks after Mr. Robinson had told me of the disaster to Mose Evans from the unconscious hands — I should rather say eyes — of Miss Agnes Throop. I cannot recall how long it was after said conversation that I heard, as I rode into Brownstown one foggy day, of the disaster, in a more terrible sense, to the mother of Mose Evans. It was Dr. Alexis Jones who told me of it, nearly running me down as I floundered along through the mud, his "bright bay" in a foam under him, a portentous case of surgical instruments upon the pommel of his saddle. He told me the news without drawing rein, and Dick Frazier informed me afterwards that the doctor was only withheld by a good deal of profanity and physical force on the part of Frazier himself and others, from fleshing his maiden steel upon the dead woman by carving her to fragments in the interests of medical science!

"Mrs. Evans is dead! — yes, sir, — as a hammer!" Dr. Alexis Jones said it, as he joined me, with the keen satisfaction which we all have in telling news, bad as well as good; and as if, in some way, his personal importance was augmented thereby. "Broke a blood-vessel in a dispute with Odd Archer!" he explained. "It was about those cattle of hers he insisted were only strayed, and she knew had been run off by Dob Butler, that rascally client of his. What business had he to be on her place talking about it? The court room was the only place for any talk about that, with judge and sheriff to keep the peace. Primed himself, you bet, with some of Dick Frazier's strychnine whisky before he went. You see, her son, Mose Evans, has gone down to the 'Port' with a load of cotton. Odd Archer knew that, before he went to the house. But you must excuse me; *post mortem*, you see; glad of the chance!" And, with a cut of his whip, Dr. Jones added as he galloped off, "Nobody will ever know the facts. The coroner examined Archer, of course. Mere form; they did n't pretend to believe the man even under oath. A gentlemanly fellow; but who would?"

From all I could learn, in the excitement that followed the painful event, Mrs. Evans flew into a violent passion during her conversation with Archer about the cattle, burst a blood-vessel in the torrent of her wrath, fell at his feet, the blood gushing from her lips upon the well-scrubbed floor, and died! The lawyer rushed for his horse, sending into the house an old negro man who was chopping at the woodpile, no woman being about the place, and put spurs for his — rifle! Not a moment of peace until he has that in his grasp, armed with two revolvers as he already was. Because, having caused the death of the mother, it is of the most pressing importance that he should kill, and at the earliest moment possible, the son also. The entire question, To be or not to be, was with him, To shoot or to be shot. Brown County would very cheerfully have cast an unanimous vote for the last alternative in this case. Odd Archer himself preferred the other, strange as it seemed for even the owner thereof to care for so miserable a life!

With the whole population, Archer included, my interest was henceforth in Mose Evans! Under the circumstances it was impossible to put off the funeral until the arrival of the son, and, Mr. Parkinson officiating, in those indefinite statements to which clergymen are compelled in many a like case, the burial service was duly performed. It was almost enough to cause Mrs.

Evans to rise in wrath from her coffin, — the confusion throughout her house, the very abode, during her life, of neatness and housewifely care. All the region round about, male and female, children and grown persons, flocked in to the funeral, bringing upon their feet specimens of all the varieties of mud throughout the county. They pressed to the coffin as if to the side of a panther, if I may so express the actual fact, — a panther long famous but killed at last. And this was the long secluded and dread mother of Mose Evans, he as universally liked as she was feared! No trace, however, of the wild animal — universal disappointment in that — in the face of the dead! A sudden return in the calm visage to something, even, of the girlish beauty, I suppose, which had won the heart of her husband from his books so many years before. Under the reading of the Scriptures and the generalities of Mr. Parkinson, there fell strange calm upon the crowd. Old New Hampshire led the singing with wonderful success, in virtue of the voices of the many negroes crowding porch and front yard.

We escorted the hearse, an ambulance of Dick Frazier's, stolen, we all knew, from Confederate supplies, to the cemetery in the outskirts of Brownstown; and, with the benediction over the heaped grave, the mind of every person of the crowd dispersing homeward ran into the same demand, "Mose Evans?" The men present would have consented to the hunting up and lynching of Odd Archer, Esq., with the greatest pleasure, if merely for the excitement's sake. But something more than the unpopularity of the deceased prevented that. Somehow, there was a unanimous conviction that the absent son would be anything but gratified thereby. The absent son! I doubt if a person at the grave failed, as he stood there, to say to himself, "Just room between her grave and that live-oak for Mose." I knew the man *had* to be shot as well as any there! I had been quartermaster, compulsory, in the Confederate service during the war, in a certain city and, while there, had learned a lesson in human nature worth interrupting my narrative for a moment to repeat. A lady in said city was, or imagined herself to be, insulted by a Mr. Jackson. As soon as her letter detailing the fact arrived, and her husband could get leave of absence from building torpedoes at Savannah, he hurried home and shot his foe. Hastening rapidly across the city to the office of the dead man's only son, who had never even heard of the insult, he shot him also. It is true one of the flying bullets passed through the head, by accident, of a youth of fourteen, the only support of a widowed mother, who happened to be passing. "But then one *has* to be in a hurry at times," Mr. Archer, to whom I narrated the circumstance one day, explained. "When you and the other gentleman are both armed," he continued, "if you have a little difficulty, you are compelled to shoot at the earliest moment, because you know if you don't, he may; best to anticipate him, you observe; procrastination is the thief of time, and something over, in such a case! If you kill your man, of course you must kill his next relative; if you do not, you run the same risk from him; a fool could see that! We may kill a man or so, occasionally," Mr. Archer added, "but, thank Heaven, we do not lie and cheat and steal and poison people as is done elsewhere!" an emphasis upon the last word making his meaning sufficiently clear.

Mr. Archer would have admitted, however, that I had shown Yankee energy, at least, in my conduct following upon the death of Mrs. Evans. Leaving Brown County in going home from the funeral, I had ridden fifty miles down the river by daybreak of the morning after, to meet and warn Mose Evans on his way home. The truth is, I had come by this time to take an interest in the man, certainly far greater than in any other person native to that region. It was not merely our being thrown together upon matters concerning General Throop's new home, as well as land affairs generally. There

was a something in him I find it impossible fully to express by the phrases sincerity, frankness, genuine manliness. I had been used all my life before to people who felt themselves very thoroughly informed in regard to all things in heaven and earth, people who had read books, heard lectures, seen sights; people who, young and old, male and female, were like so many venerable Solomons, aged queens of Sheba, knowing everything, and impervious to surprise. I suppose it was the zest of this ignorant man for information, the freshness of his pleasure in all I told him of the outside world, as new to him, almost, and as wonderful, as if I was on a visit to him from the sun. But you can find inquisitive ignorance in Africa; it was the original ore of the race in Evans, something of the virgin gold of human nature in eye and tone and smile! I do not know wherein it lay, but General Throop, in his heavier way, was as much interested in him as myself.

And so I went to meet and warn him against Odd Archer, any letter or telegrams being out of the question. It was the noon after the funeral, on Friday, I remember, when I met my friend. He was on his way home from the Port, the money for his cotton in his belt. Just as I arrived he was finishing his dinner on the grass beneath a tree by the road-side, his horse grazing, roped to a swinging vine near by. I had planned, as I floundered along the miry road, what I would say. My well-arranged words were, as is always the case, never once thought of when we met. He rose to meet me, and had the whole story inside of five minutes. As I spoke, he stood listening to me, his full eyes in mine, erect as a statue, passing the palm of his left hand from his lips down his beard continually while I spoke. Singular contrast of my eager narrative to his quiet attention! I ceased my earnest admonitions as to the need of caution upon his part, — ceased, because they seemed childish before his grave composure. Beyond the first exclamation at meeting, I do not recall his saying a syllable. As I finished, he mechanically drew first one and then the other revolver from its sheath by his side, saw that all the caps were in place, and then put them quietly back, and proceeded to coil in the lariat of his horse, untying it from the vine and hanging the coil by its thong behind the saddle. "Thank you, Mr. Anderson. If you will please ride on a little I will join you after a while," was all he said as he mounted. I confess I was almost angry, after all my most fatiguing ride, too! It was noon when we thus parted, and the night was almost upon me, riding slowly along in advance, before he joined me. I wish I knew whether the man had been weeping! I studied his face as closely as the gathering darkness allowed; there was deep sorrow, the simple bearing of a child in grief, but so little to say, beyond thanking me again for coming! He even asked me one or two questions about General Throop and our land matters. I mentioned casually that Mrs. Throop had been prevented from attending the funeral, but that General Throop and his daughter had been present. The fact is, to General Throop Mrs. Evans had always been "woman." With myself, as with Brown County, the phrase would have been wild cat, rather! We rode together, now side by side, then one in advance of the other, as the emergencies of the miserable highway allowed, through mud and darkness, and almost unbroken silence at last, until ten o'clock, when we reached the wretched roadside cabin in which we passed the night.

I remember eating ravenously of the pork and corn bread and "big hominy," which, with black coffee, formed our supper that night. In spite of my remonstrance my companion rolled himself up, as soon as supper was ended, in his huge Mexican blanket, and lay down upon the puncheon floor before the wide fireplace, his broad felt hat over his face. I did not hear him make the least motion through the night, and would be glad this hour to know if he really slept during that dismal time. As

to myself I was so worn out, that, in spite of pork and coffee, I slept like the dead, — slept, although, by some hurry in the making of the bed, the corn-cobs as well as shucks had been left therein!

"Archer is a gentleman," I said to Evans as we rode along next day, "and he will not fire upon you from ambush. If I was you" — "I think I know exactly what he will do, Mr. Anderson. Excuse my talking so little. I am by myself in the woods so much. I thank you for coming. Heartily. I don't know, but I hope it has saved the man's life. We will see now, any moment."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, our road running beside the very edge of the river, my companion broke the silence as we journeyed along, by drawing up his horse and saying with less excitement than when he had called my duller attention once or twice before to a deer in the woods, —

"Yes, sir. There he is!" dismounting as he said so. I was dreadfully excited, yet nothing could be more chivalrous upon the lawyer's part, for it *was* the lawyer. He had tied his horse to one side and stood in the centre of the road, rifle in hand. I suppose he had taken for granted that his adversary, duly warned, would have had a rifle. To my surprise, as soon as the man saw Mose Evans advancing upon him without one, he deliberately stooped to lay his carefully down upon a dry tuft of grass beside the way, and then stepped back into the open road, a revolver in either hand, a long knife held by its blade in his teeth. As General Philip Sheridan once told me of one of his battles, "It was beautiful!"

I caught my friend's horse by the bridle, thinking, a little nervously, of Helen and of coming bullets. The parties advanced slowly upon each other, during the whole affair neither saying a single word. When within sixty feet of Evans, Archer raised his revolver and began firing. I heartily wish it was more theatrical, but I can only add that it was all over, ignominiously over, in much less than the proverbial fifteen minutes of the battle of San Jacinto. Mose Evans had not touched his own weapons. At the first report of the lawyer's revolver, he sprang forward! It was as if he was upon his enemy at one bound. Although it ruins what little romance there is in the matter, I believe Evans relied, unconsciously to himself, upon the unsteadiness of Archer's nerves, owing to his habits, in the aim he would take. In the instant he had seized his puny assailant by arm and leg, and hurled him into the river! I laughed aloud like an hysterical woman, — the man flying through the air, the splash in the water, was an ending so sudden; such bathos!

"He won't want to see me. You help him out," my friend said as he remounted. "Tell him the thing 's over. He never *meant* her death, you know. Good afternoon."

Even then, it flashed upon me as Mose Evans rode leisurely away, and I said to myself, I suppose the self-mastery of this child of nature is what he has been learning his life long. In the woods? In his singular home, rather. From his father's long endurance. From witnessing, all his life, his mother's lack of self-control. How Homer would have loved and sung him! Leaving my horse untied, I ran to fish the lawyer out, and a dripping, bewildered, bemuddied wretch he was as he emerged, by my assistance!

I do not understand human nature half as well as I thought I did. I had counted upon his being utterly crestfallen. Not in the slightest! Before he could get water and mire off his face he was laughing and talking as if intoxicated. Possibly he was. Then there was the reaction. Besides, he knew that the circumstances of the case would be known by all Brown County in two days, and that such knowledge would restore him to the good opinion thereof. "Laugh at me?" he asked and answered in a breath; "of course they will! It will get into the papers and be the joke of the State. Do you suppose I care? Not a red! No, sir. Why, sir, the thing will help elect me next time I run for office. Nothing

makes people like a candidate better, yes, and vote for him sooner, than having a good joke upon him!"

II.

"When I hate a man, he always sickens and dies," my disreputable companion added in irrelevant but unceasing continuation of previous remarks, as we rode into the outskirts of Brownstown. "What I mean," he explained, "is that I am particularly cared for; like Napoleon, I have a star. We had to enter town in our deplorable plight, and were fortunate in not reaching it until dark!"

We certainly would have been a sight to see, bemuddied, as we were, from head to foot, and far beyond the ordinary allowance even of that section. I hated it as the worst part of the adventure, having to pass the night with him; but there was no alternative, and so I dismounted with my associate at the door of the tumble-down house on the edge of the town, which the man called his home, and which he invited me to enter with the well-bred courtesy of a host to his guest, — a courtesy which had, absurd as it may seem, its charm. I did not see him drink anything worse than black coffee while we were there together. And, after eating supper, such as it was, we sat the night through, drying our clothes without taking them off, at the fire which he had hastily made in the desolate fireplace. I dare say it was merely the animal spirits of the man, the most amazing, I believe, I ever knew in any one, Harry Peters excepted; certainly he kept the same afire with the fuel of alcohol, — inferior to Harry Peters, his conversational rival, in that. Under the stimulus that night, possibly, of nothing stronger than escape from his "difficulty" with Mose Evans, his tongue ran like that of one insane. I was glad to sit and listen, if merely to escape getting with him into his one bed.

Yes, all night did we sit there, and you must allow my companion here the same liberty I was compelled to yield him then and there. The fact is, he realized to me much that I had read of Aaron Burr. I wish you could see the man while you hear him. Slight in build, like his father, the eloquent divine; not without a sinewy grace of carriage and motion; with finely cut features and noble forehead, small but wonderful eyes; a fallen angel, worshiped and very heartily despised by all Brown County. One night some weeks before, General Theodore Throop and myself, seated unknown to him in an adjoining room in Dick Frazier's hotel, listened to his conversation for hours, as, drunk enough for it, he entertained a bar-room of loungers. Wit, wisdom, folly, filth, poetry by the page, deep metaphysics, anecdotes, pathos, bathos — it was wonderful! Suddenly the General and myself entered the room; the instant shame of the man, the intuitive gesture with which he consigned his companions to the mire beneath his heel, was equally amazing. The greasiness of his shabby suit of black pervaded his entire person; a perfect blackguard, a perfect gentleman! What perplexed me most was that a man with such memories could be so steadily and perfectly happy!

He spoke of his late antagonist at last, as we sat drying ourselves at the fire.

"Mr. Anderson, look here," ran his torrent of talk; "Mose Evans is certainly a splendid-looking chap, as far as that goes. I do not remember his ever being before the grand jury for stealing, gambling, or anything of the sort; although I do remember his serving both upon grand and petit jury, if only from the fact that he has so invariably found against me in my cases, and in one or two instances more personal. I always challenge him, sir, when offered. His mother was a violent person. The entire country side had looked for it for years when she broke a blood-vessel in that dispute with me about those strayed cattle. I learned, last night, before the boys took him out and hung him for those horses, that Dob Butler *did* steal her cattle as she said; but how was I to know then whether

Butler had done as she said? It is very curious, sir; a client may be the hardest of cases, may know it is impossible for you to defend him, know that his lawyer does not care a drink whether the man did the murder, or whatever it was, or not, and yet that client will make believe to the last, against dead evidence and to his own lawyer, that he is innocent! When it is a woman, I do believe, whatever it is she has done, she persuades herself through and through that she did *not* do whatever it was! Yes, sir, if it was the killing of her baby, or of her old and helpless father, she thinks she had such good and sufficient cause for it that she could not have done otherwise — is an outraged martyr for being troubled about it! I have been a lawyer for years, where human nature shows itself as it is I tell you, and I have learned this of my female clients, they have the least idea of the rights of other people, the clearest sense of their own, of any persons living. Upon the whole, you might have half the money if you gave me a male client instead, if it was not that the woman's lawyer always *has* the jury, yes, sir!" I am obliged to allow the incoherence and lack of punctuation and purpose upon his part, if the reader is to hear Mr. Archer as I heard him that night.

"I do not see," he resumed, "how I have got off the track so. As to Mose Evans? He astonished me as he will the whole county. I half thought, Mr. Anderson, the man an enormous fool. Look here, say, I was one day selecting a pair of boots, on credit, in New Hampshire's store. Miss Throop was shopping at the counter. I had merely bowed to her from the back room, — too much of a gentleman to soil her with shaking hands; what do angels know of what we devils really are! Evans had retreated into that den of a place with me, when she came in, buying powder I remember he was; went away, at last, leaving the package within a yard of a fire, hickory and sparking! The man was dazed, dared no more look full at Miss Throop than at the noonday sun! But I noticed; we lawyers notice! I saw his eyes fasten, like a hawk upon a chicken, on a piece of brown paper she had unwrapped from some gloves and left lying on a bolt of calico upon the counter. Actually stood there, when she was gone, to gather up that paper in his hand, as cautiously as if it was gold and he stealing, and slipped it into his breast pocket!

"The fool, sir, walked away, leaving that package of powder under the flying sparks! Suppose it had exploded. Why, sir," — and I noted in the reprobate now, as at all times, the perpetual reference and return he ever made to himself, whatever the topic; as well as the unceasing allusion running, from force of training, through all his thoughts to things supernatural, — "why, sir, the projectile force of that powder! It would have blown some of us there into heaven, and onward in heaven forever and ever; one man there in exactly the reverse direction, and forever too. Heh? Oh, as to Mose Evans, he is — material! I mean for a drama, say. A sort of stuff, deep and strong and very rude, out of which Shakespeare, for instance, could make a hero. Books? I have in Brown County a library of men, and I never weary of reading them instead. Don't get sleepy, Anderson; what shall we talk about next? How will politics do?" And with what inexhaustible spirits the fellow proceeded to rattle on upon that theme! I heard little else all the time I was in that section, yet I appeal to the reader if I have not kept it out of these pages!

"But I would rather hear more in regard to yourself," I said at last, for I was curious about the man.

"About myself?" he replied. "Oh, as to myself. First. I plead guilty to all you, Anderson, all anybody, says against me. More. I am a great deal worse. 'Shysters' I believe lawyers like myself in the great cities are styled. Let us lump it and be done. I, Odd Archer, Esq., Mr. Anderson, stand here up to — down to, rather — anything the lowest lawyers ever do! I want to speak fact about myself as well as about

others. I am in that mood to-night. Next. I plead the extenuating circumstance of talent and temperament. From my birth I was regarded as a cherub. I am not, as you agree, Anderson, angelic in other than an infernal sense, now, but there are miniatures on ivory, — let me be rigidly truthful, *a* miniature on something, — proving my extreme loveliness of eyes, hair, brow, complexion then. If you were to compare child and man you would exclaim, 'Such a harvest from such a seed? It is impossible!' But, the fact shows it *is* possible. More. The very nature of the germ, as in all creation, is the cause of the result. Never mind about my physical beauty. That has a terrible deal to do with my after ruin, but, as is always the case, the very things one cannot say, nor people print, are the chief causes of matters! Matters, sir, perfectly explained by such things, but left otherwise wholly unexplained!

"If any ladies were here to-night," the man continued, rising to his feet, as if from involuntary respect to the very imagination of such presence, "if I dared venture to say such things to the sex, I would remark to them — no, sir, not even in imagination! But as to all this talk about women becoming lawyers, sitting on the jury and the like, I will say it to you, Anderson; will you tell me how it would do to have them in the box, on the bench, in view of all the ugly matters necessary to be laid before them there? I am told they are going as doctors into dissecting rooms and hospitals, but the loathsomeness of heart and soul laid bare in the court-house is a thousand times worse! Now I am nothing, Mr. Anderson, but a blackguard lawyer, yet I can imagine a pure and beautiful girl, say my sister, or my betrothed. Do you suppose me such a villain as to be able to look her in the soft, innocent eyes, and state and develop and urge the vile facts which make up so many cases in court? If any man, lawyer or otherwise, tried it in the presence of a lady of my acquaintance, I would smash his jaws! I have been forced occasionally, by circumstances, such as the grand jury, judge, and the like, to drop my profession for a time; *that* would make me drop it forever! Yet stop a moment, sir! As darkness ceases only by presence of pure light, this occurs to me, possibly woman's purity *must* come into such close contact with foulest darkness! If the darkness is ever to go! If so, woman's purity must be intensely pure! I do wonder, Anderson, and I never thought of it before, if woman, in virtue of being distinctively woman, is the reserve remedy for the world! You Yankees, sir, laugh at Southern chivalry. It has gone out, sir, with the Confederacy. Five hundred thousand men were killed in the war. It has thrown up their value too much. Not in the eyes of the other sex alone. We men have come to rate ourselves too high. Now can it be, sir, that with a higher estimate of woman, upon other grounds, a nobler chivalry is to come in? Heh? But, how we have rambled in our talk! Fact is, I 'm not a coward, but I 'm glad that thing with Evans is over. I see day is breaking. I must have a drink. I will go to Dick Frazier's and have him send your trunk, so that you can dress. It does n't matter about me. What a storm of curiosity and talk there will be over my fight with Evans! You won't see him in town for days. *I* like it! It may elect me to the bench! That Evans, by the bye, has brain enough to go to Congress, if he knew it. For lack of education he is and will be a clodhopper all his life. What a splendid leap he made on me! I 'm glad I did not hit him. I tried my best to do so, I assure you!"

III.

However much of an adept I may be in my jotting down field-notes while riding over our wild lands, and plotting them out accurately afterward for our company, I have no imagination. I dare say it would make me no better as a business man if I had. Any value in what I say lies in simple narration of

fact. Take, for instance, a certain rainy day I spent in the store of New Hampshire, my old postmaster, philosopher, and friend. That day forces itself upon my pen; I cannot get past except by recording it. I think it was some three weeks after the funeral of Mrs. Evans and the encounter between Odd Archer, Esq., and her son.

I am making out a map from field-notes for our company, in the back room, but the crowd in the store increases to such an extent, and the fun becomes so uproarious around Harry Peters, that I give it up. It was for men, land was made, and I turn from the lesser to the greater, going in and making myself at home among them upon a soap-box, which affords me also something to whittle at as I sit. My friend the postmaster is the only silent person in the store. I call him my friend, not merely because we are partners in land; somehow, as perfect an understanding exists from the first, between the old gentleman and myself, as between Odd Archer, Esq., and General Throop, our basis being business, theirs mere sentiment. I observe that the postmaster is doing up coffee, the supreme luxury there next to whisky, in pound packages, against a dryer and busier day. While he does this he is evidently deep in the interior counties of New England — deaf to all the conversation and laughter, very often quarrels a score strong at a time, and fast and furious, raging around the coast, so to speak, of his placid exterior.

There is Harry Peters as prime promoter of the laughter. He is only a poor planter, limp, lame, weighing under ninety-five pounds, yet Shakespeare was not more entirely monarch of his adoring friends at a revel than is Harry of his as assembled in the post-office. Odd Archer is present, of course, and as usual, whenever these two are together in a crowd, there is sure to be strong rivalry between them; the lawyer having plenty of talent, stores of knowledge, curve, so to speak, and trick of culture, reinforcement of alcohol, but all in vain against merest nature and genius in his clod-hopping rival. It is, on their lesser scale, Ben Jonson as beaten by Shakespeare.

When I took my soap-box Harry was just finishing some tale of fun. If it was not a recital of the ducking of the lawyer at the hands of Evans, it was something, possibly, more grotesque still, the life of that member of the bar furnishing material ample and ever renewed. The incidents were very ludicrous, whatever they were, and Harry, judging from the effect, could not have told them better to save his life; but, amid all the shouts of laughter, the postmaster steadily puts up his pound packages as if there was not a soul in his store beside the owner thereof. No one addresses himself to my old friend, but I note a peculiar glancing at him, now and then, on the part of all. Something is in hand in reference to him, and I therefore observe more closely, as he is evidently unconscious of everything but coffee. And, now, Odd Archer launches into a narrative. It is of a peculiarly horrid murder which had come under his knowledge, described with wonderful power, and I forgot everything in the terror and wrath aroused in me as in all there by the narration, in which the lawyer evidently does his best. I observe, in the curdled silence which follows, a curious glancing, yet again, at the keeper of the store. Had he actually been in Brazil at the moment, gathering the coffee from the tree, he would not have been more unconscious of things, so far as the least movement of mouth or eyelid is concerned. After a disappointed pause on the part of the crowd, Harry begins the story of the loss of his children, two little girls and their brother, in the "Bottom." Of course those present know all about it, for it was, the winter before, the sensation of the county, but they listen with hushed eagerness to the wonderfully perfect narration of the father, as he lives over all the anxiety and agony of the mother and himself during those four days. I find myself with moistened eyes, as well as the rest, actually exclaiming aloud with the

others when the starved little ones are found! When we recover ourselves enough to do so, I observe that all eyes are glancing again, although covertly, at the postmaster, so far as outer appearances go as wholly unconscious of them and of all their talk as before. With his little, close-cropped, white head on one side, he is putting up bags of coffee, that and only that!

I understand why Odd Archer had stepped over to Dick Frazier's for a drink, when he begins again, with renewed energy. It is an assault upon the Bible, cool, argumentative, very able indeed at first, quickening into bitter, blasphemous, ferocious fury as he proceeds. I had heard before that of all men a minister's son, when wicked, had the greatest power of blasphemy known, an energy of moral effect therein terrifying the weaker among his wicked associates; because the entire belief and meaning derived from previous training is put into the oaths! By this time I have come of myself to understand that, by plan beforehand, regular assault has been made, for the last two or three hours, upon old New Hampshire; heavy bets pending, I afterward learn, upon moving him to do or say something, show in any way some emotion! The frantic violence of the lawyer as he ceases shows his consciousness of defeat. The old man has paused once or twice from scoop and scales and coffee sack, even looked full in the face of the reprobate while at the white heat of his harangue, but it was exactly as if the lawyer was not there at all; the pause was merely to tap his forefinger over his pursed-up lips, as, with eyes closed now and then, he was calculating profits, I suppose, his head to one side.

Odd Archer ceases, exhausted, and universal laughter and scoffing sets in at the defeat of the two champions. It is "in full blast," according to Brown County parlance, but there is instant hush thereof, and all movement, even, arrested, as Agnes Throop suddenly enters the door from the rain, and stands at the counter asking for letters. What heavenly beauty and purity and grace! Nothing but a simply dressed young lady, with shrinking eyes, and cheeks in which the soul comes and goes, yet these men are painfully aware on the instant that they are scoundrels, boobies, louts! Every man, as soon as he recovers himself, manages to slip away. In ten minutes every soul of them is gone, really kicked out of her presence, and by himself! I tarry by her side, heartily ashamed of my previous company, with the usual salutations; but I curiously note that the postmaster is no more moved by the presence of this perfect jewel of her kind than he was by the men who have gone. As I pass out of the door on my way to the hotel, I notice that Miss Agnes has come to town in a buggy which waits for her at the sidewalk. Mary Martha Washington, who has driven her young mistress in, acknowledges my good-day with severe respect, bringing to my mind her confidences to my wife long before in Charleston.

"I was trained, Miss Helen, to believe the Bible is God's Word. If I know anything, it is that it is clear agen the abolitionists. Two things I never *can* stand, abolitionists an' free niggers. I'm too old now, to change! I *can't* give up my religion!"

"I was taught, Henry, as this old aunty was," my wife took occasion to explain at the time; "and slavery *was* no sin at all. But the Bible nowhere commanded us to hold slaves; no necessary connection between the two whatever."

"My dear Helen," I made reply, "a century or so ago one of the godliest ministers of New England sent a barrel of rum over to Africa and obtained a slave therefrom in exchange. No argument for the divine life of Revelation more self-evident than the way in which, slow and silent and steady, yes, and omnipotent and irresistible as God who gives it, the gospel purifies itself, age after age, from the merely human elements incrusting but wholly separable from it; elements which are part of the gospel only as my clothing for the nonce is part of me. No more, I should rather

say, than as the hindering vapors of our atmosphere are part of the sun. Plenty more of the human to be purged away yet from our skies, but I do not think it will endanger the sun!"

All this, however, is purely incidental. In the moment of speaking to the colored woman seated in the buggy, I observe Mose Evans standing off by himself near the door of the office through which Miss Throop has entered a few moments before. I turn to shake hands and say a few words about business. To my surprise he takes my hand mechanically, but seems scarcely to recognize me, although his eyes are in mine when he speaks; for that is a peculiarity of Mose Evans, the putting his entire self into his eyes full in yours when he addresses or listens to you. Hence I say to myself as I leave him, I wonder if the man can be drunk? But, looking back after I have gone a little distance, I see that he has walked steadily enough to his horse tied to the rack across the street, and is in the act of mounting. Then all that old Mr. Robinson had told me flashed upon my mind! Agnes Throop! The absurdity, stupidity, insanity of the man! I have to stop once or twice before I reach Dick Frazier's to think over what Mr. Robinson had said, I had so promptly and utterly rejected it all at the time! "I thought I understood human nature!" I complain to myself. "Yes, but this is the very sublimity of — of" —

IV.

I hasten to speak of the next time I saw Mose Evans. I am, in fact, eager to do so. The circumstances were so remarkable.

Some months had rolled by since the day I had seen him hesitating, as if in a dazed condition, at the door of the post-office. I had gone back to New York and Charleston since then. After settling up certain business there, I was on my way back again to Brown County, accompanied by Helen, my wife, who this time positively refused to be left behind. And thus it happened she was with me that day I reached Bucksnort, a particularly unpleasant town, at the hotel in which our stage stopped on its way to Brownstown. It was in that hotel we found Mose Evans, and in what condition!

I recall perfectly how we came to know of it. Helen and myself had arrived an hour or so before supper. While seated thereat, the stage arrived from Brownstown, and the hungry passengers poured in upon us, seated at the supper table. I noticed the lawyer, Odd Archer, among the rest, and very drunk. I do not know whether he recognized me, but it would have made no difference. I suppose it was a continuance of what had been going on in the stage before, but I observed that he, in a drunken way, forced the possession of the seat next a modest-looking country girl, one of the passengers, nearly opposite Helen and myself. Even before the touch of Helen's elbow, I fancied the animal was insulting the shrinking girl, who was too diffident to do more than draw as far away from him as possible. I hesitated to believe that the man could have degenerated so rapidly from what I had known him to be in reference to women, as to be guilty of any disrespect to a female even in his deepest drunken degradation. A fleshy old man who had come with them was seated at my side. As he was whispering to me, "I would not notice him. He 's been drunk all along," I observed a gross insult toward the girl upon the part of the lawyer. I grasped a tumbler of milk to hurl it, and was grasped in the same moment by my own cooler sense in the person of Helen, my wife, barely in time! How very much better! A whisper on my part to the negro handing me the wholly indigestible biscuits, a hasty exit of the same, the hurried appearance of the landlord, himself guilty of worse things every day. Sober during that special half hour, so as to make no mistake in taking the money for supper, the landlord saw the situation at a glance, and was filled with virtuous wrath! One good grasp upon Odd

Archer's collar from behind, and he had dragged him off his seat to the side door, and hurled the limp wretch like a half-filled bag of meal out of the entrance and far into the night! It is often so much better to have certain things done for you by others than to do them yourself! You can remain quiet, and they can do them so much more thoroughly, too! And but for this, I should not have known Mose Evans was in the house; would have gone on to Brownstown, — Mose Evans to another city, too, quite another, neither Brownstown nor yet Charleston! It was from the landlord, after thanking him, supper over, for his conduct, that, in the course of conversation, I learned Mose Evans was upstairs.

"Mighty sick, Colonel Anderson, I tell you!" The colonel being instant brevet for my thanks; and my friend wiped the honest sweat of his late exertion from his exceedingly red face, as he told me this, hearkening, with his bushy head a little on one side, for any groans from the direction in which the ejected man had disappeared through the night, as assurances that he had not been actually killed by his fall from the battlements of light.

Yes, there in the corner of an upper room lay Mose Evans! Wrecked like some huge Spanish galleon, and upon the most dismal and desert of all inhospitable islands! Too short and too narrow, at least for him, the unpainted bedstead creaked and threatened to tumble at every turn of the writhing sufferer; its cords so loose that the thin mattress bulged downward to the floor; no possibility of lying in it unless coiled up like a serpent in a bushel measure. Although the sick man is consuming with fever, no one has thought to lift a window to assuage his burning, by letting in the at least milder fever of midsummer which is upon the world without; has not cared, even, to move the bed out of the corner between two walls without a window. And there lay my poor friend with hair, beard, parched lips, delirious brain, a St. Lawrence upon his gridiron; rather, a soul in hell for the pencil of Doré and the pen of Dante!

But, in God's mercy, there is ever a Beatrice, too, for sufferer as for poet. I had, of course, told my wife the whole story long before, so that I had but to take her into the room and say, "Helen, dear, Mose Evans!" for her to understand the entire affair. She had entered the western wilds with me, burning silently for some opportunity to show how heartily she could do and endure toward the making with me there of the immense fortune in lands which I had in view.

I must add that, largely to her clear intuition in business, we have done, by the bye, very well indeed, ours being considerably more than the six feet by two of soil usually assigned by moralists, with the three score and ten of years, to mortals.

Amazing, the despotism of a young and lovely woman, especially if in the interest of the sick! In two hours Helen had revolutionized this "Buck-snort Travelers' Rest," as our hotel was misnamed. Such obedience our landlord, rapidly returning to his condition of normal drunkenness, had never shown to his pale-faced and miserable wife. The two or three pert mulatto women about the hotel sufficiently explained, apart from the drink, the pallor and emaciation of the nominal mistress of the house. Wives have like experiences the world over, but I dare not say a syllable here as to the effect upon a Southern wife of a negro concubine; yet I will record how I loathed that Helen should even superintend the labors of such helpers for the sick man! But she did not know; and at last we had the sick man bathed, clothed in clean linen, with hair and beard combed, upon the best bed in the coolest corner of the only decent room in the house, — our own; and in consequence, he was soon sweetly asleep. "He looks like a dying lion, Henry," my wife whispered, as we rested at last by his bed, "Say a wounded gladiator," she continued. "A woman might envy him those masses of beautiful hair. But,

have you not romanced a little about him?"

"Listen to the simple facts," I said, "and see if it is not nature itself, like Chevy Chace and the Vicar of Wakefield!" and I went over again the story of his parentage, utter seclusion in the woods, amazing ignorance, termagant mother.

"Ah, Henry, it is his desperate falling in love with Agnes Throop which interests you so in him, and I don't blame you!" said my wife. "I dare say she was to him as the first European woman was to the savages of America when she landed. Ever read, dear, that old story of Inkle and Yarico? The amazement of wonder and love with which the savage girl adored and clung to the god in flesh from Europe?"

"Yes, and, if I am only a land agent, I remember, too, that the god was a dastardly scoundrel, sold the girl"—

"Never mind about the rest," Helen adds hastily. "As to Agnes Throop, you are right; the thing is too preposterous even for romance, the man is deranged. Agnes Throop! And such a person as this! Insanity! Besides, you forget there is another lover, 'a priory attachment,' as Mr. Weller said."

"Yes, Mr. Archibald Clammeigh," although I doubt if that gentleman would care to be announced to an audience, say, as the next speaker, in exactly the tones in which his name was now mentioned.

And so we sat comparing the two men in silence. I dare say the long and singular suffering of the one lying before us helped our illusion, for such a colossus comes down with a crash when it does fall. The poor fellow was sadly reduced in flesh. Of course it was all imagination on our part that the traces of suffering upon his face were softened by a purity and patience greater still. Romeos and King Lears, Cordelias and Ophelias, never had, you know, any more existence than the Ariels and the Pucks! Or, if they did have, they have gone out forever with Shakespeare and stage-coaches. Or, is it so?

"But, you observe," I thought aloud to Helen after a little, "that is the trouble with this poor fellow. He has never lived in Mobile, or wintered at the Pulaski House in Savannah, to say nothing of the lesser civilization of Fifth Avenue, or Boston. The man," and I pointed to him as if he were that far off, "actually lives in the age of — Elizabeth? Why, Helen, he is a contemporary of Abelard. For anything he ever saw, or knew, I do not see why Mose Evans is not of the age of Achilles, even Abel." I frankly confess here that I did garnish my conversation when with my wife more freely from such reading as I have had than I thought expedient generally and elsewhere. She liked such things, you observe, at least I supposed so: one should not be forever and everywhere merely a land agent.

"It is all because you think he is so desperately in love, dear," she now replied, "nor, even then, would he seem so much to others. We haven't been long married, you know!" She said it, but didn't mean it, of course, my wife.

"And Mr. Archibald Clammeigh, we are under no illusion as to him, genial, generous soul of honor that he is!" I say. "What a singular coincidence, the conflict of two such opposites for such a woman," I add, saddened by the moan of the sleeping man. "Everything," I continued, after a pause, "birth can do for a man has been done for his Grace the Duke of Clammeigh; no birth at all, hardly, in the case of this hap-hazard native of the wilds. Thorough education, and no education. European travel, and never out of a cypress swamp. All that wealth and society can do for the one, and this man as ignorant of civilization even as Hercules!" I lower my voice, under the finger of Helen laid on my mustache, to add, "I may be romantic, being lately married and to a witch, but, think of Agnes Throop, of her Charleston betrothed, and — look at this man!" Because, there *was* that in Mose Evans which deeply impressed us! As to Mr. Clammeigh, he would have passed out of my mind like the dead, had he not been our company's Charleston lawyer.

But it was his relation to Agnes Throop which brought him, at this singular juncture, so vividly to mind.

At this moment the invalid stirs, moans, murmurs, without opening his eyes.

"Cologne, if you please."

"Can you guess why?" I whisper to my wife as she bathes with cologne brow, hair, beard; "the silliest thing in the world!"

"Agnes?"

"And he had never even heard of it before."

"How do you know?"

"As *you* know it! The mother in me, I suppose."

But here the Bucksnort doctor enters the room, bringing an aroma of whisky and tobacco. He has heard of matters, and is a little awed by the change of things, in the scrupulously dignified stage of intoxication. From him we learn that Mose Evans has been sick three weeks, consumed by fever, would not take the physic, not the least hope now of his recovery.

I could not but be struck, as the doctor spoke, with one thing which I had observed often before; here was a regularly educated physician, and, I dare say, from the East years before, yet he had fallen into the jerky dialect of the region as completely as had Dob Butler, or Odd Archer, Esq. I sometimes fear my long association out there with such people has affected even my manner of speaking. But then, you know, Paris has its peculiarity of speech, so has Edinburgh, possibly Boston.

"Has he talked much in his delirium?" I ask. The bloated Galen looks at me with curiosity, and replies, "Not one word! Can you explain it? Old friend, I see. It relieves nature, talking does, like weeping, for instance. Not one word! So much the worse for him! Very remarkable case! The man evidently has some trouble, but has bottled himself up, hermetically sealed himself! I wonder what it *is?* Killed somebody, I suppose! Humph! He 'll soon be out of the reach of the law, or Judge Lynch!"

I assure the doctor, as we converse, after a while, in the hall outside the room, that he is mistaken in his conjectures, as I tell Helen afterward that I will myself make the doctor false in his prophecies! Please Heaven!

"I said he did not talk, I mean about himself. One queer, very queer insanity he had," the doctor proceeds to inform me, and the remembrance seems to sober him a little. "He got some of the young fellows hanging round to read his Bible to him when he first lay sick. Grown man, fine-looking man like him, and I suppose can't read" — great contempt.

Simple truth obliges me to repel this last assertion. Months ago Mose Evans had acquired that useful art, and had been engaged a goodly part of every day, as well as far into the night, in devouring, as the old postmaster told me, all the grammars, geographies, histories New Hampshire could obtain for him from the East by mail. Giving to the work the energies of manhood, as well as an intellect far beyond the average, it was incredible, old New Hampshire told me, the progress he made. The sick man had his visitors read to him for *their* benefit; even had he been strong enough for the exertion, they would have howled at the suggestion of having the Bible read to them by him, or by any other man.

"Preachers are scarce articles in this region!" the doctor continued. "It was very kind in the young fellows to read the Bible to him. They got so ashamed of it at last, however, everybody laughed at them so, you know, that they could not stand it, gave it up! And that poor fellow would persist in saying his prayers, sometimes kneeling in his bed when he could not get up, clasping his hands over his beard so, and saying them to himself when he could n't kneel even in his bed. The room had always been full of men smoking, playing cards, before, to keep him company, you see. Oh, they left; could n't begin to stand it!"

"Was that his insanity?"

"Not so much *that.* This. He made

me promise him I would let him know in time before he died. 'What for?' I asked after I had promised. 'You are a hard set about here,' he said. 'I know you won't care for anything I can say now.' I do believe," the doctor added, "the man's intention was to have in all the people about the place and give them a regular sermon. Singular notion, was n't it? Actual fact, sir!

"The only way I can explain it," the doctor continues, opening, as he speaks, the door of the room across the hall from which we had rescued Mose Evans, "is that it was in this room, his room till you moved him, that it all took place!"

"What took place?"

"You have n't heard? Why, this! There had been a wonderful time of it at a camp-meeting out of town, ever so many of the boys up at the altar. Some of the men here said it was time to stop it. So they held a regular sacrament service in this room, singing, praying, preaching, tobacco for the bread, whisky for the wine, just for deviltry! At the close of it, the make-believe parson's revolver went off by accident, shot the next man through the heart! He was laughing when he fell, and the bother was, they could n't get the laugh out of his face! A laughing corpse in his coffin! It broke that crowd up quicker than any benediction *you* ever heard. It was the day your friend got here. I suppose he meant that! Only, he was crazy from fever and his trouble, whatever it is. But won't you go down town and take a drink? The water about here is limestone, and will be sure to derange your bowels; come!"

To a degree wholly beyond my control, my experiences were, as you have been pained to observe, chiefly among the lower elements of the Southwest at that day. If you suppose, therefore, that the same are other than the weaker and lesser, as well as worse, portion of the population there, you are greatly mistaken. No more cultivated and thoroughly excellent people in every sense, than are to be found even in the Brown Counties of the Southwest; pure jewels, the brighter for their very setting, in many cases. I have had wide experiences, and must add that, if driven to choose between the log-cabin and the brown stone front for sterling goodness, I regard myself as safest in selecting, like Portia's lover, the less imposing casket of the array.

V.

Helen agrees with me, when we talk over those days at the Bucksnort Hotel, as we often do, that it was the most remarkable thing we ever knew! You are thoroughly informed in regard to Ignatius Loyola lying wounded to death in his tent, with his volumes of the Lives of the Saints? Well, you know what came to him, and to the world up to date, of that! Joan of Arc among her sheep, Mohammed in his cave, are but the same story over again. So of the remarkable revolution in this Titan of ours, this prehistoric savage. I abhor mere rhetoric, but I would like to speak, if I could, of the soul of this child of nature, seething and surging in him as fresh and wild and forceful as did the conflicting elements of chaos when God first began to move upon it. The fact is, the awakened nature of the man had so wrought upon his body, even, that the backwoodsman was but a huge infant, exhausted as by crying — for the individual in question is too matter-of-fact to be at all rhetorical about! I do believe another day, possibly hour, and Helen and myself would have been too late. But we understood him, handled him, saved him as a mother would a child! May I be allowed to remark that we have both had, in consequence, a firmer faith than before, in a providence as special to us as is our care toward and over our little children.

"The boys there at Brownstown used to say old New Hampshire was so mean he 'd weaken his well water before he 'd give a feller a drink, and it was a lie: well, I'm as weak as *that* water!" Mose Evans said to us, as his good morning, about ten days after we had

taken him in hand. "Take a patent as a scarecrow, heh?"

And he *was* a sight to see! Like all his comrades out West, wont to sleep on the prairie, or upon a blanket spread out on the puncheon floor of the cabin before the fire, Mose Evans used no pillow or bolster — lay perfectly flat upon his back in bed: a cause, by the bye, of his erect carriage and open chest, some of us narrow-breasted men and women would do well to remember. Very prostrate he was, the yellow beard flowing like an inundation over the blanket drawn up, out of respect to Helen, to the chin. Set like a picture in the mass of hair and beard, his emaciated face — eyes large and hollow, brow broad and white — resembled rather some medallion of a former age. "I am alive!" It was gravely announced by him that morning after certain hopeful salutations and suggestions on our part. "I intend to live! I am going to get well. I am going to live more than I ever did before. You will see." It was not merely the child-like gravity of the statement. I am far from denying that Mose Evans was grateful to Helen and myself. I do not remember his saying so, we all took it for granted. But there was this as part of the amazing change in the man since I had last seen him. He had been simply an intelligent, kindly disposed Newfoundland dog when General Throop and myself had first met him, long before, at his cabin and elsewhere about Brownstown. You would have had the idea of him then, as of a magnificent ox that would not hook. Once or twice General Throop had rested his rifle, for the General's hands trembled those days a good deal, upon Mose Evans' oaken shoulder to shoot, when we were out early of mornings after wild turkeys, and he was nothing on earth but a log, a walking stump, to us and to himself then, at best merely "noble material for the making of a man," as the General had often remarked to me. Then! not now!

"Old New Hampshire often talked to me that way," Mose Evans continued, the morning of our conversation with him, but without a particle of explanation. "Not when any of the boys were about. No. When I sat on a nail-keg by his counter, Saturday nights, every soul drunk and gone home. He had his little bit of a Bible in an old desk of his in the back room. Boys called that room New England, — fully as big, they said. That Saturday night special! Yes, locked up and had me back there! Never laughed in his life, they say. How that old man's tears did run down, that night! Hailstorm? Yes, he can pray some. Two good miles, if the wind lies, or is in your direction, they say. The postmaster only whispered. But it sounded to me louder than Hailstorm!"

"Don't you think you are talking too much? You know you are very weak. You can say all you like another time." It is Helen's soothing suggestion. And let me uncover part of this photograph by adding, for what it is worth in the interest of simple truth, Mose Evans had eaten his breakfast just before! Lest that is not understood, I will add that breakfast meant, with Mose Evans, coffee! Coffee, without milk, and more cups than I like to say. As in every cabin in his region, Mose Evans' old black and battered coffee-pot never was cold day or night, the year around. Vilely inhospitable the meanest there, if they did not offer you a tin cup of coffee before you had been in the cabin or camp twenty minutes. Oriental hospitality in two senses of the word. It strikes me as a question here, whether coffee had anything to do with the death of Mose Evans' old schoolmaster of a father; with the terrible temper and final bursting of a blood-vessel on the part of his mother? I do not know. Nor do I know whether it affected Mose Evans in his feeling and talk that day. I only mention it as a part of the evidence for the jury, as a lawyer would say. Coffee, too, is one of the implements made by Infinite Love for its uses, as much so as wheat.

"'You get converted, Mose, and get New Hampshire's property,' the boys said," our patient continued, paying

attention only by resting his hollow eyes upon my wife's face whenever she spoke; and then, turning them away, he persisted in looking toward the future, and altogether over our heads. "They were mistaken! What did I want of his money? What did I want to buy? Land? It belongs to me now up and down the river so far I never even try to stop people splitting their rails off of it, making their clapboards, and the like; squatting on it, for all I know. Stock? I never get a chance, even with my brand, at half my colts or calves. Nothing I wanted out of his money, that *I* know of! Then, I mean.

"Strange how it all came, like muscadine grapes, in a bunch," our sick man continued after some minutes of thought. "There is Mr. Parkinson. My father, too, *he* must have talked to me when I was a child. Pre-haps. And Hail-storm. Only there was too much thunder for the lightning. Then he always cried so at the end, washed you away like, a fellow would run for shelter. Little I could understand of Mr. Parkinson when I first knew him. He was like that fool, Alex Jones, with his doctor's talk, every word a yard long. Green from their school, both of them. I managed to understand as he got warm, toward the close, moonshine done and day come. When he stopped preaching, began talking to me, I could understand. I do believe that parson went hunting with me, camping out at night on purpose. Never mind about all that!" I had never heard the man talk as much in all our intercourse before. It may have been his physical weakness, the transition state, the desperate emergency of the poor fellow!

"And, then" — Mose Evans got so far after a silence, only to stop. You will say I write romance, a thing I detest. Suppose you had seen the color suffusing his face, the light breaking in his eyes and over his entire manner as he lay there, the man so small yet so large!

"Then, she came." Helen said it for him after a pause. "Agnes Throop. I have known her for years," my wife added. "And, although Agnes is a lovely girl in some respects, I do not believe in her as some people do!" Quietly and firmly. I suppose Helen said it as a medicine. Sincerely thought it, for no woman is deluded about any other than a man. The Martha of Goethe was no more infatuated about Margaret than was Mephistopheles.

"Yes, ma'am, she came," Mose Evans said after a long pause. I cannot describe tone or manner. It would have hurt Helen if it had not amused her so, the man's utter folly, that her eyes filled with tears of pity, respect, affection, for the sick simpleton! In Agnes, Helen felt it was her sex this Scandinavian of thousands of years ago so adored. The woman's eyes rested a moment on me, saying, Ah, Henry, if you but believed in me like that! But then, I am of this nineteenth century. I have business that drives me like a mule from morning to midnight, — occupies my time so. This Mose Evans had nothing whatever to do, had no more idea of time than people had in earlier ages, than a Bedouin has now. And it was his first love.

"Yes, she came, ma'am." A contempt for all my wife could say or know of Agnes Throop, as he repeated the words, which was simply perfect.

If there had not been a sort of grandeur as matter of course as morning in it, I declare I would have been irritated at the way in which this man ignored Helen and myself! Had Helen and myself been but a brace of babies, he, lying upon his bed, could not have had less reference to us in all his words and manner. The man spoke, felt, certainly afterward acted, as from depths in himself with which we had nothing to do. There was a look in his eyes as entirely over our little heads and far away as if we were weeds about his feet!

"It all came together," he added after a while. "I was, before it all — What was I? I was like a bear asleep all winter in a hollow tree. Worse. Never mind, it all happened together, like spring! Old New Hampshire. Mr. Parkinson. Perhaps my mother's going; I never thought of that before. *I* never knew there was a world we are

going to live in after this!" turning his eyes upon us, with peculiar emphasis upon the I; "a real, sure enough world after this, and one that 's going to last forever and ever. An actual, sure enough God, a real person, mind, like you and me. Greater, of course, than us, as the sky is greater than a prairie. I never once thought of such a thing! As to what they tell me that God Almighty did, coming into this world on purpose for such a thing, say, as I was, living here, dying here — never mind! That is just the thing I can't talk about, for one. But, it was the finding *myself* out, as well as him, I look at! It is the coming all on a sudden to know who I am! What I may be yet, here in this world. And in that other world forever and ever! This man, *me!*" and he lifts his eyes solemnly to us, quietly pressing his hand, already lying there, upon his bosom as he speaks.

"My dear Mr. Evans," my wife endeavors. "If you talk so much you will have brain fever again. You are as weak as water; you said so yourself. Do stop and go to sleep a little."

"Let me tell you, ma'am," Mose Evans said, slowly, after listening with his large eyes. "Once, — why that is another of the things that came together. I 'd clean forgot it! About a year ago, a tree fell on me. At night. I had cut it down for the bear in the top. It pinned me down in between some rocks, no man with me, nor like to be. I was held down flat, could n't stir, like I am in this bed. My mind was that much the more quick. I thought more and brighter than for years, all in the six hours before Harry Peters happened along, going to a wedding in the Bottom. I know I am — as weak! But if ever I had horse sense, it is to-day. Oh, well, I won't talk. But I have laid out on the prairie August nights, a coal or so of fire down in a hole by me, and my coffee-pot on that, for fear of drawing Camanches, — laid flat on the grass looking up at the skies, thinking what a tre-mendous creation it is, who made and keeps it going, all he did and is doing for me, who I am and what I may yet be! And then, yes, she came! I had been months studying such matters, never dreamed of anything of the kind before. That Sunday at church, the day Hailstorm preached. I was sitting there! I 'd no more idea! She was coming in. I looked up just as a horse would do from his trough. The moment I saw her she — she *proved* it all!"

It is a pity, the reader may have said before this, that the Mr. Anderson who tells us this story could not make his fiction more probable. How is it possible, you say, that a man born and living all his life in a swamp, and unable to read, could use the language put in Evans' mouth? Mr. Parkinson, Helen, and myself have discussed that objection, for the manuscript has been read aloud at my house of evenings, while Mr. Parkinson was East soliciting money for his church in Brownstown. We have altered and corrected our statements in so many ways, to secure even verbal exactness, as to weary me to death, for one, of the whole undertaking. In the very nature of the case we did not take down the exact syllables from the lips of any of the parties of this simple narrative. Yet we have put their meaning, their intent, in words as near those they used as we can remember!

But how little can you, reader, understand of Mose Evans lying there, not seeing his face, hearing his voice. I cannot help if facts seem improbable to you because I am not Dickens in the delineation thereof. As a commonplace man of the world I will say this, however, that I, who personally knew Mose Evans, understand better than before the revolution befalling, say, Luther in his cell. Heaven uses not coffee nor wheat nor the other agencies to which I alluded merely, it uses every one of us for some purpose; why not this Agnes Throop, as a force silent as that of the magnet, if you say so, for the lifting of this inert mass of a man? I do not think that the run of a year's transaction, of our land company for instance, either embraces or explains the entire universe. Things happen! The life of Saul of Tarsus before and after proves

that something must have taken place during his trip to Damascus, — something out of the common! Poor Sir John Falstaff, to change the illustration exceedingly, learned whether or no Prince Hal's coming to the crown left said prince as he was before; some change between Gadshill and Agincourt! I did not mean to tire you with all this; surely you have known instances convincing you that a man is capable of a revolution, as well as France.

"Mr. Evans" — my wife begins, during the conversation from which I have wandered.

"Mose Evans," that invalid corrects her, very respectfully.

"Mr. Mose Evans, I want you to listen to me," my Helen proceeded to say with the firm sweetness which will characterize, I suppose, the entire faculty of woman physicians and surgeons coming in.

"Yes, ma'am." For the patient is perfectly powerless, big as he is.

"I do not want to pain you," my wife proceeds, "but my husband here has told me the whole story of your infat— your fool— your mistake. So far, I mean, of course, as Miss Agnes Throop is concerned. A great, strong man like you should be ashamed of yourself! If this goes on it will derange, or kill you. I would not be a baby if I were you! Now I want to cure you. I can cure you of your madness. But you have talked too much to-day. We will speak about it again to-morrow, when you are stronger. Good-by, now. Come, Henry."

"As you please, ma'am," our sick man says, we rising to leave, and says it very composedly.

"It is positively provoking!" Helen remarked to me that afternoon in our own room, when I had come in from a little business I had down street. "That Mose Evans of yours is a perfect fool! Agnes Throop is no more an angel than I am. *I'll* cure him! But it provokes me, how set he is in his ignorance. Did you notice how cool he was when we left, as if it did not matter what I could say?"

William M. Baker.

WINTER EPITHALAMIUM.

If happy greetings could but fly like birds,
And pour our feeling out, devoid of words,
Then shouldst thou hear as sweet a caroling
As though thy bridal day were in the spring.

If every tender thought but had the power
To mold itself into a beauteous flower,
As rare the breath and beauty at thy side,
As though June's heart were throbbing near the bride.

Charlotte F. Bates.

OWEN BROWN'S ESCAPE FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

On the eastern shore of Put-in-Bay Island, in Lake Erie, quite out of the way of the summer pleasurer at the great hotels of the northern shore, stands the two-story frame farm-house of John Brown, Jr. It rises out of a fair landscape of sunny vineyards, the path to it from the main road leading through a tangle of grapes. A natural lawn slopes prettily from the house down to the water, across which, seven or eight miles away, Kelley's Island and the Ohio mainland look dreamily, in the half-tropical manner of most Lake Erie scenery. All these wine islands, indeed, see one another dimly and drowsily, as if drunk with the mellowness of their own vintages.

In this quiet place, after fighting his enemies in Kansas, and being driven by them in chains till the iron had worn its way into the flesh, after being hunted from place to place for the attempt at Harper's Ferry, although he was not there; and after having to leave the company he led to the late war on account of a disease contracted in the first battles against slavery — in this quiet place, I say, lives John Brown, Jr. He moved here nine or ten years ago when these pleasant vineyards were wild land; and now so modest and peaceable is he that you would never imagine he had fired a gun in his life.

When I called at this house and inquired for Mr. Brown, the plain, motherly-looking woman who came to the door, asked which Mr. Brown I wanted, John or Owen. This mild-voiced matron, as I afterward found, was John Brown, Jr.'s, wife, who had shared the dangers and hardships of Kansas border-life with her husband; and it was from her, then and there, that I learned Owen Brown was on the island. She told me the two brothers were mowing in a neighboring field. And there I found them: John, a large, well-made man; Owen, slenderer, though somewhat above the middle height, and of the two looking the more like the old hero of Ossawattomie. They each have bushy eyebrows and wear a full beard, sandy, as their father's was once, and beginning to whiten as his did at their ages. Owen shows, perhaps, all his forty-nine years, while John looks younger at fifty-two. They were both in their hickory-shirt sleeves, and wore trousers of blue drilling; but I have seen no handsomer men, among the throngs who have come and gone at the fashionable hotels, in the course of my summer's sojourn on the island. Certainly I have met no one, at Put-in-Bay, or anywhere else, who had to a higher degree that subtle quality which can make the texture of any given attire gentlemanly.

There, coming up to the fence to salute me, was the eldest of old John Brown's sons, the quiet, genial, warm-hearted farmer, amateur geologist, and land surveyor, John Brown, Jr. And there, leaning on his scythe, was Owen Brown, the sole survivor of the little party he led through the mountains, in that marvelous escape of his, and — if, as is supposed, Osborn Anderson, the mulatto, is dead — the only one living of all the company that went with Captain John Brown to Harper's Ferry. There was a gentle courtesy in the talk and manner of both these men that I cannot write down for you; and I surely never met more thorough, genuine modesty. At that first interview, I could get them to say little of themselves. They had heard somewhat of my own wayward story; and with the curiosity, not of ignorant, but of well-read, well-bred men, they questioned me back, so to speak, into some of the by-ways of my early experience. They were particularly curious about certain rarely visited places beyond the sea. I tell this, because it may help you to see the picture of these two men as I saw it, look-

ing back after parting with them that summer afternoon. They stood leaning against the rail-fence, their scythes on their shoulders, gazing silently after me; and as the slanting sunlight fell upon their honest faces, I could see as plainly, it seems to me, as I ever saw anything, not the stern lineaments of historic warriors, who have gone back to their farms, but an artless aspiration, like that of the village boy for the sailor's adventurous life. These men, unmindful of the part they had had in deeds which, well or ill advised, have sent the world along, were modestly putting my pigmy story ahead of their heroic one, in the eager wish that fate had sent them wandering among strange people and in far-off lands.

It was not till after we had met very often that Owen Brown consented to tell me the story of his escape, or that John told me enough of his father's plans to give a dignity to the attempt at Harper's Ferry, which I confess it had never before seemed to me, in my ignorance, to have. John Brown, Jr., was at home in Ashtabula County, Ohio, at the time of the attack. He had just returned from Canada, where he had been organizing the pluckiest and most trustworthy of the escaped slaves, at some of the border towns. He would have been at Harper's Ferry, if his father had not been driven to begin operations before the appointed time. The reason for striking the blow so soon was that he had been betrayed to the government. Moreover, the people in the neighborhood had begun to suspect him. John Brown's entire plan has never, I think, been published. His object, as his friends know, was to make slave-holding so unsafe and unstable as to render it unprofitable, and so lead to its abolition. He and his company had already in effect driven slavery out of Kansas, and lessened the value of slaves in Missouri and the Border States to the amount of at least a million dollars. This had been done by a handful of men, with the combined power and influence of the government against them. John Brown remembered that the Seminoles were never fairly conquered, and had, twenty years before, while surveying in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, resolved to make the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains and the Dismal Swamp his everglades. The least he expected the government to send against him was an army of twenty thousand; and his plans were so laid that they could never capture over one hundred of his men at a time, and of these all but two or three should be fugitive slaves. The risings were planned to take place in a dozen different directions in a night, the companies to be kept separate. The slaves were not to be taken to the North, but drilled and taught to conquer their homes in the South. They were to be officered by men who had proved worthy, and who were to restrain them from acts of violence. The slave-holders were to be taken prisoners where they stood in the way, and injured personally only if they resisted. It was John Brown's desire to show the slave-holders from the first the humanity of his intentions, that caused him to delay his escape from the engine-house at Harper's Ferry until it was too late. Hundreds of men were sworn to be there, and if he could have waited till the time in the spring agreed upon for the attack, it would probably have been successful. The courage and fortitude of the wonderful old man have been allowed even by his enemies. It was hard for the Virginians, as it would have been hard for most men, to whom every black man counted a thousand dollars, to recognize the right of revolution in four millions of human beings, but they did acknowledge that John Brown was all through the stuff of which his answers were made when Governor Wise and Senator Mason questioned him, wounded and bleeding upon the engine-house floor; and that was just the sort of insanity, it seems to me, that heroes and reformers have been made of ever since the world began. He had waited twenty years; he was too old to wait twenty years longer. The blow, he thought, must be struck then or never. To him and his men

life was nothing in comparison with what had been so long the one absorbing object of it. Even as it was, if he had cared less for the feelings of the wives and children of his prisoners, and had gone to the mountains when he could have gone, — and he accused himself of the mistake, without implicating his friends at the North, — the war would certainly have lasted longer, and would not have closed so disastrously. This last statement could have, I believe, no better confirmation than is in the fact of the remarkable escape of Owen Brown and his little band, with thousands of dollars upon their heads, and hundreds of thousands of people eager to catch them.

In his father's will and published letters, Owen Brown is spoken of as a cripple. He injured his right arm in throwing a stone when a boy, and has since had only the partial use of it. He is a bachelor, and it was in his one-roomed shanty, a little way from his brother's farm-house, that I wrote down, from his own lips, the following account of his escape from Harper's Ferry. Upon the wall just above my head hung an overcoat, once worn by his father; and on a bench beneath the window at my side lay the gun used, I believe, by the old warrior at the fight of Ossawattomie. The place, indeed, was full of mementos. Most of the homely furniture was, I think, heroic in its way, like the whole family. "None of us," said Owen Brown, with his usual deliberation, stroking his full beard and looking at his father's gun, when I interrupted his narrative to ask if he were not afraid on a certain perilous occasion, "none of us ever made much pretension to being scared."

He had not told the story before, he assured me, in twelve years. The honesty and modesty are so ingrained in the man that any one, I imagine, who had listened to him, would have been willing to swear that Owen Brown was telling what he believed to be the truth. Where he did not know of his own personal knowledge, and even when a statement had the authority of trustworthy record, he would invariably say, "I have heard; I do not know, I have heard." Names of men and places he had strangely forgotten; in their hungry wandering in the mountains, he and his little company had even lost their reckoning of the days of the week; yet so strong is the woodsman in him, that he gave me not only the direction and probable extent of every mountain and valley he passed, night or day, but the nature and quality of the timber almost everywhere in his way. I found him entirely free from malice, even against the bitterest of his old enemies. He passed over the most dangerous and dramatic parts of his story without the least emphasis, giving them to me often by way of parenthesis. In his deliberation and tones and look there were qualities that evaporate entirely, of course, from the written narrative. The only substitute I can think of for the reader is, that he shall bear constantly in mind what kind of men old John Brown told the Massachusetts legislature he wanted with him, — "men who fear God too much to fear anything human." And Owen Brown was one of them.

The last time I saw my father [that is the way Owen Brown began the account of his escape from Harper's Ferry] was on the Sunday night of the attack, the 16th of October, 1859. It was about eleven o'clock that night when he and his little company started from what we called our boarding-house, on the Kennedy farm, five miles north of Harper's Ferry. The Kennedy farm, you will remember, was rented by father under the name of Isaac Smith. He left Barclay Coppoc, Frank J. Merriam, and myself to guard the arms and ammunition stored on the premises, until it should be time to move them, either to the school-house, a mile from Harper's Ferry, or to the Ferry itself. Barclay Coppoc was a brother to Edwin, who was, you recollect, hanged soon after my father, at Charlestown, Virginia. The mother of the Coppocs was a Quakeress; their father was dead. Before they joined our company, they lived at

Springdale, Iowa. They came originally from Columbiana County, Ohio. Barclay Coppoc, the one who was with me through so much hardship, was a medium-sized young man, not over twenty-two or twenty-three years old. He did not look very healthy, but could stand a great deal, as you shall see. Still he was not so well educated or so energetic as his brother who was hanged. Frank J. Merriam was of the wealthy Massachusetts Merriams. He was twenty-eight or thirty years old at the time. He had easy, unassuming manners. The only thing very positive about him was his hatred of slavery.

Well, such were the two men my father left with me that night as he marched away into the darkness. Neither of them had been with us in Kansas, and so I thought best to stand guard all night myself, letting them sleep. No echo of the events which were happening reached me in my long watch. But towards six o'clock in the morning, we all heard firing in the direction of Harper's Ferry. The rain, which continued at intervals all that day and the next night, had already set in. About eleven o'clock that forenoon, a slave of Col. Lewis Washington, whom with others my father then held a prisoner, came up with a four-horse wagon after a load of arms. One of my father's men came with him; I forget now who it was. They knew little more about the details of the fight than we did. While they put their team under shelter and fed it, I got dinner for them. I had almost always been the cook for our company at the boarding-house. Then we loaded the wagon as quickly as we could with powder and boxes of revolvers and Sharpe's rifles, which father had managed to have shipped to him under the name of John Smith & Sons. The wagon drove away to the school-house, before mentioned, where the arms were to be stored. Between two and three that afternoon, we heard a great deal of firing in the direction of Harper's Ferry. Later in the afternoon a black man came up on horseback, and asked us to go over to the Ferry and help in the fight. I don't know that he had any authority but his fears; for I think he must have come from the school-house where some of Washington's and Alstadt's slaves were congregated. At any rate I put things in order, feeling somehow as if we were never going to get back there again. I told some of the neighbors where they could help themselves to the provisions and things, if they wanted them, and I tied to the rude stairway, so that he should not follow me, the pup, which I have heard grew to a great, ferocious dog, in the accounts of the people who afterwards captured the vacant boarding-house. Then, arming ourselves well with rifles and revolvers, we started toward the Ferry through the rain, Coppoc, Merriam, and myself on foot, the negro riding his horse. We had got about a mile on our way, when we saw three men approaching us briskly on mules. It was getting towards night. I ordered them to halt, which they did with frightened readiness. We soon learned that they were not looking for us. All they knew about affairs at the Ferry was that folks were shooting one another down there, and they wanted to get home as soon as their mules would carry them. We let them pass, and pursued our way. Shortly after we saw coming towards us in the dusk, an armed man. I ordered him to halt. He hesitated, and I don't know whether he would have obeyed or not, if we had not just then recognized each other. It was Tidd, one of my father's men, — Charles Plummer Tidd, a large, strong, determined fellow, in the prime of life. He was once a lumberman in his native State of Maine. He had been with us in Kansas, and was a great friend of Stevens, my father's gallant lieutenant, who was hanged at Charlestown. Tidd had been on duty at the school-house. He told us that our men were all hemmed in at Harper's Ferry, that many of them were killed, and that there was no chance for any of them to escape. "The fact is, boys," concluded Tidd, "we are used up; the best thing we can do is to get away

from here as quick as we can." "We must n't desert our friends," I said, and proposed to go on to the school-house, collect the slaves left there, and then cross the ravine up through the forest on to the point of rocks upon the mountain opposite Harper's Ferry, where with our long-range guns we might divert or frighten away the enemy, and let our people escape. Tidd thought the case hopeless, but consented to go with us to the school-house.

We had not gone on together over a mile farther, when we saw another armed man approaching us out of the dark. We ordered him to halt, and he replied by pluckily ordering us to halt ourselves. We recognized the voice of Cook, — John E. Cook, the same that was with us in Kansas and hanged in Charlestown. "Our men are all killed but seven," said Cook. "Your father was killed at four o'clock this afternoon." He did not know whether my two brothers — Oliver and Watson — were among the dead or not. Then he told us particulars, how the little band of seventeen whites and five blacks had surprised and taken the town and the armory, and held it, fighting all day long, but how at last companies amounting to eight hundred men had come in from surrounding towns in Maryland and Virginia, guarding all the bridges and every route in or out. The best and only thing for us to do, in Cook's opinion, was to make good our escape. I was opposed to deserting any friends who might want to escape with us, and we argued the case hastily there in the dark and rain. I prevailed on Cook to go reluctantly as far as the school-house, for provisions, and to see what had become of the liberated slaves. Cook had been exchanging shots with the enemy not far from the school-house, and now expected to find it occupied by hostile Virginians. When finally we came near it, Tidd and I left the others concealed in a thicket. Approaching nearer, we whistled and called for the black men, but got no answer. This seemed to confirm the idea of enemies there. Tidd hesitated, — but perhaps I ought not to tell you this about a comrade, — and I had difficulty in getting him to go into the school-house. He followed me, though, at last, revolver in hand, and I lit a candle and found the school-house — deserted.

There was in a corner nearly a barrelful of a kind of sweet biscuit which I had made myself, and I hurriedly thrust as many of them as I could into a bag. I took about twenty pounds of sugar in another bag — the common seamless bag. There lies one of them now under the bed, — the same one, I think. I'll get it out. You see it has on it "J. B.," father's initials. We had it in Kansas, too. That 's all the provisions we took. Knew that we dared not build fires in our flight. Coming out of the school-house and joined by Cook, Merriam, Coppoc, and the negro, we lingered in the neighborhood perhaps an hour, calling the black men. The only answer that came to us out of the rain and darkness was the firing at Harper's Ferry, but a mile away. We saw no more of the liberated slaves. They probably went back to their plantations. It was plain now that we could not get to the top of the mountain opposite the Ferry before morning. Then our retreat would be cut off. I hated to give up the idea of helping our friends to escape, but I had to. We might have shown our good-will by killing one or two of the enemy; still it would have surely cost our lives. We finally decided to go back to the boarding-house on the Kennedy farm, and get our India-rubber blankets and other necessary things. I put the bags of biscuits and sugar across the negro's horse, and on the way made up my plan of escape. I had had some experience as an engineer on the underground railroad, and I had been a woodsman almost all my life. I told the boys if they stuck by me I felt pretty sure I could get them safely through to the North, and to Canada, if necessary.

The firing by this time had spread gradually over the country, showing that the people were thoroughly aroused

and on the alert. We took a hasty supper at the boarding-house, and hurriedly seized what things we could carry away, resolving to sort them over by daylight in the woods, the next morning, and bury what we did not absolutely need. I took an empty shot-bag, I remember, to put salt in, but in my hurry forgot to put any salt in it. That bag will appear again further along in my story. We resolved to camp on the mountain, as near the farm-house as we dared, so as to aid in the escape of any other stragglers who might find their way there. In point of fact, as I afterwards heard from one of them, two of our men who had escaped from the Ferry did reach the house the next day after we had gone. They were Hazlett and Anderson, the mulatto. Hazlett, as you know, was afterwards taken above Chambersburg, and hanged with the rest. Osborn Anderson made his way into Canada. I saw him the next July in Ashtabula County, Ohio, and at North Elba, New York, where my father is buried. Anderson, it is said, has since gone to Liberia, and if he is living, — which something I have heard gives me reason to doubt, — he is the only other survivor of all my father's company at Harper's Ferry.

When we began to ascend the mountain I ordered the negro to turn his horse loose. "Why," exclaimed he, "dat horse is worth more 'n a hundred an' fifty dollars!" and he did n't like to part with it. I had hard work to convince him that his life was worth more than the horse. Up the base of the mountain about a mile from the boarding-house, we halted in the laurel, and made our beds. It was raining, and very cold. We had not all learned, as we did afterwards, to keep warm by sharing the same bed. We spread an India-rubber blanket upon the earth, then a woolen blanket upon that, to lie on; then a woolen blanket for a cover, and an India-rubber blanket on top of all. Thus two men, clubbing together, had furniture for a good bed in the wettest weather. Here I told the boys my plan, — here in this camp, dark as only a laurel thicket can be on a starless, rainy night, the firing still going on at intervals, sometimes towards Harper's Ferry, and sometimes nearer at hand in the neighboring valleys. I explained that the mountains there extended in a northeasterly direction, which was also for a while our best direction towards our friends, or Canada. We must therefore follow the mountain ranges, making to the northwest when we could; traveling only at night upon the edges of the clearings; sleeping and hiding by day in the thickets on the uninhabited mountain-tops; shunning all traveled roads at all times, except as we were obliged to cross them in the night; building no fires; buying or stealing no provisions; in fact, not speaking aloud till we should, at least, get beyond Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. About this time the negro, who had been despondent all along, began to complain of rheumatism. He was afraid he could n't go with us. I told him simply that he was certain to lose his life if he went back, and that I felt reasonably sure I could get him his freedom if he kept with us. Then the boys went to bed. Although I had had no sleep in two days and two nights, I sat up against a tree and watched. I began to feel suspicious of that negro, and I thought I had better keep an eye on him. He knew my plans, you see. He knew, also, that if he left us, his only hope of saving his life would be in divulging them. The beds were, for safety's sake, four or five rods apart. After a while the negro began to groan and complain of his rheumatism; said he could n't lie comfortably, and wanted to sit up. I arose, and walking past him sat down on the nearest bed. I may have fallen asleep five or ten minutes, or more; I don't know. But when I came to look for the black man again, he was gone. I hunted and hallooed for him in vain. Then I roused up all the boys in a great hurry. They agreed with me that we must move at once, and change our plans as much as possible. All we could do to mislead pursuers was to make for another range of mountains

which would take us in the same direction. There was a new road — just done that month — three miles north of us, across the mountains from the valley where our boarding-house was, to what I think was called Pleasant Valley. Our lives seemed to depend upon our getting across to the north of that road before daylight.

So we hastily sorted our property there in the dark. The two guns intended for the negro, and which he had not taken with him in his flight, we buried with many other things. We each took two long-range guns, with one or two revolvers apiece, besides a full heavy cartridge-box to a man. More than this, I carried that night about fifty pounds of provisions. The others were opposed to taking so much to eat, and one way or another, as you shall see, I carried the food almost all the time of our wanderings. We started up the mountains diagonally. It was very hard work getting through the laurel and up the steep places with our loads. We had to stop often to rest. While sitting on my pack I would sleep for two or three minutes. I had had so many chances to practice that I could always do that then. My father used to sleep when riding horseback. He got a good deal of his rest in Kansas in that way. Well, we did n't reach the top of the mountain we had to cross till after daylight. The rain had stopped, but it was foggy. We could see part of our boarding-house two or three miles below; there seemed no one around it. We still heard occasional firing toward the Ferry and in different directions about the country. We traveled the greater part of a mile, perhaps, along the rocky mountain-top before we came to the road which we were so anxious to get safely across. The fog was rising a little now with the sun. We could see no one on the road in the short distance open to view in both directions, and so we ventured across. We were not quite out of sight in the thicket on the northern side, when we heard the sound of horses' hoofs upon the wet ground, and lo! eight armed men rode briskly past over the mountain. We kept still till they had disappeared, and then we stole farther into the thicket, where we all five of us hid away in one bed for the rest of the day. Of course they did not see us. If they had seen us we would probably have had a desperate fight. We had determined never to be taken alive. Did the negro betray us? I can't tell for certain.

For all our narrow escape, I slept very soundly that day in the thicket. We awoke in the afternoon, and ate some of our biscuit and sugar, and discussed our affairs in a whisper. And by the way, I can give you no idea how tiresome and painful whispering becomes after two or three days. It is about as unnatural and soon grows as hard work as hallooing at the top of the voice. Another thing that became very wearisome was keeping my head in the position to watch the North star. Carrying the provisions over my shoulder, and looking up in that way night after night, guiding the party, got to be very painful indeed. Well, we discussed our affairs, as I said. Cook, in his fiery, quick-thinking way, was always proposing bold, hazardous measures. He to some extent carried Tidd and Coppoc with him; and so they were in favor of stealing horses, and riding right into death, which was lying in wait for us at every bridge and on every highway. Was there a reward on my head? Yes, I believe so. How much? Well, *I've heard* that it was twenty-five thousand dollars in all; more than it was worth, perhaps, but then I suppose I had done slavery more than that amount of damage in Kansas and around. Cook's wife, — he was the only married man in the party, — his wife was then in Chambersburg; and he was bent on going there. So were Tidd and Coppoc. Merriam always abided by my decision. Poor fellow! he soon saw he could n't get through without me; he began to show symptoms of giving out, only a day or two after leaving Harper's Ferry. I waited for him and helped him along, especially in steep or rocky places; and after four or five days, I

carried his luggage in addition to my own. Now, it was not in my original plan to go to Chambersburg, but I had to consent to go that way. They were all younger than I was, and any one, almost, except themselves, could have seen that they alone would lead themselves into destruction. Why, while we were lying there arguing in a whisper, a gray squirrel, attracted perhaps by the blue color of our blankets, mounted the tree right over us and chattered; soon after he was joined by a black one, and they both, chattering, approached within a few feet of us, and I had all I could do to keep Cook and Tidd from shooting them. Cook was probably the quickest and best shot with a revolver that I ever saw, and the temptation, I suppose, was very strong just then. Having prevailed upon the two men to spare their own lives with those of the squirrels, I could not keep them from going down to the edge of the clearing before dark. It was cold, and they *would* be moving. I insisted upon going ahead, as I always did afterwards in such places, the others being too apt to shoot whatever came in their way, men or animals. I told the boys if I saw any one I would make a signal, and they should all drop down. Just as we were approaching the clearing where we could see Pleasant Valley extended before us, I beheld a man coming along the path through the woods. He was carrying on his shoulders what seemed to be a sack of flour. I made the signal, and we all dropped down, not far from the path. I think the man saw us, but he saw also that there were five of us, with two guns apiece, and with wonderful presence of mind he walked on without speaking or turning his head. That askant look of his, however, I have reason to believe, cost a sleepless night to the inhabitants of at least ten miles of territory. I had no difficulty now in prevailing upon the boys to wait till later in the night, before attempting to cross the valley. And when finally we did start, we were no more than half way through the first field, when we saw and heard a horseman at full run upon the nearest road, and making the most hideous, terrible noise I ever heard come from mortal lips. He was alarming the valley. We afterwards heard that he startled the quiet denizens of that region by shouting to them that Cook's men were coming down from the mountains to massacre them all. Cook, you see, had been in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, teaching school, for the last year nearly, and that is why they knew about him. So, as I have since heard, the inhabitants of Pleasant Valley fled for their lives precipitately across the Potomac, away over into Jefferson County, Virginia, and some of them as far as Winchester.

In the face of all this dreadful noise there was nothing for us to do, but press right on across the field toward the next mountain range east of the valley. Reaching the mountain, we pursued our journey along its side just above the clearings. Towards daylight, we went up to the top and concealed ourselves, eating our sugar and biscuits, and sleeping. This was our usual plan, and of course, we traveled very slowly. When we woke up in the afternoon, I had to argue myself hoarse, restraining the impetuosity of some of the others, especially Cook. He wanted to travel by the roads, and when the provisions began to get scarce, he insisted upon going to buy more. At last, to restrain him, I offered and he took all my share of the biscuits and sugar; so that I commenced a day and a half or two days before the other boys, to live upon the dry, hard Indian corn which we found still standing in the fields. I would occasionally pull a hill of potatoes and eat some of them raw. When the biscuits and sugar finally gave out, and we were all reduced to the same diet of raw, hard corn, in order to restrain the boys from going after other provisions, I promised to share my money with them, as soon as it was safe to travel by roads. I had about forty dollars in gold; the others, excepting Merriam, had merely two or three dollars apiece. Thus we had passed perhaps five or six days, going up the mountains to sleep, and coming

down to the edges of the woods to travel, when one night a cold rain set in. Towards morning it changed into snow; all day long the trees sagged with it, and our bed was covered with it — the one bed into which the whole five of us crawled, as I have told you, to keep warm. We slept beautifully. Starting on after dark, we came to where the mountain gave an unexpected turn too much to the east, and we had to cross a valley to the next range. This entailed the half-wading, half-swimming of a bridgeless stream, and a journey of at least five miles through the snow and wet, before we reached the mountains again. A little way up on the border of the forest, we found some pitch-pine shavings and some wood, and here, in spite of all I could say, the boys made a fire. We were all wet and cold and exhausted by want of food, and I suppose the temptation was pretty strong. It was not yet daylight. Our fire, a very bright one, had been burning but a little while when we were visited and startled, for a moment, by — an owl. He took his seat on a neighboring tree and hooted at us. In the course of half an hour, while we were munching our corn — we had no potatoes or we might have roasted them — we heard what were unmistakably human voices, calling to one another, it seemed, in the valley below. Soon after we heard the baying of hounds, evidently in pursuit of something, as any one used to dogs could tell. Now we had just crossed this valley, leaving our tracks, of course, in the snow, and the idea that we were followed immediately flashed upon us. We were not a minute in putting that fire out, scattering and covering every stick and ember in the snow and earth.

Then we hurried farther up the mountain into the thickets. We could hear all the time that the hounds were approaching us. On we pressed till after daylight. All of a sudden we came upon a clearing with a house on it, and a road running along the summit of the mountain, and a man driving a span of horses with a load of wood, along the road, — but a few rods away. Though the noise of the hounds was increasing and coming nearer and nearer, we had to wait till the man and team were out of sight. He fortunately did not see us. We traveled on perhaps a mile farther through the woods and laurel, until the day was so light and the hounds so near that we made up our minds it was time either to camp or fight. I counseled the boys, however, not to shoot the dogs, unless there were men with them. If you understand dogs, there is n't much danger from them. I never saw one that would bite me. Dogs, you see, are like men: if you pretend to know them, they are not sure but you do, and at least believe that a certain civility is due to the doubt. The fact that you are n't afraid of them, too, has to both dogs and men a convincing, peace-making mystery about it. And so we stopped and waited for the hounds. In a little while there was a light crackling of the brush, and a red fox with his tongue out, showing that he was much blown, broke past us down towards the valley. Soon after came the hounds. They stopped and stared at us a moment, then went on after the game. Had they been put on our track? Of course I cannot say for certain. If they were, they pursued the fox, instead, being no doubt more used to that sort of hunting. Some of us believed that if it had not been the little animal's struggle for life, it would have been ours. At any rate, the boys were not so prone to build fires after that. It was many days and nights, cold and wet ones too, before they attempted it again. We went on a mile or two farther, well out of the way of the dogs and fox, and there we camped, seeing no more of them or of any one else that day, or indeed the next two or three days.

There is a gap in the mountains on the pike below Boonesboro', leading from Hagerstown to Baltimore. That I knew would be a place of great danger; there was nothing like safety for us till we should get across that pike. We had no other practicable way of getting

out of Maryland. And we heard enough firing both day and night to show us how thoroughly the country was aroused and after us. Already the want of salt, the scarcity of food, the change of night into day, the fatigue of carrying Merriam's luggage besides my own, and the bag of dry corn for all of us began to make me dizzy. I noticed that the others staggered sometimes. We would almost always every one of us fall asleep, when we sat down to rest, and we would sleep soundly, no matter how frosty it was. Finally, one night, we became aware that we were approaching this perilous gap in the mountains. When we came in sight of the pike in question, we heard the baying of hounds, in nearly every direction, — big hounds and little hounds and all sorts of dogs. I never heard so much barking before in my life. At a sudden trend in the mountain, the gap was opened up before us; and what a sight it was! There must have been a hundred fires in view, flaring out of the darkness, — alarm fires, we took them to be, of those who were watching for us. They had heard, as you know, that Cook had a large party of men, and they had, I presume, gone in there to head him off. Their hounds, probably, had followed them to camp, and had got after game in the neighborhood. There must have been a host of warriors, if there was any reasonable proportion between the men and dogs. I saw that our chances of getting out of that were very slight indeed. I did not say it to the boys, though. I told them very promptly that was no place for us. They were quite ready to follow me. We retraced our steps half a mile or more, came upon a road, and followed it, right past a tall log-house. Though a dog rushed out and barked at us, we thought best to keep straight on. We followed the road down the mountain till we came to a spring, where having hastily drunk and washed our faces, we turned off down to what we supposed was Cumberland Valley. Our object was to get across that Baltimore pike at some place out in the open valley, away from the gap and the people watching for us there. It was already as late as midnight. We could not tell exactly, for there was no time-piece in the party. It was plain to every one of us that our safety depended upon our getting across the pike and valley to the mountains beyond, before daylight. Nothing but the excitement of this fact enabled some of us — especially Merriam — to accomplish what we did that night.

Imagine our disappointment when, clambering down the rough mountain-side, using our guns to lean upon, as we generally did, we found that we had reached, not Cumberland Valley, but a ravine, with a steep mountain towering right in our way on the other side. There was nothing to do but climb it, and we buckled to it for our lives. It was nearly morning when we finally got down into Cumberland Valley. We hurried on, and in a large field bordering upon the pike, we were brought to a sudden standstill by an unearthly noise, which soon resolved itself in my accustomed ears into the frightened snort of a horse. The horse rushed away at the top of his speed, leaving some of the boys more scared than he was. Pursuing our way toward the pike, we were startled again with some cause, for we found we were marching straight upon a toll-gate. Sheering quickly to one side, we crossed the terrible pike about forty rods farther on, just as the first light of morning appeared. The baying of the hounds had not yet wholly ceased. A few moments after we were obliged to wade quite a large creek. We were hurrying on from that toward the mountains, when I happened to look back and found that Merriam was nowhere to be seen. Hurrying back to the steep bank of the creek we had crossed, I discovered him, poor fellow, unable to climb it. I tried to help him up, but was too tired and weak. I called Tidd and he took hold of Merriam rather impatiently, and, in pulling him up together, we bruised him against a projecting root. It was getting lighter all the time. We rushed on through a lately plowed field. The traveling of

course was very hard, and our tracks would be very plain to our hundreds of pursuers. And there we were in the middle of that field, when clatter, clatter along the pike came forty or fifty armed horsemen, galloping by in plain view down toward the gorge in the mountains. We dropped and watched them out of sight. Then away we struggled for a hiding-place. When at last we reached the woods, we found them too sparse for our purpose, and went on and up the mountain, still finding no safe camping-ground. On the summit we came upon a sort of monument, or perhaps an observatory, in the shape of an unfinished tower. A white rag was flying from a pole at the top of it. Satisfying myself that no one was about, I went up the winding stairs to take a view of the surrounding country. The others were too much fatigued to go with me. I could see what I took to be the outskirts of Boonesboro', and enough of the valley we had crossed to give me a vivid idea of the danger we had escaped. Horsemen were scampering hither and thither on the highways, and the whole country, it seemed, was under arms. Descending hastily, I had little difficulty in impressing upon the boys how necessary it was that we should be in concealment. And still we followed along the ridge of that mountain-top for as much as three miles in broad daylight without finding a safe place. We at one time passed not far from an inhabited house, — fortunately unobserved. Finally, as we were about to sink under fatigue, we came to a large fallen tree, and made our bed in the forks of that. Tired as I was, I spent an hour cutting laurel bushes and sticking them into the ground at distances from one another. Laurel you know, will not wilt; and so with care the shrubs were made to conceal us, and look as if they grew there naturally. We were soon all fast asleep, and got through the day safely.

In our next night's travel along the top of the mountain it was so rough that one of Cook's boots gave out. You see I have plenty of pins sticking here in my shirt now. Well, I had a needle and thread with me then, and I stitched up Cook's boot as well as I could, using my knife-blade for an awl. It was this or the next night that Cook fell down a steep, rocky place. I heard something snap, when he fell, and thought it was his leg. It was the limb of the tree which had broken with him. He was not yet over the effects of a similar fall near Harper's Ferry. The other time he was taking aim at an enemy who was also taking aim at him, and got the first shot; for the branch upon which Cook steadied himself was cut off, just above his hand, by his enemy's bullet. He was now, therefore, pretty badly bruised; but we helped him up and he limped on with us.

It was only a day or so afterwards, I think, that we walked, besides all night, the whole forenoon, and into the afternoon. The woods were then so thick and extensive on the mountain-top that we thought it safe. The mountain range, after a while, swerved out of our direction, which now lay across a valley. Leaving Cook, Merriam, and Coppoc in the timber, I took Tidd and went to see if we could prudently cross that valley by daylight. We had gone on, Tidd and I, about a mile and a half when we came in sight of a road with teams going and coming on it. Farther on we could see a farm-house. While we were discussing the matter, and deciding that it would not be safe to cross the valley by daylight, there came wafted to our keen, hungry nostrils, from that farm-house at least forty rods away, the smell of something like doughnuts cooking. Never before or since has anything so boundlessly, bewilderingly delightful fallen upon my sense. It was too much for poor Tidd's endurance, and, indeed, that smell of distant cooking, as you shall see, did in effect cost a life. We were both weak and faint enough to stagger. Tidd vowed he would n't go a step farther without food. "You 'll be all winter," he said, "and never get through after all; you 'll starve and freeze to death. It is just as well to expose ourselves one way as another," and he took a long breath of the distant

frying. I had the two arguments to withstand, Tidd's, and the lard-laden air. The latter was the more powerful, but I withstood them both. I promised him, as I had promised the others, that as soon as we got three nights north of Chambersburg, I would steal all the chickens, milk, and apples we needed. It would not do, I contended, to go to buying or even stealing provisions now. I am not in the habit of stealing, by the bye. But antislavery men would have been glad to give what little we needed to the cause, and proslavery men certainly owed it that much. That was the way I argued. Tidd, however, clung to the delightful, maddening odor, and his determination to go and buy food. As a great favor, I at last prevailed upon him to go first with me back to the place where we had left the other boys. And every one but myself agreed with Tidd. I had a large red silk handkerchief with white spots in it, given me by Mrs. Gerrit Smith. Well, this with the empty shot bag for salt, mentioned before, I gave to Cook, and told him, if they insisted on having food bought, he could wield the glibbest tongue, and tell the best story; he should go. Still I did n't want, — and I feel just as agitated now, almost, when I tell it, — I did n't want him to go. I needed food, I told them, as much as any of them; and if they *would* go and get it, it would be foolish in me not to help eat it. So, as I had more funds than the rest, I made him take my money to pay for it, begging him to the last not to go. In Cook's confession, he says we sent him for food. That is the way it was.

Cook was gone two or three hours, perhaps. He came back with a couple of loaves of bread, some salt in the bag, some good boiled beef, and a pie. He had had a splendid visit, he said. He had stayed to dinner — which happened to be a little late that day — with the people of the farm-house; had made himself very agreeable, and told them the story we had concocted beforehand about our being a hunting-party, too far from home to get back to our dinners. If you have never been a great deal more than half-starved you can form no idea how marvelously good that feast was that day. I felt more or less gloomy about it at the time, keeping it to myself, though. But the shadow of the danger hanging over us did not seem to affect the other boys, who were exceedingly merry. And after dinner we all went to sleep for an hour or so.

Before sundown that same afternoon our lives were imperiled in what seemed to me at the time a most wanton manner. Cook had brought with him an old-fashioned, one-barrel horse pistol, once carried by General Washington. Cook got possession of it, when he and Stevens made Colonel Lewis Washington prisoner at Harper's Ferry. Well, Cook took this old pistol and strolled off, shooting it around in the neighborhood. This enraged Tidd, who ordered him peremptorily to stop. Cook said he knew what he was doing and would not take orders from him; "I am carrying out the story of our being hunters," Cook said. The quarrel was going on loudly and angrily. They were fast coming to blows and to pistol shots, when I rushed between them. Coppoc assisted me. Merriam lay quietly on the ground. It was not easy work to separate Cook and Tidd, but we finally got them still. They were both fearless men, and had faced many a gun; they agreed to have it out when they could do it without endangering others. There is really no knowing whether one or both of them would not have been killed in this feud, if it had not been for the events of the succeeding day.

In the course of that night we came to a wide creek which we had to ford. Cook's boots came off so hard that I offered to carry him across, if he would cling to my boots and luggage. His weight, the two bundles, four guns, revolvers, and ammunition, upon my bare feet on the sharp stones were unendurable. I told Cook I must drop him, and drop him I did, about two thirds of the way across. He got wet, but kept the guns and ammunition dry. We crossed two valleys and a mountain and got into

the woods of another mountain before day. I was especially anxious to get as far as possible from the place where Cook had bought provisions. The forest now seemed so extensive that, after resting a while, we thought it safe to go on by daylight; and we traveled on in what we considered the direction of Chambersburg till the middle of the afternoon, seeing no traces of inhabitants. All day long, whenever Cook and I would get a little in advance of the others he talked to me about his quarrel with Tidd, making threats against him. His anger seemed to increase rather than decrease. He talked also a great deal about the prospective meeting with his wife and boy in Chambersburg. I remember as if it were yesterday, I told him his imprudence would be so great that he would never see his wife and child again.

We stopped at a clear spring that afternoon, and ate the last of the provisions bought the day before. Then the boys said it would be a good time to go and get a new supply. More earnestly than ever I tried to dissuade them, but to no purpose. They outnumbered me. Coppoc wanted to go this time. I said, since they were determined that somebody must go, Cook was the man most fitted for the mission, and I gave him money, and the same red silk handkerchief. He left everything but one revolver, and took his leave of us, as nearly as we could judge, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. As I have told you before, we had no time-piece in the party. I don't know whether it was before or after this, that we lost all reckoning of the days of the week. That will be my excuse if I have got them wrong in this narrative, and that, too, will give you some idea how bewildering fatigue is, and hunger, and a couple of States on the lookout for you, eager for your blood. Cook had n't been gone long when two ravens flew over our heads, croaking dismally. You may think it queer, but it struck every one of us as a bad omen. We waited till dusk, but Cook did not return; we waited till dark and starlight, still he did not come; we waited till nine o'clock, till midnight, and still he did not come. He might have got lost, we thought; and we lingered about, calling and watching for him till at least two o'clock in the morning. Cook never came.

We knew nothing of his fate till more than a week afterwards, when, as I shall tell you farther on, we got hold of a newspaper one night at a Pennsylvania farm-house, and read of his capture. I have heard since, that, going along in a clearing, he came upon two men chopping wood, and told his hunting-party story to them, asking where to buy food. They appeared very friendly, offering to go and show the way; and they walked along talking socially, one on each side of him. The report says — but I do not believe it — that Cook told them who he was. At a given signal they rushed upon him, seizing him by the arms. They must have taken some such advantage of him, for if he had had half a chance, he would have killed them both. He was, as I have told you, I think, already, the quickest and best shot with a pistol that I ever saw. Anyhow, poor Cook was taken that night to the Chambersburg jail, fifteen miles away. We knew we were about fifteen miles from Chambersburg, because Tidd had gone — very recklessly and without consulting us — down to the road that afternoon, and asked a man who happened to be passing. The nearest village, the man said, if my bad memory of names does not deceive me, was called the Old Forge. The name of one of Cook's captors I have forgotten, — the name of the other was Hughes. They got the heavy reward offered for him, and drank it up in bad whisky, as I have heard, and were both killed in the rebel army.

Daring to wait no longer for Cook, we made a bold push for the road. It was a little odd, and I hope it was in relenting, but Tidd, his mortal enemy, took most of the things left by Cook; we all took some. This belt here, now, to carry a Sharpe's rifle in — that was Cook's. By the way, there hangs the

coat I escaped in. Do I keep it here in this shanty as a relic? Oh, no; I wear it sometimes yet. The fact is, I have always been very saving ever since that hungry trip. From that day to this, I have never seen the least morsel of any kind of food wasted without pain. I shall never get over that, I suppose.

Well, we risked traveling for a while on the public road, to see if we might in some way find Cook. It was quite a while before we reached the village which I have mentioned, doubtfully, as Old Forge. We walked straight through it, whatever its correct name, taking the middle of the street. Only a few lights were burning. We saw one in the bar-room and one in the barn of the tavern. We thought we heard voices, too, in the barn as we passed. A half mile or more beyond the village, we struck through a corn-field, helping ourselves to the dry, hard corn, to which we were again reduced. My purpose was just to touch upon the outskirts of Chambersburg. I did n't approve of going there at all, you understand, but the others insisted upon it. They wanted to go to the house of a Mrs. Ritner, a kind-hearted widow lady, whose husband, a son of ex-Governor Ritner of Pennsylvania, had been a conductor on the underground railroad, as well as upon a real railroad. All of us had been at Mrs. Ritner's before. Father had boarded there, and so had Kagi, who was killed, as you know, fighting so splendidly at Harper's Ferry. I consented to go to Chambersburg also, because I did not know but Cook might meet us at either of two hiding-places on a stream; one a half mile, and the other a mile from the town. I had told him about them. I had discovered them, conducting to Harper's Ferry recruits who had been slaves once and were going back again into danger to help liberate their friends and relatives. Shields Green, who was hanged, was one of these.

Just across the corn-field before mentioned, we came upon a wide public highway, evidently leading to Chambersburg. Here Coppoc and Tidd astonished Merriam and myself by announcing that they would have to leave us. They said Merriam, in his weak state, could not get into Chambersburg before daylight; it was at least fifteen miles away. They knew that I had pledged myself never to leave Merriam behind. And so, leaving a gun or two extra for us to carry, and promising to meet us the next night at one of the hiding-places beyond Chambersburg, they started off, on the public highway, as fast as they could walk.

It was a wild, desperate thing for them to do. Weak and worn as Merriam was, he saw as well as I did that they were exposing us as much as they were exposing themselves. Two could make little resistance in case of attack; and, we argued, our safety depended upon keeping up with them, and preventing them, if possible, from running more foolish risks. So, picking up the guns they had left, we started after them, in the belief that it was a walk for life, and I have no doubt it was. On we went, unchallenged, through toll-gates and past farm-houses. For the whole fifteen miles, Tidd and Coppoc never got over six rods ahead of us. During the race, some time before daylight, Coppoc left his things with Tidd, walked up to a house, waked the inmates, and asked the way to Chambersburg! He felt pretty sure, he said afterwards, that this road led there, but he was not certain whether we were going towards or away from the town. Tidd was sitting in a fence-corner waiting for him as Merriam and I came up. I charged Tidd hurriedly, if at any time on the road he and Coppoc saw anybody, to conceal themselves; if halted, or in any way shown that arrest was meant, we should be ready to make a desperate fight; if merely spoken to they should let me answer for them. I had hardly said this, and Coppoc had not yet come out to us from the house, when a man came riding along the road. He had a fine horse, and looked like an officer of some kind. In the light of what I have since heard, I think he was. It is strange how we all felt like killing that

man. We had been chased and hunted, and had lived like wild beasts so long that we felt blood-thirsty. We never knew for certain if he saw us. He did not at least think it prudent to speak, and rode on out of sight.

Coppoc came out to us, and we rushed on — in the direction we had been taking all the time. As we drew nearer and nearer Chambersburg, I told the boys, as I had told them before, that it was not fair to expose Mrs. Ritner. She had probably disavowed any knowledge of us, and it would be very easy to get her into trouble, without benefiting ourselves; but they would go. In the outskirts of Chambersburg, finally, we stopped by a house on the corner of the street which led to Mrs. Ritner's. Merriam, who had over-exerted himself, dropped down in the middle of this street, and lay with his luggage for a pillow. It was just before the break of day. As Tidd and Coppoc left us, I charged them, with all the earnestness I had, to come right back if they got no answer, and especially to make no alarm. They knocked at the door, but received no reply. Then Tidd went down into the garden and got a bean-pole and thumped on the second-story window. Mrs. Ritner put her arm out of the window and motioned him away. At which he said, "Mrs. Ritner, don't you know me? I am Tidd."

"Leave, leave!" came back in a frightened whisper.

"But we are hungry," insisted Tidd.

"I could n't help you if you were starving," she whispered back again. "Leave; the house is guarded by armed men!"

Tidd dropped his bean-pole, and the two came back to where we were lying in the street. It has always seemed to me next to a miracle that they were ever allowed to get away from that house. They were pretty well frightened, and utterly discouraged. "What shall we do? What *shall* we do?" they asked in despair. Merriam, stretched motionless on the ground, said nothing. "I will tell you what to do," I said, picking up my bundle; "but you 'll follow me this time!"

We could just see the first streaks of daylight. Telling Merriam to come on, we started. After we had gone some distance I turned to look for Merriam, but he was nowhere to be seen. I went back to the street-corner and found him still lying in the road. I jerked him up, and told him his life depended upon his walking a half mile or at most a mile farther to a hiding-place. Poor fellow! he must have been fast asleep. I never got a chance, I believe, to ask him; events were so hurried and exciting after that. We went out a suburban street till we came to a railroad which we followed as long as it went in the direction I wanted to take. Before we reached the thicket I intended to hide in, it became too light for safety. We would certainly have been caught, if it had n't been for a cold mist that hung low upon the land after daylight. We went of course to the nearest hiding-place, a partially wooded field in the outskirts of the town. The falling of the leaves had made it much more dangerous than I had expected to find it. I had seen the place before in summer. We finally found a patch of briers in the middle of the field, and crawling into it, made our bed there. We could have been easily surrounded, as you see: so here almost all day long we did not dare even to sit up; and, notwithstanding the extraordinary fatigue of the night before, we had not time, even if we had thought it safe, to sleep. A railroad ran by one side of the field, and we could distinctly see the trains pass during the day. Our field was bounded on the other sides by traveled roads and the suburban streets of Chambersburg. It was a cold, frosty morning, but I had no difficulty in making the boys lie still. Indeed, ever after that, they oddly enough were always cautioning *me* to be prudent. A little before noon we heard martial music steadily approaching us, — not at all a pleasant sound under the circumstances. Then after a while it stopped; and, in perhaps five or ten minutes more, a train went shooting by

on the neighboring railroad. The martial music then started up again at what we supposed afterwards to be the railway station, and gradually marched out of hearing. It was, as I have since heard, the escort that took poor Cook from the jail to the depot: and the train we saw was the one that bore him away to Charlestown, and, as you know, to death.

We of course were not aware of this at the time. We had some expectation, as I told you, that Cook might try to join us at this hiding-place; and when, shortly afterwards, a man appeared in our field, we at first took him for Cook. The man in question soon made for the edge of the timber, and began firing a gun. We thought that a bold signal, but were really astonished at nothing from Cook. So we raised ourselves as nearly to our feet as we dared, in order to watch his movements. He was aiming his gun at the tree-tops, evidently at squirrels, and coming around to where we got a better view of him, we decided it was not Cook.

A cold rain, with snow and sleet, set in about noon. This was no doubt a greater protection to us than the briers, — so near to a populous town as we were. There were three or four yokes of oxen running loose in the field. An ox came browsing near our thicket, and by his disturbed manner called the attention of the whole drove to us. They would stare at us, then start off and come back in a way that would give warning of something wrong to any one knowing oxen. We dared not move, or speak to them; and oxen and dogs know as quickly as anybody when people are acting strangely. At last, to our infinite relief, they seemed to have settled the matter among themselves, or at least satisfied their curiosity, for they went away of their own accord. While we were lying there we had determined that in the exhausted condition of Merriam, it would be best to run the risk of sending him on by rail. Extended on my back, I mended his overcoat, which had been torn, in our mountain travel, to a state of what I considered suspicious shabbiness. Being a bachelor, you know, I had a pair of scissors with my needles and thread; and so when the tempest got worse, and it was safe to sit up a little, I clipped off his beard as close as I could shingle it. What was especially fortunate for Merriam just then was the fact that he wore a glass eye; and this glass eye fitted him so well that he could turn it, or at least seemed to turn it nearly as well as he did the other one. That and his beard gone, Merriam was pretty thoroughly disguised. We discussed Merriam's leaving, more or less, all day long. Coppoc wanted to go with him. I whispered myself hoarse, trying to convince him that he ought not to go. I was glad when, in the afternoon, a high wind arose as an accompaniment to the storm, and we dared speak aloud. We shivered with the rain and sleet as we argued. I told Coppoc he would excite suspicion if he went with Merriam. "We need you with us," I said, "and you need yourself with us, — for defense, and especially to keep warm nights. We have lost too many already; we shall freeze if we lose any more now. When it is safe, you shall be the next to go." Merriam, poor fellow, was so weak and worn that there was not much warmth in him. He was, you understand, no use in bed or out of it, and besides, he could n't have walked any farther anyhow. The snow and sleet stopped for a while as we were still arguing, and as I turned over on my elbow and looked at Coppoc, I could see that great tears had fallen and hung quivering on his waistcoat. He was thinking, perhaps, of his Quaker home in Iowa, and of his widowed mother there; perhaps of his brother whom he supposed killed; or maybe, he was in utter despair. I never knew; I never asked him. None of us spoke for a long time. The wind blew more violently than ever, and the rain and sleet came down again, and washed away the traces of the man's weakness, — if it was weakness.

Towards night a boy came riding a horse into our field, evidently in search of something. He rode clear around

our brier-patch, passing within sixteen feet of us. As I lay on my back, I turned my head just enough to keep my eye on him. He was not over ten years old. Suddenly his face brightened, and he began hallooing at the oxen, of which I suppose he had just caught sight. He had come after them, it seems; and getting them all together he took them and himself from the field. I did not think the boy saw us. Some of the others thought he did; and so we had added to the fatigues and dangers of the day, the uncertainty whether he had not gone to give the alarm to Chambersburg.

It was my plan now to keep on still in a northwesterly direction, which would take me, I felt pretty sure, toward Meadville and some old friends in Crawford County, Pennsylvania. If it were not safe there, that was also in the direction of Ashtabula County, Ohio, where brother John was; and that, if unsafe, was as good a way as any toward Canada. We thought best to leave in this brier-patch all of Merriam's arms except a pistol and such ammunition as he could conceal and carry with him by railroad. We three, who were to continue the journey afoot, left also, in the same place, three Sharpe's carbines, three heavy full cartridge-boxes fitted with belts, and everything in the way of arms, in fact, except our navy revolvers and one heavy gun each. Merriam had furnished a good deal of money to the cause. He would take only five dollars from me when making his preparations to part with us. He said he had money enough to get through with. A driving snow set in that night, and it was as dark as I ever saw it in my life. We could see almost nothing at all. We started together for the road bordering the side of the field opposite the railway. In this road Tidd and Coppoc bade Merriam good-by and God-speed. Leaving them in a fence-corner, I took Merriam by the hand — it was so dark and he was so feeble — and led him to the railroad. Then I walked a little way on the track with him, so that he would be sure to take the direction away from Chambersburg, and reach the first station outside of that town before taking a train. Our plan was that he should thereafter go north as directly as he could. So I left him on the track — I will not tell you of the affecting leave-taking — and found my way back to Tidd and Coppoc, through the darkness and blinding snow-storm. Perhaps you would like to know that Merriam got safely back to his friends. The next I heard of him was some years afterward, out in the far West on the plains, with a hunting-party. He returned, and was one morning found dead in his bed in New York.

Tidd, Coppoc, and I, leaving the public road, now started across the country. The first creek or mill-race in our way we got over well enough, for we trusted ourselves to a regular ford. After a while, however, we came to a creek swollen by the recent rain till it was at least five rods across. There was nothing to do but wade it. Somehow we could see the stream much plainer than we could the snow on its banks. The water was very swift. We got in up to our hips. When I reached the other side, I could not feel my bare feet on the snow, they were so numb. Getting up the steep bank we were greeted by the boisterous barking of a dog. A road passed along this bank with a farm-house on one side of it and a barn on the other. We went right on, following this road till it forked, and then taking the left hand, which we thought our direction. It was so very dark that of course we were not sure, and so, after going about a mile on this left-hand road, we decided to return to the barn and seek shelter in defiance of the dog. We made our bed in a shed at the end of the barn nearest to the road. The dog got tired of barking when he found we paid no attention to him, and sought shelter too. We heard some chickens in the barn. I went in there and climbed all around, but it was so dark I could not get them. They sounded as if they would taste well. Even hard corn had been scarce with us lately; and we should not have waited

to cook them. We slept two or three hours in the shed — slept beautifully, our blankets and ourselves steaming with the wet and warmth. Then it stopped snowing and the stars came out. The same left-hand road we had turned back from we found to be the right one, when we resumed our way. We walked on briskly in a northwest direction, passed a house with a larger and even more boisterous dog, and kept up our speed for the rest of the night. We could see the black line of the mountains in the distance, and saw, too, that we could not reach them before daylight. The snow was two or three inches deep. We could readily be tracked, and should be obliged to stay all day in the midst of a thickly-inhabited country, where we could be easily surrounded. Finally, just before sunrise, we passed a farm-house and followed a series of gullies about a mile, till we found a brier-patch, in the midst of which we spread our blankets, and cut other briers to cover ourselves with, and went to sleep.

About noon that day the sun came out, melting the snow and waking us. Cows and sheep passed us occasionally. After a while a boy came along, leading a dog. It was very lucky for us that the boy *was* leading him, for the dog got scent of us, and tugged at his rope to get to us. Jerking him along, the boy cursed the animal for his stupidity in wanting to hang himself. He probably came much nearer hanging us, as we thought at the time. In the open country that way, with such enormous rewards upon our heads, our lives, you understand, may be said to have hung on that dog's cord. About dusk two pigs came wandering near us, and I sallied stealthily forth, hoping to catch and smother one of them. I tried for as much as an hour, and failed. It was an imprudent thing to do, I know, but I was very hungry and the pigs were very fat. So I stole up into a neighboring field and gathered what had become our somewhat irregular rations of dry, hard corn. Then we lay still in our brier-patch till night. It was very dark, but I could see the dull line of the mountains in the distance, and we made for them with all possible speed and directness. Within a few miles of the mountains we brought up on a road leading straight towards them. Risking ourselves upon the highway, we after awhile came to one of those Pennsylvania barns, which we were sure was red without being able or needing to see the color. I went groping clear around this barn twice before I found the door, at which Tidd and Coppoc then stood guard while I went in to search for chickens. I caught an old Jersey Blue hen and a rooster, and wrung their necks without allowing them to make any noise. Putting them into the provision bag, — the one that is under the bed there now, — we hurried on. Suddenly we came upon a village. Tidd and Coppoc were in advance, and I was trying to catch up with them, when right in the heart of the village I met three or four men. I had got past them, when whisk! away went my hat in the wind, and I had to run back with my bag of poultry, to pick it up. These men were so absorbed in talking about the "powerful exhortation" of Brother Somebody, that they did not take much notice of me. I suppose they had been at some prayer-meeting. It might have been Sunday night, too. Catching up with Tidd and Coppoc, I remonstrated with them upon the danger of separating so, in such a place.

On the mountain, at last, we came upon a gorge, where we built a fire and went to dressing our hen and rooster. As soon as Tidd had picked the leg of the hen, he cut it off and began roasting it. It was nowhere near done when he began upon it, crunching the bones, and swallowing everything. After we had had a taste none of us could wait for the old hen to cook. We ate her almost raw. Tidd, burning the bones, ate them, too. Putting the dressed rooster into the bag and burning the feathers, we started farther up the mountain to a good hiding-place. It was a very thickly settled country. Men and teams passed not very far from us during the day. The next night, as we

were crossing a pleasant valley, we heard voices along the road on which we had ventured. We hastily crouched in the shadow of a fence-corner, and there walked by, in the bright moonlight, two pairs of young people, with locked arms and leaning affectionately on each other. We could see their faces as well as hear what they said when they passed. Each couple was far enough from the other to speak confidentially. They were evidently returning from some late country merry-making.

This same night we surprised an apple-orchard and helped ourselves plentifully, and filled our provision bag. Not till the second or third night after eating the hen did we dare build a fire to cook the rooster. It was a pleasant spot where we roasted him; beside a spring in a little hollow surrounded by beech and hemlock, the mountain-top towering just above us, and bristling against the sky with pitch-pine. We had salt! Tidd, besides eating perhaps too many apples, also ate the burned bones of the rooster. A night or so afterwards, I had the luck to catch four or five chickens in a barn. These of course went better, when we got a chance to cook them. That was not till we came to a little shanty in a wild place on the mountain-top. It had been built, we could see, by people who had been there to peel hemlock bark for tanning. We came to this shanty just before daylight one rainy morning. It was a mere hut of logs, covered with bark. Some stones were laid up in a corner for a fire-place. The bare earth was the floor. We knew that the bark-peelers work in the spring, and so we felt comparatively safe and happy, — all but Tidd, who had been complaining ever since he ate so many hen and rooster bones. We built a comfortable fire in the hut, and cooked a couple of spring chickens, and ate what apples we had left. It was the first house we had been in for many a day and many a night; it seemed several weeks, — I shall not attempt to tell you how many it really was, for I should make some mistake. Coppoc and I slept splendidly as the rain poured down on our bark-roof. Waking up in the afternoon we found Tidd still complaining. Coppoc and I, wandering out on the mountain saw a flock of wild turkeys, but could not get a shot at them. When we reached the hut again we found Tidd groaning and unable to go on that night. I left Coppoc to nurse him, and after dark went down the mountain for more provisions. About three miles away, I discovered an orchard, and filled my bag with apples, climbed back again, and found Tidd pretty sick. We did not any of us sleep much that night, for watching and taking care of him. It was almost providential that we had a roof and a fire for the poor fellow, or he might never have recovered. It rained the next day, and we stayed at the hut with Tidd, who began to get better. Late the next night he felt able to travel, and we started. Our course to the northwest, now, and till we left the mountains altogether, took us from one range to another, instead of along the tops and sides, making our work much slower and more tedious. Still, by way of compensation we helped ourselves pretty freely to the chickens and apples of the wealthy Pennsylvanians as we passed; occasionally milking their cows for them, too. One night I got hold of a guinea-fowl, and she made an infernal noise; but we cooked her, nevertheless, in the neighboring mountains. Once an old cow would not stand to be milked, and I went after some corn to persuade her. The granary was within a few feet of the house where the people were sleeping; I could not reach the grain from the outside of the granary, and so I had the temerity to open the door and climb in, and fill my pockets with corn. The cow yielded now, and we milked her dry. One night a red fox came around our bed and barked at us, in the way foxes have, circling off and coming back six or eight times. It might have been dangerous for him, if he had been good to eat; as it was, he finally disappeared, unharmed.

We ventured after a while to travel in the public roads by night. This had become our regular practice, when I had

that terrible sick headache. It is strange that none of us seemed to have any ailments, on dry hard corn, — except a little dizziness from being so weak; but as soon as we got the luxuries of chickens and guinea-fowl, apples, and salt, this sort of trouble commenced. It was about midnight when I crawled up into the woods, and lay down, telling the boys I could go no farther. I slept one or two hours, got up perfectly well, and walked on with the others. I never cured a sick headache so easily before or since.

We did not know where we were, except that we were somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania, and we at last thought we would risk the roads by daylight. So one sunny morning, beside a clear spring, we made our toilets for that purpose, putting on clean shirts and mending our clothes. I cut both of the other boys' hair. We rolled our shoulder-straps and ammunition into our blankets, and drew our woolen covers over our guns, and started. Our first encounter was with a man on horseback, riding the same way we were going. He looked suspiciously at us, we were so gaunt, besides carrying guns. We talked him out of his suspicion, however, and into so friendly a mood that one of us, I think it was Coppoc, rode his horse as much as a mile for him, while the stranger walked along with us. I had heard there were Quakers at a place called Bellefonte, and I hoped we might be somewhere near there. Quakers, you know, were always our friends, being great antislavery people. I thought one or more of us might hire out to some Quaker, assuming a name or names, till the heat of the pursuit was over. The man told us that Bellefonte was a good way on, he did n't know how far. We were, he assured us, about ten miles from the Juniata River. We were aching to ask about Harper's Ferry, but dared not, and finally our informant mounting his horse, turned up a lane and disappeared.

We shortly afterward went into an orchard in plain daylight and helped ourselves to some apples, — a feat which was thought nothing of in that country of abundance. Then we resumed our journey to the Juniata. We bought some doughnuts of the woman who ferried us over that river, and some bread and butter. We now took our way along the tow-path of the canal, which we came to on the other side of the stream. We kept on till long after dark, when a canal-boat overtaking us, we asked the captain where he was going. He said to some falls, — Hamilton Falls, I think, — about seven miles away, and invited us on board. We got into the place where the hay for the horses was kept, and had a comfortable bed, the captain joining us there in a friendly way, and eating most of our apples for us. He refused to take money for our ride, and we left him at the town (whatever its name was), before daylight, so that he never knew how shabby and haggard we were.

We walked on six or seven miles upon the main road toward Bellefonte, and then camped away from the highway, near an old farm-house, occupied only by a couple of horses. We stayed there till about dark the next night, and starting upon the public road again, we had gone hardly a mile when we saw a nice little farm-house on our left, a short distance from the road. The light of the blaze in the old-fashioned fire-place came out through the curtainless window with so cheery an invitation to us, that we could not go by. We knocked at the door and obtained permission of the honest, simple-minded farmer to stay all night. The stout, Pennsylvanian woman, the farmer's wife, when we were seated, gave the logs in the fire-place a vigorous punch, which sent the sparks up the chimney in the glad way you have seen them, I suppose, before now; and it was not long till the fumes of frying flap-jacks went up after them. If she had not been so good-natured, her suspicions might have been aroused by the ravenous appetites with which we devoured what she put before us, when she bade us be seated at supper. Towards the close of that meal, the farmer in a casual sort of way men-

tioned Harper's Ferry, and then we asked him for news. We had already in some indirect manner learned from our host that it was the 4th of November. Thus we had been about three weeks in our houseless wanderings, without positive knowledge of the fate of our comrades, — it seemed at least six weeks; and I can never get over a queer impression that it was longer than it really was. We told our host that we had heard something about the fight at Harper's Ferry, but not all the particulars. This surprised him greatly, for he said the country had not been so excited about anything in twenty years. He added that his weekly newspaper had just come that afternoon, and we could read it. Perhaps you can have an idea how painful was the suspense, waiting till we could decently rise from the table and lay hands upon that paper. Tidd's stoicism broke down first; he arose and caught up the paper and began reading aloud. The first thing that caught his eye was the account of Cook's capture. You can imagine how eagerly Coppoc and I listened to the first we had heard of Cook since he had left us in the mountains. Our host interrupted the reading to assure me that one son of old Smith, who had proved to be old Brown of Kansas, had escaped with Cook and others, and was supposed to be still at large somewhere. Old man Brown was not dead, as we had heard. No, he was just severely wounded; it was not certain yet whether he would live to be hanged, for he had been tried and found guilty. To me, who had so long thought my father dead, this somehow had the effect of good news. In the mean time, Tidd had gone on, silently devouring the paper. I could see that he was much moved by what he read. He was probably reading how his friend Stevens was shot down while going on an errand of mercy and bearing a flag of truce. Coppoc sat gazing thoughtfully into the blaze of the great fire-place, and I happened to be looking at him when our host went on to say that the very latest news was that the man Coppoc had been tried, too, and found guilty. That was his brother Edwin, and the ruddy glare of the fire did not paint out the deathly white of our poor Coppoc's face. He did not speak, but a little while after, he stealthily brushed away a tear from one of his cheeks, and sighed in a half-choked way.

Somehow my two brothers, Watson and Oliver, had not been mentioned. It might have been a presentiment — I don't know what it was — I did not have the heart to ask about them. After a few moments of silence, Tidd handed the newspaper to me. I began reading aloud for Coppoc's benefit. I saw my own name in large letters somewhere near the middle of the page, and I began on that. Before I was fully aware what I was doing, I was half-way through a minute description of myself. Then I dared not stop. Finishing that paragraph with the extravagant rewards offered for my capture, I turned and read from the beginning the account of the fight — how the little band had taken the town and held it all day against the States of Virginia and Maryland. But when I came to read the well-known passage from Governor Wise's speech: "And Colonel Washington said that he — Brown — was the coolest man he ever saw in defying death and danger. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and sell their lives as dearly as possible" — well, that told me too much; my voice trembled so that I passed the paper to Coppoc. He read how our relative, Thompson, was butchered when a prisoner, and how my brother Watson was shot while carrying a flag of truce, and, though mortally wounded, fought till the gun fell from his hands. The farmer's wife, detecting the tremor in my voice, — with the quick sympathy that women have, — paused in her domestic work until the reading was over, though, as she said, she had read it all before. The 4th of November is my

birthday, and certainly that was the most memorable one of my life.

We sat by the fire and talked of the dead and wounded as long as we dared, and then went to bed. After breakfast the next morning, having paid our host, we asked him the direction to Bellefonte, and for Quaker families along the road. He told us of a Quaker by the name of Benjamin Wakefield, who lived some twenty miles off, not in the direction of Bellefonte, but, as I surmised, more nearly in the line of Townville, Crawford County, Pennsylvania, where I had an old schoolmate. I resolved, without, of course, telling our host, that we would go to Wakefield's. We had before this determined what names we should assume; mine was Edward Clark; Tidd's was Charles Plummer; Coppoc's was George Barclay. It was a bright, cheerful day, and we walked on by the road through a village, where I let Tidd go into a store and buy a pocket map. Neither he nor Coppoc had been seen much about Harper's Ferry, so they were not described, as I was. With the people we met or who overtook us during the day, we talked freely, telling them we were wood-choppers looking for work. When they offered us a job, we could n't agree about wages, or made some such difficulty. Our guns, however, were always against us, attracting too much notice. When Harper's Ferry became the subject of our talk with strangers, we never of course seemed to know any more than what we had read in the paper.

This was, if I am not mistaken, Saturday, and about sundown we came to a private lane leading, as we were told, from the public road up to Mr. Wakefield's. We thought best to have Tidd go ahead to the house. He found Mr. Wakefield and his son loading wheat. He told the benevolent-faced old gentleman that we had heard of him as a kind, neighborly man, and that he and two more friends would like to put up with him for the night. "Thee and thy friends may come," said the Quaker. But when we appeared with our guns, he held up his hands in awe, and told us we could not bring our guns into his house. It may have been contrary to his church rules, I don't know; but we argued the case a while and then hit upon the lucky compromise that we should take the loads out of the guns. We had hardly got inside the house, however, when he startled us by saying, in his calm way, that he knew who we were, — we were from Harper's Ferry. We asked him how he knew that. He said we were so gaunt. He knew we were hunted like wild beasts, and that fact and our cause were a short cut to his heart. We found the house a nice, cleanly one, and the two trim daughters who were the housekeepers (the mother I think was dead) soon got us a splendid supper. While that was preparing we went out and helped load the wheat. After supper we talked long about slavery and the struggles and losses of our family in Kansas. He made us stay over the next day — Sunday, if my impression is right — with him, but told us to keep ourselves out of sight. He said that we had better travel for a while again only by night. He knew that we were hotly pursued. He stocked us with provisions enough to last two or three days, and would take no money for them or our entertainment. He showed us our way on the pocket-map, — this one here open before me now. We were to go about forty miles to a cousin of his, a Quaker living a mile out of a place called, I think, Half-Moon.

We parted with our good host on Sunday night, and traveled on two or three nights slowly as usual and as far as possible from the highway. Having eaten all our provisions we took to apples and corn again. Venturing once more upon the road, our guns excited so much suspicion that we were forced back into the woods and hills. Making a descent upon a hen-roost, we were pretty nearly betrayed by the squawking of our prey. Finally, late one night we approached what we knew to be the village indicated by Wakefield, as being near his cousin's. We had the good fortune to meet a man just outside the little town, and he showed us our way

to the Quaker's. We walked boldly through the village out to the farm-house, and aroused the inmates. I have forgotten this Quaker's name, I am sorry to say. We told him as he leaned out of a window that Mr. Wakefield had sent us to him, and he seemed disposed to let us in; but at this stage of the interview another window, apparently in the same second-story room, opened and three night-capped heads were thrust out. No, we could n't come in, any such thing, they cried in chorus. They knew who we were; we were traitors; and our lives were forfeit. We said that we had merely risked our lives for the freedom of millions of helpless slaves. They replied that they were not in favor of slavery, themselves, but they were also not in favor of putting it down by force. And there we had it with the night-caps. The man was on our side, but when he said anything in our favor it seemed to go worse with us than ever. His arguments excited more fury in the night-caps than ours did. We offered to pay them twice any sum they would ask. What was money to them when we were traitors and carried wicked guns, besides? We offered to give them up our guns. At this the voice of what I took to be the old lady said, "Oh," and one night-cap disappeared; it might have been in terror, it might have been in consenting. Then the two younger voices said, "Well, father, if you want to take in murderers, you may, but don't ask us to wait on them!" and the two other night-caps disappeared, and the windows both went down. It seems an amusing scene to you, yet it was pretty serious to us; and we stood there wondering what was to be our fate with three female tongues ready to betray us, and the man of the house not daring to take us in — when the door opened and the Quaker told us we might enter. He showed us promptly to beds.

At breakfast the next morning, the mother and her two daughters would not eat with us. The man would not take any money for his entertainment. So we all went out into his field with him, and fell to husking corn. At dinner-time the women folks seemed to be somewhat mollified, and we prevailed upon them to take some curious silver coins we had. Tidd and Coppoc went back to work in the field in the afternoon, while I went into the village and made my preparations for getting rid of our guns, and of sending Coppoc home by stage and railroad. I bought a carpet-bag for each of us. Here's mine, now. I went to two or three shoe-shops before I could get a box that would do to store our guns, cartridge-boxes, and all the little things once Cook's, which we wanted to preserve. Returning to the Quaker's with the box on my shoulder, I proceeded to pack it. I put in these bags, with the rest, and the pistol formerly carried by General Washington, the one that Cook had, as I told you before. By the way, Colonel Washington next year wrote to Thaddeus Hyatt, I think, pleading for that ancestral relic. We sent it to him, asking for some things of ours, but we never got them.

Well, our box was shipped by stage and rail with Coppoc for Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. The next morning Coppoc very joyfully took the stage and arrived safely at his old home among the friendly Quakers. In the fall of 1861, he enlisted a squad of men to join the company of W. R. Allen of Jefferson, Ashtabula County, for Lane's Brigade in Kansas. While on the way with his men, and while passing over the railroad between Hannibal and St. Joseph, Missouri, he was killed by the falling of a part of the train through a bridge, the timbers of which had been nearly sawed in two at night by the bushwhacking rebels of Missouri.

The Quaker women were still more friendly at supper-time, and got up quite a sympathy with treason before we parted. The Quaker himself yet persisted in taking no money from us. Tidd and I started afoot with our carpet-bags, the same morning on which Coppoc took the stage. We kept away from railways and telegraphs as much as possible, traveling right through

towns and stopping at farm-houses, lest I should be recognized by my description. We still pretended to be wood-choppers, looking for work. We each had a good navy revolver with cartridges, and were resolved not to be taken alive. This here now is the one I had. I carried it in Kansas. Our plan was to go directly to my old friend's at Townville. That too was about as straight a way as any to Ashtabula County, Ohio, where my brother John was. We went by daylight, averaging twenty-five miles a day, although it rained or snowed most of the time. At Brookville, I remember, Tidd wrote a letter and I mailed it to some of his people. It was some time after this that father, in Charlestown jail, heard of my safety, and sent me money and that opera-glass there.

Passing through Clarion and Shippensville, we came after a while to Franklin, the present centre of the coal-oil region. We stopped at a country tavern in the outskirts of the town. The oil business was just begun at that time. From Franklin we went up Sugar Creek to Randolph, where we stayed a day or so with old Mr. Gilbert, who helped my father build his first tannery in Richmond, Pennsylvania. One afternoon we walked over to Townville, and into the store of Mr. George B. Delamater, the old friend I have told you of. Mr. Delamater was not in, but his partner, Mr. Orange Noble, now of Erie, Pennsylvania, whom I had never seen before, took me aside and told me who I was, recognizing me from descriptions he had seen. He whispered to me that I might feel perfectly safe; and when Delamater came in he knew me, although we had not met in twenty-five or thirty years. He took us both home, and under assumed names we went to work. Tidd, in the course of a week, was sent somewhere down on Oil Creek, where he stayed a long time. It is strange that the poor fellow should have lived through so much, to die with fever at last in the war of the Rebellion. I stayed at Townville several weeks, till suspicious persons came about looking for me, and then began a series of flights from one place to another, for myself and brothers John and Jason. Jason lived at Akron, Ohio. I went to Oil Creek, thence to Elk Creek, and finally to Ashtabula County, Ohio, for none of us for months dared stay very long in one place.

On the 4th of July, 1860, the first one, you know, after father's death, all of our family, and all of father's company, then living, — except Tidd, who was still in the oil regions, — came together at North Elba, New York. Through the instrumentality of Miss Kate Field, and the liberality of herself and others, the North Elba farm has been bought and given to our family; to no one individual member, you understand, but to all of us, as the place where father's body is buried. That 4th of July was the last time that our family has ever been together. John and I have been here on this island for some years. My step-mother, with my half-brother Salmon, and three half-sisters — one of them married — lives at Rohnerville, Humboldt County, California. My brother Jason lives at Akron, Ohio; and my sister Ruth, married to Henry Thompson, lives in Wisconsin. Thus, you see, there are still eight of us children. Father's was the last death in the family. We would all of us, probably, have been long-lived if we had only been allowed to live, — that is, if we had n't been murdered in Kansas, and shot and hanged in Virginia.

Ralph Keeler.

RALPH KEELER.

"His memory scarce can make me sad."

In this number of The Atlantic we print a very remarkable contribution by the writer whose tragical death is so out of keeping with his character, that one still takes refuge in the mystery involving it, and half refuses to accept it as a fact. He had survived so much that it can hardly be but he escaped that last danger, and will come back yet to tell the public of his adventure, and make his friends laugh with him at those best points that can never get into print. His friends will each imagine how he would do it, with just what humorous consciousness, what accent and what gesture, — a hand gayly flirted in the air, a dramatic touch on the listener's shoulder, — for Ralph Keeler was too vivid a presence in every way not to have left a most distinct impression of himself in the minds of all his acquaintance.

But if he is really gone — if he fell overboard from that Spanish steamer on the coast of Cuba, or, as is more likely, was stabbed and thrown into the sea by the Spanish officer who doubtless believed himself dangerously compromised in his confidences to him, when he found that he was not a Frenchman but an American newspaper correspondent — if we must accept this as the last of him, still it is not easy to think of him with other than a smiling regret, the whole cheerful tenor of his life so prevails over any single fact of his career. He and fortune, as the readers of his autobiographical sketches know, were never great friends, but he took hardship and privation so lightly, that they scarcely seemed adversity in their relation to him; he espoused poverty with such bravery that you half believed her prosperity in disguise.

The salient facts of his adventurous career were these. He was born in Northern Ohio, and was early left an orphan in the family of a relation in Western New York, from whom he ran away while still very young, and went to seek his fortune as cabin-boy on the lake steamers. A little later, he became the attraction of a band of negro minstrels, appearing now as dancer and now as *danseuse* in the burnt-cork ballet of the period. He was rescued from this sad celebrity by the good Jesuit fathers at Cape Girardeau in Missouri, and invited to enter their school. Afterwards he went to Kenyon College in Ohio, and graduating there, he rested from his studies long enough to earn one hundred and eighty-one dollars, on which he spent two years in Europe, chiefly at Heidelberg University. In his wanderings and his necessities he began to write for the magazines and newspapers, succeeding at once with Chambers's Journal. He found himself next in California, where he taught school, and made his first appearance as a lecturer. In 1867 he came to Boston with a sufficiently poor novel, which, being duly rejected by various editors, he courageously printed at his own cost, out of the proceeds of his lecturing and other industries; and witnessed its failure with philosophic calm.

In the mean time he had written out his experience of a very curious sort of real life in the sketch Three Years as a Negro Minstrel, which appeared in these pages, as did afterwards his Two Years in Europe on $181 Greenbacks. These sketches, with an account of his boyish escapade printed in Old and New, were made into a little book called Vagabond Adventures, which met with fair success and merited greater, though it lacked somewhat in simplicity and other prime qualities of good literature. However, it showed growth, and I hoped that it would prove the germ of an American novel in the manner of Gil Blas, for writing which its author gave distinct promise. He often

talked of such a work, and he confirmed belief in his powers in this direction, by a study called Confessions of a Patent Medicine Man, which got little notice in the magazine, and yet, so far as it went, was of the best kind, racy, graphic, and realistic in singular degree, though the author was not altogether able to forget the magazinist in working out his dramatically conceived personage.

He went abroad again and was at Geneva during the sittings of the Alabama Conference, and wrote some very clever papers about the Genevan neighborhoods, for Harper's Magazine. In December last he went to Cuba as correspondent of the New York Tribune, and so came to his end.

Of course, he did nothing of permanent value, unless his Three Years as a Negro Minstrel is to remain in some sort as a memoir of the only species of histrionic art, the only drama, that America has invented. He never quite released himself from those early influences; something of the End Man clung about him still, and tempted him into a flourishing expression where he easily saw himself that a simpler utterance would have been better. We are ready to speak too largely and hopefully of the dead; but it does not seem too much to say of Ralph Keeler that he seemed in a fair way at last to outgrow not only the evils of his early want of schooling, but the more serious evils of the subsequent conditions of it. He had been a hard student, and he could not hold lightly what had cost him years of hunger and cold. But even his error in this direction is pathetic and respectable; his later sketches showed that he was correcting it, and betray little of his earlier anxiety to get in all that he knew, all the time. His letters from Cuba to the Tribune, hastily and interruptedly written, fairly rose from the level of journalism to that of literature. He was getting rid of that inartistic uneasiness of which he was comically aware, and which sometimes seemed to present itself as anxiety to know what were the feelings of men who had *not* been negro minstrels in their youth. Not that he was ever meanly ashamed of that part of his past. He accepted it, laughed at it, let it go. He never was meanly proud of it, either, or of any of the squalor and suffering that he had survived.

He was not a perfect character; but he had qualities that, in better adjustment, go to form the highest character, as good-will, kind-heartedness, sensitiveness, and a sort of Oriental submission and American amiability under the strokes of fate. He had a gay philosophy, not new but newly formulated, of which he was full when I saw him last, a few days before he went to his death, and which he expounded joyously: "Put your finger on the present moment and enjoy it; it 's the only one you 've got or ever will have!" It is imaginable of one so subtile as he that in his extremity, to come so miserably soon, the sad irony lurking in this creed might receive an instant's recognition.

In many ways his life seems to me heroical — more heroical than he was; which is apt to be the case with men and their lives; and though it is not an example, it is full of lessons of patience, perseverance, and honorable aspiration. He had done everything for himself; he had even made the friends who helped him; and he accomplished a good deal more than most men who succeed more spectacularly.

Peace to his most kindly spirit!

W. D. H.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

We asked a friend, out of that constant doubt we have of the taste of any one generation, whether the poem, Rose Aylmer (in those Cameos which Messrs. Stedman and Aldrich have selected with so much judgment from the works of Landor), did not probably affect Charles Lamb through his own or his contemporaries' mood, and perhaps by some charm of melody or movement, rather than by the appeal of any veritable poetic substance in it; for otherwise we did not understand his extravagant admiration of it. When our friend answered, No, he did not think so, — he but confirmed our first impression and quite undermined our good opinion of him. It is with the belief that no reader of ours will deal himself a like fatal blow, that we give the poem here.

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Pretty, very; very delicate, very graceful, very sweet; but upon the stainless conscience of a book-noticer, nothing more. Yet on this slender diet the good Lamb professes (to be sure, in a letter to the author) to have lived for days; and an emulous American essayist of like stomach declares to the editors of the Cameos that he did exactly the same thing. In these cases, however, as in those anomalous instances of people subsisting for a long time upon nothing at all, we should like to make sure that some sort of nourishment was not covertly taken; say that this American essayist had not sustained fainting nature with secret draughts from the Helicon of Percival or of George P. Morris. For in this poem of Rose Aylmer, we do not find even the attenuated nutriment of suggestion; but for the fact given by Landor's biographer that it refers to a lady of Lord Aylmer's family, whom he regarded with a very tender sentiment, and who died very young, how could this melodious trifle move one? There are many other fancies in the present book, quite as slight, which have the real poetic life and root; this seems at best but a tuberose blossom skillfully wired for a bouquet. Compare it, coinciding reader, with certain bits of Tennyson or Emerson; or with such expressions of pure feeling as Longfellow's Aftermath, and Changed; and its lack appears. Here, we foresee that the lovers of Rose Aylmer, who have been waiting to disable us, will come out with "Obtuse!" and "Dull-witted!" Whereupon we retort that the danger of liking a poet not generally liked is that you fall into willfulness and affectation, and like everything he has done, simply because other people do not. The world, after all, is a wise old head, and does not overlook its good things. It knows which are its most interesting cities and finest mountains; its noblest statues, churches; its most beautiful pictures; it also knows which are its truest and greatest poets. Possibly, then, if Landor has been the least enjoyed of his contemporaries, he is really the least of them in genius, and the present fashion of crying out, "Oh, Landor, — yes, indeed!" is only a fashion, after all.

We should say of the present collection, so full of exquisite colors and precious forms, that the value was never so much in the quality of the thought, as in the skill with which it is wrought; and we doubt if any reader coming newly to these gems here, without prejudice in favor of their author, will receive a lasting impression from them. A vague pleasure will remain in his mind, a

Cameos: selected from the Works of Walter Savage Landor. By E. C. Stedman and T. B. Aldrich. With an Introduction. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Satan: A Libretto. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Verses. By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

The Life of John Warren, M. D., Surgeon General during the War of the Revolution; first Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard College; President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc. By Edward Warren, M. D., author of the Life of Dr. John C. Warren. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. 1874.

The Women of the Arabs. With a Chapter for Children. By the Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D. D., seventeen years American Missionary in Syria. Edited by Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D., and Rev. Isaac Riley. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1874.

The Harvard University Catalogue. 1873-74. Cambridge: Published for the University, by Charles W. Sever. 1874.

memory of intellectual delight, a sense of graceful attitudes and gleams of color; but his heart will not have been deeply stirred or often touched, though his fancy will have been constantly charmed, not his imagination, — these little, lovely things are always, we believe, fanciful, and never quite imaginative. The limpid rill of rhyme runs on and presently sparkles into a bewitching conceit, or glows with some brilliant image; but it does not diffuse any strong influence, or haunt the mind afterward with any very fertile thought. One might say indeed that these Cameos were mostly only a more exquisite kind of *vers de société;* some of them hardly rise above the ordinary *vers de société;* but it must be understood that such verses are of the most difficult to write well. Take this, for example: —

IN NO HASTE.

Nay, thank me not again for those
Camellias, that untimely rose;
But if, whence you might please the more,
And win the few unwon before,
I sought the flowers you loved to wear,
O'erjoyed to see them in your hair,
Upon my grave, I pray you, set
One primrose or one violet. . . . .
Stay . . . . I can wait a little yet.

This is deliciously playful and freakish, but it is not more; and Under the Lindens, which every one knows and loves, is scarcely more. Here is another trifle, elegant, perfect, so finely cut and subtly tinted that it seems the farthest art can go in its way, — which is the way of nearly all the others: —

DEFIANCE.

Catch her and hold her if you can. . . .
See, she defies you with her fan,
Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread
In threatening guise above your head.
Ah! why did you not start before
She reached the porch and closed the door?
Simpleton! will you never learn
That girls and time will not return?
Of each you should have made the most;
Once gone, they are forever lost.
In vain your knuckles knock your brow,
In vain will you remember how
Like a slim brook the gamesome maid
Sparkled, and ran into the shade.

The opening picture in this is heavenly fair; the closing image is happy enough for a while to lure back one's youth; but the whole thing is merely a graceful fancy, and all these Cameos — with the exception of some such fine painting as An Evening Picture, and some personal tributes, to Browning, to Julius Hare, to Lamb and others — are conceits, neither more nor less. This gives a certain monotony to the collection, which is relieved by the variety of mood expressed in them, though the mood is hardly ever entirely serious. It is most serious, we should say, in this, which is perhaps less than any other a conceit: —

ON MUSIC.

Many love music but for music's sake;
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play,
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glistened and hath gone.

It is most winningly tender in this hinted drama of passion in a young girl's heart: —

MARGARET.

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry;
Oh if you feel the pain I feel!
But who could ever feel as I!
No longer could I doubt him true,
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

But an arch gayety is the temper in which most of the pieces are conceived, and with that their touches of melancholy and regret do not discord, of course.

"It seems to us," say the editors, "that precisely the amount of benefit which a familiarity with the antique models can render to a modern poet is discernible in the greater portion of our selections. Their clearness and terseness are of the classic mold, but the language, thought, emotion, are Landorian and English." This is reasonable, and we think all refined readers will be glad of the proof of it in this very fortunate little selection. But a poet, sick and poor, comparatively little learned, and dying very young, could be more Greek in what is worth having, as well as more English, than the rich, well-born, erudite student who died rather obscure at eighty years of age: nearly every line that Keats wrote has affected English poetry since, and we are anxious not to lose a word of his; Landor may be said not to have affected it at all, and we gladly forget whole epics that he wrote. Such trifles as these Cameos will perhaps constitute hereafter Landor's chief claim to remembrance amongst English poets. He had a real poetic genius, no doubt, but his temperament undid him; he could not or would not see himself in his real relation to things.

Turguénieff wisely says that nothing great is accomplished outside of nationality, that one is great only as one is of one's own

country; and he might have gone further and said that a man achieves little who refuses to be his own contemporary. Landor was not content to be an English poet of the nineteenth century; he was a dreamer, as great poets never are; he would be a Greek of the polite time of Aspasia and Pericles; consequently he has not yet found a secure place in the English heart, and the Athenians, besides not knowing English, have been dead so long that they cannot conveniently receive him into theirs.

— The tendency of modern liberalism to ignore the chief of the fallen angels has been one of the most painful spectacles which conservative theologians have had to contemplate; and but for the consoling reflection that these liberals were destined to be very much astonished at the last day, their behavior would have been well-nigh insupportable. Flattered out of all semblance to himself the Evil One has been in his most distinctive characteristics; but it is not merely a question of little personal traits; the horns and the hoofs went long ago, and even that unmistakable evidence of identity, the forked tail, is no more to be found in the demons of our time, than the like appendage which, in our own race, marked a stage of progress from the Ascidian (if the impostor so lately convicted of wearing its dorsal cord in front may be cited in this connection) to the free religionist, is now to be found in people of culture. It is a question of far greater importance, a question of the very existence of the power which had so long frightened mankind into being good, and must thus have been largely instrumental in bringing us to our present millennial condition. This power has been gradually stripped of its attributes; its force as an active principle has been taken away; and it has been reduced to a purely negative state, relegated to its primordial jelly, its original diabolic nitro-glycerine, as it were. It is in this forlorn situation that Mr. Cranch finds the common Enemy, whom he attempts to rehabilitate to the imagination in his little poem, or libretto, called Satan. The poem is in dramatic or operatic form, and after the overture we hear a chorus of World-Spirits who witness the spectacle of creation and the fall of man, and whom the angel Raphael tells that these events took place in the remote past, and only now reach them

— "with the beams of light
That left long, long ago those distant worlds,
And flash from out the past like present truths.
. . . . 'T is yours to unfold the mythic form
And guess the meaning of the ancient tale.
. . . . Men and angels can conceive
Through symbols only the eternal truths.
Through all creation streams this dual ray,
This marriage of the spirit with the form,
The correspondence of the universe
With souls through sense."

From the darkness Satan now vaguely appears, and when the spirits at Raphael's bidding challenge him, he declares himself:

"I am not what I seem to finite minds; —
No fallen angel; for I never fell,
Though priest and poet feign me exiled and doomed;
But ever was and ever shall be thus, —
Nor worse nor better than the Eternal planned.
I am the Retribution, not the Curse,
I am the shadow and reverse of God;
The type of mixed and interrupted good;
The clod of sense, without whose earthly base
You spirit-flowers can never grow and bloom.
. . . . . .
I am that stern necessity of fate,
Creation's temperament, — the mass and mold
Of circumstance, through which eternal law
Works, in its own mysterious way, its will.
. . . . . .
Naught evil, though it were the Prince of evil,
Hath being in itself. For God alone
Existeth in Himself, and good, which lives
As sunshine lives, born of the Parent Sun.
I am the finite shadow of that Sun,
Opposite, not opposing, only seen
Upon the nether side.
. . . . . .
Nor happy I, nor wretched. I but do
My work, as finite fate and law prescribe.
. . . . . .
No personal will am I, no influence bad
Or good. I symbolize the wild and deep
And unregenerated wastes of life,
Dark with transmitted tendencies of race,
And blind mischance; all crude mistakes of will
And tendency unbalanced by due weight
Of favoring circumstance; all passion blown
By wandering winds; all surplusage of force
Piled up for use, but slipping from its base
Of law and order; all undisciplined
And ignorant mutiny against the wise
Restraint of rules by centuries old indorsed,
And proved the best so long it needs no proof;
All quality o'erstrained until it cracks, —
Yet but a surface-crack: the Eternal Eye
Sees underneath the soul's sphere, as above,
And knows the deep foundations of the world
Will not be jarred or loosened by the play
Of sun and wind and rain upon the crust
Of upper soil.
. . . . . .
. . . . So hate not me. For I
Am but the picture mortal eyes behold,
Shadowing the dread results of broken laws
Designed by Eternal Wisdom for the good
Of man, though typed as Darkness, Pain, and Fire.
. . . . . .
His name is Love. He wills no curse on men
Or spirits, who condemn themselves, and hide
Their faces in the murky fogs of sense
And lawless passion, and the hate and feud
Born of all dense inwoven ignorance.
Man loves or fears the shadow of himself.
God shines behind him. Let him turn and see"

These passages, in which the thought of the poem culminates, present a conception of evil which is perhaps not quite new. All the liberal sects, no doubt, would claim some part of it, and it represents most of the benevolent desire on the subject which moves the world now. New or not, or true or not, it is here very adequately uttered, and will doubtless please people who fancy themselves in no need of a Prince of the Powers of the Air, an arch-enemy and rival of God, a conscious and sentient tempter of men's souls. It is not our office to pronounce them right or wrong, but only to recognize the artistic success of Mr. Cranch in embodying their opinions. In the minor virtues of musical verse and fine diction, the poem is not less fortunate; though it seems to us that a nobler close would have been in Satan's closing words, if it could have been contrived to have him appear after and not before most of the dialoguing and chorusing. It might be said for those who consider Satan necessary to the scheme of creation, that even in Mr. Cranch's rehabilitated figure, there is fearfulness enough, and that whether we call him Devil or call him Disorder, we still have the old serpent among us for all practical purposes.

— H. H. has considerably increased in a new edition the volume of her Verses, noticed in these pages some years ago, and has brought into stronger relief, by the greater number of the pieces, a characteristic which was prominent enough in the smaller collection. There are now about a hundred and forty poems in the book, all of which, save some half dozen, are allegories, parables, or downright riddles. The allowance is large even for a people who like one gravy and a hundred religions. We imagine that the highest office of poetry is to give an elevated pleasure, and sometimes H. H.'s verses do this; oftener we suspect ourselves of receiving the elevation without the pleasure. Though a thing may be very wholesome and nutritious, we do not like to be guessing so much what we are eating, and H. H., with her continual allegorizing and parabling is too apt to say to her reader, —

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes
And I 'll give you something to make you wise."

Wise — that is well enough; but not all the time, please. Nobody wants an intellectual Sunday every day in the week.

There are two little poems in H. H.'s book worth all its lessons, and one of the two is this — we are not sure whether it is the better of the two: —

POPPIES ON THE WHEAT.

Along Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies lithe and fleet
Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro
To mark the shore. The farmer does not know
That they are there. He works with heavy feet,
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain,
But I — I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me in which, though bread be sweet
No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad, remembering how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat.

Here are first a lovely picture and a fine emotion, then a very subtle poetic thought, springing from a freshly noted and intimate yet universal fact of human experience. This fulfills the office of poetry; but to preach is not poetry's office. The other poem which we like so much better than all the sermons is one that is more purely sensuous than this; one may say that it is hardly more than picture and emotion: —

OCTOBER.

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
With gold of elm and birches from the maze
Of forests. Chestnuts clicking one by one
Escape from satin burs; her fringes done,
The gentian spreads them out in sunny days,
And like late revelers at dawn, the chance
Of one sweet, mad, last hour, all things assail,
And conquering, flush and spin; while to enhance
The spell, by sunset door, wrapped in a veil
Of red and purple mists, the summer, pale,
Steals back alone for one more song and dance.

Yet this is something more than picture and emotion; the true imagination is in it, for the thought of summer stealing back for one more song and dance appeals to something deeper than fancy in us; and by the way, in Poppies on the Wheat, there is in a little space a very pretty exemplification of fancy and imagination.

"The poppies lithe and fleet
Seem running, fiery torchmen:"

That is fancy.

"*I shall be glad, remembering* how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat:'

That is imagination.

H. H. could not do better than make a study of the fortunate qualities and forms of these exquisite poems.

— In the memoir of his father, Dr. John Warren, Dr. Edward Warren has not only gracefully discharged a filial duty, he has also collected a mass of material with regard

to the hardships of the Revolution and the confusions of the succeeding years, which it is always well to have brought up clearly before the minds of the present generation. John Warren was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, July 27, 1753, the youngest of four sons. His father was a prosperous farmer, who died when John Warren was a child; his mother, who seems to have combined all those qualities which now it is customary to call old-fashioned, had the care of bringing him up. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1771, and soon devoted himself, with such meagre aid as he could get, to the study of medicine. In order to practice his profession he went to Salem. The Revolutionary War soon broke out; he saw indeed its very beginnings at Lexington and Concord, and he heard the roar of the cannon at the battle of Bunker Hill. Soon afterwards he offered his services to the government, and was given the charge of the hospital at Cambridge. With the army he went to New York and into New Jersey in the darkest days of the war. In 1777 he was married to a daughter of John Collins, the governor of Rhode Island, and returned to Boston to take charge of a hospital. In this city he remained until his death in 1815, during which time he acquired a large practice, and occupied several positions of honor. The reader derives from the book a pleasing, if not over vivid, impression of the man. After the war came all the confusion about the new molding of society; everything had to start afresh; those times were by no means the easy-going days when there was nothing extant but virtue, as we are often told; and we have a good view of much of this turmoil in this volume. Dr. Warren's claims to notice for his professional success are well known; in his day, medicine could be studied only with great difficulties, and he was one of the first to help form the present admirable system.

— Most non-believers in Christianity, and a great many professors of it, sneer at foreign missions, — the former because heathen or Moslem nations have not in one day been transformed, the latter perhaps because they do not want to give to them, and so quiet their consciences by saying that "there is missionary work enough to be done at home." Neither of these classes of persons s likely to read Dr. Jessup's book about the Women of the Arabs, but it is a pity that they should not do so. Here we see women at about the point at which they were originally found by Christ, and those who will compare the position of women in heathen and Moslem countries with that which they occupy in Christian, and particularly in Protestant nations, will find it impossible to admit that the civilization and elevation of that sex, as far even as they have gone, are fundamentally due to any other influence than that of Christianity.

To such a comparison the book before us is an excellent help. As regards the social estimation in which women are held in Syria, it is almost sufficient to state that, when a girl is born, it is the custom for the female acquaintance of the mother to come in and weep and condole with her over her great misfortune, and that "in most parts of Syria to-day, the murder of women and girls is an act so insignificant as hardly to deserve notice." The Koran holds out the reward of Paradise to obedient wives, but it declares the superiority of men to women, and commands husbands "to chide those whose refractoriness ye have cause to fear . . . . *and scourge them.*" This last injunction, says Dr. Jessup, is "carried out with terrible severity. The scourging and beating of wives is one of the worst features of Moslem domestic life," and women are often kicked and beaten to death and "no outsider knows the cause." The women of the wealthier classes are sometimes taught to read the Koran, but that is the limit of their instruction, Moslem men in general being bitterly opposed to the education of women, and contemptuously skeptical as to their mental capacity, or the possibility of their moral elevation.

Nearly fifty years ago, the first attempts to teach the women and girls of Syria were made in Beirûth by Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Goodell, the wives of American missionaries. These schools were interrupted, and Mrs. Sarah S. L. Smith began the work all over again in 1834, with four scholars. In a letter of hers dated February, 1836, she gives, as Dr. Jessup says, "a vivid description of the 'average woman' of Syria of her time, and the description holds true of nine tenths of the women of the present." But "great changes have come over Syria since that description was written. Not less than twelve high schools for girls have been established since then in Syria and Palestine, and not far from forty common schools, exclusively for girls, under the different missionary societies," — English, Irish, Scotch, Prussian, Jesuit, and American. Dr. Jessup gives a list of twenty

three girls' schools, "now or formerly connected with the Syria Mission" of the American Board. In the British Syrian schools alone there are over fifteen hundred girls. Public opinion in the towns of Syria is undergoing a great change with regard to the value and necessity of educating girls, and one or two Arab women are themselves most eloquently pleading their own cause in this direction.

With so much of exceeding interest and value as there is in this book of Dr. Jessup's, it is to be regretted that in compiling it he did not more remember that bookmaking is an art also. The middle third of the volume is taken up with tedious extracts from missionary journals, in which dates and places and persons "cross over and figure in" in the most bewildering manner. Nor can stories of Calvinistic conversions edify those large bodies of Christians who are not Calvinists. To inaugurate a system of education among a wholly degraded and ignorant population is a momentous thing. We confess to a shudder at a course of study for these ignorant daughters of poor and densely ignorant parents which, beside the usual elements, and a knowledge of the principal personages and events in the Old and New Testaments, requires also all the dates belonging to these latter, and *verbatim* recitations of the Westminster Assembly's longer and shorter Catechisms, and, for the advanced classes, "Watts on the Mind," "an abridged work in Moral Philosophy," and "the whole of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation," read aloud! What undigested masses must these remain in the intellectual system of the Syrian girls! The Bible, a simple but *consecutive* history of mankind in narrative form, needle-work, drawing, and singing, and, if possible, some idea of the literature of one language beside their own, should be the superstructure of the "three R's" for any first generation of educated youths and girls. For *their* children let the abstractions of theology, philosophy, and mathematics be reserved. Surely, above all men, the foreign missionary should study the German Art of Pedagogy.

— The catalogue of Harvard University, which has just appeared for the second year in its enlarged and improved form, gives the reader a very complete history of what has been done during the year 1872–73, as well as of what is doing in the present. As a manual of information it leaves nothing to be desired; under the head of the Courses of Instruction, it gives an outline of the work in each department, and in the list of examinations at the end of the book there is set before the reader the means of testing more thoroughly what is required of the students. It would not be easy to find a better method to enable outsiders to get a complete comprehension of the work of the university. Visiting committees do much better in theory than in practice; they are unable to determine how much the success of a recitation at which they are present is due to the glibness of some few who are unabashed by new faces, or its failure to the embarrassment of the students. The examinations give a fairer test on the whole, and there will be more care given to the preparation of papers when it is known that they are to be exhibited to the public. To get a complete notion, the answers of the students should also be seen, but the public will of course have neither the desire nor the means of taking so much trouble.

There are certain changes in the way of advance in the academical department, but it is to the law and medical schools that one looks with the greatest interest, for it is in them that the most important improvements have been made. The numbers of the students, one hundred and thirty-eight and one hundred and seventy-five, respectively, are encouraging, and we can be sure that the changes which have been introduced into these two well-known schools will have, before long, the result of modifying for the better the conduct of other professional schools throughout the country.

Graduates of the college will see with interest the modifications made with regard to the master's and doctor's degrees; we confess it is with some surprise that we find so many candidates for these degrees.

On the whole, the volume marks cautious but steady improvement, and it well deserves the attention of all the friends of education throughout the country.

Other Publications.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers send us their illustrated library edition of Wilkie Collins's novel, Moonstone; A Princess of Thule, a novel by William Black, author of Strange Adventures of a Phaeton; Harry Heathcote of Gangoil, a Tale of Australian Bush-Life, by Anthony Trollope; the revised edition of Albert Barnes's Notes on the Epistles of Paul to the Ephesians,

Philippians, and Colossians; and William Swinton's School Composition: being advanced Language-Lessons for Grammar Schools.

From Macmillan & Co., New York, we have Storm-Warriors, or, Life-Boat Work on the Goodwin Sands, by Rev. John Gilmore; and The Sources of Standard English, by T. L. Kington Oliphant.

We have also received the following books: From the American Publishing Co., Hartford, The Gilded Age, a Tale of To-Day, by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. From A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Ten Years in Washington: Life and Scenes in the National Capital, as a Woman sees them, by Mary Clemmer Ames. From J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, the first volume of George Henry Lewes's Problems of Life and Mind. From D. Appleton & Co., New York, The New Chemistry, by Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. From Porter and Coates, Philadelphia, In the Days of my Youth, a novel by Amelia B. Edwards. From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, A Very Young Couple, by the author of Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. From Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh, Business, by a Merchant. From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, An Introduction to the Study of Practical Histology, for Beginners in Microscopy, by James Tyson, M. D. From D. Van Nostrand, New York, Our Naval School and Naval Officers; a Glance at the Condition of the French Navy prior to the late Franco-German War: translated from the French of M. De Crisenoy by Commander Richard W. Meade, U. S. N. From Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, Landscape Architecture, as applied to the Wants of the West; with an Essay on Forest Planting on the Great Plains, by H. W. S. Cleveland, Landscape Architect.

French and German.[1]

The æsthetical heretic who has written twelve letters in book-form is a very bitter foe of certain appearances of modern art; in fact, he is a confirmed grumbler: but many of his lamentations are well founded, the general drift of the book is excellent, and one cannot help applauding the manner in which some of the most dangerous and most popular theories of the present time are attacked. Ruskin, alike with his praise and his blame, has been almost without effect on modern art, and, according to our heretic, it is the way in which we let our thinking be done for us, that injures our power of appreciation and comprehension. We read serious books on art, and get from them rules rather than principles; we adopt their conclusions and consider ourselves cultivated. Hence, he says, in Germany, while music has advanced so far, Thorwaldsen has been declared equal to the ancients, and Cornelius a rival of Michael Angelo. The frequenting of galleries is the favorite antidote to such crudeness of thought and neglect of taste, but, the heretic goes on, the pictures are ill-arranged, without regard to the places for which, and for which alone, they were painted, they crowd one another before the spectator's eye, and how little they serve may be judged from the meagre results they help to produce. We know what we have to admire, and to what extent; the author contrasts our conventional admiration of what we have learned deserves it, with our uncertainty before anything new. Then comes a letter on the realism of the present time, the effect of a reaction against the classical revival. The general ignorance of what is really artistic makes us admire qualities which it is easier to detect than genuine artistic excellence. Reproductions in miniature inspire the writer of this book to fresh outbursts. What he hopes is that some man may come along, strong enough to break from the misleading theories of nowadays, and able to take up the traditions of the past; who will in spite of opposition make his influence felt, as has been done in literature by Goethe, and in music by Beethoven. A great deal of what this author says is worth reading. Every one will find an attack upon some favorite hobby of his own, but he will also find ample compensation in the abuse heaped upon his sinning neighbors. The following extract may serve to show the author's manner of writing. Speaking of the connoisseur, he says, — "He is the slave of the subject; in Rubens he dislikes the flesh-tints; in a picture of

1 All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Zwölf Briefe eines ästhetischen Ketzers. Berlin: Verlag von Robert Oppenheim. 1874.

Les Religieuses Bouddhistes depuis Sakya-Mouni jusqu'à nos Jours. Par Mary Summer. Avec une Introduction par Ph-Ed. Foncaux, Professeur au Collége de France. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1873.

Lettres à la Princesse. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie française. Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1873.

Piloty's or Gérome's he is attracted by the story, whether tragic or comic, that it tells. But that is open, above-board interest in the subject. The hidden sort is much worse. In the first place one hunts after 'expression,' then after wit or sentimentality; afterwards art becomes moral, Christian, heathen, or even national, all of which are things with no importance to art, and which only show that in the plastic arts we are on the same level as were our great-grandfathers with regard to literature when Gottsched and Breitinger disputed whether poetry ought to be allegorical, moral, didactic, or descriptive; all forgetting that poetry should be above all things poetical. . . . . Every great work of art is at the same time both objective and subjective in the highest degree, as Goethe's Faust or Dante's Commedia. This subjectivity is the expression, and not the cheap representation of pain, emotion, wrath, devotion, maternal affection, etc., which our modern expression-painters, like Ary Scheffer, conceive in the abstract, and try to give again *ad hominem* in a concrete form. The joy of the Philistine is certainly great when he has understood the expression or made out the story. That such an expressive figure, however, is no real person, but only the representation of an emotion, a lay figure clothed with certain moral drapery, is of no importance to the Philistine, nor does he care whether the figure which stands before us, frightened, angry, or tender, as the case may be, is represented so that we could easily imagine it under the influence of another emotion, or so that its personality strikes us more than the abstract passion which animates it."

Then he goes on to point out the evident evil effect such a course must have on the painter who is forever seeking novelty for his pictures, and who loses, moreover, the right method in his search for surprising effects. There is a great deal that is good in the book, besides this, which, to some of our readers, may be old, but the faults it attacks are still older. Any book which tends to make the public capable of forming an opinion that shall be original as well as sound, and not merely the echo of popular rumor, is a book worth reading.

— M. Foncaux, the professor of Sanskrit at the Collége de France, has written an introduction to a readable little book by Mrs. Mary Summer, called *Les Religieuses Bouddhistes depuis Sakya-Mouni jusqu'à nos Jours.* It will be remembered that Buddhism, although in most respects very tolerant, and notably so in comparison with the religion of the Brahmans, is exceedingly severe in all that it has to say about women According to its complicated theology, no living being, with very few if any exceptions, starts so unfairly in the series of existence tending towards Nirvâna, as does a woman; her only hope is at some future birth to be born a man. When Buddha became a preacher and went out into the world making converts, he urged the men to retire into monasteries; about five hundred women, led by his nurse and his former wife, presented him with a request that he establish convents for them. He refused absolutely at first, and in order to escape from them left that part of the country. The women, however, shaved their heads, covered their raiment with dust, and followed him, still urging their prayer, but Buddha still refused to give them the permission they desired; at last he declines giving any answer to their entreaties. On meeting that obstacle they, with some wiliness, approach Ananda, one of Buddha's favorite disciples, a young man, and persuade him to intercede for them. He is successful and Buddha finally gives his consent. The life in the convent was very similar to what it was in that of other religious bodies. The women were admitted after a novitiate, and the residence within the walls was not very different from that of other convents. There was this exception, however, that married women could enter if they could obtain the consent of their husbands. The principal occupations of the nuns were instructing children, begging, and meditating. For a time all went smoothly, but after a while the laws began to be neglected, the dress of the nuns gradually assumed greater gaudiness, and more or less corruption appeared. At the present time convents are much rarer than they used to be, but they still afford protection to defenseless women. In Birmah, Monseigneur Bigaudet found two Buddhist convents; in one were seventy nuns, in the other about fifty. The women of the country resort to these places as a religious retreat; others again — generally, we are told, women past their youth — shave their heads and wear the peculiar dress of the nuns. With but few exceptions their conduct is exemplary.

In Siam few of the nuns are under fifty years old. They dress in white, observe the commands of the law, listen to daily preaching, and pray for hours in the temples. They also visit the poor and the sick.

In China they are less highly praised. Convents are also found in Thibet and Ceylon.

The book itself is interesting; the introduction by M. Foncaux is the least important part. In it he undertakes to disprove the resemblance so often found between Buddhism and Protestantism; he shows that many of the customs introduced by the Buddhists were exactly those which were the especial objects of the reformers' attacks; such were auricular confession, the worship of relics, and the very monasteries and convents we have been writing about. While so far as he goes he is right, it is to be remembered that the points of similarity are much greater and lie much deeper; they are to be found in the various modifications in the way of reform introduced by Buddha into the older Brahman religion, which was for a time supplanted. In each case it was the exaltation of the individual which was accomplished, or perhaps more truly, aimed at. The old system of castes was done away with, and the hold that priestcraft had on the people was weakened. In this way there is a certain amount of resemblance, and M. Foncaux's argument goes for very little. Still, it is to be said that he acknowledges that Buddhism is a reform; it is the mint and anise and cummin which disturb him; he does not see the weightier matters of the law.

— The end of a notice might seem hardly the place in which to make even tardy mention of a volume by Sainte-Beuve, but the Letters to the Princess are hardly of enough general interest to demand more especial consideration. They are for the most part short, and about little events of the day, the elections for members of the Academy, and such trifling matters. There is but very little light thrown on the writer's character, except so far as the book shows the kindness of his heart, and the agreeableness of his manner. Some of the gossip of the day must be of interest for the survivors, but there is little that one of us outside barbarians will care to read.

ART.

The Boston Art Club opened the first of its winter exhibitions in January, with a muster-roll of nearly one hundred and fifty pictures and sculptures, about one third of which were the productions of foreigners, the rest of American artists.

As for the pictures, one scarcely knows what to begin with, as usual in looking at collections. The first glance into the two galleries makes us aware of the large canvases only; and we discover a number of these. From the end wall of the second gallery a late twilight of gray-yellow stares out at us under the boughs of a great, dusky tree, with the stamp of some foreign hand upon it; and beside that there is a fresh and rather hot-colored Spanish scene, The Billet-Doux, by C. Becker. Nearer, there is something from Koeckoeck, Jr., — a lugger dragging over a rough and muddy sea, under a useless spread of feebly stormy cloud. There is also to be found a Sunset in Damascus, by E. L. Weeks, in which the artist seems rather to have masked any sentiment he may have begun with, in the heavy layers of paint through which he has attempted to express it. The sun has just gone to rest behind the Mosque of the Dervishes, which sits in the background, with one large dome and a brood of smaller domes around it. But the sun at Damascus must have a strange trick of color which it never exhibits in these latitudes, for on either side of the big dome, just where the luminary may be supposed to have sunk out of sight, there is seen a faint rosy glow, while all the rest of the sky, up to within a short space of the frame-top, is suffused with an intense, motionless yellow, partially graded off into blue. Now, in this country and in Europe, it is customary, we believe, for the sun to produce quite a different effect when it has this sort of still, cloudless sky to work upon. The rose could never come next to the sun, for there would be gold, and it could not come next to the gold, for there orange would appear; so that it is commonly forced into the third place in the scale that leads into blue somewhere at the zenith. A road comes out from the right background into the left foreground, and along this a caravan approaches, which fatally resembles in its unreality of appearance the triumphal entries of domes-

tic circus troupes we are familiar with. The riders seem scarcely to have been drawn from lay figures, even, — much less from the life. And the horse in the foreground has either only been allowed three legs, or else he is lifting two legs on the same side at once. Under a sticky and bruised tree on the right, squat some figures in blue and red, which are reflected at hap-hazard in a little pool just below them. On the whole, the large canvases do not attract us. Nearly opposite to Mr. Weeks's picture, it is true, there hangs a work almost as large, by Chierici, which affords some genuine enjoyment. A little Italian boy has rushed into the kitchen where his mother or sister is cooking, and, with a grotesque mask held before his face, has hugely scared a little girl, who has dropped her doll, and clings to the young woman's skirt in terror. The latter opposes an attitude and expression of stormy reproval to the little masquerader. It is a pretty subject, and painted with great care, — an almost extreme nicety, in fact. The countless details of the cooking range alone might easily absorb our attention, distracting it from the real drama. Not a stain or grease spot on the iron has been omitted; and every atom of the dust and ashes, the remnants of shavings, and the half-burnt matches, appears to have been painted with a separate self-devotion. The smoke-besmirched and variously disfigured wall, too, is done with the same exactness. But the impression conveyed soon comes to be that the artist could not keep his hands off from anything. In this there is at once a timidity and a self-indulgence, faithful as the effort has been to be absolutely true. But, in fact, we never do become aware in one instant of so many things as are here painted, each without the chance of concealment or generalization.

When we come to the pictures of medium size (for it appears we have naturally classified them according to extent of surface), we find a clever piece by Rosa Bonheur, two peasant women raking in a field. They are coarse, cloddish creatures, whose whole conformation, and the very shadows on whose rough garments, make one feel that they are less human beings than a species of bipedal live stock capable of handling rakes, who have been turned out into the fields along with the rest of the cattle. The artist has, in fact, not troubled herself to make anything more of them than a pair of curious, tough animals belonging to the type of man. Accepted as such, they are capable of giving a certain wholesome, earthy pleasure, apart from the satisfaction which must be felt in the artist's genuine appreciation of them, and her vigorous use of the brush.

Next in our way there is a picture by Meyer von Bremen, called Departure. Two peasant women, very well modeled, are standing on a rocky and grove-grown bank above a lake, a little patch of which appears in the right-hand lower corner, where there is a boat with some imperfectly drawn and dauby figures, one of which rises with a gesture of farewell. One of the women stands with her face from her companion, looking after the boat, while the other turns a brown and clearly-cut face toward her, as if to soothe and encourage. The sunlight strikes roughly and blindingly upon the rock whereon this girl sits, and catches some sprays of foliage in its passage. The sentiment is tender, but it is a case of sentiment originally good being mixed with technical insincerities. The trees are very disingenuous, and the sunlight strikes us as sensational. There is just a touch of the stage-manager in the whole composition, and the trifling work with the distant boat seems to lay bare the slight pervading insincerity. Still, the figures of the women impress us as every way genuine, and they are very much to be preferred to the little school-girls in the two pictures in the second gallery. These are in the painter's earlier vein, — two waxen children imprisoned in brown and gray surroundings of an old room, one of whom sleeps over her task, and is called Repose, while the other, having discovered how to do her arithmetic problem, cocks her eye theatrically at the spectator. This is called Inspiration.

W. Mark Fisher has, in this neighborhood, a still-life remarkable for its good naturalistic rib of beef, string of onions, and couple of fish. In arrangement, it is much superior to Mr. Brackett's correct but stiff and unattractive fishes. Mr. Fisher, however, appears to better advantage in his landscape, Château of Montmorenci, and his picture of a Girl and Sheep, both examples of landscape in the modern French style. The best piece of still-life to be seen is undoubtedly that of W. Hahn, embracing a velvety brown hare, well drawn and flung upon a table, with his legs up against a basket containing celery and a fine blue cabbage. A blackbird and a yellow-breasted bird of some sort lie on the table beside it, lending a touch of beauty usually lacking in this kind of composition. Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole follows

close upon Herr Hahn, with his brace and a half of white rabbits, softly and sympathetically painted; though the background is too conventionally dark, and is marred by a defective and baggy tree-trunk. It is noticeable that one sixth of the collection under review, numerically, consists of still-life or flower and fruit pieces. Among the latter we find none that may be called successful, with the exception of one by Miss M. Carter, which bears the bronze medal award of the South Kensington Art Training School. Here are grapes pouring in a graceful torrent over a high-stemmed gilt patera, down upon a slab of sham marble (the like of which, we must urge in passing, should not be permitted to appear in the work of any student at first-class art-schools), with a blooming peach and a big-veined musk-melon hard by, and a large bronze kettle behind. There is nothing convincingly beautiful about this composition; but the grapes are well modeled and lighted, and there is some resource manifest in the management of the paint. Technically, it is much better than the average of fruit pieces offered for sale in this country; but it is apparently devoid of that freshness of impression from the subject which must exist in order to insure beauty and originality in an artist's work. Though much is discoverable through this picture as to excellences of the Kensington method, it is also to be feared that it shows a tendency in that method toward sinking the student hopelessly in the physical and mechanical means of art. It is to be hoped that this tendency may be watched in the establishment of the present system of art education in Massachusetts, and, if necessary, curbed in time to prevent an undesirable labor of reform in the future. In general, the pictures of fruit and flowers at the exhibition must be set down as monotonous. Fruit-pictures seem to be in the same case with still-life, which has been nearly motionless for so many, many years, that it seems at last about to stagnate utterly.

Passing to the water-colors, we find a small but very enjoyable piece from Boughton, The Gossips — two white-capped old French women encountering in front of a gray-green wall, with a flourishing thicket of green boughs behind it. One of them props herself with an umbrella in one hand, while holding out the other in discourse. Her friend is just opening a snuff-box. A little girl in black, who does not appreciate their conversation, tugs at the skirt of the latter, with a pretty, pained, yet unobtrusive impatience. The green at the back is carried gracefully into the foreground through the right-hand woman's dress and umbrella, getting a bluer tinge in the transit. It is an excellent example of recent English water-color painting. Of a similar character are F. Lathrop's two contributions in tempera. One of these is a girl's head; a green dress appearing on the shoulder, against a background of green and pale rose hue. The other is a view of Windsor from the Meadows, and, while well laid out in the drawing, gives preëminently only the first and general impression of the scene. A notable instance of the old style of water-color, still prevalent in other schools than the English, is Fortuna's sketch of an ancient crone with a red nose, a red bodice, a coral necklace, and a red band at the bottom of her kirtle, who has just descended the stairway into a court-yard near the Roman Ghetto. A hen pecks drearily at some refuse on the pavement, and an arched passage leads off with a long vista of blue on the right. Mr. Bellows shows two scenes with the same thin use of water-color, but his tints are more carefully and smoothly manipulated: A Nook near Lancaster, and Christmas Boughs, — the latter an English subject, apparently. The same painter has in the second gallery a large oil-color, Sunday in Devonshire. In both these English scenes, we notice a purplish log with yellow ends marked by the axe, the recurrence of which is perhaps one of several disadvantages attendant on painting successive finished pictures from old studies. The people in the street of this Devonshire village, too, look much as if they had dropped down at appointed intervals and in available groups, with a view to being photographed. Still, there is something amiable about the picture, and it gives unmistakably the effect of a quiet English village with its thatched roofs and church-spire, its thick trees and quiet pond, on a silent Sunday.

Proceeding with the water-colors, again, we find in Carl Werner's Ruin in Sicily a careful architectural record, and at the same time a very pretty scene deftly executed in the best manner of aquarelles. We can not avouch that Herr Werner has confined himself to fact, in this case, but the excellence of the architectural record consists in the minuteness and patience with which he has reproduced, or imagined (whichever it be), a long-deserted Byzantine basilica,

standing close to the yellow sand and blue sea, with scudding sails in the background. Of the body of the church only one or two arches remain; but these are richly decorated in red and blue and gold, with saints looking out here and there in medallions, while the capitals of the supporting pillars unfold their tortuous and florid carving below. A pool of water washes about the bases of the shafts, and broad-leaved water-plants and grasses thrive upon its borders. On the hither side stands a sole and silent column suggestive of the fallen arch that once spanned the space between it and the others. On the farther, the water creeps in among the stones and weeds that block up the chancel; and the curved wall of the apse bears, in gold-surrounded fresco or mosaic, a forgotten Christ and his twelve Apostles. A ray of light, falling from above, glints dimly down this pictured wall, and flowers and grasses flourish on the crumbling roof. The mosaic on the pulpit at the left is scaling off; the steps are awry with age, and a red fox prowls at the base; while just without the shattered edifice, on that side, grow cedars, and a stone-pine slimly rears itself into the air. One might almost write a poem on such a picture. Yet we are not sure that it is so thoroughly excellent an architectural painting as the Chapel of Henry VII. (Westminster Abbey) by Turner, a yard or two away on the same wall. Here we must admire the wise generalization of the carving, by means of which the result of multitudinous detail is given not so much through a slurring over of particulars, as through a compression of the value of each particular into this terse and pregnant statement of the whole. Werner could not apparently count upon himself for any such masterful faculty, and has given each detail with absolute distinctness, slightly at the expense of the general pictorial effect. How exquisitely, too, does Turner's faint gray light stream in at the perpendicular windows, losing itself in the multiplied and delicate richness of that fan-tracery which spreads itself over the groined ceiling, and drops into great pendants at the convergence of the arches!

The mention of Turner leads us on to a sketch by a more recent English worthy of less note, though to a certain extent renowned — David Cox, namely. This is a sepia-drawing, and represents a meadow traversed by a brook, where cattle are grazing; and there are trees, a hill, and a rambling castle in the background. A tall, aristocratic tree in the left arches its masses of foliage gracefully, and some birds wing away over the castle behind. It is very loosely and somewhat blotchily executed. In fact, the aristocratic tree seems almost dropping into flakes, and it only emphasizes a certain indolent *hauteur* and amateurishness characterizing the whole sketch. Another sort of cleverness, higher in point of neatness and completeness, characterizes two water-color studies by Tissot. The first is a young woman of decidedly Parisian type, in a black and white cambric dress, who walks jauntily toward us with a plaid shawl on one arm, a parasol dangling from the other (held by her yellow-gloved hand), and on her head a flattish hat covered with plaited white muslin. Her complexion is of a singular sugar-of-lead hue, yet without being altogether abnormal. In fact, the red lips contrast rather prettily with it, in a way. The second sketch represents the same young woman, apparently, reclining now in an invalid's chair with a bamboo back. The plaid shawl is thrown over her knees; she wears a hat trimmed with soft, tumbled black lace; and her white cambric necktie, so spruce before, is here twisted limply aside. Her expression is wistful and melancholy, and we seem to catch from it a history of disappointment and premature decay. One might imagine these figures set in a story of Balzac, or a play of the younger Dumas. The artist has dwelt lovingly on a picturesque misery, here, and with that sort of enjoyment which seems now and then to reveal a trace of absinthe in French art and literature. Nevertheless, as being freshly felt and ingeniously depicted, the pictures have their value; and if one looks carefully at them once, they exercise thereafter a fascination which it is difficult to resist.

Among the landscapes, we must not pass over F. P. Vinton's Forest-Road in October Twilight, — the woods prevailingly gray-brown, a cold, blue-gray sky above, and a spot of orange after-glow in the distance, happily interfused with the dusky trunks of trees. A woman drives sheep along the road. It shows the modesty of an earnest beginner, and is colored harmoniously. A head of Jacopo Cavanaro by the same painter has considerable vigor and humor. Mr. Vinton is subjected as yet to the tyranny of French skill, and would profit by study in London, and rather in some studio there than in the art-schools. J. Appleton Brown's landscape is perhaps the freshest and most spiritual of the land-

scapes in oil. Four clumps of trees recede into the distance, from right to left of a flat meadow, with a pool in the foreground. These are balanced by two single trees sloping in an opposite direction; while a line of sunny white cloud in the background, varied by pale blue shadows, unites these opposing lines, and corresponds with the small foreground pool. Mr. Brown has also studied a storm at the Isles of Shoals with good results; his picture contains a thunderous strength and a swiftness of movement worthy of the subject. F. D. Williams is represented by several pieces; but they are fettered by a good deal of mannerism. He has brought us some cool sea-color from York Sands, in Maine; and a sunset in the first gallery comes near being a successful burst of lustrous color. His Devious Ways is a humorous incident, — a small drove of cattle going lamentably astray, regardless of a monitory sign-post; while the drover leans against a fence, a little at the left, talking with two young women. Ernest Longfellow displayed three landscapes, one of which, Manchester Shore, was remarkable for the structure and color of its rocks, of a sunny salmon tint. Below it the sea is spread in a windy blue; and a tall pine-tree rises above, with its lower boughs wrenched by the wind and covered in their drooping sweep earthward by a heavy vine. Of Alfred Ordway's three landscapes, we like that best which brings a leaden-colored stream before us, in late afternoon, with dark chestnuts rising beside it in the still air; though there is a feeling of coolness and openness in his green lane, crossed by dark green shadows from the trees that border it. J. W. Champney, or "Champ," makes no less than five contributions, one of which comprises five sheets (catalogued as "plates") from his note-book at the South. They bear witness to the same ready and knowing skill with which the readers of Scribner's Monthly have been made acquainted; but they are frequently embarrassed by unnecessary strokes and flourishes of the pencil. They abound in commonplaces, at the same time that they evince considerable alertness in observation.

MUSIC.

"The enjoyment of a work of art is anything but a passive attitude. The right understanding, and with it the highest enjoyment, consists much rather in a sort of intellectual reconstructing, and of ourselves creating anew that which is presented to us by the artist." — A. W. Ambros.

"Men (musicians excepted) prefer hearing what is familiar to what is new. The musician, to be sure, is 'also a man, so to speak,' and often likes to perform, or have performed, works that he is fond of, over and over again; but that which is new has a peculiar charm for him, inasmuch as it excites his curiosity, and makes higher demands upon his apprehensive faculty. The public, on the contrary, in all its strata, prefers to enjoy at ease, and we can hardly turn to reproach an impulse so deeply rooted in human nature." — Ferd. Hiller.

All concerts belong more or less to one of two classes. They either appeal to the musician, who would draw his own enjoyment from them, or to the (shall we say merely sensual?) listener, who would be passively amused. Any work of art, be it a painting, statue, symphony, opera, or even a concert programme (which surely is or should be a work of art of its kind), that follows a consistent and rational plan of development of its own, irrespective of external disturbing forces, must command our respect as an organic whole, fitted for accomplishing something in the world. A concert programme which appeals exclusively to one or the other of the above-mentioned classes of listeners has, if nothing else, a singleness of purpose that is no mean guarantee of its artistic respectability; whereas a programme which appeals to both is an artistic *tertium quid*, considerable only for the imputed respectability it gains from the number of yards of fine broadcloth and its feminine correlative, that it can collect within four walls. Through the untiring efforts of the Harvard Musical Association, Boston has for the last nine years had a series of classical orchestral concerts that have unswervingly appealed to the highest order of listeners. They have existed for the higher artistic enjoyment of cultivated musicians, for the higher artistic education of all. Whatever defects there may have been in the perfection of various details in their management, there has at least been no want of sincerity or singleness of purpose in their general plan. In concerts of the purely amusing sort, Boston is not so well off. The entertainments of the various itinerant concert troupes that our city has

been avored with, have been and still are such strange artistic nondescripts as to be hardly considerable at all from an æsthetic point of view; so we leave them out of the question. But there have been attempts made every now and then, at giving simply popular concerts, the object being to furnish a remunerative quotity of people with an innocent and not overtaxing evening's amusement. In Germany such concerts are looked for as a matter of course in almost every city. They are invariably well attended, and almost as invariably enjoyable. The programmes are made out in a self-respecting spirit, not trying to appear better than they are, but content to stand on their own merits. They consist almost entirely of instrumental music, and the audience generally furnish a running accompaniment of beer, supper, and tobacco. Theodore Thomas's Winter-Garden concerts in New York are the nearest approach that has been made to the German original, and have been a striking success as far as music is concerned, for they have been the means of keeping together an orchestra which stands entirely alone in America, in respect to executive excellence. Then New York is the only one of the Eastern cities in which such an experiment could have succeeded. But leaving the German beer and tobacco concert out of the question, the idea of having cheap concerts of popular, that is, purely *amusing* music, does not seem wholly chimerical. At least we should be loath to think such concerts impracticable until demonstrated to be so by repeated actual experiment. In the so-called popular concerts that have been occasionally given in Boston during the last few years, there has been to our thinking one great fundamental mistake. In trying to meet too many tastes, they have appealed to no taste. The programmes have been almost without exception bad. The injudiciousness of the selections has been more prominent in the vocal part of the programmes than in the instrumental, although in both departments an improvement might easily be made. One thing that has had an unfortunate influence in this respect is that these concerts are usually given on Sunday evenings, and the law allows no programme to be published on Sunday that does not begin with the word "Sacred." How much this "Sacred" means is pretty well known by this time, but it has more effect upon the character of the programme than many people suspect. When a man announces a sacred concert, he generally contrives to screen the name from public ridicule behind one or two unsecular numbers. The delicious impudence of the man who announced a Sunday evening's performance of "Schiller's Grand *Oratorio* of Cabale und Liebe" in San Francisco is wanting in our more matter-of-fact Eastern impressarios. Now these sacred selections, often of rare beauty in themselves, and sometimes excellently sung, are wholly out of place in programmes which consist mainly of light and sentimental music. The same may be said of the occasional bits of secular classicism that stray into programmes of this sort as — shall we say sops to St. Peter? It is with surprise that we have often found these things commended by our best musical critics as "giving a healthy tone to the programme." That these numbers add to the entertainment of a professedly miscellaneous audience cannot be for a moment supposed; that they contribute to its musical education is very questionable. If anything educational is to be done at such concerts, it must be done by stealth, unsuspected by the audience. Musicians go to a classical concert for their own enjoyment; half-musicians, or merely musically inclined persons, go because they are assured of hearing something of sterling æsthetic value, which they can in part enjoy, and which they will honestly try wholly to appreciate. People go to "popular" concerts of light music simply to be amused, luxuriously to drink in what of rhythm, melody, and easily flowing harmony they can assimilate without trouble. What sympathy can then be expected of them for any music that appeals to the thinking faculty? Respectful inattention is the most that can be asked. The probable effect will be an increased enjoyment of the next rythmic-melodic triviality. The element in music that the "musical infant" first appreciates is *rhythm*. The appreciation of melody comes later, that of harmonic progressions much later. A thorough appreciation and enjoyment of simple and well-marked rhythm, such as is found in a well-written march, polka, or galop, may be taken for granted in any audience. If they can enjoy any of the higher varieties of rhythm, such as a persistent and easily caught syncopation, all the better. But if the rhythm of a piece is strongly marked and enjoyable, a great part of the audience will be indifferent to the quality of the melody. Now if they are allowed to hear music of well-defined, vital melody, which is at the same time rhythmic-

ally attractive, its superiority over music that is *merely* rhythmic cannot long fail to be felt by them. Thus a taste for pure melody is formed; fine melodic progressions become more and more fascinating until the ear at last is led, for the sake of melody, to endure rhythmic complexities which would have before been unintelligible and disturbing. A discriminating taste for melody once formed, a taste for something more varied and satisfying than the mere vulgar tonic — dominant — subdominant harmonies cannot be very long in following.

There is plenty of music in the world which unites these three qualities: well marked and easily caught rhythm, well constructed melody, and easily flowing, but not vulgar or inane, harmony, without making the slightest demand upon the voluntary intellectual coöperation of the listener. How much better to have our "popular" concert programmes entirely composed of such music, than to have them base their respectability upon a couple of oratorio airs and a bit of classical piano-forte playing, while the body of the concert (the amusing part) is made up of senseless trash only good enough for a dance-hall! A man who goes to a concert with his highest ideas of musical enjoyment embodied in *Put me in my little Bed*, and with perhaps a vague hope of finding it on the programme, will not be likely to have his faith much shaken by a forced hearing of Mendelssohn's *O rest in the Lord*, although Bishop's *The Pilgrim of Love*, or Hatton's *I cannot sing the old Songs*, might open his eyes to the fact that even *Put me in my little Bed* could be surpassed. How much of Auber, Hérold, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Rossini, Adam, Strauss, and others might not be used in this way to *entice* the popular taste onward and upward? It has been hinted that the managers of these concerts have it at heart to keep the popular taste down, since it is always easier and less expensive to furnish a poor article than a good one. But a man who thoroughly enjoys good music, enjoys it much more than his neighbor enjoys poor music, and will pay more to get it. Educate and elevate the popular musical taste, and the public demand for music will increase of itself.

Some persons, among others the author of A Fagot from the Coliseum (a pamphlet which appeared in '69, shortly after the first Gilmore Jubilee), have strongly advocated the introduction of music of the simply amusing sort into the programmes of classical concerts, and there is, no doubt, a very large party of concert-goers who would be very glad of this. But we must say that this seems to us quite as great a mistake as the introduction of the graver classical music into popular concerts. The feelings of all portions of the community ought to be considered as much as possible. The classical concert exists, ostensibly, for the benefit of the more musically cultivated classes, and however charming even the most educated classicist may find Strauss waltzes and Auber overtures in their proper place, they will seem to him a most unwelcome source of ennui when brought into immediate contact with music that takes stronger and deeper hold upon the feelings. One of the most cultivated musicians in the country (of whom, by the way, many people have formed rather an amusing idea, as a sort of classical Pope-and-Pagan, eager for the destruction of all modern music) said to us the other evening, after the performance of Liszt's second *Rhapsodie Hongroise* by the Thomas orchestra, "Do you think I would not rather hear that, than a bad performance of the Mozart Jupiter, or the Schubert variations all washed out with sentimentality?" But if the Mozart symphony and the Schubert variations had been performed as they deserve, our friend would probably have found little else than a source of nervous ill-humor in the Liszt Rhapsody. And here let us say a most serious word to all those skeptics who distrust the genuine love that many of us feel for the great classic music. The great mistake of the anti-classicists is in calling the classic music, music of the head alone. If it were so, small then would be its value as music. That it is uncomprehended, perhaps incomprehensible with many is not to be doubted. That a certain high amount of intellectual activity is necessary to live in a highly intellectual atmosphere is most true, and the more unaccustomed to the atmosphere a man is, the more laborious will such activity be to him; but let his mind be once acclimated to these high intellectual latitudes, and the mental *effort* ceases, the mental operation becomes a spontaneous, unconscious one, at last even necessary to his comfortable existence. So in the higher classic music, the intellectual part may be so exacting that it monopolizes all the faculties of the novice, to the concealing of the higher spiritual part that is in reality the gist of the whole. But when the intellectual process has become a spontaneous, unconscious one, then the spiritual side of the

music seizes upon the listener with its full, irresistible power, so that he forgets for the time being that he is thinking, mindful only of what he is feeling. And in the end, so necessary has this undercurrent of thought become to the music-lover, that when he listens to one of those superficial appeals to the heart, which has its source in *mere* passion and speaks merely to the animal instincts, his intellectual faculty, deprived of its expected nourishment, feels such hungry cravings, and sets up such a clamor for food, as entirely silences the merely sensuous or sentimental voice of the music. This is so in all the arts. What we cannot comprehend appeals at first only to the intellect. It is only when we have thoroughly understood it that we can *feel* its higher qualities.

The musician may be enlivened by a Strauss waltz, or even, in moments of abnormally high spirits, feel a responsive thrill at an Offenbach Can-can; but how much more strongly and irresistibly is he swept up from earth on the wings of a Bach C minor Passacaglia or a Mozart *Or sai chi l'onore!* And the musician is, after all, the only real music-*lover*. All others are but music-likers; they like music, —

> . . . . "But much as we
> Down at the bath-house love the sea,
> Who breathe its salt and bruise its sands:
> While . . . . do but follow the fishing-gull
> That flaps and floats from wave to cave!
> There 's the sea-lover, fair my friend!"

But the music-likers have nevertheless their rights, and it behooves those who really love the art to see that they get them, and more; even that they be, if possible, changed to music-lovers and musicians. But such a change can by no means be brought about by violence nor by mere argument. Do not even debar them from hearing bad music, but, by giving them proper opportunities, lead them to find out for themselves that they like good music better than bad. Hard-working people, who look upon music merely as an amusement, cannot be expected to take any pains of themselves to hear anything better than that which is offered them, if that which is offered already satisfies them. But it is the interest of every musician, from the serious, thinking composer and finished virtuoso down to the merest drum player, did he but know it, to have the public musical taste as high as possible, and it is the musician's duty as well as interest to take all the labor upon his own shoulders. If the public will but allow themselves to be led on, and pay their entrance fees, it is all that can be asked of them. If at last they have been led to feel the higher influences of music, then the least they can do in gratitude to the musician, is to help in the good work. But instruction cannot and must not be forced down the public throat; it must be conveyed in the most fascinating and gradual form possible. And if questioned as to the means, we can only refer to the list of composers that we have mentioned above. It is certainly not to be done by an abrupt introduction to the higher classic music, much less by the poorer and more trashy compositions of sterling composers, such as the march from Gounod's *Queen of Sheba*, the good in which is only to be appreciated by musicians, and the bad in which is beneath the notice of anybody; neither can we expect much from sentimental perversions of the composer's original intention, like the muted string *Träumerei* business.

— Among the many interesting musical novelties that have been recently brought out in Boston, Joachin Raff's *Lenore* symphony naturally takes precedence by the interest it has so widely excited. Its stupendous size, the mere amount of music paper that it covers, is in itself a sort of claim to notice. Of its four movements the *allegro* in the first part, entitled *Happiness in Love*, strikes us as the best. Here Raff is entirely in his element, and although the musical form of the movement (we must own, without any apparent dramatic necessity) is much freer than in his *Im Walde* symphony or his C major, the two passionate themes are well worked out, and the continuous, impassioned flow of the music receives but few unwelcome checks. The *andante quasi largetto* in the same part, in spite of the masterly handling of the orchestra, strikes us as unreasonably prolix. Neither are the themes of themselves peculiarly interesting. The march *tempo* of the second part, *Parting*, has a certain Volkslied snap, especially in its second theme, and is most brilliantly instrumented, but is treated at much greater length than the themes themselves warrant. Like the preceding *andante*, its prolixity is its great blemish. The third part of the symphony, *Reuniting in Death*, taken from G. Bürger's *Lenore*, is perhaps the most disappointing of the whole. It is ostensibly a bit of "tone-painting," but even as such falls far behind the sweeping passion of Bürger's poem. All the incidents of the poem are duly hinted at

in the music, the inevitable galloping of the horse being most markedly prominent. But it is most tame, regular cantering, compared with the furious *Hurre, hurre! hop, hop, hop!* of Bürger's steed. The hymn of the ghostly funeral procession, the demoniac laughter of the spirits, and all such items, are treated with a loving appreciation of the hideous and ghastly, that we had not looked for in Raff. The closing *adagio, Gott sei der Seele gnädig,* is indeed a comfort after all this, but is nevertheless a weak ending to the work. In spite of the masterly handling of the orchestra and the many real beauties that are to be detected throughout the work, and in spite of some really strong musical effects, as, for instance, the sudden piano and as sudden crescendo in the final cadence of the first movement, the symphony, as a whole, gives the impression of weakness.

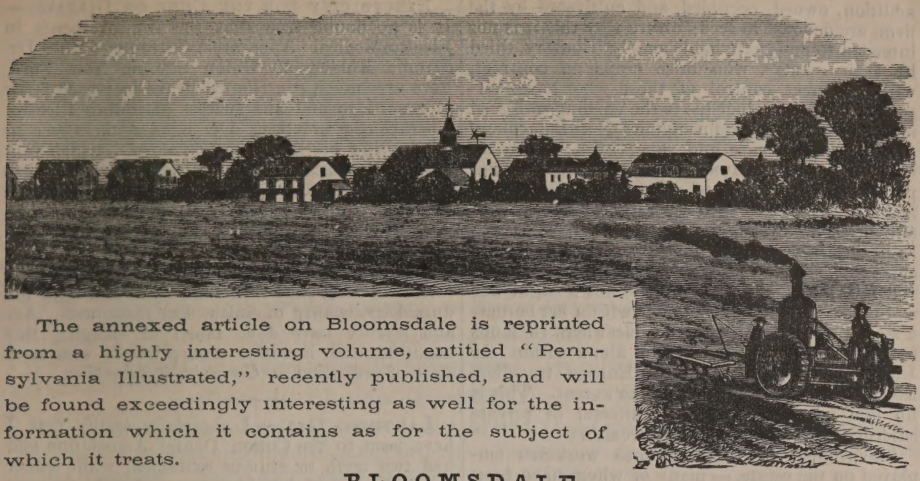
We have a much stronger, and, we may be permitted to say, a still more hideous piece of "tone-painting" in Rubinstein's *Ivan der Grausame.* Here there are some passages of unmistakable power, such as the opening slow movement; others of rare beauty, as the simple, hymn-like harmonies of the violoncellos in the middle of the piece. But the violent, spasmodic hideousness of by far the greater part of the composition is only to be excused on naturalistic grounds by the character of the subject. The composer has made a "symphonic character-picture" of one of the most repulsive characters in history, and has certainly painted his hero in the blackest colors, not without some power; but looked at from an æsthetic point of view, the work cannot but strike us as a monstrosity.

Händel's *G minor Concerto* for two violins, violoncello and orchestra, is really the most important novelty of the season. In bringing out this work Mr. Thomas has set an example which cannot be too soon followed by our own classical concert givers. It is, we believe, the first orchestral piece of Händel's that has been given in Boston. Its quiet, simple grandeur and beauty have the quality of making everything that is brought into comparison with it seem so small, that one does not for a moment feel the want in it of modern orchestral resources, or means of dramatic effect, any more than one would wish for the glories of Venetian coloring in Michael Angelo's colossal figures. When such music becomes "old-fashioned and obsolete" we may with reason consider the crack of doom as not far off.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we notice the performance of Dudley Buck's overture to an unpublished cantata, by the orchestra of the Harvard Musical Association. Our native composers are entering the lists bravely, and with spurs well won. The composition in question is so indubitably the work of a musician worthy of the name, that it is with some timidity we venture upon anything in the shape of criticism. The almost laconic conciseness of the form, and the easy mastery over all technical details that it displays, is so different from the prevailing tendency of the day towards diffuseness and trancendental unintelligibility, that the first impression of the work cannot fail to be favorable, while the excellence of the writing speaks well for the first impression being a lasting one. Marked originality we see little of, and the composer has made no attempts to leave well-traveled paths; but there is enough individuality shown in the composition to stamp it as something far above a mere imitation. Mr. Buck has evidently written what spontaneously came into his head, taking the inspiration of the moment for what it was worth, without troubling himself about what might come of it. As Hans Sachs says: —

> "Nun sang er, wie er musst'!
> Und wie er musst', so konnt' er 's."

A composition of more genuine and fascinating spontaneity of expression we have not seen for some time.



The annexed article on Bloomsdale is reprinted from a highly interesting volume, entitled "Pennsylvania Illustrated," recently published, and will be found exceedingly interesting as well for the information which it contains as for the subject of which it treats.

BLOOMSDALE.

GREAT and varied, to an extent almost unexampled elsewhere, are the natural resources and industrial interests of Pennsylvania, as portrayed on other pages of this volume, dedicated as a record of the resources and productions of our grand old Commonwealth, so aptly termed the Keystone State.

In mineral and other deposits, none can compare with her; in the mechanism and skill which converts her ores from their crude condition into the ponderous, delicate, or minute forms useful to man, her sons are not excelled within or without the Union.

The ingenuity of Pennsylvania artisans is, in every branch of industry, world-wide; her locomotives traverse almost every road in Europe, and her iron ships, afloat and being built (a comparatively new outlet for her enterprise, making the Delaware the rival of the Clyde), are destined to spread her fame wherever American commerce reaches. In view of such well-earned reputation, with such mechanical and artistic record, how fitting it is her *Tillage*, on which commerce, manufactures, and industry of every kind repose, should be esteemed noteworthy. It is pleasant to know that her fertile soil, her intelligent husbandmen, her crops, and flocks and herds may be referred to as justly entitled to high discriminating praise. It is true we have not within our borders broad prairies like unto those of the far West, nor its unctuous soil which knows no depth, and ever yields without exhaustion of fertility. We glory in the natural wealth of our sister States — their prosperity is ours as well; but in our mines of coal and iron and other minerals, in our ceaseless flow of oil, nature has dealt kindly by us also. The gold of California, the cotton of the South, the sugar of Louisiana and Texas, the silks and other fibres of the world, the spices and coffees of the tropics, the highest mechanism of Europe, its best efforts in the useful and fine arts, are all at our command; we have only to stretch forth our hands and grasp what has been so bountifully placed within our reach; what has been denied us in Nature's profuse scattering we have gained by thoughtful, well-directed efforts in the rotation of crops, in the application of appropriate fertilizers, and other means intelligently directed to a desired end, until "Pennsylvania agriculture" has become simply another term for high-farming and successful tillage; whilst those who, resident at distant points, seek the best, whether it be the fine strains of animals which graze its rich pastures, or the seeds of grasses, cereals, or vegetables, bend their steps hitherward, and never go empty away.

Under such circumstances, the editor has found it no easy task to single out an individual rural estate for special notice; indeed, it must be unhesitatingly admitted, not one alone has claim to so eminent distinction; but it is impracticable on this occasion, with our limited space, to describe more than one, to be accepted as the type of many.

On the Delaware, a few miles above Philadelphia, and adjoining that fertile tract known as Penn's Manor — a wise and discriminating reservation of the Proprietary Governor — is "BLOOMSDALE," which we have selected as illustrative of the rural industry of Pennsylvania. This estate, we do not hesitate to say, has contributed, in an especially large degree, to the public good, by its products and by its eminent example also. Bloomsdale may be assumed a model of intelligent industry, systematic culture, and rural progress. It embraces within its boundaries, independent of outlying lands, five hundred acres, devoted to the culture and product of *Seeds*, known in every hamlet, almost on every farmhold and country homestead, as "Landreth's" — known almost equally well on the banks of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Ganges, — for it should be stated, to the business credit and reputation of the firm, that, for three generations, Landreth's Seeds have been annually shipped to India, and are preferred by Englishmen resident in Hindostan to the seeds of their own native land, — our climate ripening them better than the humid air of England.

It is the modest motto of the proprietors of Bloomsdale, that "Landreth's Seeds speak their own praise." They certainly cannot have done so with feeble voice, for not only are those broad acres taxed to their utmost productive power, but nearly approaching one thousand other acres in

addition, owned, occupied, and cultivated by the firm, are devoted to seed-culture; by this it is not intended to designate lands simply tributary, tilled by their owners, who raise crops on contract, without direct control of those who have bargained for the product (as is the custom with seed merchants thus to obtain supplies), but immediate, active, personal care and supervision. Thus an idea may be conceived, though necessarily imperfect, of the activity of mind and energy called forth by such extended operations; but system and order are ever triumphant, and in the case in point the adage is aptly illustrated. With increased acreage has come increased reputation, and Pennsylvania may claim the credit — not a slight one we opine — of having conducted within her borders a seed trade larger than exists elsewhere (if lands be taken as the measure), not alone within the Union, but without as well. Europe, travellers assert, can exhibit nothing of like extent. This is no idle boast, made in the interest of private enterprise or pride of Commonwealth.

Independent of the numerous workmen employed on the estate, — many of whom have been life-long *attachés* of the establishment, occupying cottages on the premises, and as much at home as the proprietors themselves — a pleasing feature which it were well to imitate, — there are three steam-engines for threshing, winnowing, and cleaning seeds, grinding feed, etc., a "caloric" for pumping, and an admirably well-adjusted steaming apparatus for preparing food for the working stock. But, still more worthy of note, there is at Bloomsdale the only successful steam-plow in Pennsylvania, drawn by a Williamson direct-traction engine, running with the steadiness of a railroad locomotive, and drawing after it a gang of plows, or, it may be, a combination of surface-breakers or subsoilers, as preparations for varied crops demand, thus accomplishing within an hour the labor of a well-conditioned team for an entire day. To have been pioneers and led the way in such an effort, and achieved success where so many doubted and others scoffed, is indeed noteworthy; and it is simply right to chronicle the fact in a volume descriptive of our State, the record, as it were, of its status at the present day. As the early efforts in river and ocean navigation are referred to with ever-increasing interest as progress is made in that direction, so will in the future be those of *tillage by steam*, and our State is entitled to its due share of praise with respect to land, as it unquestionably is to Fitch's exertions in steam navigation.

Limited space prohibits many of the details of the operations at Bloomsdale which we would gladly give our readers; the engraving annexed may, however, convey some idea of the extent of the structures required for the storage, drying, and preservation of crops, and otherwise successful prosecution of the peculiar business there conducted, which is a credit to the proprietors, the successors of those who founded the business in 1784, and which may be classed as prominent among the many industrial enterprises of Pennsylvania.

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We instance and note with gratification the success of the last production at the Union Square Theatre. The comedy of "Led Astray" has been played at this theatre now far into its third month, and there is as yet no indication of any diminution of the public interest.

The Union Square Theatre possesses a dramatic company which has been organized with judgment and skill. Not large in numbers, it is evenly balanced, and each member of the corps seems to have had a part in the comedy arranged expressly for his or her individual peculiarities and merits.

The setting and furnishing of the stage is an evidence of cultivated taste in its quiet and unpretending elegance.

The success of a play like "Led Astray" is due perhaps largely to the perfectness of the *ensemble* with which it is presented, and is certainly a subject for congratulation, as well as an encouragement to managers to assist in the elevation of the public taste.

THE *Boston Advertiser*, speaking of the new features in *Every Saturday*, published weekly by the publishers of the *Atlantic*, says: "It is announced that a new story by Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames will soon be a feature of this periodical. The novel published by Mrs. Ames two or three years ago established in the minds of critical readers a conviction of her power to produce a story combining wholesome purpose, deep study of character, and felicity of style. Concerning her next venture there is reason for indulging pleasant anticipations."

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RECENT TESTIMONY FROM AN INTELLIGENT AND MOST IMPARTIAL SOURCE.

From the "London Quarterly Review," October, 1873.

In an elaborate article of eighteen closely printed pages, upon "English Dictionaries," it reviews the present condition of English Lexicography, and speaks of the leading Lexicons of the language. Space only permits the following extracts: —

"Seventy years passed before JOHNSON was followed by Webster, an American writer, who faced the task of the English Dictionary with a full appreciation of its requirements, leading to better practical results.

"As to the Spelling-book, the astonishing statement is made that twenty-four millions of it were sold up to 1847, [now increased to FIFTY MILLIONS], the consequence of this comparative monopoly of orthography and orthoëpy being the *present almost mechanical uniformity of American Spelling and Pronunciation.*

"His laborious Comparison of Twenty languages, though never published, bore fruit in his own mind, and his training placed him both in knowledge and judgment far in advance of Johnson as a philologist. Webster's 'American Dictionary of the English Language' was published in 1828, and of course appeared at once in England, where successive re-editing *has as yet kept it in the highest place as a practical Dictionary.*

"The acceptance of an American Dictionary in England has itself had immense effect in keeping up the community of speech, to break which would be a grievous harm, not to English-speaking nations alone, but to mankind. The result of this has been that the common dictionary must suit both sides of the Atlantic.

"Every dictionary compiler, by the mere fact of his selection and treatment of words, is able to exalt some and degrade others, thus gaining a practical influence over the language he deals with. Fully conscious of this influence, Webster used it with intent in his dictionary. Thus it was his decision as a zealous purist that brought in the revived older spelling, *traveler, worshiped*, etc., and substituted the Latin *favor, honor*, for the English *favour, honour*, etc., while, for the sake of uniformity, the old but unusual forms *center, niter*, are given precedence over *centre, nitre*, etc. These peculiarities, *accepted by the American public*, often enable the reader to distinguish at a glance an American from an English book.

"The good average business-like character of Webster's Dictionary, both in style and matter, made it as distinctly suited as Johnson's was distinctly unsuited to be expanded and re-edited by other hands. Professor Goodrich's edition of 1847 is not much more than enlarged and amended, but other revisions since have so much novelty of plan as to be described as distinct works.

"The American revised Webster's Dictionary of 1864, published in America and England, is of an altogether higher order than these last [The London Imperial and Student's]. It bears on its title-page the names of Drs. Goodrich and Porter, but inasmuch as its especial improvement is in the etymological department, the care of which was committed to Dr. MAHN of Berlin, we prefer to describe it in short as the Webster-Mahn Dictionary. Many other literary men, among them Professors Whitney and Dana, aided in the task of compilation and revision. On consideration, it seems that the editors and contributors have gone far toward improving Webster to the utmost that he will bear improvement. The *vocabulary has become almost complete* as regards usual words, *while the definitions keep throughout to Webster's simple careful style*, and the derivations are assigned with the aid of good modern authorities.

"On the whole, the Webster-Mahn Dictionary as it stands, is most respectable, and certainly THE BEST PRACTICAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY EXTANT.

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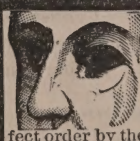

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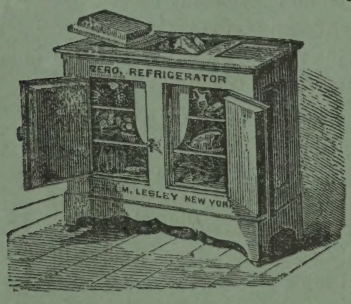

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PRUDENCE PALFREY.

IX.

A WILL, AND THE WAY OF IT.

IT was early in the forenoon, six or seven days after the funeral of the parson, that Mr. Dent, who had left the house an hour before to take the morning train for Boston, returned hurriedly to Willowbrook, and, capturing Fanny the house-maid, with broom and dust-pan in the front hall, dispatched her to her mistress.

"Tell Miss Prudence I want to speak with her a moment in the library."

This change in her guardian's purpose, and his message, which was in itself something out of the ordinary way, filled Prudence with wonder. She had packed Mr. Dent's valise for an absence of several days, and she knew it was no trivial circumstance that had made him relinquish or postpone the journey in question. What could it be?

She was arranging the house-plants in the bay-window room, as it was called, when Fanny delivered Mr. Dent's message.

"He must have missed the train," said Prudence to herself. But Mr. Dent had gone to town an hour earlier than was necessary to catch the express. "Or perhaps Mr. Dillingham has written that he is not coming, after all." Suddenly an idea flashed upon Prudence and nearly caused her to drop the pot of jonquils which she was in the act of lifting from the flower-stand.

"He has heard from John Dent!"

When a friend dies and is buried, there 's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of our daily existence; we mourn for him by degrees that become mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be reunited in some more perfect sphere; but so far as this earth is concerned, there 's an end of him. However near and dear he was, the time arrives when he does not form a part of our daily thought; he ceases to be even an abstraction. We go no more with flowers and tears into the quiet cemetery; only the rain and the snow-flakes fall there; we leave it for the fingers of spring to deck the neglected mound.

But when our friend vanishes unaccountably in the midst of a crowded city, or goes off on a sea-voyage and is never heard of again, his memory has a singular tenacity. He may be to all intents and purposes dead to us, but we have not lost him. The ring of the door-bell at midnight may be his ring; the approaching footstep may be his footstep; the unexpected letter with foreign postmarks may be from his hand. He haunts us as the dead never can.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by H. O. HOUGHTON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

The woman whose husband died last night may marry again within a lustre of months. Do you suppose a week passes by when the woman whose husband disappeared mysteriously ten years ago does not think of him? There are moments when the opening of a door must startle her.

There is no real absence but death.

For nearly three years, for two years and a half, to be precise, the shadow of John Dent had haunted Prudence more or less, — the chance of tidings from him, the possibility of his emerging suddenly from the darkness that shrouded him and his movements, had been in her thought almost constantly. Until she saw him once more or knew that he was dead, she was not to be relieved of this sense of expectancy. It was disassociated with any idea or desire that he would claim her love; he had surrendered that; he had written her that he should never set foot in Rivermouth again; he was a wrecked man. It was not for Prudence to cling to a hope which he had thrown over, however unwisely or weakly. She would have waited for him loyally all her life; his misfortune would have linked her closer to him; but he had not asked her to wait, or to share the misfortune; he had given her up, and the obvious thing for Prudence had been to forget him. In a circumscribed life like hers, how was it possible for her to forget that she had loved and been loved? She taught herself to look upon his visit to Willowbrook and what had subsequently occurred, as a midsummer's day-dream; but beyond that she had not been successful.

John Dent's name was seldom spoken now by either Prudence or her guardian; to all appearance he was obliterated from their memories; but the truth is, there was scarcely a month when both Prudence and Mr. Dent did not wonder what had become of him. "I don't believe she ever thinks of him nowadays," reflected Mr. Dent. "He has quite forgotten him," Prudence would say to herself. But Mr. Dent never took his letters from the languid clerk at the post-office without half expecting to find one from Jack; and Prudence never caught an expression more than usually thoughtful on her guardian's face without fancying he had received news of his nephew.

The image of John Dent rose up before Prudence with strange distinctness that morning as she stood by the bay-window, and flitted with singular persistence across her path on the way down-stairs.

Mr. Dent was seated at the library table, upon which were spread several legal-looking documents with imposing red wax seals. His eyebrows were drawn together, and there was a perplexed look on his countenance which at once reassured Prudence; whatever had occurred, it was nothing tragic.

"We have got hold of the parson's will at last," he said, looking up as she entered the room.

A will had been found the day following Parson Hawkins's death, in an old hair trunk in which he kept private papers; but Mr. Jarvis, the attorney, declared that a later testament had been executed, different in tenor from this, which was dated fifteen years back. No such document was forthcoming, however, after a most rigorous search among the old clergyman's manuscripts. Mr. Jarvis had drawn up the paper himself ten months before, and was bent on finding it.

"My client was queer in such matters," he said. "He would keep scraps of verse and paragraphs cut from newspapers in his strong-box at the bank, and have bonds and leases kicking around the library as if they were worthless. You may depend upon it, he stuck this will away in some corner, and forgot it."

On the sixth or seventh day, when the belief was become general that the parson had destroyed it, the later will was discovered, shut up in a copy of the London folio-edition of Cotton Mather's Magnalia, on a shelf in the little room where the parson had died.

"He has left Salome a life-interest in the cottage and an annual sum for her support, to revert at her death to the main estate."

"I am glad of that," said Prudence. "Poor Salome!"

"And the residue of the property," continued Mr. Dent, "after deducting a few minor bequests, — how do you think he has disposed of that?"

"I am sure I cannot imagine. He had no near relatives. To the Sunday-school, perhaps."

"No."

"To the Brick Church, then."

"No."

"To the Mariner's Home."

"No; the Mariner's Home gets two thousand dollars, though."

"Then I cannot guess."

"He leaves it to John Dent," said her guardian, with a curious smile, watching Prudence narrowly as he spoke the words.

"Isn't that rather singular?" said Prudence, without ruffling a feather.

"She does n't care the snap of her finger for him, that is certain," was Mr. Dent's internal comment. — "No, not singular. My brother Benjamin and Parson Hawkins were close friends for many years. I believe Benjamin helped him in some money affair when they were at college together, and his gratitude is not unnatural, — assuming that gratitude is a great deal more common than it is. But the injunction laid upon the executors — and I am one — *is* singular. The executors are not to make public the contents of the will, and Jack is not to be informed of his inheritance — provided we could find him — until a year after the death of the testator."

"What a strange provision!"

"The parson explains it by saying that every man ought to earn his own living; that sudden wealth is frequently the worst misfortune that can befall a young man, and he wishes his friend's son to rely on his own exertions for a while, 'in order' — and these are the parson's very words — 'that he may learn to estimate riches at their proper value, and support prosperity without arrogance.' All of which is sensible enough, quite in the style of your friend Dr. Johnson, but rather odd on the whole. Indeed, the will is as angular as one of the parson's sermons. Jarvis drew it up, but he could not have composed a sentence of it to save him. Any way, Jack falls heir to a round sum — about eighty thousand dollars, not including the house and lot in Horseshoe Lane."

"And perhaps at this moment he is without bread to eat, or a roof to shelter him!"

"Most likely. He has not condescended to let his friends know what he has done with himself. But as you said long ago, it will be a great thing for him; it will teach him self-reliance. I did n't think then he needed any lessons in that branch of science; but I have altered my opinion. It was cowardly in Jack to strike his colors at the first fire. I was mistaken and disappointed in him. I suppose it is the fellow's pride that has kept him from writing to me."

"I am sure something ought to be done about him now, uncle."

"If I knew what to do! I could not tell him of Parson Hawkins's will, if he were here. I don't imagine an advertisement in the papers would be a very tempting bait to Jack. Letters have no effect on him, apparently. When I saw you so unhap— I mean when we got the story of that rascally Nevins, I wrote Jack to come home and take a fresh start; offered to organize a mining-company, make him superintendent, and go into the business in a rational manner; but he never answered my letter, if he got it."

"That was very generous of you," said Prudence, to whom this was news.

"I don't like his silence. Why, it is two years and a half, going on three years. Sometimes, you know, I fancy he has fallen in with that man, and come to harm. The idea may have passed through the parson's mind also, which would account for the surprising codicil he added to the will."

The subject of the will and all connected with it was painful to Prudence, but she was instantly curious to know what this surprising codicil was, and said so in that involuntary language which belongs to expressive eyes.

Mr. Dent took up one of the solemn-looking documents and glanced at the last page, then laid it down, then turned to it again, and re-read a certain passage deliberately, as if to assure himself before he spoke.

"In case of John Dent's death," he said, "in case he dies within the twelve months specified, the property comes to *you*."

"No, no; it must never come to me!" cried Prudence, starting from the great arm-chair in which she had curled herself. "He must be found; whether he is told of it or not, he must be found!"

"I think myself he ought to be looked up. It is ridiculous for him to be roughing it out there — wherever he is — with all this money coming to him in a few months. But it is not clear to me what can be done about it."

"Cannot some one be sent to find him? Joseph Twombly, for instance?"

"Yes, Twombly might be sent; and get some buckshot in that other leg, — his luck. He would go in a second if it was suggested; but Twombly has just secured a good situation in Chicago, — did n't I mention it to you? — and I am not sure I should be justified in asking him."

Joseph Twombly, ex-knight and capitalist, had bowed gracefully and good-humoredly to fate, instead of throwing up his hands and rending his garments, like other people we know of. For many months after his return from El Dorado, the good knight could get nothing to do, and in truth he was not capable of doing much, on account of his wound. He lay idle around Rivermouth, to the no slight embarrassment of Deacon Twombly, who was not prospering in a worldly point of view. Ewe-lambs had become chronic in the deacon's family, and he found himself again banished, as the reader has been informed, to the spare-room in the attic, and a new lamb had come to be fed even before the little one of a previous season was fairly upon its mottled legs. It was at this time, — two weeks before Parson Hawkins's fatal stroke of paralysis, and while Mr. Dent was urging his friend Dillingham to consider the Rivermouth proposal, — that a piece of sunny fortune fell to the portion of Joseph Twombly.

Mr. Dent was not a man who unbosomed himself to every chance acquaintance, but he had been particularly communicative with Mr. Dillingham touching Rivermouth affairs, and had not left untold the history of his nephew's misfortunes. I am inclined to suspect, however, that Mr. Dent restricted himself to the financial parts of the narrative, and said nothing whatever of the trifling love-passage that had taken place between his ward and John Dent. It would have been hardly fair to Prudence to speak of that; but he talked frequently of his nephew, all the more frequently, perhaps, because the subject was tabooed at home. It chanced one evening, as the two gentlemen were chatting together in a private-parlor at the Astor House, that the conversation turned on Twombly.

"I am afraid Joseph is a heavy burden to the deacon, just now," Mr. Dent said. "I wish I could help the fellow; but every one is retrenching on account of the troubles down South, and there seems to be no opening for Joseph."

"He appears to be an estimable and faithful young person," Mr. Dillingham replied, "and I should take it as a favor if I might be allowed to join you in any plan to assist him. I have no business influence here, but I am confident that a word from me to my Chicago bankers would secure interest for Mr. Twombly there. Suppose I write to them?"

Mr. Dillingham did write, and Messrs. Rawlings & Sons were pleased to find a place in their office for a young man so highly spoken of by their esteemed correspondent. A few days afterwards, Mr. Joseph Twombly, with a comfortable check in his pocket, was on his way to Chicago.

To recall him now, and send him on a wild-goose chase after John Dent, was a step not to be taken without consideration, if at all.

"He is out of the question at present.

Perhaps by and by, if I fail to obtain any clew to Jack's whereabouts, I may be forced to make use of Joseph. What was the name of that banking firm at Salt Lake City which Jack mentioned in his letter? Look it up, and I will write to those people."

"It was Tileston & Co.," replied Prudence, who had an excellent memory.

"And I'll write to Jack also at Red Rock, — the rock on which he split," supplemented Mr. Dent; but his little pleasantry fell cold. Prudence was not in a mood to encourage jests, and Mr. Dent withdrew crest-fallen into his serious shell. "Perhaps it would be advisable to drop him a line at San Francisco," he said. "What do you think?"

Mr. Dent went to work on his letters, and Prudence stole off thoughtfully to the small bay-window room over the hall door, where she always did her meditating. This business of the will weighed heavily upon her. There was something chilling in the reflection that perhaps the dead man had left his money to a dead man, and it would thus fall to her, — an avalanche of clammy gold-pieces slipping through dead men's fingers! She would touch none of it! The idea made her shiver.

She was still sitting by the open casement, dismayed at the prospect, when Mr. Dent stepped out of the door below, a valise in his hand, and his spring overcoat thrown across one arm.

Prudence drew back hastily, and when Mr. Dent looked up at the window, she was not visible. The movement had been mechanical on her part, and she was instantly ashamed of it. Of course it was perfectly proper that her guardian should meet the Rev. Mr. Dillingham in Boston, and conduct him to Rivermouth; Mr. Dent was in a manner bound to so much courtesy; but the thought of a stranger standing in the dear old parson's pulpit brought the tears to Prudence's eyes.

"It is very uncharitable and unchristian, I know," said Prudence, watching her guardian's receding figure, "but I think I shall hate the new minister."

X.

THE NEW MINISTER.

RIVERMOUTH is a town where almost literally nothing happens. Sometimes somebody is married, and sometimes somebody dies, — with surprising abruptness, as the old parson did, for example, — and sometimes a vessel is blown on the rocks at the mouth of the harbor. But of those salient tragedies and comedies which make up the sum of life in cities, Rivermouth knows next to nothing Since the hanging of a witch or two in the pre-revolutionary days, the office of sheriff there has been virtually a sinecure. The police-court — where now and then a thoughtless, light-fingered person is admonished of the error of his ways, and the one habitual drunkard is periodically dispatched to the Town-Farm — seems almost like a branch of the Sunday-school. The community may be said to have lived for thirty years on a single divorce case, growing out of the elopement of Major Tom Deering with Mrs. Honoria Maddox, — to this day a perilous story

> "That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,
> To maids with downcast eyes."

In default of great events, small matters rise to the first magnitude in Rivermouth. There are people there who can give you, if you chance to be to the manner born, the most minute particulars of the career of your great-grandfather, and to whom what you have for dinner is far from being an uninteresting item.

"I see Capen Chris Bell at Seth Wiggins's this mornin'," says Mr. Uriah Stebbens to Mr. Caleb Stokels; "he bought that great turkey of Seth's, and six poun's of steak — right off the tenderline. Guess he expects his brother-in-law's family down from Bostin. Capen Chris Bell always was a good provider."

This piece of information lies like a live coal upon the brain of Mr. Stokels until, with becoming gravity, he turns it over to some other inquiring neighbor.

At a moderate estimate, not less than two thirds of the entire population of Rivermouth sit down in imagination at Captain Bell's dinner-table the next day.

Unless the reader is familiar with the interior life of secluded New England towns like Rivermouth, he will find it difficult to understand the excitement that prevailed on the Sunday when the Rev. Mr. James Dillingham preached his first sermon in the Old Brick Church. Yet even a stranger, passing through the streets, crowded at the earliest stroke of the bells, — I think there is no music this side of heaven sweeter than the clangor of those same Rivermouth bells, — could not have failed to notice an unwonted, eager look on the faces of the neatly-dressed throng. There was something in the very atmosphere different from that of ordinary days. A sort of pious Fourth-of-July halo diffused itself through the fleecy, low-hanging clouds, which, with May-time capriciousness, broke into fine rain before the service was concluded. A circumstance in which Uncle Jedd detected, with microscopic eye, the marked disapproval of Providence.

If such was the significance of the unheralded shower that drenched Rivermouth's spring-bonnets, and bedraggled alike the just and the unjust, it was not so accepted by the congregation of the Old Brick Church.

The Rev. Mr. Dillingham had achieved a signal triumph, and had triumphed in the teeth of very serious obstacles. A small number of the parishioners had been against him from the first, and the death of Parson Hawkins had not only strengthened their opposition, but created a reaction among those who had insisted most strenuously on the removal of the old minister. It so chanced, then, that Mr. Dillingham came to face as critical and unsympathetic a congregation as could well be. Perhaps the only really impartial listeners among his audience were those belonging to other parishes; for it was a noticeable fact that all the other churches in town were nearly empty on this occasion. The Rev. Josiah Jones, who had not spared himself in preparing his sermon for that forenoon, saw with ill-concealed distaste that the larger portion of his flock had strayed into the neighboring pasture.

If Mr. Dillingham had had an intimation of the actual state of things, he would perhaps not have been so little self-conscious and so entirely composed as he appeared; but happily he had no suspicion of the unfriendly spirit that animated the majority of his hearers.

With a slight flush on his cheeks, which faded out almost immediately, Mr. Dillingham passed from the small room at the rear of the church, and ascended the pulpit stairs — a slim young man, nearly six feet in height, with gentle blue eyes, and long hair of a dull gold color, which he wore brushed behind his ears. It was not a remarkably strong face, Mr. Dillingham's, but it was not without character. The firmly cut mouth and chin saved it, perhaps, from being effeminate. He was twenty-nine or thirty, but did not look it; his closely shaved face and light complexion gave him quite a youthful air, to one looking at him across the church.

"Why, he ain't nothin' but a boy," said Uncle Jedd to himself, regarding the new minister critically for a moment from the vestibule. "*He* won't do," and the ancient sexton gave a final tug at the bell-rope which he had retained in his hand. While the reverberation of the silvery crash that followed was floating above the house-tops and stealing away to die among the outlying hills, Uncle Jedd softly closed the green baize doors which opened upon the three aisles.

A contagious ripple and flutter had passed over the congregation when Mr. Dillingham ascended the pulpit steps and seated himself in the antique high-backed chair at the left of the desk. This same flutter and ripple was duplicated as he rose to open the service, which he did by repeating the Lord's Prayer in a clear, melodious voice, making it seem a new thing to some who had only heard it droned before. Quick, subtile glances, indicative of surprise and approval, were shot from pew to

pew. The old familiar hymn, too, as he read it, gathered fresh beauty from his lips. A chapter from the Scriptures followed, in which Mr. Dillingham touched the key-note of his sermon. There was a strange light come into the gentle blue eyes now, and the serene, pale face that had seemed to promise so little was alive with intelligence.

By the time he had reached this portion of the service, the young minister had taken more than half of his listeners captive. The sermon itself completed the victory, Mr. Seth Wiggins and Uncle Jedd alone remaining unconquered; the former having dropped into oblivious slumber after the first hymn, and the latter having retreated into the belfry, where he had sat ruminative on a rafter, communing with the glossy pigeons and ringdoves, until it was time for him to open the doors below.

Mr. Wiggins awoke instinctively, with a jerk, for the benediction, and assumed that half-deprecatory, half-defiant expression which marks the chronic delinquent; and Uncle Jedd threw open the padded doors just at the critical instant, as if he had been waiting there a century.

As the people filed out of church, both these gentlemen were made aware that the new minister had created a deep impression on the congregation. A drizzling warm rain had begun to fall, as I have said, and groups of elderly ladies and pretty girls, grasping their skirts with despairing clutches, stood about the vestibule waiting for umbrellas to be brought.

"A young man of uncommon talent," Mr. Lathers, the master of the Boys' High-School, was heard to remark to Mr. Gargoyle, the retired plumber.

"Oh, uncommon," responded that gentleman.

"I think he is just perfectly splendid!" said Miss Imogen Browne, bringing her creaseless lavender gloves together ecstatically.

"So modest!" said Miss Hesba Grafton.

"And such fine eyes!" chimed Miss Amelia, the younger sister.

"How lovely it was in him," remarked Miss Blydenburgh, composedly fastening her bracelet, which had come unlinked, and giving it a little admonitory pat, "to choose for his text the very verse which Parson Hawkins was reading when he died, — 'Thou good and faithful servant, etc., etc.'"

"And how beautifully he spoke of Parson Hawkins," said young Mrs. Newbury, looking distractingly cool and edible — something like celery — in her widows'-weeds. "I was ready to cry."

"*I* did."

"What a spiritual face he has!" observed the elder Miss Trippew, who painted in water-colors; "it reminded me of our Saviour's in the engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper."

"And what a delicious voice! — like Wendell Phillips's."

"Then such a sermon! It is certainly an improvement on the poor old parson's interminable ninthlies and finallies."

"I wonder if he is married?" said Miss Candace Woodman, a compact little person, with almond-shaped brown eyes, and glittering yellow ringlets which might have been sent to the mint and cut up instantly into five-dollar gold pieces.

Miss Candace's remark cast a strange gloom for a moment over the group in which she stood. Presently the umbrellas appeared; snowy skirts were daintily gathered up; the vestibule was deserted; the voices melted away into the distance. Here and there along the streets, darting to and fro in the rain like swallows, one might have caught scores of such light-winged adjectives as enthusiastic young women let loose when they give expression to their admiration.

"Well, well," muttered Uncle Jedd, turning the key in the ponderous lock of the church-door, "I dunno what th' world is a-comin' ter!"

"And what do you think of Mr. Dillingham, Prue?" asked Mr. Dent, as the hoofs of the horses struck on the slippery planks of the bridge leading from town.

Mr. Dent had not even blinked that

day in church. It had been noticed and commented on by the local satirist, that that suspicious smooth place on the wooden pillar intersecting the north-west corner of Mr. Dent's pew was not covered once during the sermon. Mr. Dent himself had observed that "damnéd spot" for the first time with remorse, and had secretly determined to have the interior of the church repainted at his own expense.

"I think," said Prudence, in reply to her guardian's question, "I think he reads well and speaks well."

"Gad, I never heard anybody speak better, except one, and that was Daniel Webster."

"He is very handsome, and seems to be unconscious that he is conscious of it."

"I declare, Prue, you are too deep for me!"

"Is n't he, and with good reason, just a little bit — you know — meekly conceited?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Dent. "I don't know a man with less conceit than Dillingham. He is in earnest. He is going to be very much interested in his work here, and will make his mark. I am only afraid we shall not be able to keep so brilliant a fellow."

"Why not?"

"When he becomes known, some wealthy Boston or New York society will be sure to make him tempting offers."

"But if he is very much interested in his work here, he will not be tempted."

"Perhaps not. But the best of them like fat salaries," said Mr. Dent, absently.

Prudence pictured to herself Parson Wibird deserting the North Parish, or any parish where he thought his duty lay, to accept a call from some richer congregation; but she was not able to draw a distinct picture of it.

"Then I suppose the fatter the salary is, the deeper the interest they take in their work?" Prudence remarked.

"Yes," said Mr. Dent, shortly.

He felt that he had cast a reflection upon his friend Dillingham; he did not see exactly how, and it annoyed him. The rest of the ride home was in silence. Prudence, too, was not satisfied with herself. In intimating that she thought Mr. Dillingham conceited, she had departed from her usual candor.

Throughout the services his manner had been without a tinge of self-consciousness. She had taken her seat in the pew rather sadly. To see a new minister standing in the place hallowed so many years by the presence of Parson Wibird — it was only a fortnight ago that he stood there, with his placid, venerable face — could not but be painful to her. The first few words Mr. Dillingham uttered had grated on her heart; then she had yielded insensibly to the charm which had fallen upon most of the congregation, and found herself listening to him with hushed breath. The strains of the organ seemed to take up the prayer where he had paused; the tones of his voice and the rich swell of the music blended and appeared to have one meaning, like those frescoes in which the same design repeats itself in different tints. She listened and listened, and when Uncle Jedd suddenly threw open the muffled green doors, it was as if a spell had been broken. Oh, glorious gift of speaking golden words with a golden tongue!

A sense of having been disloyal to the memory of the old parson was troubling Prudence when Mr. Dent put his question, and she had not answered him fairly. It was sins like that which Prudence would have had to confess if she had been a Roman Catholic.

She liked Mr. Dillingham more than she had believed it possible to like Parson Wibird's successor; but the limitations of her character would not allow her to acknowledge it upon compulsion. On leaving the church she felt in her heart that she disliked Mr. Dillingham for having made her listen to him; and there shaped itself in Prudence's mind an inexplicable wish, — often enough she thought of it afterwards, — that he had never come to Rivermouth.

XI.

A NEW ENGLAND IDOL.

On the following Sunday the Rev. James Dillingham was formally installed pastor of the Old Brick Church. The Rev. Josephus Starleigh delivered the installation sermon (afterwards printed in pamphlet form at the request of the parish), and Mr. Thomas Jefferson Greene, a young poet of local celebrity, composed an original hymn for the occasion.

So the mantle of Parson Wibird Hawkins fell upon the shoulders of the young minister, and the solemn chant ascended, while the great guns were booming down South.

Those were the days — what ages ago they seem! — when the tap of the snare-drum and the shrill treble of the fife startled New England from her dream, and awoke the vengeful echoes which had been slumbering in the mountain fastnesses and among the happy valleys for nearly half a century.

It had long ceased to be at Mr. Dillingham's option to return to South Carolina, and he must have congratulated himself on having found so pleasant a haven as Rivermouth to rest in until the simoom blew over. And certainly Rivermouth congratulated itself on sheltering so brilliant a young divine. I happened to be there at that period, recovering from a protracted illness, and I had the privilege of witnessing a spectacle which is possible only in genteel decayed old towns, like that in which the scene of my story lies. To see one or two hundred young New England maidens burning incense and strewing flowers before a slim young gentleman in black is a spectacle worth witnessing once in the course of one's life.

The young man who, putting behind him the less spiritual rewards of other professions, selects the ministry as the field of his labors — drawn to his work by the consciousness that it is there his duty points — is certain to impress us with the purity of his purpose. That he should exert a stronger influence over our minds than a young lawyer does, or a young merchant, or a young man in any respectable walk of life, is easily understood. But a young man, because he buttons the top button of his coat and wears a white neck-tie, is not necessarily a person of exalted purpose or shining ability. Yet he is apt, without any very searching examination, to be so regarded in some of our provincial towns. I think the straight-cut black coat must possess a subtile magnetism in itself, something analogous to the glamour there is in the uniform of a young naval or army officer. How else shall we explain the admiration which we have many a time seen lavished on very inferior young men?

I am not speaking in this vein of the Rev. James Dillingham. The secret of his popularity was an open secret. It was his manly bearing and handsome face and undeniable eloquence that made him a favorite at once in Rivermouth, and would have commended him anywhere. If Mr. Dillingham turned the heads of all the young women in the parish, he won the hearts of nearly all the elderly people also. I think he would have done this by his amiability and talents, if he had not been rich or young or handsome. If he had been married? Well, I cannot say about that. A young unmarried clergyman, especially if he is rich, is likely to be well thought of in a sequestered valley where there are a surplus of blooming Rachels and a paucity of available Jacobs.

From my point of view, it was something of an ordeal that Mr. Dillingham passed through in those first three months. As much as I admired his sermons, and they were above the average both in style and texture, I admired greatly more the modest good sense which enabled him to keep his bark trim in those pleasant but perilous waters. A vain man would have been wrecked in a week. But the Rev. Mr. Dillingham, as Mr. Ralph Dent had declared, was without conceit of the small kind. The attentions Mr. Dillingham received

from all quarters would have gone far to spoil eight men in ten placed in his position. It is so easy to add another story to the high opinion which other people have of you.

There were evening parties made for Mr. Dillingham at the Blydenburghs', the Goldstones', and the Grimes's; there were picnics up the river, and excursions down the harbor, and innumerable teas on shore. I do not know if Mr. Dillingham had a very strong sense of humor; but even if he were only mildly humorous, he must have been amused as well as embarrassed by the number of embroidered slippers and ingenious pen-wipers and study-caps and carved paper-cutters that fell to his lot at the fair held about this time for the benefit of the foreign missions. If he had been a centipede, he could not have worn out the slippers under four years, wearing them day and night; if he had been a hydra, he could not have made head against the study-caps in a life-time. Briareus would have lacked hands to hold the paper-cutters. The slippers overran Mr. Dillingham's bedroom like the swarms of locusts that settled upon Egypt. The pen-wipers made his study table look like a bed of variegated dahlias.

There were other expressions of regard, less material and tangible than these, to be sure, but which must have been infinitely harder to dispose of. There were sudden droopings of eyelashes, black or golden, when he spoke; furtive glances of shyness or reverence; half-parted lips, indicating that breathless interest which is the very cream of compliment, and flies to the head like wine.

Mr. Dillingham moved gracefully and serenely among the shoals and quicksands; he listened to the songs of the sirens, and passed on. He did not, however, accept the flattery as if it were only his due; he accepted it modestly, and was simply natural, and candid, and good-natured, like a man who finds himself among friends. "I see how it is," he once remarked to Mr. Dent, "I am standing in the sunshine created by my predecessor." It was no glory of his own; he was fortunate in falling among a people who took kindly to their minister.

If Mr. Dillingham had been blind, he might have seen that he could have his choice of Rivermouth's belles; and he was far from sightless. He read women and men very well in his quiet fashion. Clearly, he was in no haste to be fettered. What a crowd of keen, fair slave-merchants would have flocked down to the market-place, if this slender, blonde prince from Southland had been chained by the ankle to one of the stalls, to be knocked down by Mr. Wiggins to the highest bidder!

Miss Veronica Blydenburgh, who passed her winters in New York and New Orleans, and had flirted in a high-spirited way with various professions, became suddenly pensive. Hesba Grafton candidly owned that she had fallen in love with Mr. Dillingham before he got half-way up the pulpit stairs the first Sunday, but that Fred Shelborne refused to release her, and she supposed she should be obliged to marry Fred, — just to keep him quiet. Young Mrs. Newbury in her widows'-weeds, like a diamond set in jet, seemed to grow lovelier day by day. In my own mind I put the widow down as dangerous. Not that I had any reason for so doing. Mr. Dillingham smiled upon her with precisely the same smile he gave to the Widow Mugridge. There was not a shade of difference perceptible between his manner to the elder Miss Trippew, a remarkably plain lamb, and his manner to Miss Veronica of the golden fleece. I said it before, and I say again, I admired the way he carried himself through all this.

When Mr. Dillingham, the morning following his initial sermon, signified to the deacons his acceptance of the pastorate of the Old Brick Church, a knotty question arose as to the residence of the new minister. There was no parsonage attached to the church; the cottage which Parson Hawkins had occupied so many years did not belong to the society; besides, if there had been a parsonage,

Mr. Dillingham had no family, and the absurdity of his going to housekeeping without a family was obvious. The three or four private boarding places suggested to him failed to meet his views. Deacon Twombly, who saw the advantage of having a lucrative boarder, hinted at his first-floor as furnishing desirable accommodation; but the ewe-lamb was brought up as an objection.

Mr. Dillingham, who was staying at the Bell Tavern, the only hotel in town, — having declined Mr. Dent's offer of hospitality, — cut the Gordian knot by deciding to remain where he was.

This gave a sensible shock to some of the congregation, for it seemed scarcely proper for the pastor of the Old Brick Church to live at a hotel. Deacon Wendell adroitly intimated as much to Mr. Dillingham, who replied that he did not see why it was proper for him to remain six days at the hotel, as he had done, if it was improper for him to remain there six months, or six years. Propriety was not a question of time. The house was quiet, his rooms commodious and comfortable, and he did not see how he could do better. He invited Deacon Wendell to dinner, and no further objections were heard of.

In the first bloom of his popularity Mr. Dillingham could have done pretty much as he pleased, and he did.

Among other innovations, he brought sunshine into the Old Brick Church. Parson Hawkins had been a good man, a saint, indeed; but his saintliness had been of the sombre sort; listening to some of his doctrinal sermons, one might have applied to him that epigram of Landor's, —

> "Fear God!" says Percival; and when you hear
> Tones so lugubrious, you perforce must fear:
> If in such awful accents he should say,
> "Fear lovely Innocence!" you 'd run away!

That early Puritan taint which sometimes appeared in Parson Hawkins's theology, but never in his daily life, was an alien thing to Mr. Dillingham in or out of the pulpit. The spirit of his teaching was eminently a cheerful spirit.

There was a new order of things in the North Parish. The late parson had stood a great deal of browbeating first and last. A conservative man, leaning perhaps a little too heavily on the pillars of the church, he had ever consulted the inclination of the deacons. They had an independent minister now; a parson who settled questions for himself, and did not embarrass his mind by loading it with outside opinions. There was a spice of novelty in this, surprisingly agreeable to the palate of a community long accustomed to domineer over its pastor. How long will it last? I used to wonder. I had seen so many idols set up reverently, and bowled over ruthlessly, that I was slightly skeptical as to the duration of Mr. Dillingham's popularity. If the towns-people were image-worshipers, they were iconoclasts also, when the mood was on them. But Mr. Dillingham's popularity did not wane during my three months' stay in Rivermouth; it went on steadily increasing. The war-fever was at its height in those months; and the loyalty of Mr. Dillingham, a Southerner, stood out in striking contrast with the mild patriotism of several of our native-born statesmen. When his first quarter's salary fell due, Mr. Dillingham set the seal to public favor by turning over the amount to the fund for the Soldiers' Hospital. Uncle Jedd himself, one of the last in the parish that held out against the new minister, was obliged to admit that this was very handsome in the young man.

Mr. Dillingham had not been three weeks in Rivermouth before he knew all the queer old men and women in the place, and stood in their good graces. Even the one habitual drunkard, when he was not hiding the light of his countenance at the Town-Farm, would touch his battered hat convulsively, meeting the young parson on the street.

Mr. Dillingham was gifted in a high degree with the genius for knowing people, and displayed consummate tact in his dealings with the poor of the parish. When he made the Widow Pepperell and the Clemmer boys his pensioners, he did it so delicately that the obligation seemed on his side. "The par-

son's smile," said Sandy Marden, "jest doubles what he gives a feller." Jeremiah Bowditch, the unfortunate inebriate mentioned, — a shy, morbid man, and as sensitive as an exposed nerve, — was not afraid to apply to the parson for a dollar, having discovered that the coin would not be dropped upon him from such a moral height as to knock the breath out of his body and wound all his finer feelings.

"What I like in Dillingham," said the Hon. Sam Knubley, democratic member of the General Court, "is that there is n't any 'first family' nonsense about him. You can see with half an eye that he belongs to the Southern aristocracy, but he is n't eternally shinning up his genealogical tree. There 's old Blydenburgh, who is always perching himself on the upper branches and hurling down the cocoa-nuts of his ancestors at common folks."

It is not to be supposed that the Hon. Sam Knubley himself would have objected to a few brilliant ancestors. To have the right to fall in at the end of a long queue of men and women distinguished in their day and generation, is a privilege which none but a simpleton would undervalue. It is a privilege, however, which often has its drawbacks. Much is expected of a man whose progenitors have been central figures. To inherit the great name without the great gifts is a piece of ironical good fortune. When one's ancestors have been everything, and one's self is nothing, it is perhaps just as well not to demand from the world the same degree of consideration that was given voluntarily to one's predecessors. I have encountered two or three young gentlemen in the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts who seemed to have the idea that *they* were killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. It was possibly this sort of assumption that displeased the Hon. Sam Knubley; if so, the Hon. Sam Knubley was quite right in the matter.

Mr. Dent witnessed with pride the success of his young friend; and Prudence, who, by the way, had naturally seen a great deal of Mr. Dillingham meanwhile, began to take herself to task for her cold demeanor towards him.

If the truth must be told, she had been far from cordial to Mr. Dillingham. Now, it is as mortifying to have one's lack of cordiality unnoticed as it is to have one's warmth overlooked. Mr. Dillingham had apparently not observed that Miss Palfrey had treated him with haughtiness. If she had been the Widow Mugridge, he could not have smiled upon her more benignly, or listened to her more attentively, when she was pleased to address him. The offense to her self-love was so subtile that Prudence was never able to account for the restless and half-provoked mood which, up to this time, had always possessed her in his presence.

"The fact is," Prudence soliloquized one evening when the young clergyman had taken tea at Willowbrook, "I have an unamiable disposition; Uncle Ralph has spoiled me by humoring me. I must discipline myself; and I'll begin by treating Mr. Dillingham with a little politeness, if his royal highness will allow it. I always feel as if he stepped down from a throne to converse with me. In spite of his smile and deference, when one is speaking, there 's something depressing and condescending in his air. If King Cophetua was the least like that, I wonder the beggar-maid had anything to do with him."

It was, by the way, Miss Veronica Blydenburgh who had christened him King Cophetua.

XII.

PRUE!

THOUGH the Rev. Mr. Dillingham had too much diplomacy to stroke one lamb on the head more tenderly than another, and so throw the whole flock into confusion, he made no secret of his preference for Mr. Dent.

Mr. Dillingham passed most of his leisure hours at Willowbrook. Since his installation, he had taken tea there every Sunday evening. When Mr.

Dent went to town, which was three or four times a week, he always dropped into his friend's study, and frequently Mr. Dillingham rode home with him and remained to dinner. There was a well-stocked fish-pond a few miles beyond Willowbrook; both gentlemen were expert anglers, and they spent their mornings together in the season. Then there were horseback rides, in which Prudence occasionally joined. Mr. Dillingham had purchased a fine animal, which he rode admirably.

"We all ride in the South," he said to Miss Palfrey. "The people in the town stare at me as if I were a part of a circus caravan, but I trust they will get accustomed to the sight. A saddle-horse is a necessity to me; I have had one since I was six years old. To drive around in a gig with side-lanterns, like great goggles, as that good soul Dr. Tredick does, would kill me. I should never get out alive so far as Willowbrook, Miss Palfrey. I'd much prefer being brought here in Mr. Plunket's hand-cart."

Plunket was a harmless, half-witted old fellow about town, who picked up a living by carrying packages in a small hand-cart as aged and shattered as himself. He had not escaped Mr. Dillingham, whose eye for every sort of eccentric character was, as I have said, exceptionally keen.

The friendship between Mr. Dillingham and Mr. Dent deepened as the weeks passed, and the latter gentleman experienced something like a sinking at heart whenever his thought recurred to the possibility that his young friend might be tempted some time or other to desert Rivermouth for a more extended field of operation.

"I wish to heaven, Dillingham," exclaimed Mr. Dent one evening at the tea-table, "that you would give up your apartments in town, and come out here with us. There 's a cozy room leading from the south chamber that would make a capital study for you."

"I am afraid I should find it too pleasant," returned Mr. Dillingham, "and fall into a habit of not working. Besides, my parish calls? I am very sensible of your kindness, my friend; but, really, I think I am better off in my present quarters. You see, two sermons a week keep me pretty busy. Then I am not a lark as regards early rising. I should be a dreadful infliction in a private house. All Miss Palfrey's methodical domestic laws would be overthrown at once."

"I'd like to be an eye-witness to that," Mr. Dent said, laughing; "her law is as the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Prue is a regular martinet in the commissary department."

"I really am," spoke Prudence for herself. "If one is not down in time, one gets a cold breakfast."

"There, you see," said Mr. Dillingham. "Now, there are two things I never can do; I cannot endure a cold breakfast, and I never can get down early to a warm one."

In spite of this obstacle, however, Mr. Dillingham often occupied that spare room with the southern exposure, which Mr. Dent had mentioned, sometimes spending several days in succession with his Willowbrook friends. Then they met him continually in society in town, and in point of fact saw as much of him as if he had accepted Mr. Dent's proposition.

This intimacy could not fail to give rise to remarks. It was soon whispered, and not too softly, that the young minister was paying attentions to Mr. Dent's ward. Now, though Prudence's coldness had moderated somewhat, and she no longer had to make exertions to be polite to Mr. Dillingham, Mr. Dillingham had not in the least changed his manner to her. She was aware, and the reflection sometimes piqued her, that she was no better acquainted with him after months of intercourse than she was on the day she first saw him. Perhaps it was her own fault they were not warmer friends in the beginning; but it was not her fault now. She had learned to respect his character, to admire his intellect, and to derive a quiet pleasure from his presence; but she had

evidently not taught him to like her more than he had liked her at the start. This was not flattering under the circumstances. The inference was, Mr. Dillingham disliked her, and tolerated her only on account of his friendship for Mr. Dent.

Prudence secretly resented this, and formed a misty idea that it would be an agreeable thing to have him fall slightly in love with her; not seriously in love, but just enough to enable her to teach him a lesson. This idea, in no respect a commendable one, took a more definite shape, and became almost a wish subsequently. Nice young women are not to be treated cavalierly with impunity.

It was rumored at first that Mr. Dillingham was very much interested in Miss Palfrey; that was sufficiently annoying; but later on, rumor changed its tactics, and reported that Miss Palfrey was very much interested in Mr. Dillingham. Gossip, like Providence, is inscrutable in its ways; it has its laws, we may suppose, clearly defined, if one could get at them; but they are not to be reached by inductive reasoning, and it must remain a mystery how it came to be believed in Rivermouth that Prudence was very unhappy in consequence of her unreturned love for Mr. Dillingham.

To say that she did not hear of this exasperating story as soon as it was born, would be to say that Prudence had no intimate female friend, and there was Miss Veronica Blydenburgh.

"And there is n't the least shadow of truth in it, Prue?" said Veronica.

"Not the faintest. How absurd! I don't care that for him," said Prudence, measuring off an infinitesimal portion of her little finger's tip, "nor he for me. He and Uncle Ralph talk fish-hooks and theology and war, and I don't believe Mr. Dillingham has noticed whether I am sixteen or sixty."

"Dear me!" said Veronica, thoughtfully.

"Mortifying, is n't it?"

"To be sure it is."

"I like him, of course," continued Prudence; "he is extremely agreeable, and all that. If there was, or could be, anything more, I should be the first to tell you."

"Dear me!" repeated Veronica; "and it came so straight — from the Goldstones, you know;" and Veronica, who had put her interrogation rather solemnly, became unnecessarily merry over the absurdity of the thing.

"The Goldstones?" said Prue. "I am very grateful to them!"

After they had parted, Prudence thought of the abrupt change of mood in her friend, and it brought her to a full stop in the middle of the bridge, for Prudence was walking in from Rivermouth. Then she recalled a trivial incident that had taken place a few nights before in town, at a party at the Blydenburghs'. It had made no impression on her at the time, but now she recalled it. Veronica had missed her bracelet late in the evening, a valuable bracelet, a large opal with diamonds. She had been in the garden; she had danced in the parlors; and had gone twice to the supper-room. The bracelet was not to be found in the house, and Veronica with several of the guests, among others Prudence and Mr. Dillingham, went into the garden to search for it in a certain arbor where ices had been served. There were a score or two of Chinese lanterns hung about the trellis-work, and the place was as light as day. In bending over the sward Mr. Dillingham had inadvertently brushed against Veronica's shoulder, — that round white shoulder which had such an innocent arch way of shrinking from the corsage, — and Veronica had started back with a pretty cry, blushing absurdly. Mr. Dillingham had been disconcerted for an instant, then he had bowed in a formal way to Veronica.

This little scene came up before Prudence's eyes again, and she walked on in a reverie.

"It would be a very good match, though," said Prudence, thinking aloud.

The piece of gossip which Miss Blydenburgh had unfolded to her friend vexed that young lady exceedingly.

The other rumor, placing Mr. Dillingham at her feet, had vexed her too; but that could have been borne. It sank into insignificance beside this new version, in which she was made to play the heroine with disheveled hair and unrequited affections, — a *rôle* to which she was not kindly disposed; for Prudence was as proud as Mrs. Lucifer, if I may make the comparison without assuming the responsibility of creating the personage.

Prudence's prompt impulse was to fall back on her former frosty manner towards Mr. Dillingham; but that was hardly practicable now; besides, the Rivermouth censors would be sure to misconstrue her indifference and attribute it to wounded vanity.

Her wisest course was to treat Mr. Dillingham naturally, and let the shameless scandal die of its own inanity. He would never hear the silly report; there was no one who would venture to touch on so delicate a matter with him. Even the Widow Mugridge, who was capable of almost anything in that line, might be pictured as shrinking before such an attempt; for though Mr. Dillingham was as generally affable and approachable as the sunshine, his familiarity did not breed contempt. In the sea of adulation that dimpled around him, there was a gentle under-tow of wholesome respect. The young clergyman's independence and sharpness, when called for, were quite well understood in the parish. He had wit, but no humor; and the difference between wit and humor, it seems to me, is just the difference between an open and a shut penknife. So there was no chance of anybody coming to him with tittle-tattle, especially about Miss Palfrey.

Having settled this in her mind, Prudence calmed; but the gossip still rankled in her bosom, and she felt it would be a most satisfying vindication and triumph if Mr. Dillingham would only fall in love with her mildly, and afford her the opportunity of proving that she did not care for him, in that way.

In other ways she cared for him greatly. Indeed, she had a strong desire for his friendship. Every one had always liked her; she had never been courteously snubbed before, or snubbed at all, and had no taste for it. The hurt went deeper than her vanity. It was a shocking novelty to encounter a person — a person whom she esteemed, too — whose whole demeanor said to her as plainly as words, but politely, of course: "Miss Palfrey, when you laugh, and say sharp things to me, I smile upon you; when you are demure and repentant and inclined to be friendly, I smile upon you all the same; for, really, I do not care whether you are amiable or unamiable. It is a matter that concerns you, and you alone."

If Mr. Dillingham had studied Prudence from her infancy, and had wished to win her regard, he could not have proceeded more judiciously. It is true, John Dent did not win her by this method; but she was younger then, and, maybe, off her guard. Perhaps if John Dent had had it to do over again, he might not have found it so easy. What is efficacious at seventeen or eighteen is by no means certain of success at twenty-one.

Prudence did not think often of John Dent at this epoch. The phantom that had haunted her so long had somehow withdrawn itself. For four or five months now she had breathed with a conscious sense of freedom from the past. Mr. Dent's letters to Montana and California had brought no response, and the subject of the will was one that could well lie in abeyance. Nothing could be done about it, and it was not agreeable to talk or think about.

Mr. Dent observed with pleasure Prudence's growing appreciation of Mr. Dillingham, and had some views which he cautiously kept to himself. Nothing would have delighted him more than to see Prue well married now, however much the idea of losing her had distracted him two or three years before; but he was not going to interfere. He had once come near making her very unhappy, and had learned to distrust his own sagacity in matters of the heart.

He purposed in the present case to let things take their own course.

Things were taking their course, perhaps a little lazily, but on the whole to his satisfaction. Prudence was never so lovely or sweet-tempered, and Mr. Dent wondered time and again that Dillingham did not see more clearly than he seemed to see, that Prudence was a very charming young person. Mr. Dillingham held the stirrup for her to mount Jenny, he folded her shawl neatly under the carriage-seat, and was remiss in none of those attentions which a well-bred man pays to a lady, young or old; but in everything he did or said there was an air of having been introduced to Miss Palfrey yesterday. To be sure, he had once or twice addressed her as "Miss Prudence," instead of Miss Palfrey, striking her speechless with astonishment; but then he had corrected himself in the same breath.

"Why in the deuce does n't he call her Prue, like everybody else?" muttered Mr. Dent. "He has known her five months intimately, and Jack called her Prue after fifteen minutes' acquaintance. But that was Jack all over."

The autumn of this year was unprecedentedly lovely, — it was one prolonged Indian summer, — and horseback rides early in the morning were the chief diversion at Willowbrook, where Mr. Dillingham frequently remained over night to accompany Mr. Dent and his ward. If Mr. Dillingham had a constitutional objection to breakfasting with the larks, he had none whatever to rising at five o'clock to take a four-mile gallop along the Rivermouth lanes, now wonderful with their brilliant foliage. Prudence was an excellent horsewoman, and never lagged behind her comrades.

> "As she fled fast through sun and shade
> The happy winds upon her played,
> Blowing the ringlet from the braid."

Mr. Dillingham must have been a stupid fellow if he did not notice how this autumnal weather heightened Prue's beauty. She had caught a trick of color from nature, and made the rosy maple-leaves by the roadside seem tame in tint compared with her rich lips and cheeks.

On one of these excursions Mr. Dent was unlucky enough to sprain his ankle, and the rides came to an end, at least Mr. Dent's did.

Mr. Dillingham, who came often now to read and chat with his friend, rode alone several mornings, and then, rather to the surprise of Prudence, invited her to bear him company.

"Would it be proper for me to go, uncle?" asked Prudence, standing with drooped eyelids by Mr. Dent's lounge.

"Would it be proper!" he echoed. "Why, the female population of Rivermouth would turn out in a body, and Dillingham would certainly meet the fate of old Floyd Ireson, who, as you remember, was 'tarred and feathered and carried in a cart by the women of Marblehead'!"

"Very well, then," cried Prue, gayly, "I'll ride Kate instead of Jenny. Jenny pokes along so, and Mr. Dillingham likes a rapid pace."

"'Pokes along so!' what a phrase from a young lady's lips!" said Mr. Dent, critically.

"I said polks," cried Prue, shamelessly.

Mr. Dillingham unbent a little that morning. Being in some sense a host, he was constrained to look after the entertainment of his guest and render himself agreeable. The ride was without incident, save its uninterrupted pleasantness, and Prudence returned with her cheeks in bloom and her gray eyes with the daybreak in them.

Three or four days afterwards the young minister rode up to the gate just before sundown, and asked if Miss Palfrey would repeat her gallop. He had discovered a road leading to some old earthworks overlooking the harbor, where the sunset was a thing to see. Kate was saddled, and the two young people went off in a cloud of dust, Mr. Dent leaning on a cane at the drawing-room window and smiling on them like an amiable Fate.

Mr. Dent's sprained ankle was a phenomenal case, and I am strongly

tempted to prepare an elaborate paper on the subject for the pages of the Boston Surgical and Medical Gazette. At the time of the accident, — he turned his foot in the stirrup while dismounting, — it was thought serious enough to merit Dr. Tredick's attention, who relieved Prudence's solicitude by treating the injury lightly. But the weakened limb did not recover its strength, even after a course of arnica bandages that ought to have caused a new leg to grow, or at least to have mended the old one though it had been fractured in twenty places.

The ankle did not get well, and science, in the person of Dr. Tredick, was at a loss to explain why, and more especially to explain why it should be most troublesome in the afternoons. Mr. Dent was able in the morning to walk on the piazza or go about the house without excessive inconvenience; but towards three or four o'clock, at which hour Mr. Dillingham generally appeared to inquire after the invalid, Mr. Dent found it necessary to take to the lounge in the parlor, or to sit with his foot supported by another chair.

"Don't mind me, Dillingham," Mr. Dent said one day, with touching cheerfulness. "I shall be all right after a while. I miss our rides confoundedly, and I know you detest riding alone. However, there 's Prue; she 's better than nobody."

"Oh, you flatter me!" says Prue.

"I fear I have already drawn heavily on Miss Prudence's complaisance," replied Mr. Dillingham. He did not correct himself this time. But Prudence was passionately fond of riding, and to ride with Mr. Dillingham was like waltzing with a good partner. She did not require other incitive. So it came about, owing to Mr. Dent's slow recovery, that she often accompanied the young minister alone, not caring greatly now what people said. She was doing nothing wrong, and the innocent enjoyment was an off-set to any malicious criticism.

Mr. Dillingham had thawed perceptibly, and in a stately style was very gracious to her. Prudence's passing desire to have him love her a little had evaporated; she was content with his friendship. The severest precisian could have discovered nothing to cavil at in Prudence's conduct. As in the old time she had not flirted with John Dent, so in the new she did not flirt with Mr. Dillingham. She made no eyes at him, as Mr. Dent would have stated it, and would have stated it regretfully.

There was not much conversation during these horseback excursions, which usually had the fort for destination; a swift gallop through the bracing autumn air, a halt in the lonely redoubt to breathe the horses and see the sunset, and a dashing gait homeward, being the ends in view.

It was a charming landscape which unrolled itself, like a colored map, at the foot of the precipitous hill crowned by the deserted earth-works. First came a series of cultivated fields, orchards, and gardens, nestled among which were red-roofed barns and comfortable white farm-houses, with striped chimneys, peering through the leafless tree-tops. Then came the river spanned by a many-arched bridge, linking the picturesque town with the open country. Here and there along the wharves, the slender masts of fishing-smacks shot up sharply. The clusters of round islands in the harbor were like emeralds set in turquois, for the water here, at certain seasons, is of a singularly opaque blue. Beyond the town lay the bright salt marshes softly folded in an azure arm of the sea. All this, in the glow of the declining sun, was fair to look upon.

One November afternoon, in the middle of the month, Prudence and Mr. Dillingham drew rein within the parade-ground of the old fortification just as the sun was sinking. The embrasure at which they halted formed the frame of a fairy picture in which sea and sky and meadow were taking a hundred opaline tints from the reflection of the sunset. While the horses stood champing the bits, and panting, the two riders let the reins slip idly from their fingers, and sat watching the scene in silence.

In a few minutes the vivid colors faded

out of the sky, save at the horizon, where a strip of angry scarlet still lingered, leaving the landscape of a soft pearly gray. By and by the strip of scarlet melted into cinnabar, then into faint gold, then into silver, then into indistinguishable ashes-of-roses like the rest, and the early twilight stretched across land and sea.

"It is like a dream, isn't it?" murmured Prue to herself, for at the instant she had forgotten the presence of her companion.

Mr. Dillingham leaned forward without speaking, and laid his hand lightly on Prudence's, which rested ungloved on the black mane of the mare.

The girl lifted her eyes with a swift movement to the face of the young minister, and then very slowly withdrew her hand.

"Prue!" said Mr. Dillingham, softly.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE LORD'S-DAY GALE.

In Gloucester port lie fishing craft, —
More staunch and trim were never seen:
They are sharp before and sheer abaft,
And true their lines the masts between.
Along the wharves of Gloucester Town
Their fares are lightly landed down,
And the laden flakes to sunward lean.

Well know the men each cruising-ground,
And where the cod and mackerel be;
Old Eastern Point the schooners round
And leave Cape Ann on the larboard lee:
Sound are the planks, the hearts are bold,
That brave December's surges cold
On George's shoals in the outer sea.

And some must sail to the banks far north
And set their trawls for the hungry cod, —
In the ghostly fog creep back and forth
By shrouded paths no foot hath trod;
Upon the crews the ice-winds blow,
The bitter sleet, the frozen snow, —
Their lives are in the hand of God!

New England! New England!
Needs sail they must, so brave and poor,
Or June be warm or Winter storm,
Lest a wolf gnaw through the cottage-door!
Three weeks at home, three long months gone,
While the patient good-wives sleep alone,
And wake to hear the breakers roar.

The Grand Bank gathers in its dead, —
The deep sea-sand is their winding sheet;
Who does not George's billows dread
That dash together the drifting fleet?
Who does not long to hear, in May,
The pleasant wash of Saint Lawrence Bay,
The fairest ground where fishermen meet?

There the west wave holds the red sunlight
Till the bells at home are rung for nine:
Short, short the watch, and calm the night;
The fiery northern streamers shine;
The eastern sky anon is gold,
And winds from piny forests old
Scatter the white mists off the brine.

The Province craft with ours at morn
Are mingled when the vapors shift;
All day, by breeze and current borne,
Across the bay the sailors drift;
With toll and seine its wealth they win, —
The dappled, silvery spoil come in
Fast as their hands can haul and lift.

New England! New England!
Thou lovest well thine ocean main!
It spreadeth its locks among thy rocks,
And long against thy heart hath lain;
Thy ships upon its bosom ride
And feel the heaving of its tide;
To thee its secret speech is plain.

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought ere long, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from Saint Lawrence Bay.

New England! New England!
Thy giant's love was turned to hate!
The winds control his fickle soul,
And in his wrath he hath no mate.
Thy shores his angry scourges tear,
And for thy children in his care
The sudden tempests lie in wait.

The East Wind gathered all unknown, —
A thick sea-cloud his course before;
He left by night the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador;

He lashed the coasts on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our helpless cruisers there
As a gray wolf harries the huddling fold;
A sleet — a darkness — filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled:
That Lord's-Day morn it was a breeze, —
At noon, a blast that shook the seas, —
At night — a wind of Death took hold!

It leapt across the Breton bar,
A death-wind from the stormy East!
It scarred the land, and whirled afar
The sheltering thatch of man and beast;
It mingled rick and roof and tree,
And like a besom swept the sea,
And churned the waters into yeast.

From Saint Paul's light to Edward Isle
A thousand craft it smote amain;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain:
The mackerel-gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen!
In vain they shun the double capes:
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen;
The Wolf's white fang what prey escapes?
The Grin'stone grinds the bones of some,
And Coffin Isle is craped with foam; —
On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes!

Oh, what can live on the open sea,
Or moored in port the gale outride?
The very craft that at anchor be
Are dragged along by the swollen tide!
The great storm-wave came rolling west,
And tossed the vessels on its crest:
The ancient bounds its might defied!

The ebb to check it had no power;
The surf ran up an untold height;
It rose, nor yielded, hour by hour,
A night and day, a day and night;
Far up the seething shores it cast
The wrecks of hull and spar and mast,
The strangled crews, — a woeful sight!

There were twenty and more of Breton sail
  Fast anchored on one mooring-ground;
Each lay within his neighbor's hail,
  When the thick of the tempest closed them round:
All sank at once in the gaping sea, —
Somewhere on the shoals their corses be,
  The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

On reef and bar our schooners drove
  Before the wind, before the swell;
By the steep sand-cliffs their ribs were stove, —
  Long, long, their crews the tale shall tell!
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three-score;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
  Were stranded in that tempest fell.

The bed-time bells in Gloucester Town
  That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;
The sailors' children laid them down, —
  Dear Lord! their sweet prayers couldst thou hear?
'T is said that gently blew the winds;
The good-wives, through the seaward blinds,
  Looked down the bay and had no fear.

New England! New England!
  Thy ports their dauntless seamen mourn;
The twin capes yearn for their return
  Who never shall be thither borne;
Their orphans whisper as they meet;
The homes are dark in many a street,
  And women move in weeds forlorn.

And wilt thou quail, and dost thou fear?
  Ah, no! though widows' cheeks are pale,
The lads shall say: "Another year,
  And we shall be of age to sail!"
And the mothers' hearts shall fill with pride,
Though tears drop fast for them who died
  When the fleet was wrecked in the Lord's-Day gale.

Edmund C. Stedman.

MISTRAL'S CALENDAU.

NINE years after the appearance of *Mirèio*, Frédéric Mistral published simultaneously at Avignon and at Paris, and in parallel Provençal and French, a second poem of heroic proportions, entitled *Calendau*. The critics, who had been quite thrown off their guard by the strangeness and the sweetness, the innocent ardor and frank garrulity of the earlier poem, were far more wary in their reception of its successor. Their verdict was unanimously and even emphatically favorable, but it was still a verdict, not a startled cry of admiration. Calendau won priceless praise, but it created comparatively no excitement, was not long talked about, and never, we believe, translated.

It is proposed to give some account of this riper and more formal production of M. Mistral's genius, which, if it have not quite the wayward and fascinating audacity of its elder, does yet give evidence of immense vigor in its author, and of a wealth of imagination sufficiently rare; while it seems to include almost all of legendary and picturesque Provence not portrayed, or at least touched with light, in the previous work.

The reader of Calendau must begin by disabusing himself of the idea that the sensations which he received from Mirèio are to be precisely repeated. Nothing, indeed, is in the nature of things more unlikely than that we shall be twice surprised by the same person, in the same way. The curious *naïveté* of the former tale is abandoned, perhaps deliberately, along with the rather transparent pretense of singing for "shepherds and farmer-folk alone." The usual reading public is addressed in Calendau, and means not wholly unusual are employed to excite and detain our interest.

In the first place the lovers in Calendau are not children. They are young, indeed, to judge by our slow northern standards, but they are, to all intents, man and woman, and the lady at least has lived and suffered much when we see her first. Then, it is not a story of to-day; and there can be no doubt that the romantic charm of Mirèio is perpetually enhanced by the wonder that so artless and idyllic a life as the one there described can be lived anywhere at the present time. The date of Calendau's adventures is placed a hundred years back, and very skillfully. In the dark and desperate times which preceded the outbreak of the first great revolution in France, rapine and bloodshed, flight, treachery, and siege were matters of frequent occurrence, and the wildest incidents were unhappily probable. Moreover, the shadows of even one century are sufficient to confuse the wavering line between nature and the supernatural, and thus to afford all needful latitude to an imagination which, although capable, as we know, of a most winning playfulness, does yet appear to be essentially sombre. And this introduction of a semi-supernatural element, together with the stress continually laid on the ancient literature and mediæval honors of Provence, impart to Calendau a kind of transitional character, which is far from impairing its interest. The work seems, whether the author intended it or no, almost to bridge the strange chasm between the old Provençal poetry and the new, and to give an effect of continuity to the unique and brilliant literature of Southern France. And if the fresh realism of Mirèio be not here, and we deem this a little more like ordinary books than the other, that very likeness is also of use sometimes, as affording us a distinct and accurate measure of the poet's own undeniable originality.

He opens his poem conventionally with an allusion to his earlier effort, and in the same metre.

> I, who once sang the love and sorrows sore
> Of a young maiden, now essay once more —

God helping me — to tell a tale of love;
How a poor fisherman of Cassis strove
And suffered, till he won a shining crown,
Stainless delights, and honor, and renown.

There follows an invocation to the spirit of Provence, as illustrated in the famous past, and then the opening scene of the story, which is characterized by a suppressed fervor, a kind of silent intensity of light and color and emotion, hardly to be paralleled in English verse.

One summer day, from a high mountain-seat,
Rock-built and with the blossoming heather sweet,
Two lovers watched the white caps come and go
Like lambs upon the shining sea below,
While the note only of the woodpecker
Startled the silence of the noontide clear.

Cornice-like hung in air the narrow ledge,
The dark pines thronged beneath; but, from the edge,
One saw the sun-touched faces of the trees
Laugh to the laughter of the southern seas.
White on the beach gleamed Cassis: far away
Sparkled Toulon, and the blue Gardiole[1] lay

Cloud-like along the deep. So spake the youth
Unto the maiden: "Never, in good sooth,
Did hare or pigeon eager huntsman tire
Like thee! Have I not won at thy desire
Fortune and fame, and wrought all prodigies?
Poor dreamer whom my dream forever flies!"

And he goes on to describe, in ardent fashion, the impossibilities he would yet undertake for the sure hope of winning her. The lady answers with tears in her divine eyes, owning for the first time, seemingly, that she loves him, and him alone, but hinting at some insurmountable obstacle to their union. Her lover interrupts her with a burst of impetuous gratitude for her confession: —

"Why should not then our joy be perfected?
We love, we are young, we are free as birds!" he said.
"Look! how the glowing Nature all around
Lies in the soft arms of the Summer bound,
Courts the endearments of the tawny queen,
And drinks the breath of her dark beauty in!

"The azure peaks, the faint, far hills, lay bare
Their beating bosoms to the radiant air.
The changeful sea below us, clear as glass,
Hinders the ardent sun-rays not to pass
Into its deepest depth; and joys no less
Of Rhone and Var, to feel the mute caress.

"Nay, do not speak! But hark how earth and sea
Have both one language, how exultantly
They tell the passionate need they have of love!
Dost tremble, sweet? I bid thy fear remove.
Come, let me lead thee to the altar straight,
Life at its longest is too brief." "Oh, Fate!

"Oh, cruel star!" brake forth the woman's wail.
"Thou must not! Cease, in God's name, lest I fail
To keep my truth."

And after murmuring something of dishonor to an ancient and unstained name, she breaks off with a passionate prayer that the sombre woods and mountain solitudes about her may continue to shelter her, as they have hitherto, from the wrath of her enemies, and the seductions of her own heart. There follows a picture of the two lovers, without which the reader can hardly form a clear idea of their personality.

She sprang upon her feet, inspired, erect.
Oh, beauteous was her head! and well-bedecked
By its dense coronal of shining hair,
Whereof the twin-coils were as broom-boughs fair
With yellow flower, and from her eye sincere
Storms might have fled, and left the heavens clear.

White were her teeth, as the fine salt of Berre,[2]
And shy, at times, the lofty glances were
Of the proud orbs, whose wondrous hue recalled
The steadfast splendors of the emerald.
And desert sunshine faint reflected shone
In the warm tint her peach-like cheeks upon.

So towered the lithe, tall shape divinely molded
By the white linen robe her limbs that folded.
While, at her knees, her rapt love listening,
As in the blue he heard an angel sing,
Leaned on his elbow with up-gazing eyes,
And he, — he too was made in splendid wise:

With supple limbs, yet strong as sail-yards be
(A score of years or barely more, had he),
And large eyes sad with love, and black as night;
The down upon his lip was soft and light
As on vine branches —

He renews his suit in the most fervid and persuasive terms, and, when he is again tenderly repulsed, grows keenly reproachful and hints at toils and sufferings undergone for her sake, which he scorns to dwell upon in detail. Is she a woman, he demands at length, or is she Esterello, the fairy who is said to haunt that mountain region, teasing men with her loveliness, luring them to her pursuit, but always eluding them in the end? And she replies, in sad jest, that she is Esterello, and can never reward, however she may return, any mortal love. Then she invites him to a grotto hard by, where the stalactites weep perpetual pearls.

1 *La Garduelo.* A mountain chain bordering on the sea between Cassis and Marseilles.

2 The salt obtained from the salt-mines of Berre, a small village near Aix, is considered the finest in France.

"And this, my friend," she in her dreamy way,
"Is Esterello's palace! Look, I pray,
At these fair hangings! God himself," said she,
"Wrought all this foliage of white jewelry
The rainfall feeds. Wilt try my leaf couch here?
My only seat, — but heights are ever drear.

"Is it not sweet here? This most quiet spot
The raging heats of summer enter not,
But all is cool." He took the leafy seat,
She dropped upon her knees beside his feet,
And the strange light that flooded all the place
Clothed them, as in one garment, with its rays.

In this becoming attitude the lady tells her true story. She was, by birth, a princess of Baux, the last representative of one of the most ancient and illustrious houses in Provence. In her impoverished orphanhood, for only the Castle of Aiglun had descended to her out of all the vast possessions of her family, she had had many suitors, and had fixed her choice upon the least worthy. He was a stranger of brilliant and commanding, but always sinister, appearance, whom, when benighted in a great storm, she had received into her castle, who had described himself to her as Count Severan, an adventurer of high birth with a large secret following, by the help of which he intended one day to avenge upon a corrupt government the wrongs of their beautiful province, and who had completely subjugated the fancy of the young girl. Their bans were hastily published, and the night of their wedding-feast arrived, but, as the bridegroom presented the guests, one after another, by high-sounding but wholly unfamiliar names, the bride noted with terror that they had more the air of *come* (that is, the overseers of gangs of galley slaves) than of gentlemen. A scene of furious revelry ensued, but while the bridegroom was in the midst of a pompous oration, there forced his way into the brilliant hall an unbidden guest.

He stopped midway of his insensate boast,
For in the open doorway rose a ghost.
An old, most miserable, coarse-clad man,
Down whose gaunt cheeks the grimmy sweat-drops ran,
The threshold crossed of that high banquet-hall,
And stood, a loathly shape, before us all.

White turned the bridegroom, and a deadly ray
Leaped from his eyes as he the steps would stay
Of the strange comer, but it might not be.
Forward he came silently, solemnly,
As when God takes a beggar's shape sometimes
The rich man to confound amid his crimes.

With slowly-trailing steps he neared the host,
And scanned him long with lean arms tightly crossed.
Till on the breast of each expectant one,
Great terror fell as with a weight of stone.
An icy wind blew from the night, and flared
The festal lamps, and at last some one dared

To break the silence with a brutal sneer —
"Ho for a famine, this curst land to clear
Of beggar vermin! or in four more days
We are devoured!" "What dost thou in this place,
And with this bridal pair, old fool?" they cried.
The insulted stranger not a word replied.

Then some began to jeer his hairless pate,
His bloodshot eyes, and heavy, shambling gait:
"Were it not better, thou ill-omened bird,
To hide thy glum face in thy hole?" He heard
And still unmurmuring each affront he took,
Yet on the host bent one beseeching look.

But others — "Come, old fellow, these fine folk
Are not worth minding! They must have their joke
But do thou glean about the board! Make haste,
And snatch a joint or carcass where thou mayst;
Look! Are thy jaws not equal to a chine
Of pork? Or wilt toss off a cup of wine?"

"Nay, masters," answered wearily and slow
The wan intruder; "you 'll not tempt me so,
For I want no man's leavings. I am here
To seek my son." "His son? 'T is mighty queer!
Why, pray, should this old snakeskin vender's son
Be haunting the fine lady of Aiglun?"

There was a base doubt in the mocking look
Of them which stung, and I could illy brook.
But still they plied him: "Tell us which he is,
This son of thine, and tell the truth in this,
Or from the gargoyle of the highest tower
Of old Aiglun thou 'lt dangle in an hour!"

Then the old man: "Behold, I am denied!
Spurned like the sweeping of the floor aside!
Now shall ye hear the raven croak!" quoth he,
And rose up in his rags right awfully.
"Hold!" cried the Count, "out with him from the hall!"
Stony his face, and pallid as the wall.

"Fall on him, valets! Hunt the spectral thing!"
Two tears that I can yet see glistening,
Hot, bitter tears in aged eyes and weak,
Rose and rolled down the beggar's furrowed cheek.
Heart-rending memory! Pale as death we grew,
While he took up his broken tale anew.

"I am like Death," he moaned, "of all forgot!
Yet comes he to the feast, though bidden not.
Oh, ay, and woe is me! I fain once more
Would see my son — he drives me from his door.
'Fall on him! Hunt him!' says he in his ire;
Thou haughty bridegroom, I am still thy sire."

The beggar then turns upon the horrified bride, and denounces his unnatural child to her as a base-born churl, a common robber, a murderer. None dares dispute, or seeks to detain him as he turns to leave the hall, save the lady herself, who, in her first revulsion of feeling, springs forward, calling the old man *father*, and praying him to stay.

He puts her aside with a pitying prophecy, and she swoons away. Awaking late in the night, she finds herself in her own chamber with only her old nurse mourning over her. The castle is still. She collects her thoughts, realizes the ruin that has befallen her life, thanks God that she is, at least, the wife of Severan only in name, and resolves to fly, leaving her ancestral home in the possession of the banditti below. After long wanderings and many privations, she had made herself a kind of hermitage on this Mount Gibal, at the southern extremity of Provence, where she had ever since lived a mysterious and ascetic life, accounted a supernatural being by the peasantry who caught occasional glimpses of her. Here Calendau, the brave young fisherman from Cassis on the beach below, had long since found, and loved, and sought to woo her, although himself regarding her with a kind of superstitious awe. Hence, after the fantastic fashion of the ladies of old, she had sent him forth to deeds of high emprise, which he had achieved one after another, returning to lay his trophies at her feet, and only now, after many such adventures, to learn that his lady returned his love and to hear her tragic story.

She ceased. As one who from an evil dream
Awakes, Calendau rose, fist clenched, a gleam
Of fury in his eyes. "No longer fear,
Thy bandit lord, but think that I am here,
Adore, and will release thee! He or I,
I swear it by the fires of hell, shall die."

But she: "Ah no! Thine eyes affright me more
Than ever he. Go not! Stain not with gore
Our sinless love!" "Nay, but his life must end!"
"Am I not then thy sister, thy sweet friend?
Oh, leave me not!" He answered sullenly,
"I have one only word: *The wretch shall die*, —

"Being a robber and accurst. And oh,
Thou knowest full well whether I love or no."
"I will no murderer's love! All undefiled
The hand I take must be." He said, and smiled,
"Princess, fear not! This hand hath ne'er a stain,
And white for thy dear sake it shall remain.

"Not as a felon will I seek his death,
But as one brave another challengeth,
I will appease my wrath! Alone, breast bare
I will go down into the tiger's lair, —
God grant my foot slip not! — and once within
Will smite amid his band this new Mandrin.[1]

[1] Mandrin, a famous brigand chief, was born in 1715, at Sainte-Etienne-de-Geoire, in Dauphiny, and broken on the wheel at Valence, in 1755.

"Farewell, my queen!" He said, and made one dash,
Swift as the swamp-fire's gleam, the lightning's flash,
Forth of the grot, then paused. She, at his side,
"Thou goest to thy death!" in anguish cried,
"Cannot love stay thee? Art thou mad to brave
Twenty fierce outlaws in their highland cave?"

"Yea, were there twenty thousand in their stead,
I would not strike my sail! Behold,' he said,
"Love is my strength, — what better following?"
Adown the mount he plunged with valiant spring,
Flung back his vest as the bold Gascons do,
And turned him to far lands and conflicts new.

The third canto opens with a rapid account of Calendau's journey across Provence. It is a series of pictures, each brilliant, distinct, and harmonious in coloring, a lovely panoramic view. M. Mistral had shown himself a master of this kind of painting in those cantos of Mirèio which describe the muster of the farm laborers, and the flight of the heroine across La Crau and Camargue. We cull a stanza here and there.

Afar over the sage-fields hummed the bees,
Fluttered the birds about the sumac-trees.
How lucid was the air of that sweet day!
How fair upon the slopes the shadows lay!
The ranged and pillared rocks seemed to upbear
Levels of green land, like some altar-stair.

O'er the sheer verge the golden pumpkin hung
His heavy head, the rock-born aloes flung
Its flowery rays abroad like God's own lustre.
Deep in the dells, full many a coral cluster
The barberry ripened. The pomegranate red
Reared like an Indian cock its crested head.

As Calendau drew near his lady's ancestral home, he asked of all he met the way to the Castle of Aiglun.

"O, cheery plowman, in thy furrow toiling,
O, merry pitch-man, thy sweet resin boiling,
How far from this to old Aiglun?" he cried,
"Climb, gallant, climb!" the laborers replied;
"Then down the deepest chasm, if so be
The horrid heights no terror have for thee."

So he went down the deep, chill, darksome vale.
The frowning precipice well-nigh made fail
Even his high heart. There the unwilling day
On snake and lizard flings one noontide ray,
Then hides behind the cliff. The gorge along
Tumbles in foam the angry Esteron.

Presently, however, the defile widened, giving to view an open space where Calendau came suddenly upon the self-styled count himself, surrounded by some thirty or forty of his followers, both men and women. The outlaws were reposing after the fatigues of the chase, and taking their noonday lunch upon the sunlit turf. The intruder is of course ordered to stand and deliver, but

his beauty attracts the women, and his boldness the men. The count himself sees in the audacious stranger a possible recruit, and the end of it all is that he is invited to share their repast on condition that he will tell his story, and declare his business there. Calendau asked no better. His tale, he says, is one of love, and of many labors wrought in the hope of rendering himself worthy of his lady's distinguished favor. Some say that lady is a fairy, Esterello by name, and it is certain that she lives alone in a wild solitude, that her beauty is more than human, and her thoughts and visions too high for earth. At all events he will call her Esterello.

The next six cantos are occupied chiefly with Calendau's recital of his own exploits. After each feat performed he seeks his lady in her retreat, but finds her for a time ever harder and harder to win. The strenuous and often rude action of the hero's narrative is beautifully broken and relieved by the moonlight quiet and mystery of these scenes upon the mountain. Other themes are also introduced, which both lighten the monotony of grotesque or stern adventure, and assist in preserving the continuity of the main story: the irrepressible comments of Calendau's listeners; the wonder, and sometimes incredulity of the men; the sentimental admiration of the women; and, on the part of Severan himself, the secret suspicion, early aroused and constantly strengthened, that Calendau's austere and angelic lady-love is none other than his own fugitive bride, of whom he had never been able to obtain a trace. He chooses, however, to allow the young enthusiast to finish his tale, both that he may become possessed of the fullest possible information, and also that he may have time to mature some perfectly effectual plan of vengeance on the two.

Calendau begins by telling them that his own birth was humble. He came of honest and thrifty fisherfolk from Cassis, on the Mediterranean coast, and he cannot help lingering lovingly over some of the details of his simple early life.

"I would you once had seen the goodly sight,
The Cassis men under the evening light!
And in the cool, when they put out to sea,
Hundreds of fishing craft go silently
And lightly forth, like a great flock of plover,
And spread abroad the heaving billows over.

"And the wives linger in the lone doorways,
Watching, with what a long and serious gaze,
For the last glimmer of the swelling sail.
And if the sea but freshen, they turn pale,
For well they know how treacherous he is,
That cruel deep — for all his flatteries.
. . . . . .
"But when the salt sea thunders with the shocks
Of rude assault from the great equinox,
And bits of foundered craft bestrew the shores,
Then can we naught but close our cottage doors,
And young and old about the warm fireside
Wait the returning of the summer-tide.

"Ah! those were evenings — when the autumn gales
Blew loud, and mother mended the rent sails
With homespun thread; ay, and we youngsters too
Were set to drive the needle through and through
The gaping nets, and tie the meshes all
There where they hung suspended on the wall.

"And in his tall chair by the ingle nook
My father sat, with aye some antique book
Laid reverently open on his knee.
And 'Listen, and forget the rain,' quoth he,
Blew back his mark, and read some tale divine
Of old Provençal days, by the fire-shine."

But Calendau asks pardon for dwelling on these scenes of childhood. Manhood had begun for him when he met his lady in the forest. He had first thought to win her with gold, and had undertaken to make himself rich by the difficult and dangerous tunny-fishing of the Mediterranean coast, in which immense fortunes are sometimes made. The fifth canto of the poem *La Madrago* describes this exciting sport. The sketch is one of great power, and has a kind of restless brilliancy. Many local legends and wild superstitions of the coast are introduced, yet it is intensely real. We give the passage which describes Calendau's crowning success: —

"But when with dawn the pallid moon had set,
The whole unnumbered shoal into the net
Came pouring. Ah, but then I was elate!
Drunk with my joy, thought I had conquered fate;
'Now, love,' I said, 'thou shalt have gems and gems;
I'll spoil the goldsmiths for thy diadems!'

"Love is the sun, the king of all this earth —
He fires, unites, fulfills with joy, gives birth,
Calls from the dead the living by the score,
And kindles war, and doth sweet peace restore.
Lord of the land, lord of the deep is he,
Piercing the very monsters of the sea

"With fire-tipped arrows. Lo the tunny yon!
Now in one silver phalanx press they on;

Anon they petulantly part and spring
And plunge and toss, their armor glittering
Steel-blue upon their crystal field of fight,
Or rosy underneath the growing light.

"'Twas nuptial bliss they sought. What haste!
What fire!
With the strong rush of amorous desire
Spots of intense vermilion went and came
On some, like sparkles of a restless flame,
A royal scarf, a livery of gold,
A wedding robe, fading as love grew cold.
. . . . . .
"So at the last came one prodigious swell,
And the last line, that seemed invincible,
Brake with the pressure, and our boats leaped high.
'Huzza! the prey is caged!' we wildly cry;
'Courage, my lads, and don't forget the oil!
The fish we have, — let not the dressing spoil!

"'Bout ship!' We bent our shoulders with a will,
Our oars we planted sturdily but still,
And the gay cohort, late alive with light,
Owned, with a swift despair, its prisoned plight,
And where it leaped with amorous content,
Quivered and plunged in fury impotent.

"'Now then, draw in! But easy, comrades bold,
We are not gathering figs!'[1] And all laid hold
With tug and strain to land the living prize,
Fruit of the treacherous sea. In ecstasies
Of rage our victims on each other flew,
Dashing the fishers o'er with bitter dew.

"Too like, too like our own unhappy people,
Who, when the tocsin clangs from tower and steeple,
Peril to freedom and the land we cherish,
Insensate turn like those foredoomed to perish,
Brother on brother laying reckless hand,
Till comes a foreign lord to still the land.

"Yet had we brave and splendid sport, I ween,
For some with tridents, some with lances keen
Fell on the prey. And some were skilled to fling
A wingèd dart held by a slender string.
The wounded wrétches 'neath the wave withdrew,
Trailing red lines along the mirror blue.

"Slowly the net brimful of treasure mounted;
Silver was there, turquoise and gold uncounted,
Rubies and emeralds million-rayed. The men
Flung them thereon like eager children when
They stay their mother's footsteps to explore
Her apron bursting with its summer store

"Of apricots and cherries."

The wealth thus suddenly acquired Calendau spends with ostentatious profusion. He appoints a *fête* at Cassis, to be celebrated with public games, boat-racing, and trials of strength, and promises largess to the crowd. He then buys the costliest trinkets, fit only for a queen's casket, and proceeds to offer them to his Esterello, by whom they are refused with a sort of gentle disdain. She reminds him that she has no further use for jewelry, and that the field-flowers are, for her, a far more appropriate garniture, and she reproves his shallow confidence and youthful vanity. Still further mortification awaits him at the Cassis fête, to which the next canto is devoted, and where he had anticipated a public ovation; but where certain comrades, who are jealous of his prosperity, overcome him by treachery in the games, and poison the minds of his townsfolk against him. Wounded and sore, both in body and mind, he repairs again to his fair recluse, and this time she is kinder.

"I came once more unto my lady's eyrie,
Heart hot with sense of wrong and limbs a-weary,
And oh, the rest I found there, and the balm!
Coolness as of clear water, and a calm
Celestial. 'Oh entreat me pityingly,
My strange white Fay,' I said; 'no gems have I

"'For thee to-day. One only laurel-bough
Thick set with thorns is all I offer now;'
And so I dropped under the shady trees,
And told her of my hard-won victories, —
All barren, — and my shame; and she, grave-eyed,
Looked up and listened from the grass beside."

Then she tells him a thrilling story, or rather chants him a ballad, out of that legendary lore of Provence with which her memory is stored, and on which, in her solitude, her imagination is ever brooding. We give it entire: —

At Arles in the Carlovingian days,
By the swift Rhône water,
A hundred thousand on either side,
Christian and Saracen fought till the tide
Ran red with the slaughter.

May God forefend such another flood
Of direful war!
The Count of Orange on that black morn
By seven great kings was overborne,
And fled afar,

Whenas he would avenge the death
Of his nephew slain.
Now are the kings upon his trail;
He slays as he flies; like fiery hail
His sword-strokes rain.

He hies him into the Aliscamp,[1] —
No shelter there!
A Moorish hive is the home of the dead,
And hard he spurs his goodly steed
In his despair.

Over the mountain and over the moor
Flies Count Guillaume;
By sun and by moon he ever sees
The coming cloud of his enemies;
Thus gains his home,

[1] *Eico n'es pas de figo bourjassoto.* A popular proverb signifying, It is no trivial matter. The *bourjassoto* is a species of black fig.

[1] The Aliscamp, that is, *Elysii Campi* — an ancient cemetery near Arles, supposed to have been consecrated by Christ in person.

Halts, and lifts at the castle gate
A mighty cry,
Calling his haughty wife by name,
"Guibour, Guibour, my gentle dame,
Open! 'T is I!

"Open the gate to thy Guillaume
Ta'en is the city
By thirty thousand Saracen,
Lo, they are hunting me to my den;
Guibour, have pity!"

But the countess from the rampart cried,
"Nay, chevalier,
I will not open my gates to thee;
For, save the women and babes," said she,
"Whom I shelter here,

"And the priest who keeps the lamps alight,
Alone am I.
My brave Guillaume and his barons all
Are fighting the Moor by the Aliscamp wall,
And scorn to fly!"

"Guibour, Guibour, it is I myself!
And those men of mine
(God rest their souls!), they are dead," he cried,
"Or rowing with slaves on the salt sea-tide.
I have seen the shine

"Of Arles on fire in the dying day;
I have heard one shriek
Go up from all the arenas where
The nuns disfigure their bodies fair
Lest the Marran wreak

"His brutal will. Avignon's self
Will fall to-day!
Sweetheart, I faint; oh let me in
Before the savage Mograbin
Fall on his prey!"

"I swear thou liest," cried Guibour,
"Thou base deceiver!
Thou art perchance thyself a Moor
Who whinest thus outside my door,
My Guillaume, never!

"Guillaume to look on burning towns
And fired by — *thee!*
Guillaume to see his comrades die,
Or borne to sore captivity,
And then to *flee!*

"He knows not flight! He is a tower
Where others fly!
The heathen spoiler's doom is sure,
The virgin's honor aye secure,
When he is by!"

"Guillaume leapt up, his bridle set
Between his teeth,
While tears of love and tears of shame
Under his burning eyelids came,
And hard drew breath

And seized his sword and plunged his spurs
Right deep, and so
A storm, a demon, did descend
To roar and smite, to rout and rend
The Moorish foe.

As when one shakes an almond-tree,
The heathen slain
Upon the tender grass fall thick
Until the flying remnant seek
Their ships again.

Four kings with his own hand he slew,
And when once more
He turned him homeward from the fight,
Upon the drawbridge long in sight
Stood brave Guibour.

"By the great gateway enter in,
My Lord!" she cried,
And might no further welcome speak,
But loosed his helm, and kissed his cheek,
With tears of pride.

The docile Calendau goes on his way inspired and heartened. His next feat is to scale Ventour, the most precipitous peak in Provence, hitherto considered inaccessible, and he signalizes his achievement by felling a grove of larches on the very crest of the mountain. The difficult ascent is very graphically described: —

"Savage at once and sheer, yon tower of rocks;
To tufts of lavender and roots of box
I needs must cling, and as my feet I ground
In the thin soil, the little stones would bound
With ringing cry from off the precipice,
And plunge in horror down the long abyss.

"Sometimes my path along the mountain face
Would narrow to a thread; I must retrace
My steps and seek some longer, wearier way.
And if I had turned dizzy in that day,
Or storm had overtaken me, then sure
I had lain mangled at thy feet, Ventour.

"But God preserved me. Rarely as I strove
With only death in view, I heard above
Some solitary sky-lark wing her flight
Afar, then all was still. Only by night
God visits these drear places. Cheery hum
Of insect rings there never. All is dumb.

"Oft as the skeleton of some old yew,
In a deep chasm, caught my downward view,
'Thou art there!' I cried; and straightway did discover
New realms of wood towering the others over,
A deeper depth of shadows. Ah, methought
Those were enchanted solitudes I sought!

"From sun to sun I clambered, clinging fast
Till all my nails were broken. At the last,
The utter last, — oh palms of God — I caught
The soft larch-murmur near me, and distraught,
Embraced the foremost trunk, and forward fell,
How broken, drenched, and dead, no words can tell!

"But sleep renews. I slept, and with the dawn
A fresh wind blew, and all the pain was gone,
And I rose up both stout of limb and glad;
Bread in my sack for nine full days I had,
A drinking-flask, a hatchet, and a knife
Wherewith to carve the story of my strife

"Upon the trunks. Ah! fine that early breeze
On old Ventour, rushing through all the trees!
A symphony sublime I seemed to hear,
Where all the hills and vales gave answer clear,
Harmonious. In a stately melancholy
From the sun's cheerful glances hidden wholly

"By the black raiment of their foliage
The larches rose. No tempest's utmost rage
Could shake them, but with huge limbs close entwined,
Mutely they turned their faces to the wind;
Some hoar with mold and moss, while some lay prone
Shrouded in the dead leaves of years agone.

"A sudden fear assailed my spirit bold.
'O kingly trees!' I cried; 'O hermits old!
All hail, and pardon! And thou too, Ventour,
Long steeled the tempest's torment to endure,
Wilt thou not howl in all thy caves to-day,
Because thy stately crown is rent away?'

"But now the deed is done, the battle dared.
Mightily swings the ax, and rent and scared
Are the millenial slumbers of the place.
Mightily cleaves the iron relentless ways
Along the wood, and every resinous scale
Weeps drops of gold, but these shall not avail

"To stay the slaughter. A heart-rending shriek
Springs, as the great trunk parts, from root to peak;
From bough to bough quivers a dying groan,
As falls the monarch headlong from his throne,
And thunders down the vale, spreading about
Tumult and din as of a water-spout."

Not content with the havoc thus wrought in the forest solitudes, and the consternation excited in the valley below, and heedless even of the blandishments of a certain lady of Maltbrun, who desires to regale and refresh him in her highland castle after his exploit, Calendau next assails what is called the Honey-comb Rock, a series of clefts and fissures where the mountain bees have been for ages depositing their honey undisturbed; and barely escapes with his life from the consequences of this last piece of bravado. But when he approaches Esterello once more, bearing a larch bough and a slice of honey-comb as his trophies, he finds her rather amused, than overawed, by his latest achievement. She cannot help praising his prowess, and half relenting to his fantastic fidelity, but she declares her fervent and somewhat mystical belief, that the solitudes of nature are sacred, and that he who wantonly invades and violates them deserves a severe punishment. She reminds him once more that her beloved heroes of old fought to redress human wrong, and mitigate human suffering, and tries to awaken him to a higher ideal of life and love. Count Severan can hardly restrain himself at this stage of the story.

"'Go then in peace,' she said, 'and if one day
A man and knight indeed thou comest my way,
Then,'—with a sudden smile,—'then I will tell
Whether I found thy honey sweet!' Ah well,
Bright seemed the word, and kind, and the day bright,
And the birds sang, and the stream leapt in light.

"'So, at the last, thou hadst her?' Severan
Burst forth. 'Thy tale is growing tedious, man.
'Pardon, my gracious lord!' Calendau cried,
'And deign a little longer to abide;
'T were base to cheat your honor of the rest,
Seeing my story's end will be its best!'"

In the eighth canto, Calendau signalizes his devotion to a loftier ambition, by interposing between two hostile bands of freemasons, whom he finds one day engaged in a fierce and sanguinary fight, and finally, by common consent of the parties, arbitrating and restoring peace among them. The theme hardly seems a very poetic one, but it is treated with the dignity which never forsakes Mistral, — a deal of strange and sombre history, or rather mythology, is introduced, and the rival claims and bizarre pretensions of the children of Hiram and Solomon are detailed with a certain weird pomp. Again Severan interrupts Calendau's narrative fiercely and scornfully, and with a wrathful side-glance at the listeners who hang upon his lips.

"At least they named thee their Grand-Chief, I hope,
Their master, king, — whate'er they call it, — pope,"
Hissed Severan. "Nay," was the tranquil word,
"Nor pope, nor king, nor general; but, my lord,
Provence and Aquitaine, do not forget,
Will one day give me a name nobler yet, —

"*He who won Esterello.*" "Oh, have done!"
The huntresses 'gan clamor, all as one;
"Nor look that look that freezes all our blood!"
For now, with lifted eyes the hero stood,
And sweet and misty was their gaze afar,
Like his who sees a vision or a star.

And now Calendau goes on to relate how he addressed himself to the most perilous and unselfish of all his undertakings, — the achievement of which brings the reader to the commencement of the story. There was a certain brigand named Marco Mau, the pest and terror of all southern Provence, much as Severan himself was of the north. No hearth or home or sanctuary, or life of man or chastity of woman, was safe from the violent assaults of this ruffian and his armed

band; and him Calendau, at the head of a small picked company, tracked, defied, besieged in his stronghold, and finally slew. Of course he won the enthusiastic gratitude of his townspeople and countrymen in general, and they became eager to make amends for all the petty jealousies of the past, and whatever injustice they had previously done him. In the great city of Aix he was received like a prince, and rare civic honors were bestowed upon him. And when he enters the lists at the Fête-Dieu and is proclaimed victor in one after another of the strange, antique games which characterize that festival, the enthusiasm of the people mounts to the highest pitch, and Calendau himself is filled with a sacred joy and gratitude, as unlike as possible to the vain exultation of his earlier days. He knows that his present honors and popularity have been well won by hard and beneficent service, and he thinks his Esterello must approve him at the last. We are now at the crisis of the story, and the interest deepens rapidly.

"What maudlin tales these foreigners do spin!
Is it not supper-time?" once more brake in
Count Severan. "Come, hurry to the end!
For whither, boaster, does thy prowess tend?
Thou hast not won her yet! So much I know, —
And others will yet reap where thou didst sow!"

"Will reap! What mean you, scoundrel? storm
and war!"
Cried the young fisher in tones louder far
Than e'en the bandit's, and more awesome still;
"But I *have* won her! Laugh or weep, who will!
My plume is flying free, and I can guide
Full well the stormy clouds whereon I ride!

"I would that you had seen my lady bright,
As once again I climbed her balmy height.
'To-day they named me Chief of Youth,' I said.
Flamed in her cheeks two roses of deep red,
And her throat swelled, and in her glorious eyes
I saw the lucent, loving tears arise.

"Ay, and I drank those tears! And from that
hour, —
Whether it be yon nectar's wondrous power,
I know not, — but my doubts, my fears are dead.
The flowers bloom, look you, wheresoe'er I tread,
And wheresoe'er I turn my blessed vision,
The land is all one scene of peace Elysian, —

"The sky seems vaster than it did of old;
And I can hear the concords manifold
In Nature's varying voices. And I know
Why the winds cry aloud or whisper low,
Why strives the angry sea, and by what token,
Weary and sad, retires with pride all broken.

"For hearken what she said, this queen of mine:
'Now is my soul, Calendau, wholly thine,
Only my body must I keep mine own;
But thee I love, my knight, and thee alone!
'T were sweet, — and why stay I my steps like this,
Nor rush with open arms to utmost bliss?

"'Now shalt thou know! A treacherous bond,'
cried she,
'And yet invincible, constraineth me, —
I am an outlaw's wife.'" "Ho! not so fast!"
The huntsmen jeered. "The rocket bursts at last!"
But the poor women trembled where they sate
Yearning o'er him who thus had sealed his fate.

While he — Calendau — cast his cap aside,
Leapt up, "And that same impious bond," he cried,
"By the good grace of God, I break to-day!
Yet if I fall let not my slayer say
I am abased; for what I have, I ween
Is bliss enough — an ocean deep, serene,

"As heaven itself! E'en death shall powerless
prove,
And break his horns against our mighty love.
Fair as the day my lady's body is,
And yet the whitest pearl of rich Ganges
A boar may swallow. She I dare call mine
Is but the angel whom that pearl doth shrine.

"The low, the evanescent love of sense
Is but a madness. It is long gone hence.
I love my sister's soul, and enter there,
And come and go, and all I see is fair.
Oh, never painter lived who could retrace
Even in symbol that angelic grace!

"O ye unspeakable joys of the spirit,
Ye are the paradise true souls inherit!
Ye are indeed the purifying fires
Wherein love loseth all its low desires.
O oneness wonderful! Accord complete,
Tender and piercing, sad because so sweet!

"Death shall erelong to marble turn our frames,
But the twin thought of us, the inseparate flames
Of divine essence, by the self-same road
Shall journey to the Infinite of God!
The one adored, the one who doth adore,
Giving and taking blessing evermore."

Thus the enraptured youth, like the brave sower
Who goes forth full of hope the rude fields o'er,
And sows broadcast, on all the stony plain
And hard, his sacred and life-giving grain.
Large drops his forehead beaded, but his smile
With faith was radiant and content the while.

And they who heard him dumbly felt a thrill,
Born of that zeal divine, unwonted steal
Through all their frames, and hearkened eagerly
As the mule pricks his ears when he sees fly
The sparks from off the anvil. But the view
Of that clear river of love, forever new,

Incapable of stain, marriage of soul
Made but for heaven, that smiles at Death's control,
Stirred to its utmost spite one felon heart;
And scowling Severan, where he sat apart,
While hate burned like a blister at his breast,
Brooded revenge with feverish unrest,

Yet held as with a leash his passions in,
Muzzled like ravening dogs, until his spleen

Took shape. "Calendau hath won all things now,
The aureole is growing round his brow;"
So his thought ran. "Of heaven he is sure,
And there of honor bright and favor pure.

"He hath her soul! He is become as God!
Now, though the lightning lay its fiery rod
Upon him, and his frame be ground to dust,
He is not dispossessed of that fair trust.
He hath her soul, and what to him is death?
Ha! ha! I'll break the sword and leave the sheath!

"By the insidious poison of a bliss
More deadly than all pain, that soul of his
I will make one corruption! Ay, the germ
Of yonder tree of life shall feed the worm!
And were thy baser passions tighter reined
Than now, proud youth, thy doom were still ordained."

With this infernal thought the count arose,
Blandly a signal gave, and all of those
About set forth together for Aiglun,
Climbing the tortuous torrent-side. The sun
Set suddenly behind the mountain-wall,
And swift and sombre 'gan the night to fall.

Till from the east the early moon did peep,
As a maid, risen from her couch of sleep,
Her lattice opes, the coolness to inhale.
The crickets chirred incessant in the vale,
And where the onion-fields lay black in shade,
The courtil-mole trilled forth her long roulade.

Rarely from far above the piercing cry
Of some belated quail fell mournfully,
Or a young partridge in the vale astray
Whimpered afar. And cooler grew alway
The air, until the deepened shades of night
Were cloven by the bat's precipitous flight.

The eleventh canto, The Orgie, is devoted to the fulfillment of Severan's sinister design, and it reveals a wholly new aspect of M. Mistral's versatile genius. The inconceivable luxury of the bandit's castle, the costly profusion of the garden feast, the music, the tempered light, the heavy odors, and the artfully intensified beauty of the women, whom Calendau seemed hardly to have heeded before, are all described in diction infinitely voluptuous, and with an effect of sensuous splendor and enchantment hardly attainable in a northern tongue. The revelry, restrained at first to a certain languorous measure, grows faster, while from time to time the lurid scene is relieved by glimpses of the summer night scenery, with what effect those will readily understand who remember the peaceful light of sunset sky and sea around the fierce duel of the rivals in Mirèio.

There were swift clouds abroad that night, and dark,
Hiding the moon at times. The restless spark
Of myriad fire-flies, like an emerald shower,
Quivered in all the air. And hour by hour
Warmer the night turned, and heat lightnings parted
From the far heights, and through the ether darted.

And if the mad mirth failed, at intervals
Sounded distinctly all the waterfalls
And tinkling fountains; and anon there came
Dashes of cooling spray to cheeks aflame.
For a cascade that plunged adown the hill,
By art compelled, with many a silver rill

Threaded the pleasance, — seeming now asleep,
Then hurrying to a verge with one gay leap,
Dispersed in diamond rain, it passed from view.
Only the grass below right verdant grew,
And loveliest flowers, jasmine and the tuberose,
Freighted the dark with sweets, — how sweet to those

Hot revelers! And the cantharides
Shook their keen odors from the great ash-trees.
At last the host: "And are ye satisfied
With feasting? Ho then for a dance!" he cried.
"Young, rosy limbs in play I hold a sight
Aye worth the rapture of a gallant knight."

There followed one of those intoxicating and lascivious dances, indigenous in the neighborhood of Marseilles, and parent of the Carmagnole and more modern abominations. In the midst of it Calendau finally shakes off his gathering stupor and challenges Severan to instant and mortal combat. A scene of frightful confusion ensues, but the struggle is, of course, a brief one; Calendau is overpowered by numbers, bound and flung into a dungeon, and his torture exquisitely enhanced by the assurance that Severan and his troop, following the clue furnished by Calendau's story, will set forth that very night to capture and bring back, alive or dead, the lost lady of Aiglun. From this dungeon he is released at early daybreak, by Fortuneto, the youngest, fairest, and tenderest of the unhappy slaves whose allurements he had resisted the night before, and he flies to the defense of his lady. He is only just in season. The "cornice-like ledge" where we saw them first forms a kind of natural fortress, and there the young lover, informed with the valor of ten, holds the troop at bay for one long twenty-four hours, and at last disables so many that they retreat, but only to set fire to the woods

that girdle the mountain. A terrible night ensues, during which the two can do no more than wait for death together; but when the first rays of dawn are struggling with the lurid flames and stifling smoke, the bells are suddenly heard to ring in Cassis and all along the shore. The rumor has spread that Calendau, the darling and benefactor of the coast, is in uttermost peril, and the whole population turns out to fight the flames. The strange battle is made sufficiently thrilling and dubious, although the reader foreknows its end. Severan is killed by the fall of a burning trunk, and —

Two thousand souls, a people in its might,
Engage the roaring fires in sturdy fight,
Felling a pathway to the mountain-crest,
Just as the sun leaps up to flood the east
With radiance; and the child of yonder wave
And the white fairy of the highland cave,

He with his nostrils wide to the pure morn,
She with the torrent of her bright hair borne
Downward, like jujube flowers, stand forth together,
The glory of the blue bejeweled weather
Flung like an arch triumphal o'er the twain.
Hand in hand on the height they hear again

And yet again exultant shouts ascending,
Two thousand voices in one pæan blending
"Hail to Calendau! who hath brought renown
And praise of men to our poor fishing-town!
Who hath won Esterello! Plant the may
For him who is our consul from to-day!"

The happy crowd therewith in triumph bear
Forth of their citadel the rescued pair,
The tried, the true, the blest beyond desire;
While the sun, which is God's own realm of fire,
Goes up his dazzling way with blessing rife,
Calling new lovers and new loves to life.

So happily ends the poem. The brief abstract here given conveys a very inadequate idea of the abundance of incident, the range of tone, and the immense variety of action by which it is characterized. Where nearly every page is strikingly picturesque, selection becomes a difficult task.

Harriet W. Preston.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

When all the clanging noises of the day
Are hushed in westward darkness, — sped away
Like roaring trains that o'er the horizon's bound
Have whirled their hurricane of fire and sound, —
And the still zenith of the midnight sky
Uprisen from the underworld on high
Brings thence an Orient peace, a calm delight,
And pours it down upon the western night,

Then open thought and life before me. Then
Kindles the heart aflame; and blessed men
Descend to dwell with me, laying their hands
In mine, and guiding me to pleasant lands
Where I may dwell a season undisturbed, —
The scholar's midnight kingdom. Not perturbed
Their rapt communion in that silent hour;
Most intimate and tender then their power.

T. M. Coan.

IN WEIMAR WITH LISZT.

FROM A YOUNG LADY'S LETTERS HOME.

WEIMAR, *May* 1, 1873.

LAST night I arrived in Weimar, and this evening I have been to the theatre, which is very cheap here, and the first person I saw, sitting in a box opposite, was Liszt, from whom, as you know, I am bent on getting lessons, though it will be a difficult thing I fear, as I am told that Weimar is overcrowded with people who are on the same errand. I recognized Liszt from his portrait, and it entertained and interested me very much to observe him. He was making himself agreeable to three ladies, one of whom was very pretty. He sat with his back to the stage, not paying the least attention, apparently, to the play, for he kept talking all the while himself, and yet no point of it escaped him, as I could tell by his expression and gestures. He is the most interesting and striking looking man imaginable. Tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelean expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers that look as if they had twice as many joints as other people's. They are so flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. Anything like the polish of his manner I never saw. When he got up to leave the box, for instance, after his adieux to the ladies, he laid his hand on his heart and made his final bow, — not with affectation, or as in mere gallantry, but with a quiet courtliness which made you feel that no other way of bowing to a lady was right or proper. It was most characteristic. But the most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner. He is a perfect study. I cannot imagine how he must look when he is playing. He is all spirit, but half the time, at least, a mocking spirit, I should say. I have heard the most remarkable stories about him already. When he walks out in Weimar he bows to everybody just like a king! The Grand Duke has presented him with a house beautifully situated on the park, and here he lives elegantly, free of expense, whenever he chooses to come to it.

WEIMAR, *May* 7, 1873.

There is n't a piano to be had in Weimar for love or money, as there is no manufactory, and the few there were to be disposed of were snatched up before I got here. So I have lost an entire week in hunting one up, and was obliged to go first to Erfurt and finally to Leipsic, before I could find one — and even that was sent over as a favor, after much coaxing and persuasion. I felt so happy when I fairly saw it in my room! As if I had taken a city! However, I met Liszt two evenings ago at a little tea-party given by a friend and *protégée* of his to as many of his scholars as have arrived, I being asked with the rest. Liszt promised to come late. We only numbered seven. There were three young men and four young ladies, of whom three, including myself, were Americans. Five of the number had studied with Liszt before, and the young men are artists already before the public. To fill up the time till Liszt came, our hostess made us all play, one after the other, beginning with the latest arrival. . . . After we had each "exhibited," little tables were brought in and supper served. We were in the midst

of it, and having a merry time, when the door suddenly opened and Liszt appeared. We all rose to our feet and he shook hands with everybody without waiting to be introduced. Liszt looks as if he had been through everything, and has a face *seamed* with experience. He is tall and very narrow, and wears a long abbé's coat reaching nearly down to his feet. He made me think of an old-time magician more than anything, and I felt that with a touch of his wand he could transform us all. After he had finished his greetings, he passed into the next room and sat down. The young men gathered round him and offered him a cigar, which he accepted and began to smoke. We others continued our nonsense where we were, and I suppose Liszt overheard some of our brilliant conversation, for he asked who we were, I think, and presently the lady of the house came out after Miss W. and me, the two American strangers, to take us in and present us to him. After the preliminary greetings we had some little talk. He asked me if I had been to Sophie Meuter's concert in Berlin the other day. I said yes. He remarked that Miss Meuter was a great favorite of his, and that the lady from whom I had brought a letter to him had done a good deal for her. I asked him if Sophie Meuter was a pupil of his. He said no, he could not take the credit of her artistic success to himself. I heard afterward that he really had done ever so much for her, but he won't have it said that he teaches! After he had finished his cigar, Liszt got up and said, "America is now to have the floor," and requested Miss W. to play for him. This was a dreadful ordeal for us new arrivals, for we had not expected to be called upon. Miss W. had been up since five o'clock in the morning, and had traveled all day; and I had been without a piano for nearly a week. However, there was no getting off. A request from Liszt is a command, so we had to do as best we might. He is just like a monarch, and no one dares speak to him until he addresses one first, which I think no fun. He did not play to us at all, except when some one asked him if he had heard R. play that afternoon. R. is a young organist from Leipsic, who telegraphed to Liszt to ask him if he might come over and play to him on the organ. Liszt, with his usual amiability, answered that he might. "Oh," said Liszt, with an indescribably comic look, "he improvised for me for a whole half-hour in this style,"—and then he got up and went to the piano, and without sitting down he played some ridiculous chords in the middle of the key-board, and then little trills and turns way up in the treble, which made us all burst out laughing. Shortly after I had played I took my leave. Liszt had gone into the other room to smoke, and I didn't care to follow him, as I saw that he was tired and had no intention of playing to us. Our hostess told Miss W. and me to "slip out so that he would not perceive it." The next day he sent for me to come to him. So I trust that means that I have passed the Rubicon and that the magician intends to admit me into the "charmed circle" of young artists who cluster about him, but whom he does not "teach"—oh no!

WEIMAR, *May* 21, 1873.

Liszt is so *besieged* by people, and so tormented with applications, that I fear I should only have been sent away if I had come without Frau von S.'s letter of introduction, for he admires her extremely, and I judge that she has much influence with him. He says people "fly in his face by dozens," and seem to think he is "only there to give lessons." He gives *no* paid lessons whatever, as he is much too grand for that, but if one has talent enough, and pleases him, he lets one come to him and play to him. I go to him every other day, but I don't play more than twice a week, as I cannot prepare so much, but I listen to the others. Up to this point there have been only four in the class beside myself, and I am the only new one. From four to six P. M. is the time when he receives his scholars. The first time I went I did not play to him, but listened to the rest. Urspruch

and Leitert, the two young men whom I met the other night, have studied with Liszt a long time, and both play superbly. Fräulein Schultz and Miss Gaul (of Baltimore) are also most gifted creatures. As I entered Liszt's *salon*, Urspruch was performing Schumann's *Symphonie Etuden* — an immense composition, and one that it took at least half an hour to get through. He played so splendidly that my heart sank down into the very depths. I thought I should never get on there. Liszt came forward and greeted me in a very friendly manner as I entered. He was in very good humor that day, and made some little witticisms. Urspruch asked him what title he should give to a piece he was composing. "*Per astra ad astra*," said Liszt. This was such a good hit, that I began to laugh, and he seemed to enjoy my appreciation of his little sarcasm. That was the beginning of our friendship. I did not play that time, as my piano had only just come, and I was not prepared to do so, but I went home and practiced tremendously for several days on Chopin's *B minor Sonata*. It is a great piece, and one of his last works. When I thought I could play it, I went to Liszt, though with a trembling heart. I cannot tell you what it has cost me every time I have ascended his stairs. I can scarcely summon up courage to go there, and generally stand on the steps awhile before I can make up my mind to open the door and go in!

This day it was particularly trying, as it was really my first serious performance before him, and he speaks so very indistinctly that I feared I should n't understand his corrections, and that he would get out of patience with me, for he cannot bear to explain. I think he hates the trouble of speaking German, for he mutters his words and does not half finish his sentences. Yesterday when I was there he spoke to me in French all the time (though I do not speak it), and to the others in German, — one of his funny whims, I suppose.

Well, on this day the artists Leitert and Urspruch, and the young composer Metzdorf, who is always hanging about Liszt, were in the room when I came. They had probably been playing. At first Liszt took no notice of me beyond a greeting, till Metzdorf said to him, "Herr Doctor, Miss F. has brought a sonata." "Ah well, let us hear it," said Liszt. Just then he left the room for a minute, and I told the three gentlemen that they ought to go away and let me play to Liszt alone, for I felt nervous about playing before them. They all laughed at me and said they would not budge an inch. When Liszt came back they said to him, "Only think, Herr Doctor, Miss F. proposes to send us all home." I said I could not play before such great artists. "Oh, that is healthy for you," said Liszt with a smile, and added, "you have a very choice audience, now." I don't know whether he appreciated how nervous I was, but instead of walking up and down the room as he often does, he sat down by me like any other teacher, and heard me play the first movement. It was frightfully hard, but I had studied it so much that I managed to get through with it pretty successfully. Nothing could exceed Liszt's amiability, or the trouble he gave himself, and instead of frightening me, he inspired me. Never was there such a delightful teacher! and he is the first sympathetic one I 've had. You feel so *free* with him, and he develops the very spirit of music in you. He does n't keep nagging at you all the time, but he leaves you your own conception. Now and then he will make a criticism, or play a passage, and with a few words give you enough to think of all the rest of your life. There is a delicate *point* to everything he says, as subtle as he is himself. He does n't tell you anything about the *technique*. That you must work out for yourself. Luckily for me, Kullak was such a tremendous *Techniker* that I know how to study. When I had finished the first movement of the sonata, Liszt said "Bravo!" Taking my seat, he made some little criticisms, and then told me to go on and play the rest of it.

Now I only half knew the other movements, for the first one was so

extremely difficult that it cost me all the labor I could give to prepare that. But playing to Liszt reminds me of trying to feed the elephant in the Zoological Garden with lumps of sugar. He gulps down whole movements as if they were nothing. One of my fingers fortunately began to bleed, for I had practiced the skin off, and that gave me a good excuse for stopping. Whether he was pleased at this proof of industry, I know not; but after looking at my finger and saying, "Oh!" very compassionately, he sat down and played the whole three last movements himself. That was a great deal, and showed off all his powers. It was the first time I had heard him, and I don't know which was the most extraordinary, — the *Scherzo*, with its wonderful lightness and swiftness, the *Adagio* with its depth and pathos, or the last movement, where the whole key-board seemed to "*donnern und blitzen*." [1] There is such a vividness about everything he plays that it does not seem as if it were mere music you were listening to, but it is as if he had called up a real, living *form*, and you saw it breathing before your face and eyes. It gives *me* almost a ghostly feeling to hear him, and it seems as if the air were peopled with spirits. Oh, he is a perfect wizard! It is as interesting to see him as it is to hear him, for his face changes with every modulation of the piece, and he looks exactly as he is playing. He has one element that is most captivating, and that is, a sort of delicate and fitful mirth that keeps peering out at you here and there! It is most peculiar, and when he plays that way, the most bewitching little expression comes over his face. It seems as if a little spirit of joy were playing hide and go seek with you.

WEIMAR, *May* 29, 1873.

I am having the most heavenly time here in Weimar, studying with Liszt, and sometimes I can scarcely realize that I am at that summit of my ambition, — to be *his* pupil! It was the Frau von S.'s letter that secured it for me, I am sure. He is so overrun with people, that I think it a wonder he is civil to anybody, but he is the most amiable man I ever knew, though he *can* be dreadful too, when he chooses, and he understands how to put people outside his door in as short a space of time as it can be done. I go to him three times a week. At home Liszt does n't wear his long abbé's coat, but a short one, in which he looks much more artistic. His figure is remarkably slight, but his head is most imposing. It is *so* delicious in that room of his! It was all furnished and put in order for him by the Grand Duchess herself. The walls are pale gray, with a gilded border running round the room, or rather, two rooms, which are divided, but not separated, by crimson curtains. The furniture is crimson, and everything is so *comfortable*, such a contrast to German bareness and stiffness generally. A splendid grand piano stands in one window (he receives a new one every year). The other window is always wide open and looks out on the park. There is a dove-cote just opposite the window, and the doves promenade up and down on the roof of it, and fly about, and sometimes whir down on the sill itself. That pleases Liszt. His writing-table is beautifully fitted up with things that all match. Everything is in bronze, ink-stand, paper-weight, match-box, etc., and there is always a lighted candle standing on it by which he and the gentlemen can light their cigars. There is a carpet on the floor, — a rarity in Germany, — and Liszt generally walks about, and smokes, and mutters (he can never be said to *talk*), and calls upon one or other of us to play. From time to time he will sit down and play himself, where a passage does not suit him, and when he is in good spirits he makes little jests all the time. His playing was a complete revelation to me, and has given me an entirely new insight into music. You cannot conceive, without hearing him, how poetic he is, or the thousand *nuances* that he can throw into the simplest thing, and he is equally great on all sides. From the zephyr to

[1] Thunder and lighten.

the tempest, the whole scale is equally at his command. I've begun to study now in an entirely new way, and I feel that every time I go to him it is worth a thousand dollars to me.

But Liszt is not at all like a master, and cannot be treated like one. He is a monarch, and when he extends his royal sceptre you can sit down and play to him. You never can ask him to play anything for you, no matter how much you 're dying to hear it. If he is in the mood he will play; if not, you must content yourself with a few remarks. You cannot even offer to play yourself. You lay your notes on the table, so he can see that you *want* to play, and sit down. He takes a turn up and down the room, looks at the music, and if the piece interests him, he will call upon you. We bring the same piece to him but once, and but once play it through.

Yesterday I had prepared for him his *Au Bord d'une Source*. I was nervous and played badly. He was not to be put out, however, but acted as if he thought I had played charmingly, and then he sat down and played the whole piece himself, oh, *so* exquisitely! It made me feel like a wood-chopper. The notes just seemed to ripple off his fingers' ends with scarce any perceptible motion. As he neared the close I remarked that that funny little expression came over his face which he always has when he means to surprise you, and he suddenly took an unexpected chord, and extemporized a poetical little end, quite different from the written one. — Do you wonder that people go distracted over him?

WEIMAR, *June* 6, 1873.

When I first came there were only five of us who studied with Liszt, but lately a good many others have been there. Day before yesterday there came a young lady who was a pupil of Henselt in St. Petersburg. She is immensely talented, only seventeen years old, and her name is Laura Kahrer. It is a very rare thing to see a pupil of Henselt; for it is very difficult to get lessons from him. He stands next to Liszt. This Laura Kahrer plays everything that ever was heard of, and she played a fugue of her own composition the other day that was really vigorous and good. I was quite astonished to hear how she had worked it up. She has made a grand concert tour in Russia. I never saw such a hand as she had. She could bend it backwards till it looked like the palm of her hand turned inside out. She was an interesting little creature, with dark eyes and hair, and one could see by her Turkish necklace and various other bangles, that she had been making money. She played with the greatest *aplomb*, though her touch had a certain roughness about it to my ear. She did not carry me away, but I have not heard many pieces from her. However, all playing sounds barren by the side of Liszt, for *his* is the living, breathing impersonation of poetry, passion, grace, wit, coquetry, daring, tenderness, and every other fascinating attribute that you can think of! I 'm ready to hang myself half the time when I 've been to him. Oh, he is the most phenomenal being in every respect! All that you 've ever heard of him would never give you an idea of him. In short, he represents the whole scale of human emotion. He is a many-sided prism, and reflects back the light in all colors, no matter how you look at him. His pupils *adore* him, as in fact everybody else does, but it is impossible to do otherwise with a person whose genius flashes out of him all the time so, and whose character is so winning.

One day this week, when we were with Liszt, he was in such high spirits that it was as if he had suddenly become twenty years younger. A student from the Stuttgard conservatory played Liszt's *Concerto*. His name is V., and he is dreadfully nervous. Liszt kept up a little running fire of satire all the time he was playing, but in a good-natured way. I should n't have minded it if it had been I. In fact, I think it would have inspired me; but poor V. hardly knew whether he was on his head or his feet. It was too funny. Everything that Liszt says is

so striking. For instance, in one place where V. was playing the melody rather feebly, Liszt suddenly took his seat at the piano and said, "When *I* play, I always play for the people in the gallery [by the gallery he meant the cock-loft, where the rabble always sit, and where the places cost next to nothing], so that those persons who pay only five groschens for their seat also hear something." Then he began, and I wish you could have heard him! The sound did n't seem to be very *loud*, but it was penetrating and far-reaching. When he had finished, he raised one hand in the air, and you seemed to see all the people in the gallery drinking in the sound. I never shall play a melody now without thinking of the people in the gallery and instinctively articulating it. That is the way Liszt teaches you. He presents an *idea* to you, and it takes fast hold of your mind and sticks there. Music is such a real, visible thing to him, that he always has a symbol, instantly, in the material world to express his idea. One day, when I was playing, I made too much movement with my hand in a rotatory sort of a passage where it was difficult to avoid it. "Keep your hand still, Fräulein," said Liszt; "*don't make omelette.*" I could n't help laughing, it hit me on the head so nicely. He is far too sparing of his playing, unfortunately, and, like Tausig, only sits down and plays a few bars at a time, generally. It is dreadful when he stops, just as you are at the height of your enjoyment, but he is so thoroughly *blasé*, that he does n't care to show off, and does n't like to have any one pay him a compliment. Even at the court it annoyed him so that the Grand Duchess told people to take no notice when he rose from the piano. On the same day that Liszt was in such high good-humor, a strange lady and her husband were there who had made a long journey to see him, in the hope of hearing him play. She waited patiently for a long time through the lesson, and at last Liszt took compassion on her, and sat down with the remark that "the young ladies played a great deal better than he did, but he would try his best to imitate them," and then played something of his own so wonderfully, that when he had finished we all stood there like posts, feeling that there was *nothing* to be said. But he, as if he feared we might burst out into eulogy, got up instantly and went over to a friend of his who was standing there, and who lives on an estate near Weimar, and said, in the most commonplace tone imaginable, "By the way, how about those eggs? Are you going to send me some?" It seems to be not only a profound bore to him, but really a sort of sensitiveness on his part. How he can bear to hear *us* play, I cannot imagine. It must grate on his ear terribly, I think, because everything *must* sound expressionless to him in comparison with his own marvelous conception. I assure you, no matter how beautifully we play any piece, the minute Liszt plays it, you would scarcely recognize it! His touch and his peculiar use of the pedal are two secrets of his playing, and then he seems to dive down into the most hidden thoughts of the composer, and fetch them up to the surface, so that they gleam out at you one by one, like stars! The more I see and hear Liszt, the more I am lost in amazement! I can neither eat nor sleep on those days that I go to him. All my musical studies till now have been a mere going to school, a preparation for him. I often think of what Tausig said once: "Oh, compared with Liszt, we other artists are all blockheads." I did not believe it at the time, but I've seen the truth of it, and in studying Liszt's playing, I can see where Tausig got many of his own wonderful peculiarities. I think he was the most like Liszt of all the army that have had the privilege of his instruction. I began this letter on Sunday, and it is now Tuesday. Yesterday I went to Liszt, and found that Bülow had just arrived. None of the other scholars had come, for a wonder, and I was just going away, when Liszt came out, asked me to come in a moment, and introduced me to Bülow. There I was, all alone with these two great art-

ists in Liszt's *salon*. Was n't *that* a situation? I only stayed a few minutes, of course, though I should have liked to spend hours, but our conversation was in the highest degree amusing while I *was* there. Bülow had just returned from his grand concert tour, and had been in London for the first time. In a few months he had given one hundred and twenty concerts! He is a fascinating creature too, like all these master artists, but entirely different from Liszt, being small, quick, and airy in his movements, and having one of the boldest and proudest foreheads I ever saw. He looks like strength of will personified! Liszt gazed at "his Hans," as he calls him, with the fondest pride, and seemed perfectly happy over his arrival. It was like his beautiful courtesy to call me in and introduce me to Bülow, instead of letting me go away. He thought I had come to play to him, and was unwilling to have me take that trouble for nothing, though he must have wished me in Jericho. You would think I paid him a hundred dollars a lesson, instead of *his* condescending to sacrifice his valuable time to *me* for nothing.

WEIMAR, *June* 19, 1873.

I think I am improving so much with Liszt! I can at last say that my ideal in *something* has been realized. He goes far beyond all that I expected. Anything so perfectly beautiful as he looks when he sits at the piano I never saw, and yet he is almost an old man now.[1] I enjoy him as I would an exquisite work of art. His personal magnetism is immense, and I can scarcely bear it when he plays. He can make me cry all he chooses, and that is saying a good deal, because I've heard so much music, and *never* have been affected by it. Even Joachim, whom I think divine, never moved me. When Liszt plays anything pathetic, it sounds as if he had been through everything, and opens all one's wounds afresh. All that one has ever suffered comes before one again. Who was it that I heard say once, that years ago he saw Clara Schumann sitting in tears near the platform, during one of Liszt's performances? Liszt knows well the influence he has on people, for he always fixes his eye on some one of us when he plays, and I believe he tries to wring our hearts. When he plays a passage, and goes *pearling* down the key-board, he looks over at one or other of us and smiles, to see whether we are appreciating it. He does such bewitching little things! The other day, for instance, Fräulein Gaul was playing something to him, and in it were two runs and after each run two staccato chords. She did them most beautifully, and struck the chords immediately after. "No, no," said Liszt, "after you make a run you must wait a minute before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own performance. You must pause, as if to say, 'How nicely I did that.'" Then he sat down and made a run himself, waited a second, and then struck the two chords in the treble, and as he did so he said "Bra-*vo*," and then he played again, struck the other chords, and said again "Bra-*vo*," and positively it was as if the piano had softly applauded! That is the way he plays everything. It seems as if the piano were speaking with a *human* tongue. Our class has swelled to about a dozen persons now, and a good many others come and play to him once or twice and then go. As I wrote to L. the other day, that dear little scholar of Henselt, Fräulein Kahrer, was one, but she only stayed three days. She was a most interesting little creature, and told some funny stories about Henselt, who she says has a most violent temper, and is very severe. She said that one day he was giving a lesson to the Princess Katherina, and he was so enraged over her playing that he snatched away the music, and dashed it to the ground. The princess, however, did not lose her equanimity, but folded her arms and said, "Who shall pick it up?" And he had to bend and restore it to its place. I've never seen Liszt look angry but once, but then he was terrific. Just like a lion! It was one day when a student from the Stutt-

[1] Liszt was born in 1811.

gart conservatory attempted to play the *Sonata Appassionata*. He had a good deal of technique, and a moderately good conception of it, but still he was totally inadequate to the piece, and indeed only a *mighty* artist like Tausig or Bülow ought to attempt to play it. It was a hot afternoon, and the clouds had been gathering for a storm. Just as the Stuttgarter played the opening notes of the sonata, the tree-tops suddenly waved wildly, and a low growl of thunder was heard muttering in the distance. "Ah," said Liszt, who was standing at the window, with his delicate quickness of perception, "a fitting accompaniment." (You know Beethoven wrote the Appassionata one night when he had been caught in a thunder-storm.) If Liszt had only played it to us himself, the whole thing would have been like a poem. But he walked up and down the room and forced himself to listen, though he could scarcely bear it, I could see. A few times he pushed the student aside, and played a few bars himself, and we saw the passion leap right up into his face like a glare of sheet-lightning. Anything so magnificent as it was, the little that he did play, and the startling individuality of his conception, I never heard or imagined. I felt as if I did not know whether I were "in the body or out of the body." The Stuttgarter made some such glaring mistakes, not in the notes, but in rhythm, etc., that at last Liszt burst out with, "You come from Stuttgart, and play like *that!*" and then he went on in a tirade against conservatories and teachers in general. He was just like a thunder-storm himself. He frowned, and bent his head, and his long hair fell over his face, and the poor Stuttgarter sat there like a beaten hound. Oh, it was awful. If it had been I, I think I should have withered entirely away, for Liszt is always so amiable that the contrast was all the stronger. He has n't the nervous irritability common to artists, but on the contrary his disposition is the most exquisite and tranquil in the world. We have been there incessantly, and I've never seen him ruffled except two or three times, and then he was tired and not himself, and it was a most transient thing.

WEIMAR, *July* 15, 1873.

Liszt is such an immense, inspiring force, that one strides forward with him at double rate, though with double expenditure, too!

To-day I'm more dead than alive, as we had a lesson from Liszt yesterday that lasted four hours. There were twenty artists present, all of whom were anxious to play, and as he was in high good-humor he played ever so much himself, in between. It was perfectly magnificent, but exhausting and exciting to the last degree. When I come home from the lessons I fling myself on to the sofa, and feel as if I never wanted to get up again. It is a fearful day's work every time I go to him. First four hours' practice in the morning. Then a nervous, anxious feeling that takes away my appetite and prevents me from eating my dinner. And then several hours at Liszt's, where one succession of concertos, fantasias, and all sorts of tremendous things are played. You never know before whom you must play there, for it is the musical headquarters of the world. Directors of conservatories, composers, artists, aristocrats, all come in, and you have to bear the brunt of it as best you can. The first month I was here it was quite another matter, when there were only five of us, but now the room is crowded every time. There is a young lady from Norway, lately come, who is a most *superb* pianist. She was a scholar of Kullak's, too, but it is four years since she left him, and she has been concertizing a good deal. Yesterday she played Schumann's *A minor Concerto* magnificently. A new artist, a young Belgian, has also arrived, named Servais. He never learned a note of music until he was nineteen years old, and then all of a sudden he took it up. He improvised and composed continually, and finally came to Liszt about four years ago, to whom, he says, he owes everything. Liszt gave him a great deal of advice

and instruction, and Servais has returned to him every summer. This season Servais shut himself up in his room for three weeks, and composed a splendid cantata, called *Tasso*. It took the first prize at Brussels, four thousand thalers, which he received on condition that he should travel four years and perfect himself in different countries in musical study. But first the cantata is to be produced in Brussels with a grand orchestra of a hundred performers and two hundred singers, under Servais' personal direction! Is n't *that* a jump? Little Katie Gaul, of Baltimore, is another of Liszt's favorites. She is only sixteen, and plays astonishingly for that age. Liszt always calls her "America." She has caught many of his ways exactly in playing delicate music. Her touch is most exquisite, and in elegant pieces where a great deal of smooth and beautiful execution is required, she is perfect. She is going to study in Stuttgart two or three years more, and return to Liszt every summer. Think of such advantages! — but five years at least, and all the way from that to ten, do the best masters in Germany demand to form an artist of the first rank.

WEIMAR, *July* 24, 1873.

Liszt is going away to-day. He was to have left several days ago, but the Emperor of Russia (or Austria, I don't know which) came to visit the Grand Duke, and of course Liszt was obliged to be on hand, and to spend a day with them. He is such a grandee himself, that kings and emperors are quite matters of course to him. *Never* was a man so courted and spoiled as he. The Grand Duchess herself frequently visits him. But he never allows any one to ask him to play, and even she does n't venture it. That is the only point in which one sees Liszt's sense of his own greatness; otherwise his manner is remarkably unassuming. Liszt will be gone until the middle of August, and I shall be thankful to have a few weeks of repose, and to be able to study more quietly. With him one is at high pressure all the time, and I have gained a good many more ideas from him than I can work up in a hurry. In fact, Liszt has given me an entirely new side of the technique. He is a wonderful *composer*, by the way, and that is what I was unprepared for in him. His oratorio of *Christus* was brought out here this summer, and many strangers and celebrities came to hear it, Wagner among others. It was magnificent, and one of the noblest, and decidedly the grandest oratorio that I ever heard. I 've never had time to write home about it, for I felt that it required a dissertation in itself to do it justice. I wish it could be performed in Boston. It is arranged for piano for four hands, but the arrangement is very expensive. So also is Bülow's edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, which, however, every artist *must* have. Ah, you cannot *conceive* anything like Liszt's playing of Beethoven. None like him can span the spaces of Beethoven's mind, and bring its conceptions into unity before you. But it bores Listz so dreadfully to hear his sonatas, that though I 've heard him teach a good many I have n't had the courage to bring him one. I suppose he is sick of the sound of them.

On Monday I had the most delightful *tête-à-tête* with him, quite by chance. I had occasion to call upon him for something, and strange to say he was alone, sitting by his table and writing. Generally all sorts of people are up there. He insisted upon my staying a while, and we had the most amusing and entertaining conversation imaginable. It was the first time I ever heard Liszt really *talk*, for he contents himself mostly with making little jests. He is full of *esprit*. We were speaking of the faculty for mimicry, and he told me such a funny little anecdote about Chopin. He said that when he and Chopin were young together, somebody told him that Chopin had a remarkable talent for mimicry, and so he said to Chopin, "Come round to my rooms this evening, and show off this talent of yours." So Chopin came. He had purchased a blonde wig ("I was very blonde at that time,"

said Liszt), which he put on, and got himself up in one of Liszt's suits. Presently an acquaintance of Liszt's came in. Chopin went to meet him instead of Liszt, and took off his voice and manner so perfectly, that the man actually mistook him for Liszt, and made an appointment with him for the next day; "and there I was in the room," said Liszt! Was n't that remarkable?

The other day we all made an excursion to Jena, which is about three hours' drive from here. We went in carriages in a long train, and pulled up at a hotel named The Bear. There we took our second breakfast. There was to be a concert at five in a church, where some of Liszt's music was to be performed. After breakfast we went to the church, where Liszt met us, and the rehearsal took place. After the rehearsal we went to dinner. We had three long tables which Liszt arranged to suit himself, his own place being in the middle. He always manages every little detail with the greatest tact, and is very particular never to let two ladies or two gentlemen sit together, but always alternately a lady and a gentleman. The dinner was a very entertaining one to me, because I could converse with Liszt, and hear all he said, as he was nearly opposite me. After dinner he said, "Now we 'll go to Paradise." So we put on our things and proceeded to walk along the river to a place called Paradise, on account of its loveliness. We passed the University, on one corner of which is a tablet with "W. von Goethe" written against the wall of the room which Goethe occupied. It seemed strange to me to be passing the room of such a celebrity as Goethe, with another celebrity like Liszt! — This walk along the river was enchanting. The current was very rapid, and the willows were all blowing in the breeze. There is an odd triangular-shaped hill that rises on one side very boldly and abruptly, called the Fox's Head. The way was under a double row of tall trees, which met at the top and formed a green arch over our heads. It was all breeze and freshness, and the sunlight struck picturesquely aslant the hill-sides. After our walk we went to the concert, which was lovely, and then at seven we were all invited to tea at the house of a friend of Liszt's. He was a very tall man, and he had a very tall and very hospitable daughter, nearly as big as himself, who received us very cordially. The tea was all laid on tables in the garden, and the sausages (of course) were broiling over a fire made on the ground. We sat down pell-mell, anywhere, and it was all so easy and so gay! In America our short twilight and the mosquitoes do not permit us this delight of supping out of doors, and it is such a pity!

WEIMAR, *August* 23, 1873.

Liszt has returned from his trip, and this week is the first time that I have been able to play to him without being nervous, and that my fingers have felt warm and natural. It has been a fearful ordeal, truly, to play there, for not only was Liszt himself present, but such a crowd of artists, all ready to pick flaws in your playing, and to say, "She has n't got much talent." I really begin to feel at last as if I had a little, but you have no idea how difficult it is to play *anything* perfectly! I am so glad that I stayed until Liszt's return, for now the rush is over, and he has much more time for those of us who are left, and plays a great deal more himself. Yesterday he played us a study of Paganini's, arranged by himself, and also his *Campanella*. I longed for ——, for she is so fond of the Campanella. Liszt gave it with a velvety softness, clearness, brilliancy, and pearliness of touch, that was inimitable. And oh, his grace! *Nobody* can compare with him! Everybody else sounds heavy beside him. However, I have felt some comfort in knowing that it is not Liszt's genius alone that makes him such a player. He has gone through such technical studies as no one else has except Tausig, perhaps. He plays everything under the sun in the way of *Etuden*. Has played them, I mean. On Tuesday I got him to talking about the composers who were the fashion when he was a

young fellow, in Paris, — Kalkbrenner, Herz, etc., — and I asked him if he could not play us something by Kalkbrenner. "Oh yes, I must have a few things of Kalkbrenner's in my head still," and then he played part of a concerto. Afterward he went on to speak of Herz, and said, "I'll play you a little study of Herz's that is infamously hard. It is a stupid little theme," and then he played the theme, "but *now* pay attention." Then he played the study itself. It was a most ridiculous thing, where the hands kept crossing continually with great rapidity, and striking notes in the most difficult positions. It made us all laugh; and Liszt hit the notes every time, though it was disgustingly hard, and as he said himself, he "used to get all in a heat over it." He had evidently studied it so well that he could never forget it. He went on to speak of Moscheles and of his compositions. He said that when between thirty and forty years of age, Moscheles played superbly, but as he grew older he became too old-womanish and set in his ways, — and then he took off Moscheles, and played his Etuden in his style. It was very funny. But it showed how Liszt has studied *everything*, and the universality of his knowledge, for he knows Tausig's and Rubinstein's studies as well as Kalkbrenner and Herz. There cannot be many persons in the world who keep up with the whole range of musical literature as he does. Liszt loved Tausig like his own child, and is always delighted when we play anything arranged by him. His death was an awful blow to Liszt, for he used to say, "That will be the inheritor of my playing." I suppose he thought he would live again in him, for he always says, "Never did such a talent come under my hands." I would give anything to have seen them together, for Tausig was a wonderfully bright and captivating little fellow, and I can imagine he must have fascinated Liszt. They say he was the naughtiest boy that ever was heard of, and caused Liszt no end of trouble and vexation; but he always forgave him, and after the vexation was past Liszt would pat him on the head and say, "*Karlchen, entweder wirst du ein groszer Lump, oder ein groszer Meister.*" [1] That is Liszt all over. He is so indulgent that in consideration of talent he will forgive anything.

WEIMAR, *September* 9, 1873.

This week has been one of great excitement in Weimar, on account of the wedding of the son of the Grand Duke. All sorts of things have been going on, and the Emperor and Empress came on from Berlin. There have been a great many rehearsals at the theatre, of different things that were played, and of course Liszt took a prominent part in the arrangement of the music. He directed the Ninth Symphony, and played twice himself with orchestral accompaniment. One of the pieces he played was Weber's *Polonaise in E major*, and the other was one of his own *Rhapsodies Hongroises*. Of these I was at the rehearsal. When he came out on the stage the applause was tremendous, and enough in itself to excite and electrify one. I was enchanted to have an opportunity of hearing Liszt as a concert player. The director of the orchestra here is a beautiful pianist and composer himself, as well as a splendid conductor, but it was easy to see that he had to get all his wits together to follow Liszt, who gave full rein to his imagination, and let the *tempo* fluctuate as he felt inclined. As for Liszt, he scarcely *looked* at the keys, and it was astounding to see his hands go rushing down the piano and perform passages of the utmost rapidity and difficulty, while his head was turned all the while towards the orchestra, and he kept up a running fire of remarks with them continually. "You violins, strike in *sharp* here." "You trumpets, not too loud there," etc. He did everything with the most immense *aplomb*, and without seeming to pay any attention to his hands, which moved of themselves. He never did the same thing twice alike. If it was a scale the first time, he would make it in double or broken thirds the second, and so on,

[1] You 'll turn out either a great blockhead or a great master.

constantly surprising you with some new turn. While you were admiring the long roll of the wave, a sudden spray would be dashed over you, and make you catch your breath! No, never was there such a player! The nervous intensity of his touch takes right hold of you. When he had finished, everybody shouted and clapped their hands like mad, and the orchestra kept up such a *fanfare* of applause, that the din was quite overpowering. Liszt smiled and bowed, and walked off the stage indifferently, not giving himself the trouble to come back, and presently he quietly sat down in the parquette, and the rehearsal proceeded.

WEIMAR, *September* 24, 1873.

We had our last lesson from Liszt a few days ago, and he leaves Weimar next week. He was so hurried with engagements the last two times that he was not able to give us much attention. I played Rubinstein's *Concerto*. He accompanied me himself on a second piano. We were there about six o'clock P. M. Liszt was out, but he had left word that if we came we were to wait. About seven he came in, and the lamps were lit. He was in an awful humor, and I never saw him so out of spirits. "How is it with our Concerto?" said he to me, for he had told me the time before to send for the second piano accompaniment, and he would play it with me. I told him that unfortunately there existed no second piano part. "Then, child, you 've fallen on your head, if you don't know that at least you must have a second copy of the Concerto!" I told him I knew it by heart. "Oh!" said he in a mollified tone. So he took my copy, and played the orchestra part which is indicated above the piano part, and I played without notes. I felt inspired, for the piano I was at was a magnificent grand that Steinway presented to Liszt only the other day. Liszt was seated at another grand facing me, and the room was dimly illuminated by one or two lamps. A few artists were sitting about in the shadow. It was at the twilight hour, "l'heure du mystère" as the poetic G. used to say, and in short, the occasion was perfect, and could n't happen so again. You see we always have our lessons in the afternoon, and it was a mere chance that it was so late this time. Well, I felt as if I were in an electric state. I had studied the piece so much that I felt perfectly sure of it, and then with Liszt's splendid accompaniment, and his beautiful face to look over to, — it was enough to bring out everything there was in one. If he had only been himself I should have had nothing more to desire, but he was in one of his bitter, sarcastic moods. However, I went thundering on to the end — like a cataract plunging into darkness, I might say — for it was the end, too, of my lessons with Liszt!

. . . . . .

BERLIN, *October* 19, 1873.

Coming back from dear little Weimar, this Berlin seems to me like a great roaring wilderness, and all the houses appear to have grown. There is an immense number of new ones going up on all sides, and the noise, and the crowd, and the confusion are enough to set one crazy, after the idyllic life I 've been leading all summer. Liszt was kindness itself when the time came to say good-by, but I could scarcely get out a word, nor could I even thank him for all he had done for me. I did not wish to break down and make a scene, as I felt I should if I tried to say anything. So I fear he thought me rather ungrateful and matter-of-course, for he could n't know that I was feeling an excess of emotion which kept me silent. I miss going to him inexpressibly, and although I heard my favorite Joachim last night, even *he* paled before Liszt. He is on the violin what Liszt is on the piano, and is the only artist worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with him. But Liszt, in addition to his marvelous playing, has this fascinating and imposing personality, whereas Joachim looks like any heavy German. Liszt's face is all a play of feature, a glow of fancy, a blaze of imagination, whereas Joachim

is absorbed in his violin, and his face has only an expression of fine discrimination and of intense solicitude to produce his artistic effects. Liszt is a complete actor who intends to carry away the public, who never forgets that he is before it, and who behaves accordingly. Joachim is totally oblivious of it. Liszt subdues the people to him by the very way he walks on to the stage. He gives his proud head a toss, throws an electric look out of his eagle eye, and seats himself with an air as much as to say, "Now I am going to do just what I please with you, and you are nothing but puppets subject to my will." He said to us in the class one day, "When you come out on the stage, look as if you did n't care a rap for the audience, and as if you knew more than any of them. That 's the way I used to do. — Did n't that make the critics mad though!" he added, with an ineffable look of malicious mischief. So you see his principle, and that was precisely the way he did at the rehearsal in the theatre at Weimar that I wrote you about, and I don't doubt that he assumed the same absolute-despot air when he played at the court concert before the emperor in the evening. Joachim, on the contrary, is the quiet gentleman-artist. He advances in the most unpretentious way, but as he adjusts his violin he looks at his audience with the calm air of a musical monarch, as much as to say, "I repose wholly on my art, and I've no need of any 'ways and manners.'" In reality I admire Joachim's principle the most, but there is something indescribably bewitching about Liszt's willfulness. You feel at once that he is a great genius, and that you *are* nothing but his puppet, and somehow one takes a base delight in the humiliation! The two men are intensely interesting, each in his own way, but they are extremes.

Heigh-ho! *Es war eben zu schön*, — the artist-life we led all summer with Liszt. To young artists he is a great illuminating, emancipating, life-giving Force, like the Sun, — and to us all, leaving him is like passing from sunlight into shadow indeed.

A. F.

THE OLD SEXTON.

Bent and white was the sexton,
With the snows of many a year;
And I thought in my early childhood,
That he could not long be here.

Ah, little I knew of the future!
Oh, not for the aged dead,
At rest from his weary labor,
Are the silent tears I shed!

The sexton old grows older;
And to-day in the autumn mild,
Wrinkled, and white as the winter,
He buried my beautiful child.

A. L. Carlton.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

II.

Summer and mosquitoes! Inseparable words in Canada, except in the large towns; for I am told that the larger the clearing, the fewer the mosquitoes. We have four and one half acres quite clear, but unfortunately our log-house, instead of being placed in the middle, is at one end, with a well wooded hill and a portion of dense forest at the back and at one end; delicious retreat for our enemies, from whence they issued in myriads, tormenting us from morning till night, and all night long. This Egyptian plague began in the end of May, and lasted till the middle of September. We being new-comers they were virulent in their attacks, and we were bitten from head to foot; in a short time we felt more like lepers than healthy, clean people, and the want of sleep at night was most trying to us all after our hard work. Our only resource was keeping large smudges continually burning in pans. These smudges are made of decayed wood called "punk," and smolder and smoke without flaming. When I went to bed at night (my only time for reading) I used to turn a long trunk end upwards close to my bolster, and place a large pan of "punk" on it, so that myself and my book were well enveloped in smoke. Many times in the night we had to renew our pans, and until the first dawn of day the buzzing of these hateful insects prevented all chance of sleep. Nor were the mosquitoes our only foes. Flies of all kinds swarmed around us, and one in particular, the deer fly, was a long black fly frightful to look at from its size. Still, as the flies did not circle about in the air as the mosquitoes did, we could better defend ourselves against them.

Towards the end of June I entered upon an entirely new phase of bush life, which was anything but pleasant to a person of a nervous, susceptible temperament. This was my being in perfect solitude for many hours of every day. Your sister-in-law needed medical advice, and it was thought advisable to place her in lodgings at B——e. Her brother coming to pay her a visit entirely agreed in the necessity of the case, and as he kindly smoothed away the money difficulty, it was carried into execution. She could not go alone, and therefore your eldest sister accompanied her, and I lost my constant and only companion. I undertook now to keep house for both your brothers, as in his wife's absence C. could have little comfort at home. I only saw them at meal-times, and though your eldest brother came home always before dusk, yet I could not but be very nervous at being so much alone. The weather became so hot that the stove was moved into the open air at the back of the house, and to save me fatigue, your brother cut a doorway at the back close to where the stove was placed. Unfortunately there was a great press of work at this time, and moreover no lumber on the premises, and therefore no door could be made, and the aperture, which I had nothing large enough to block up, remained all the summer, to my great discomfiture. I found more than enough of occupation, for though your brother made and baked the bread, which I was not strong enough to do, yet I cooked, washed for them, and did the housework, which I found sufficiently fatiguing, and was very glad after dinner to sit down to my writing-table, which I took good care to place so as to face the open door, never feeling safe to have it at my back. Your dear sister F. was so kind, that at great inconvenience to herself, on account of the heat and the flies in the forest, she managed to come nearly every day at four P. M. with the dear children, and remained till your brother came back for the night. He was occupied for many weeks in making hay with your

brother and brother-in-law in C.'s beaver meadow, which is a large one and very productive. They made a great deal of hay and put it up in large cocks, but a great deal of it was lost by rotting on the ground, from not being carried away in proper time. The delay was occasioned by none of us having oxen of our own, and from not having the means of hiring till the season was past.

I fully realized during this summer that solitude in the bush is not privacy. Though in case of any accident I was out of reach of all human help, yet I was liable at any moment of the day to have some passing settler walk coolly in, and sit down in my very chair if I had vacated it for a moment. I got one fright which I shall not easily forget. I had given your two brothers their breakfast, and they had started for their hay-making. I had washed up the breakfast things, cleared everything away, and was arranging my hair in the glass hanging in the bed-place, the curtain of which was undrawn on account of the heat. My parting look in the glass disclosed a not very prepossessing face in the doorway behind, belonging to a man who stood there immovable as a statue and evidently enjoying my discomfiture. I greeted him with a scream which was almost a yell, and advanced pale as a ghost, having the agreeable sensation of all the blood in my body running down to my toes! His salutation was, "Wall, I guess I've skeered you some!" "Yes!" I replied, "you startled me very much!" He then came in and sat down. I sat down too, and we fell into quite an easy flow of talk about the weather, the crops, etc., etc. How devoutly I wished him anywhere else, and how ill I felt after my fright, I need not say, but I flatter myself that nothing of this appeared on the surface; all was courtesy and politeness. At length he went away, and, finding your brother in the beaver meadow, took care to inform him that he "had had quite a pleasant chat with his old woman!"

I had visitors during the summer who were much more welcome. Two nice intelligent little boys, with bare feet and shining faces, the children of an American from the "States" settled in the Muskoka road, used to come twice a week with milk, eggs, and baskets of the delicious wild raspberry at five cents a quart. While they were resting and refreshing themselves with cold tea and bread and butter, we used to have quite pleasant conversations. They were very confidential, told me how anxiously they were expecting a grandmother of whom they were very fond, and who was coming to live with them; of their progress and prizes in the Sunday-school some miles from here which they regularly attended; of their garden, and of many other little family matters, and, when I gave them some story-books for children and little tracts, they informed me that they would be kept for Sunday reading. They never failed, with the things they brought for sale, to bring me as a present a bunch of beautiful sweet-peas and mignonnette, and occasionally a scarlet gladiolus. When they were gone I used to sit down to my letter-writing; and after all my grubbing and housework, I felt quite elevated in the social scale to have a beautiful bouquet on my writing-table, which I took care to arrange with a background of delicate fern leaves, and dark, slender sprigs of the ground hemlock. The very smell of the flowers reminded me of my beloved transatlantic home, with its wealth of beautiful plants and flowering shrubs, and every room decorated with vases of lovely flowers, which I passed some delicious morning hours in collecting and arranging.

I remained all the summer strictly a prisoner at home. The not being able to shut up the log-house of course prevented my leaving it, for the bush is not Arcadia, and however primitive the manners and customs may be, I have failed to recognize primitive innocence among its inhabitants. As to the berry-picking, which is the favorite summer amusement here, I would sooner have gone without fruit than have ventured into the swamps and beaver meadows, where the raspberries, huckleberries,

and cranberries abound. My fear of snakes was too overpowering. C. killed this summer no less than seven, and though we are told that in this part of Canada they are perfectly innoxious, yet your brother pointed out that three out of the seven he killed had the flat conformation of head which betokens a venomous sort.

I noticed this summer many times the curious appearance of our clearing by moonlight. In the day, the stumps stood out in all their naked deformity, as we had no "crops of golden grain" to hide them, but at night I never beheld anything more weird and ghostly. The trees being mostly chopped in the winter, with deep snow on the ground, the stumps are left quite tall, varying from five to seven feet in height. When these are blackened by the burning, which runs all over the clearing, they present in the dim light the appearance of so many spectres. I could almost fancy myself in the cemetery on the Dunkirk road near Calais, and the blackened stumps those hideous black crosses which the French are so fond of erecting in their church-yards.

I very much missed the flocks of birds I was accustomed to in Europe, but as I always forbade any gun being fired off in my clearing, I soon made acquaintance with some. It was a treat to me to watch two audacious woodpeckers who would come and nibble at my stumps, and let me stand within a few feet of them, without the least fear. There was also a pretty snow-bird, which knew me so well that it would wait till I threw out crumbs and bits of potato for it, and once, when we had some meat hanging in a bag on the side of the house, which your brother tied up tightly to save it from depredation, this sagacious creature perched on the shed near, and actually looked me into untying the bag and pulling partly out a piece of the pork, upon which it set to work with such good will that in a few days some ounces of fat had disappeared.

In the mean time our news from B——e was not too good. After five weeks' residence there, your sister-in-law had borne a little boy, and at first all had gone well; but she became very ill, and also the baby, and as he had to be brought up by hand, and there was a difficulty in getting pure milk in the town, it was thought better, when he was five weeks old, to bring them all back.

All journeys to and from the bush are prosecuted under such difficulties that it is very fortunate they are few and far between. Indeed, few of the better class of settlers would remain, but for the near prospect of government granting money for roads in the township. Towards the end of August I was compelled to pay my half-yearly visit to B——e for the purpose of getting my pension list signed and duly forwarded. Your brother likewise had to take in two settlers in the vicinity, to swear off some land before taking it up for G. At first we thought of making our way to the post-office, three miles off, and from thence taking places in the mail cart, but as we had to take in our settlers, and to pay all their expenses to and from B——e, your brother thought it best to send to the town for a wagon and team expressly for ourselves. This arrived, but alas! in the afternoon instead of the morning, which had been specially mentioned. On this day we fully proved the glorious uncertainty of the Canadian climate. The morning had been lovely, but towards three P. M. a soft, drizzling rain began to fall, which increased in volume and power till it became a drenching torrent. Your brother-in-law took charge of me, and assisted me in scrambling over the different gullies, but by the time I considered it safe to get into the wagon, I was already wet through The horses were so tired, having come from a distant journey, that we traveled very slowly, and it was dark when we drew up at the half-way house, where we were to have tea and to rest the poor animals.

Here we remained for two hours, and when we again started it was quite dark, with torrents of rain still falling,

and the addition of occasional peals of thunder and flashes of lightning. The whole eight miles from the half-way house the horses could only walk very slowly, the night being pitch dark. I should have been very nervous but for my implicit faith in the sagacity of the horses, and the great care of the driver, whom we only knew under his sobriquet of "Canadian Joe." He was a quiet, careful man, a French Canadian, who beguiled the way by singing very sweetly, and with whom it was pleasant to converse in the language we loved so well. He took us safely into B——e, with the addition to our party of two travelers we overtook on the road, and upon whom we had compassion. When we got in, the hotel was about closing for the night, the fires were out, and the landlady had gone to bed ill; but the master bestirred himself, showed me to a comfortable bedroom, and made me some negus, which your brother, himself wet to the skin, soon brought me, and which at least warmed me a little after so many hours of exposure to cold and wet.

The next morning, as soon as we could get into thoroughly dried clothes, we went to see our invalids. Your poor sister-in-law was still suffering much, but her baby was improving, and after more than two months' absence, I was thankful to see your sister only looking very pale, and not as I expected, utterly worn out by her arduous duties and compulsory vigils and anxieties. Your brother was obliged to return to the bush on Saturday, but I remained to come home with your sister and sister-in-law the next week. In the mean time, having been to the magistrate's office and transacted all our business, I greatly enjoyed with your brother walking about the neighborhood. It was indeed a treat to walk on a good road, and to see signs of life everywhere, instead of the silent monotony of the forest. We noticed an amazing change for the better in this "rising village of the far West," which we had not seen for six months. The hotels and stores seemed to have quadrupled themselves, good frame houses were springing up in every direction, and a very pretty little church, since opened for Church of England service, was nearly finished. These lumber houses are very ugly at first, on account of the yellow hue of the wood, but this is soon toned down by exposure to the weather, and climbing plants and pretty gardens soon alter their appearance, and make them picturesque.

The dull, primitive life of the bush certainly prepares one to be pleased with trifles. I reveled like a child in the unwonted stir and hum of life about me. On Tuesday your brother C. came in, and made arrangements to take his wife, child, and your sister back on the following day. I made up my mind to go back with them, and again we took care to secure Canadian Joe and his team. It was a perilous journey for one in so much physical suffering, but it was admirably managed. We laid a soft mattress in the bottom of the wagon, with plenty of pillows. On this we placed your sister-in-law with the baby by her side. C. sat with them to keep all steady; your sister and I sat with the driver. Canadian Joe surpassed himself in the care he took of the invalid; every bad piece of road he came to, he walked his horses quite softly, looking back at C. with a warning shake of the head, as much as to say, "Take care of her now!" We traveled slowly, but by his great care arrived safely, and at the cleared farm nearest to mine we were met by your brother and brother-in-law, who had skillfully arranged a ship's hammock on a pole, and made of it a very tolerable palanquin. Into this your sister-in-law was carefully lifted, and two of the gentlemen carried her, the third relieving them at intervals. They got her safely over all the gullies, and carried her past my log-house to her own home, where she was at once put to bed, and in a very few days began to recover. Your sister and I took charge of the dear little baby, and after a most fatiguing walk, and much dangerous scrambling, with such a precious load, we got him safely here, where he has

remained our cherished nursling ever since, and has thriven well. His dear young mother, having quite recovered, comes every day to be with her little treasure. We only just arrived in time; the rain began again and continued for some days. We had much trouble with the rain drifting in through the clapboards of the roof — the heat of the stove having warped them considerably; and at night we lay with the baby between us, and a large umbrella fixed at the head of the bed to save us from the roof drippings!

We had two visits this autumn from which we derived much pleasure. One from our old friend C. W., and one from a friend and connection of your sister-in-law's family, her eldest brother having married one of his sisters. H. L. was quite an addition to our working party. More than six feet high, strong and active, he fraternized at once with your brothers, and cheerfully helped them in their daily labors. Your brother hired a team of oxen for some days, and had the remaining trees lying in our clearing logged up, and watched for the first fine dry weather to complete the burning begun in spring. Our two young friends assisted him in his labors, and they managed so well that the regular day's work was not interfered with. Every evening they set fire to some of the log-heaps, and diligently "branded" them up till they were reduced to ashes. As we could not admit our two friends into the house after a certain hour in the evening, and as their vigils extended far into the night, your brother used to provide the party with plenty of potatoes, which they roasted in the ashes and ate with butter and salt, with a large pot of coffee, and an unlimited supply of tobacco — they being all inveterate smokers.

As they all had fine voices and sang well together, the gypsy party was not a dull one, and the forest echoed with their favorite songs. Fortunately there was no one in our solitary neighborhood to be disturbed from their slumbers, and provided they did not wake the baby, *we* rather enjoyed the unwonted noise, knowing how much they were enjoying themselves.

Perhaps the most amusing time of all was the Saturday afternoon, when what we ladies called the "Jew trading" invariably took place. I really think that every article belonging to our young men changed hands at these times, and the amusing manner in which the stores of each were laid out for public admiration, and regularly *haggled* for, cannot be forgotten. In this manner your eldest brother's celebrated Chassepot gun, picked up on the field of Sédan, gave place to a Colt's revolver and a small fowling-piece; his heavy gold seal (a much coveted article) took the more useful form of corduroy trousers and heavy boots; in like manner both your brothers gladly bartered their fine dress shirts and handkerchiefs and satin ties for coarser garments better fitted for the bush, of which both C. W. and H. L. had a good stock now quite useless to them, as neither could make up his mind to a bush life. These amusing transfers of property came to a close at last, after some weeks of incessant trafficking, with your brother's solemnly asking my permission to hand over to H. L., as a make-weight in the scale, a large woolen comforter which I had knitted for him.

Not one of the ladies in our three families has a special vocation for grubbing and housemaiding, though all have done it since we came here without complaint, and have done it well. Indeed, a most respectable settler, who, with other men and a team of oxen, was working for some days on our land to help your brother, remarked to his wife, that he was quite astonished that a young lady (meaning your eldest sister) evidently unaccustomed to hard work, could do so much and could do it so well. He had noticed how comfortably all the different meals had been prepared and arranged. Your sister F. too, in spite of the hindrance of three little children, has always given satisfaction to the workmen employed by her husband. Thinking over these

things, a very grave subject of consideration has arisen among us on the subject of domestic servants. Should any providential change in our circumstances take place, or our farms become even moderately thriving, we should certainly once more require these social incumbrances; but where to find them would be the question — certainly not in the settlement to which we belong. We should of course hail the day when we could have the help in all household matters we formerly enjoyed, but we must surely seek for it at a distance from here. The children of the settlers, both boys and girls, know well that on attaining the age of eighteen years, they can each claim and take up from government a free grant of one hundred acres. They naturally feel their incipient independence, and their individual interest in the country, and this makes them less inclined to submit to the few restrictions of servitude still sanctioned by common-sense and general observance. They serve their temporary masters and mistresses under protest, as it were, and are most unwilling to acknowledge their title to these obnoxious names. They consider it their undoubted right to be on a footing of perfect equality with every member of the family, and have no inclination whatever to "sit below the salt." When your sister-in-law returned from B——e her health was for some time too delicate for her to do any hard work, and we, having the charge of the baby, could give her no assistance. Your brother C. looked about the settlement for a respectable girl as a servant. He found one in every way suitable, about sixteen and apparently healthy, strong, willing, and tolerably competent. He liked her appearance, and engaged her at the wages she asked. She entered upon her place, did her work well, and gave entire satisfaction. Everything was done to make her comfortable, even to the extent of giving her the whole Sunday to herself, as she was in the habit of attending the church some miles off, and also the Sunday-school. In little more than a week she suddenly left, assigning no reason but that she was "wanted at home," which we knew to be a falsehood, as she had two or three sisters capable of assisting her mother. We were greatly puzzled to find out her true reason for leaving. After a time it was made clear to us by a trustworthy person who had it from the family themselves. The young lady had found it *intolerably dull*, and it was further explained to us, that no settler would allow his daughter to be in service where she was not allowed to sit at the same table with the family, and to join freely in the conversation at all times.

In support of my oft-repeated assertion that poor ladies and gentlemen form the worst, or at least the most unsuccessful class for emigration to Canada, I must give you a slight sketch of the class of settlers we have here, and of the conditions they must fulfill before they can hope to be in easy circumstances, much less in affluent ones. Of course I am speaking of settlers from the "old country," and not of Canadians born who sometimes find their way from the "front," to try their fortunes in the backwoods. The settlers in this neighborhood for a circuit of about eight miles are all of the lower classes: weavers from Scotland, agricultural laborers from England, artisans and mechanics from all parts. Whatever small sum of money a family of this class can collect with a view to emigration, very little of it is spent in coming over. They are invariably steerage passengers, and on landing at Quebec are forwarded free of all expense, and well provided for on the road, by the Emigration Society, to the part where they intend settling. Say that they come to the free grant lands of Muskoka. The intending settler goes before the commissioner of crown lands, and (if a single man) takes up a lot of one hundred acres; if married and with children, he can claim another lot as "head of a family." He finds the conditions of his tenure specified on the paper he signs, and sees that it will be five years before he can have

his patent, and then only if he has cleared fifteen acres, and has likewise built thereon a log-house of certain dimensions. He pays some one a dollar to point out his lot, and to take him over it, and then selecting the best site, and with what assistance he can get from his neighbors, he clears a small patch of ground and builds a shanty. In the mean time, if he have a wife and family they are lodged and boarded at some near neighbor's for a very small sum. When he and his family have taken possession, he underbrushes and chops as much as he possibly can before the winter sets in, but on the first approach of the cold weather he starts for the lumber shanties, and engages himself to work there, receiving from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month and his food. Should he be of any particular trade, he goes to some large town, and is tolerably sure of employment. It is certainly a very hard and anxious life for the wife and children, left to shift for themselves throughout the long, dreary winter, too often on a very slender provision of flour and potatoes, and little else. When spring at last comes, the steady, hard-working settler returns with quite a little sum of money wherewith to commence his own farming operations. One of the most respectable settlers near us is a man who began life as a sturdy Kentish plowboy. He is now an elderly man with a very large family and a most thriving farm. He has thirty acres well cleared and under cultivation, has thirteen head of cattle and some fine pigs, has the best barn in the place, and has just removed his family into a large, commodious plank house, with many rooms and a very fine cellar, built entirely at odd times by himself and his son, a steady, clever lad of eighteen. This man for several years has gone at the beginning of the winter to one of the hotels in B——e where he acts as "stable boy," and makes a great deal of money, besides his food, which in such a place is of the best. He could very well now remain at home and reap the reward of his thrift and industry, but prefers going on for a year or two longer, while he still has health and strength.

Now it is obvious that ladies and gentlemen have not and cannot have these advantages. The ladies of a family cannot be left unprotected during the long winter, and indeed are for the most part physically incapable of chopping firewood, and doing other hard outdoor work. I speak most distinctly of *poor* ladies and gentlemen. Should people of ample means *choose* to encounter the inevitable privations of bush life, there are, of course, none which cannot be at least alleviated by a judicious expenditure of money. Here the settlers' wives and daughters work almost as hard as their husbands and fathers — log, burn, plant, and dig; and in some instances, with the work adopt the habits of men, and smoke and chew tobacco to a considerable extent. This, I am happy to say, is not the case with all, nor even, I hope, with the majority; but nearly all the women, long before attaining middle age, look prematurely worn and faded, and many of the settlers themselves bear in their faces the unmistakable signs of hard work, scanty food, and a perpetual struggle for existence.

I have often spoken of the broad, deep gully at the end of my lot near the "concession" road. We had an old negro located on the strip of land between, for more than five weeks. One fearfully cold day last winter, during a heavy snow-storm, your brother C. came upon a poor old man "camping" for the night on the road near here. He talked to him a little, gave him all the small change he happened to have about him, and coming home and telling us, we made a small collection, which with a loaf of bread he took to the old man next morning before he went away. Before the close of this autumn, C. again met his old acquaintance, looking more ragged and feeble than ever. He had with him only his ax and a small bundle. He said that he was making his way to a lot which he had taken up eight miles off, where he was going to locate himself and remain. He spoke, too, of having friends in the front, who would give

him some assistance, and at least send him some flour. Again he camped out for the night, and we held a family consultation about him. Your brothers proposed going with him to his lot, and helping him to build his shanty. They talked of taking provisions and being out for some days. They also talked of taking him provisions twice a week during the winter, for fear he should starve, as he complained that his neighbors were very unkind to him, and did not want him located among them. We all loudly protested against this plan as being altogether quixotic, and reminded them that to carry out their plan they must periodically neglect their own work, leave us alone, and run the risk of being sometimes weather-bound, thus causing injury to their own health, and much alarm to us. We suggested an expedient: to let poor Jake settle himself near my gully for the winter, your brother to build him a shanty there, and to take him every day sufficient warm food to make him comfortable. C. promised to join with us, in giving him so much bread and potatoes every week. I paid one visit to the old negro, whom I found ugly, dirty, and with only one eye, but not at all repulsive-looking, as he had a very pleasant countenance, and talked well and intelligently. He agreed to our plan, and your brothers soon raised the logs of a good shanty, and till it was completed he built himself a wigwam, Indian fashion, which he made very warm and comfortable. We told him also that if he liked to make a small clearing round his shanty, we would pay him for his chopping when he left. The winter soon came, and the snow began to fall. The first very frosty night made us anxious about our old pensioner, and your brother went to him early the next morning with a can of hot tea for his breakfast. What was his astonishment when he crossed the gully to hear loud voices in Jake's little encampment. On reaching it he asked the old man who was with him. He significantly pointed to the wigwam, from which a woman's voice called out, "Yes! I'm here, and I've got the hagur!" (ague?) A few minutes afterwards the owner of the voice issued from the hut, in the person of a stout, bold-looking, middle-aged woman (white), who evidently considered old Jake, his shanty, his wigwam, and all his effects, as her own undoubted property.

We found that this was the Mary of whom Jake had spoken as being the person with whom he had boarded and lodged in the front, and who had found him out here. In the course of the day both your brothers paid the old man a visit, and signified to him that it would be as well if he and his companion took their departure, as we knew he was not married to her, and we had a wholesome dread of *five children*, whom Jake had incidentally mentioned, following in the wake of their mother. We gave them leave, however, to remain till the Monday following, as we did not wish to drive any one out precipitately, who was suffering from the "hagur." Till they went, we supplied them with provisions. On the following Monday they departed. Your brothers gave poor Jake two dollars for the little bit of chopping he had done, and we gave him some bread, coffee, and potatoes, as provision for his journey. Your brothers saw him and Mary off with all their bundles, and returned home, leaving my gully as silent and solitary as ever. We heard afterwards that Jake did not go to his own lot, as he seemed to intend, but was seen with his companion making his way to the main road out of the bush. A settler overtook them, and told us they were quarreling violently for the possession of a warm quilted French counterpane, which we had lent to old Jake to keep him warm in his wigwam, and had allowed him to take away.

We were disappointed this year in not having a visit from the old colporteur of Parry's Sound. He came last year during a heavy storm of snow, with a large pack of cheap Bibles and Testaments, and told us he was an agent for the Wesleyan Society, and had orders to distribute gratis, where there was really no means of paying. In answer to some remark of mine, he said that the

"Bible must always follow the ax." This poor man was verging towards the decline of life, had a hollow cough, and was in frame very feeble and fragile, yet he was full of zeal, traveled incessantly, and dispensed numbers of copies of the Word of God as he passed from settlement to settlement. I bought two New Testaments for eight cents each, well printed, and strongly bound.

I am drawing to the close of my pleasant task of recording bush reminiscences. My labors have at least kept me from vain and fruitless regrets and repinings.

"*Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate!*" How often have I repeated these dismal words to myself since I came into the bush, and felt them to be the knell of hope and happiness. But time flies, whether in joy or sorrow. We are now in the middle of our second winter, those dreadful winters of close imprisonment which last for nearly seven months, and which your sister and I both agree form the severest trial of bush life. My aspirations in former years were manifold, but were I asked now what were the three absolute essentials for human happiness, I should be tempted to reply, "Roads to walk upon, a church to worship in, and a doctor within reach in case of necessity!" All these are wanting in the bush, but as we have incessant daily occupation, an extensive correspondence, and as providentially we brought out all our stock of cherished books, we manage to live on without too much complaining. Your brother C. is doing pretty well, and hopes to bring his few animals (a settler's riches), safely through the winter. Your brother-in-law also is making progress, and is expecting from England a partner (a young relation of his own), whose coming will probably insure him success. We remain just as we were, striving, struggling, and hoping against hope, that success may yet crown our endeavors. Our farm stock is easily counted, and easily taken care of: your brother's dog, with three very fat puppies, my pretty cat "Tibbs," with her little son "Hidge," and a magnificent tom puss, whose real home is at "Pioneer Cottage," but who, being of social habits, and having a general invitation, does me the honor to eat, drink, and sleep here.

My sketches of bush life have been an occupation and an amusement to me, but I can truly say that they very faintly portray our sufferings and our privations. I now take leave of my readers (should I by chance have any), both gentle and simple, and heartily say to each and all, "God be with you!"

H. B. K.

THE LAY OF THRYM; OR, THE HAMMER RECOVERED.

A NORSE LEGEND.

Wroth was Vingthor when, awaking, he his mighty hammer missed;
Felt about him, shook his beard, and smote his forehead with his fist.
"Hear, O Loki, what I tell thee, known to none above, below:
Stolen is the Æsir-hammer. Swift to Freyia let us go!"

To the dwelling of fair Freyia straight they flew as swift as wind.
"Lend thy feather-dress, O Freyia — I my hammer fain would find."
"Though 't were woven gold or silver, I would lend it," Freyia said.
Then with whistling plumage Loki over plains and mountains sped;
Flew beyond the Æsirs' [1] dwellings, till he came to Jötun-lands.
On a mound sat Thrym, the lord of Thursar, plaiting golden bands —
Plaiting collars for his greyhounds, smoothing down his horses' manes.
"Why to Jötunheim alone, O Loki, com'st thou o'er the plains?"
"Hast thou hidden Vingthor's hammer? Ill betide thee if thou hast!"
"I have hidden Vingthor's hammer in the earth full many a rast:
None shall get it thence again, though he should labor all his life,
Till he brings to me fair Freyia for my own and wedded wife."

Then with whistling plumage Loki flew beyond the Jötun-land,
Till within the Æsirs' courts he saw the mighty Vingthor stand.
"Thou hast labored — hast thou prospered? Tell thy tidings from the air:
They who sit are often false, although their speech be smooth and fair."
"I have labored — I have prospered. Thrym thy hammer took, O king.
None shall get it thence, save he who Freyia for his wife will bring."

Forth to Freyia then they flew, and first of all these words they said:
"Put thy bridal raiment on, O Freyia; thou with Thrym must wed.
Ride with us to Jötunheim; the Thursars' lord shall be thy spouse."
Then did Freyia chafe with anger, and she knit her queenly brows,
And the Æsirs' palace trembled as she paced it through and through;
And the famed Brisinga necklace from her neck in shivers flew.
"I should be the frailest woman, and the basest of my time,
If with thee, in bridal raiment, I should ride to Jötunheim!"

Straightway then in council gathered all the Æsir to debate
How Hlorridi's [2] hidden hammer they should rescue from its fate.
Heimdall, then, of Æsir brightest, thus amid the gods did speak:
"Let Thor dress in bridal raiment, with the necklace on his neck.
By his side the keys shall jingle, round his knees a gown be spread,
Jewels sparkle on his breast, a golden coif upon his head."

Then outspoke the mighty Vingthor: "Shall a woman's part be mine?
For the gods will smile to see me robed in bridal raiment fine."

[1] Æsirs — gods of the Scandinavian mythology.
[2] One of the names of Thor.

Then spake Loki: "Mighty Thor, such words do not become thee well.
If thy hammer thou shalt lose, in Asgard will the Jötuns dwell."

So in bridal robes they dressed him; like a maiden he was led;
By his side the keys did jingle, round his knees a gown was spread;
Jewels sparkled on his breast, a golden coif upon his head.
Then said Loki, "I will aid thee as thy servant for a time,
And we two will ride together till we come to Jötunheim."

Swift the goats were caught and harnessed; swift and far their feet did run.
Rocks were shivered — earth ablaze. To Jötunheim rode Odin's son.
Thrym, the lord of Thursar, shouted, "Up now, every Jötun's son!
Freyia for my wife they bring me — Niörd's maid from Noatun.
Hither bring the gold-horned cattle, oxen black, the Jötun's pride.
Treasures I have many — only needed Freyia for my bride."

In the evening came the Jötuns. Beer for them was brought in pails.
Thor alone devoured an ox, and salmons eight with bones and scales.
All the sweetmeats women fancy disappeared with wondrous speed;
While he quenched his thirst by drinking three huge horns of foaming mead.
Then said Thrym, the lord of Thursar, "Never in my life I saw
Maidens drink such draughts of mead, or brides with such a hungry maw!"
Said the crafty Loki, sitting as a handmaid all the time,
"Eight nights Freyia naught has eaten, longing so for Jötunheim."

'Neath her veil Thrym stooped to kiss her, but sprang back along the hall:
"Why are Freyia's eyes so piercing? Sparks of fire my heart appall!"
Said the crafty Loki, sitting as a handmaid all the time —
"Eight nights Freyia has not slept, so eager she for Jötunheim."

In then came the Jötun's sister — for a bride-gift dared to crave.
"Give me all thy ruddy rings, if thou my love wouldst seek to have."

"Bring the hammer now!" Thrym shouted. "Let us consecrate the bride;
Lay Miöllner[1] on her knee. Naught can now our lives divide."

In his breast then laughed Hlorridi, when his hammer he beheld.
Up he rose, and slew the Jötuns: all the Jötun race he felled;
Felled the Jötun's aged sister, who a bride-gift sought to gain:
She, instead of golden rings, by Vingthor's hammer stroke was slain.
So got Odin's son his hammer from the Jötuns back again.

C. P. Cranch.

[1] The hammer.

A MODERN FINANCIAL UTOPIA: HOW IT GREW UP, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

THERE is one great, plain, practical fact in respect to irredeemable paper money, which in itself is a sufficient answer to all the arguments that may be advanced in its favor. And that is, that there cannot be one single instance referred to in the history of any state, nation, or people, in which its adoption and use has not been wholly disastrous. The more conspicuous examples and illustrations which prove this assertion — namely, the John Law scheme of 1716–1720, the currency of the American colonies before the revolution, the Continental money, the French *assignats;* and later and in this century, the paper money experience of Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, Turkey, and the South American states — are all more or less familiar ; but there is another example, little known, and rarely if ever referred to, which, occurring within a comparatively recent period, and under conditions analogous to those which in the opinion of many render the United States an exception to all the rest of the world, is no less interesting and instructive. We refer to the fiscal experience of the Republic of Texas, which, during the brief period of its existence as an independent nation, committed on a small scale nearly all the financial blunders, and tried nearly all the financial experiments, which the greater nations of Europe have before and since committed and tried on a large scale, and, as might naturally have been expected, with an almost exact parallelism of results. The details of this curious history were first collected by the late William M. Gouge of Philadelphia, — an American writer on finance whose reputation was never commensurate with his worth and abilities, — who visited Texas after its annexation for the purpose of specially studying up this subject; and whose work, published near a quarter of a century ago, and now a rare volume, constitutes the source from which has been derived the following information.

Previous to the year 1835, Texas was one of the states of the Republic of Mexico; and its currency consisted of gold and silver, and, to a very limited extent, of the notes of the banks of the United States. As the civilized population was small, no large amount of currency of any kind was required, but as compared with other newly settled countries, money was reported "to have been plenty." A great part of the Texan currency consisted of what were termed "hammered dollars," or old Spanish dollars from which the royal effigy had been effaced by the Mexicans as a testimony of disrespect for their former rulers. Time contracts were however made in new Mexican dollars, which were termed "eagle money," and circulated at one hundred cents to the dollar; while the "hammered dollar," though containing fully as much pure silver, circulated at only ninety cents; the probable reason for the current depreciation of the latter being, that the destruction of their certificate of value effected by defacing the stamp, also prevented their use in settling foreign exchanges, and consequently their exportation.

After the commencement of the revolution, and the inauguration of a provisional government, in November, 1835, hammered money gradually disappeared from circulation, and bank-notes from the States came in more freely and constituted the chief currency. In 1837, however, the banks of the United States suspended specie payments, and while all of the circulating medium of Texas became greatly depreciated, a very considerable portion derived from the banks of the State of Mississippi became altogether worthless. "Thereby," says the

historian above referred to, "many of the people of Texas suffered severely, but their aggregate losses did not equal their aggregate gains, as many of these notes had been obtained in loans and many of these loans were not repaid."

From the very first the Texans do not appear to have ever allowed themselves to be embarrassed by the idea of Old-World bankers, political economists, and doctrinaires that the circulating medium of a country should be based upon the precious metals. They were wiser than all that; and they had in their possession something more valuable than gold and silver, — the element and source of all wealth, — namely, an almost unlimited quantity of cheap, fertile land. This was the true thing, in their opinion, to bank on, and bank on it they did. The first bank chartered, nearly six months before the commencement of hostilities, was the "Commercial and Agricultural Bank" of the department of Brazos. Its capital was not to exceed one million of dollars, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. It was authorized to establish branches anywhere and everywhere; receive eight per cent. per annum on loans not exceeding six months, and ten per cent. on loans exceeding that time; and only the capital of the bank was to be responsible for the notes it issued. But the subscribers were required "*to adequately secure the value of their shares with real estate in the republic.*" In short it was a most liberal charter, and the only thing any way illiberal about it was the single clause, "that as soon as one hundred thousand dollars, at least, have entered the vaults of the bank, it may commence operations." "Dollars," however, at that time, in Texas, says our historian, "*meant just whatever the people meant to make it mean.*" William M. Strong, of Pennsylvania, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had not then taken his seat on the bench; but the Texans in 1835 knew as well as Judge Strong did, when he gave the legal tender decision in 1871, that "*value was an ideal thing;*" [1] that "*it is hardly correct to speak of a standard of value;*" [1] that "*the gold and silver thing we call a dollar is, in no sense, a standard of a dollar;*" [1] in fact, that anything is a dollar which the law-making powers may imagine it to be, and that it is not at all necessary that their "imagining" for one year should be the same as their "imagining" for some other and subsequent year. And as the Bank of Agriculture and Commerce appears to have commenced operations, and as there is no evidence that the one hundred thousand dollars was ever paid in, we are warranted in supposing that the "ideal" took in every respect the place of the real. That the Congress of Texas had also faith to a large extent in the *ideal* standard of value is made evident by the fact that, by an act passed in December, 1836, the secretary of the treasury was authorized and empowered "to negotiate a loan from any bank or banks that may be established in this republic, of sufficient amount for the payment of all just claims" held by certain creditors against the government; and lest the Bank of Agriculture and Commerce, with its capital of one million of "ideal" dollars, and the value of its shares made good by the pledge of real estate, should not be able to afford sufficient banking facilities to a population not exceeding fifty thousand, including the "State," the "Texas Railroad and Navigation Banking Company" was in 1836 incorporated in addition. The capital of this company was fixed at five millions, to be increased if desired to ten millions, with the right of connecting the waters of the Rio Grande and the Sabine by means of internal navigation, and the privilege of making branch canals and branch roads in every direction; and this too at a time when the Republic of Texas had not the means of supporting a navy sufficient to protect its coasts from the attacks of one small sloop of war belonging to the Mexicans. The five millions of stock were immediately subscribed by eight

[1] *Decisions Supreme Court of the United States*, 1871.

individuals and firms; but the operations of the banking company were exceedingly limited, and are thus reported: None of the subscribers paid in anything. One sold his interest, however, to a firm in New York, and took his pay in store-goods. A second sold his for ten thousand dollars; while a third swapped his for three leagues of land, which he subsequently sold at ten dollars and a half an acre. "The rest of the subscribers retain their original stock to this day." Other projects of a like character were brought forward; namely: "A Joint Stock Company for the erection of a Hotel and Bath House at Velasco, with Banking Privileges;" "The Texas Internal Improvement and Banking Company;" "The Red River and Aransaso Bay, Navigation, Railroad, and Banking Company;" and finally, for establishing a bank on the faith of the government. All these projects were favorably received; but before the necessary laws could be passed, to put them in operation, news was received of the general failure of the banks of the United States (1837), and the republic was deprived of its prospective capital, enterprise, and consequent development. To supply the necessities of a circulating medium occasioned by the discredit of bank-notes issued in the United States, individuals and municipalities commenced in 1837 to issue "shinplasters," or notes for the fractional parts of a dollar, and continued to do so until 1840, when an end was put to them by the bankruptcy of the issuers.

It is now desirable to turn back and consider more directly the means by which Texas provided funds to carry on the war. At the outset the new republic had, apart from the pledge or sale of its lands, but few financial resources. A financial report made to the provisional government or council in November, 1835, brought out the fact, that although an army was in the field, engaged in active operations, yet "our finances, arising from the receipt of dues for lands, as will appear on file in Mr. Gail Borden's report, which were in his hands, are fifty-eight dollars and thirty cents. This money has been exhausted, and also an advance by the president of the council of thirty-six dollars. There were also several hundred dollars in the hands of the alcalde of Austin. Upon this money several advances have been made; as such you may consider that at the present moment the council is out of funds."

But it will never do to despise the day of small things. The men who had undertaken to make of Texas a free and independent republic were, in respect to audacity, enterprise, and self-reliance, typical emigrants from the great American nation, and having put their hands to the plow had no intention of stopping half-way in the furrow. But to succeed in their undertaking "ways and means" were indispensable; "and finding," says Mr. Gouge, "that other nations in their periods of exigency had resorted to taxing, borrowing, begging, selling, robbing, and cheating, they determined to try all six," and he might have added, they in all six succeeded. The first feasible and ready way of collecting a revenue through taxation, that suggested itself, was by duties on imports, and the Texan legislators accordingly took to the tariff after the most approved American fashion; enacting a given rate of duties on the 12th of December, revising the same on the 15th, and making a new tariff on the 27th. In the ten years that Texas existed as an independent republic, it had no less than seven distinct tariffs.

Export duties on cotton were also recommended. The chief reliance of the government was, however, upon loans, and commissioners were early appointed to borrow one million of dollars at a rate not exceeding ten per cent., on bonds running for not less than five or more than ten years; the commissioners being authorized to pledge the public faith, the public lands, the public revenues, and in short everything that Texas possessed in the way of security, for their repayment.

The idea that "a national debt was a national blessing" was one for which it has been generally supposed an agent

of Jay Cooke & Co., employed to write up the 5-20 bonds, in 1863, was entitled to a patent for originality; but the records of the Congress of Texas show that the unexpatriated Yankee was after all but a poor though probably unconscious imitator, and that his conceptions of the felicity of owing somebody nationally never began to rise to the height of those indulged in by a Mr. Chenoweth, who, as chairman of the national committee on finance, submitted to the first Congress on the 16th of December, 1835, a report, of which the following is an extract: —

"At present our indebtedness is small, and our liabilities almost entirely to private individuals, whose claims, your committee are of opinion, may properly be merged and canceled by the creation of substantial loans. An outstanding national debt may in many respects be looked upon as beneficial, by a community isolated and dependent as Texas, if the creditors, as such, can afford us substantial patronage. And until we can stand immutable among the nations of the earth, your committee would advise *that the pecuniary interests of our creditors will excite for us the sympathy and protection of mankind.*"

In one sense Mr. Chenoweth's "advice" proved correct, though not altogether in the manner he anticipated; for the various debt certificates of Texas being largely disposed of in the United States, an earnest sympathy for the republic was thereby naturally created among the holders; and this sympathy ultimately was most powerful in securing the annexation of Texas to the United States, and subsequently an appropriation from Congress of the sum of $10,000,000, with the understanding that the same should be used in the payment of the debts of the republic.

Under the head of "selling," as an expedient for providing ways and means, the public lands were offered by the government of Texas at low prices and in any quantity; but as the cash value of the article was small, — the price fixed by the Mexican government before the war being less than four cents per acre, — and as, furthermore, until after independence was fully established it was a question whether the vendor could pass an adequate and sufficient title, the receipts from this source were inconsiderable.

Under the head of "begging," the foreign agents of the republic were authorized to receive money or donations of any kind that might be given by citizens of any country they might visit; and that the hat thus passed round did not return empty is evident from the circumstance that on the 30th of November, 1835, formal resolutions of thanks were passed by the council to John Hutchins of Natchez, Mississippi, for his liberal donation of one hundred dollars "for the use of Texas in her struggle for liberty."

Under the head of "robbing," the council, on the 17th of January, 1836, enacted, that whereas it was impossible for the troops at Bexar "to drive beeves and procure provisions for their use without horses; *Therefore be it resolved*, that the commandant be authorized to employ as many Mexicans, or other citizens, for the purpose of driving up beeves, and procuring provisions, as may be required for that purpose." Letters of marque and reprisal were also early authorized and issued: but in this department of robbery the Texans could plead the precedents of the best-established and most Christian governments.

Under the head of "cheating," Mr. Gouge groups the several acts and proceedings of the republic in respect to the manufacture and issue of paper money. The national treasury was first established, so far as the election of a treasurer could establish it, in November, 1835. Previous to this there had been a fiscal committee, and this had made a report, which, as the first official financial document of a *de facto* government, destined in the course of the following year to come into possession and control of a territory larger than France, deserves to be handed down to posterity. The report related to a matter of extortion and swindling on the

part of certain contractors, and alleged, that one Thomas Bray, for furnishing "Cole's company of wagoners with one hundred and seven pounds of bread, had charged twenty-five cents per pound, or twenty-six dollars and seventy-five cents, whereas he should have charged but fourteen cents per pound; and that one Madison M. Stevens had charged an extortionate sum for "carrying one express to Nacogdoches." It was accordingly recommended that Bray be allowed but fifteen dollars and seventy-eight cents, and Stevens but ten dollars and fifty cents in full of all accounts, and the report was ordered to lie on the table. A month afterwards, by some skill of manipulation not unworthy in these later days of a Chorpenning and his counsel, Hon. John Cessna, the committee made another report, in which it was recommended that Messrs. Bray and Stevens be paid in full, — and paid in full they probably were. How good a field there would have been for Chorpenning and Cessna to have operated in is illustrated by the following extract from a message which the first governor, Henry Smith, about this same time sent in to the "*Honorable President and Members of the General Council.*" He says: —

"Instead of acting as becomes the counselors and guardians of a free people, you resolve yourselves into low, intriguing, caucusing parties; pass resolutions without a quorum, predicated on false premises; and if you could only deceive me enough, you would join with it a piratical coöperation. You have acted in bad faith, and seem determined by your acts to destroy the very constitution you are pledged and sworn to support. I have been placed on the political watch-tower, and I hope I will be able to prove a faithful sentinel. You have also been posted as sentinels; but you have permitted the enemy to cross the lines, and you are ready to sacrifice your country at the shrine of plunder. Mr. President, I speak collectively, as you all form one whole, though at the same time I do not mean all. I know you have honest men there; but you have Judas in the camp, — men who, if possible, would deceive their God.

"Notwithstanding their deep-laid plans and intrigues, I have not been asleep. They will find themselves circumvented in every tack. I am now tired of watching scoundrels abroad and scoundrels at home, and as such I am now prepared to drop the curtain.

"Look around upon your flock; your discernment will easily detect the scoundrels; the complaint, contraction of the eyes; the gape of the mouth; the vacant stare; the hung head; the restless, fidgety disposition; the sneaking, sycophantic look; a natural meanness of countenance; an unguarded shrug of the shoulders; a sympathetic tickling and contraction of the muscles of the neck, anticipating a rope; a restless uneasiness to adjourn, dreading to face the storm themselves have raised. Let the honest and indignant part of your council drive the wolves out of the fold. Some of them have been thrown out of folds equally sacred, and should be denied the society of civilized men.

"But, thanks be to my God, there is balm in Texas, and a physician near."

And the governor then, in the capacity of a physician, proceeded to administer the balm by ordering the council to be forthwith prorogued, "unless your body will make the necessary acknowledgment of your error, and forthwith" (before twelve o'clock to-morrow) "proceed" (by issuing a circular and furnishing expresses), "to give it circulation and publicity, in a manner calculated to counteract its baleful effects."

But the council wouldn't be prorogued, and refused to accept the balm. They referred the governor's message to a committee, who forthwith reported, "That they are unable to express any other views than indignation at language so repulsive to every moral feeling of an honorable man, and astonishment that this community should have been so miserably deceived in selecting, for the high office of governor, a man whose language and conduct proves his early habits of association to have been vulgar and depraved." The report con-

cluded with resolutions that they would sustain the dignity of the government, and that Henry Smith be ordered forthwith to cease the functions of his office. The next day they issued an address to the people, in which they repelled the charges brought against them in "that impudential document," and brought counter-charges against his excellency himself. A single paragraph is given by Mr. Gouge to show the character of this address: "All these acts of stubbornness and perverseness were not sufficient to gratify his thirst for sole dominion. His dignity was insulted at the idea of the existence of the coördinate branch of government to curb his acts and check his usurpation. He became more and more restless, until, enraged at the presumption of the council, in the exercise of a constitutional right, he ignites; his fury, in a blaze, consumes his prudence (what he had); he orders the council to disperse, shuts the door of communication between the two departments, and proclaims himself the government."

At this rejoinder and counter-attack Governor Smith seems to have been considerably astonished; and sought to reconcile matters with the council by sending the next day a message, in which, after confessing that he had used "much asperity of language," he concludes as follows: —

"Believing the rules of Christian charity require us to bear and forbear, and as far as possible overlook the errors and foibles of each other, in this case I may not have exercised towards your body that degree of forbearance which was probably your due. If so, I have been laboring under error, and as such, hope you will have the magnanimity to extend it to me, and the two branches again harmonize to the promotion of the true interests of the country." But it was of no use; Governor Smith's "Christian charity" was exercised too late. The council deposed him so far as they could, and for the remainder of the session, Lieutenant-Governor Robinson "reigned in his stead."

The formal establishment of a national treasury was one thing; the filling it with money was quite another and different thing. And as sufficient funds for defraying the expenses of the government and the army did not come from any of the expedients of taxation, loans, the establishment of companies with banking privileges, the sale of lands, begging, or seizing private property by land and sea, the republic next undertook to pay its way by drawing drafts on itself. To give these drafts credit and circulation an act was passed, December, 1836, "That it shall be the duty of the several collectors (of customs) to receive the orders of the auditor upon the treasury of the republic when offered by importers in payment of duties at the time of importation;" and in June following, it was enacted, "That properly audited drafts on the treasury of the republic shall be received in payment of taxes imposed, except on billiard tables, retailers of liquors, and nine-pin alleys, or games of that kind." By these two acts, Texas gave her audited drafts a greater value than they would otherwise have possessed, and caused them to pass into hands that otherwise would not have received them. From first to last, the issue of these audited drafts amounted to about eight millions of dollars ($7,834,207). They do not appear to have ever to any extent answered the purpose of currency; and the circumstance that they were issued for odd numbers of dollars and cents, and when passed from hand to hand required a calculation, doubtless contributed to prevent such a result. They gradually depreciated in value, and in December, 1837, one year after the passage of the act authorizing their reception for custom dues, another act was passed declaring that the state would no longer receive such drafts in payment of debts due to itself.

The greatest and best stroke of financial policy on the part of the new republic was, however, reserved to the last; and in November, 1837, when borrowing, begging, selling land scrip, and issuing audited drafts had been

exhausted as expedients for raising money, the government commenced the issue of treasury notes. These notes were in the form of bank-notes, and by law were required to be printed "*in neat form.*" They were also for round or even sums, and mainly for small amounts, and specified on their face "*that they will be received in payment for lands and other public dues, or be redeemed with any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.*"

And here commences by far the most valuable of all the lessons deducible from the study of the fiscal experience of the Republic of Texas, — a lesson, moreover, exceptionally interesting, from the circumstance that we find in it a showing and demonstration that the working and effect of a system of irredeemable paper money is one and the same, whether the field of its influence be a rich, densely populated old country like Austria or Great Britain, or a disturbed, thinly populated community, with little accumulated capital, and occupying, as it were, the very border line between barbarism and civilization.

The first noticeable and most interesting fact connected with the history of these Texan treasury notes is, that although the credit of Texas at the time of their issue was so bad that a foreign loan could not be negotiated, and the audited drafts on the treasury had so far depreciated as to have but a nominal value, and that of less than *fifteen* cents on the dollar, yet the notes themselves, though practically unredeemable, were when first issued at par, or nearly par, with specie, and furthermore were kept so for months, or until their issue exceeded in amount half a million of dollars. The explanation of this curious phenomenon is, that the people of Texas, at the time of the authorization of these treasury notes, had practically no circulating medium for effecting exchanges, or none that was really worthy of the name; and although a community can get along in its business without a currency, as it can without horses and carts, ships and steam-engines, — all alike instrumentalities for effecting the interchange of commodities, — there is no community that will dispense with any of these agencies if it can help it. With the outbreak of the revolution the hammered money and the eagle money, as already stated, soon disappeared. With the failure of the banks of the United States in 1837, the notes of the banking institutions of the southwestern States, which had come in like a flood and had supplied to Texas the void occasioned by the disappearance of its specie circulation, became worthless; while the issue of shin-plasters or fractional notes of persons and firms, although continued, was by law forbidden. The want of some medium that should have *one* value, and would regulate prices and facilitate exchanges, was therefore much felt; and when the government gave the people the best medium they could, threw around it all the guarantees that it was in their power to supply, and issued no more of the "medium" than was necessary to meet a specific want, the people in turn accorded to the medium a value proportional to the work it performed, or the necessity it supplied. The first issue of notes, in addition to a pledge of government faith to receive them in payment of all public dues and to redeem them as soon as there was anything to redeem them with, carried also a promise of *ten* per cent. interest; a rate easily calculated, and which offered an inducement for hoarding the notes, to such Texans as could afford it and had also faith in their ultimate payment. The whole revenue from customs was also devoted to sustaining the credit of these treasury notes, and about this time the laws for raising a revenue from imports began to be effective; the gross revenue accruing from the customs for the quarter ending September 30, 1837, having been about sixty thousand dollars.

The Texans were, moreover, exceedingly wise in their day and generation in another matter. The original treasury notes, although intended to serve as currency, were nevertheless, from the fact that they carried ten per cent. in-

terest, in reality a species of national "bond;" and being issued in round sums of small amounts, as low even as one dollar, they were taken up as investments, or speculated in by persons of very small means, who never regarded themselves in any sense as capitalists. Very considerable sums thus found their way into the United States and were permanently held there, and even the negroes of New Orleans were enabled to enjoy the luxury of speculating in foreign securities. It is also curious to recall that at the time of the formation of the syndicate in 1870–1871, for the purpose of funding the national debt of the United States at a lower rate of interest than six per cent., this very same plan that worked so successfully in Texas in 1837 was brought forward and urged before the committees of Congress with great ingenuity and ability, by the then head of the European banking firm of Bowles Brothers, as a condition precedent and essential to placing permanently a large amount of Federal securities among the masses in Europe, at a very low rate of interest. According to Mr. Gouge, Texas treasury notes continued to be at par, or nearly at par, with specie, until their amount exceeded half a million of dollars. If we take the population of Texas at that time as about *forty* thousand, and suppose that one fifth of the entire issue of half a million was hoarded, or floated off into the United States, then the result affords a very striking and curious confirmation of the theory held by many of the best informed bankers and economists, that an average of about *ten dollars per capita* is the utmost limit of paper money that a community can permanently float, and at the same time keep on a level or par with specie.[1] It is also a fact in regard to the Continental money, that, so long as its issue was not in excess of thirty millions, or at the rate of about ten dollars *per capita*, or up to January, 1778, its maximum depreciation was not in excess of five per cent., as compared with specie.

But all history shows that when a nation has once embarked in a scheme of irredeemable paper money, it is extremely difficult, if not wholly impossible, to resist the current and drift of its influence; and the experience of Texas constitutes no exception to this general rule. The five hundred thousand paper treasury dollars had done good service; they had doubtless been printed in a "neat form" as the law provided; had proved attractive to the masses, and had relieved the most urgent financial necessities of the republic. Why should not the people of Texas have more of so good a thing? They accordingly, through their legislative agents and representatives, determined to have more; and in the spring of 1838, a bill, bearing the familiar title of "*An Act to define and limit the issue of promissory notes*," was reported in the House of Representatives, which authorized an additional issue of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Senate, however, increased the existing amount to one million, and as thus amended, the bill passed both houses by large majorities. Sturdy and honest Sam Houston was then President, and when the bill came up for his signature, he promptly vetoed it, and gave his reasons therefor in a message, so full of common-sense and sound principles that there is nothing which the people of the United States could to-day read with greater profit and instruction. Indeed, it would almost seem as if he had before him, at the time of writing, the present condition of the United States, rather than that of his own people. He says, "When the (treasury note) currency was projected, both the government and the country were without resources. National existence and freedom had been achieved, but the struggle had left us destitute and naked. There were no banks! There was no money! Our

[1] The theory is that if the notes are redeemable in specie on demand, and more than ten dollars *per capita* is issued, the excess will be presented for redemption and be thus voluntarily retired. If the notes are not redeemable on presentation, the moment the line of excess is passed, that same moment indicates the commencement of permanent depreciation.

lands could not be sold, and the public credit was of doubtful character! To avoid the absolute dissolution of the government, it became necessary to resort to some expedient that might furnish temporary relief. This could only be effected by creating a currency that should command some degree of credit abroad.

"It was hoped and believed, that if *a small issue of government paper* was made, with specific means of redemption pointed out, which appeared to be ample and well guaranteed, and the government should evince a prudent and discreet judgment in its management, it would command such articles in the market of the United States as were indispensable to the country.

"The result has justified the expectation."

But he continues, and his words are as full of truth now as then, "*The government will never be able by all the issues it can make, to satisfy the demands of private speculation and interest.* The vast issues of all the banks in the United States (reference being here made to the condition of things in 1836–1837), in their most extended condition, failed to attain this object. There has not probably been in circulation at any time, more than half a million of dollars. The present bill requires the secretary of the treasury to increase the issue to a million. No time or discretion is allowed to that officer. The circulation of the country is to be doubled in as little time as is required to issue the paper."

The objections of the executive for the moment prevailed; but another bill was passed a week after, which allowed the president to increase the amount of treasury notes to one million, if in his judgment the interests of the country required it; and at the same time, it specifically appropriated four hundred and fifty thousand of such notes, or an amount nearly equal to the whole existing issue, to the payment of army, navy, and civil indebtedness. The barriers against unlimited inflation were thus indirectly removed, and from this time there does not appear to have been any effort to restrain further action in this direction. The first issues of these notes, as already stated, carried interest. The new issues were without interest, and on account of a red impression on their back, were everywhere known as "red-backs;" thus affording another example in illustration of the trite proverb, that "history repeats itself."

As might have been expected, with the authorization of the new issues the notes began to depreciate; and the depreciation increased with each additional emission. In all, paper money in the form of treasury notes to the nominal amount of $4,717,939 was issued. In January, 1839, these notes were worth no more than *forty cents on the dollar;* in the spring of 1839 they were worth thirty-seven and a half cents; in 1841, from twelve to fifteen cents; and in 1842 they fell to ten cents, to five cents, to four, to three, to two, and finally became utterly worthless. In the characteristic language of the times, it required, before the close of President Lamar's administration, "fifteen dollars in treasury notes to buy three glasses of brandy and water, *without sugar.*" To the treasury notes succeeded what were termed "exchequer bills;" but they were comparatively few in number, and never passed to any extent into circulation. "By this time," says Mr. Gouge, "there was little circulating medium of any kind in Texas; but this was no great calamity, as the people had but little left to circulate. The evils this system did were immense, and such as for which, even were it so disposed, the government could afford no compensation to the sufferers. They no doubt, however, like others in similar circumstances, attributed to the want of circulating *medium* the evils they suffered from want of circulating *capital.*" In all, from first to last, the amount of "promissory notes," "audited drafts," "exchequer bills," bonds, etc., issued by the Texan treasury, and serving to a greater or less extent as "circulating medium," amounted to $13,318,145; or reckoning the population at fifty thousand, more than two hundred and sixty-

six dollars per capita. If paper issues could, therefore, have made a people rich, the Texans ought to have been the richest people in the universe.

One other thing in connection with this subject ought specially to be mentioned in all honor to the Texans. In the midst of their poverty, and crushed almost to the earth with their burden of financial necessities, they never made their government paper a legal tender in the payment of private debts; but every man was left at liberty to refuse or receive treasury notes at his option. The result was, that when "red-backs" were almost the exclusive circulating medium, specie was the standard of ultimate reference. If a man bought an article on credit, he gave a note promising to pay dollars in silver, or so many treasury notes, as should, when the note fell due, be worth an equivalent of the amount owed in silver.

But another and no less curious part of this history yet remains to be told. The experiment of paper issues, not redeemable in specie on demand, to supply the office and function of money, or circulating medium, had been fully and fairly tried in Texas, and the people, one and all, were so entirely satisfied with their experiences, that they wanted no more for all time, like it. They accordingly did not content themselves with mere ordinary legislation; but when the convention came together, immediately after the consummation of the act of annexation to the United States, to form a State constitution, the delegates, by one of their earliest acts, inserted in the constitution the following sections, which were afterwards ratified by the people:[1]

"*In no case shall the legislature have power to issue 'treasury warrants,' 'treasury notes,' or paper of any description intended to circulate as money.*"

"No corporate body shall hereafter be created, renewed, or extended, with banking or discounting privileges."

"The legislature shall prohibit by law individuals from issuing bills, checks, or promissory notes, or other paper, to circulate as money."

"It is never," says Mr. Gouge, in noticing the peculiarities of this constitution of Texas, "without deep experience of the evils of paper issues that the people impose such restrictions on their rulers."

And the first legislature that convened after the adoption of the constitution, or in the succeeding year, made the following further enactment: —

"No person or persons within this State shall issue any bill, promissory note, check, or other paper, to circulate as money."

"Every person who may violate this act shall be subject to indictment therefor, by a grand jury, as for a misdemeanor, at any time within twelve months after so offending; and shall be subject to a fine of not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars, for each and every bill, promissory note, check, or other paper, issued by them in violation of the first section of this act."

These measures practically put an end to the paper-money system of Texas. Various subterfuges were afterwards resorted to, and by means of them paper-money, to a very limited extent, found its way into circulation in Texas after its annexation to the United States. But as a rule, the community never again looked with favor upon any other currency than specie. The result of such a policy on the development and business of the State was thus reported by Mr. Gouge in 1852, — seven years after its adoption: "The result of this hard-money policy is, that business in

1 The movement against the continued use of paper money, in fact, commenced in Texas at a date considerably earlier than that above indicated; the last president of Texas, Anson Jones, in December, 1844, using in his inaugural the following language: "The fallacy and danger of a factitious paper currency having been demonstrated by every civilized nation upon the earth, and Texas having once participated in this demonstration, should now, when she is able to do so, abandon the experiment and resort in time to what the experience of the past has conclusively shown to be the only safe expedient for governments — a hard-money currency as a circulating medium." In accordance with this recommendation, the Congress of Texas, in almost one of its last acts, forbade the further issue by the government of "any description of paper representing money intended for circulation, or to be received in payment of any class of revenue;" and required the secretary to cause to be destroyed all the exchequer bills received at the treasury department.

Texas rests on a more stable foundation than it does in many other parts of the Union. That it is absolutely free from vicissitudes is what we do not assert. But, unbolstered by bank-credits, and governed by that best of all regulators, gold and silver, her merchants limit their purchases of goods abroad by the actual demands of the planters at home, measuring that demand by the surplus crops the planters have to dispose of. Exchanges are regular. The maximum rates never exceed the cost of transporting specie, and often fall below it. A gentleman at Austin told us that he had in the course of years negotiated bills on New York, to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars, and had seldom given either premium or discount. At Galveston, exchanges on New York have not for years been at any time more than one and a half premium."

Prices, Mr. Gouge observes, were not low, but quite as high as they are (other things considered) in the most paper-loving portions of the Union; thus showing that "hard money and high prices are not incompatible."

"The rate of interest is high, because the profits of trade are great. Money is scarce, as money ought to be, for without scarcity it would lose its value. But gold and silver is in Texas quite as plentiful, in proportion to other circulating wealth, as paper money is in New York or Massachusetts."

Mr. Gouge also, in his record, brings out two other series of facts in connection with the history of the paper money of Texas, which from their parallelism with results obtained on a larger scale, but under similar circumstances, in the United States and other countries, are especially worthy of notice. The first relates to the incentive given by paper money to national extravagance and increase of expenditures; and in this respect the experience of Texas was as follows. The revolution broke out in 1835. From that time until the close of 1838, the period covering the main military operations and the practical achievement of independence, the Republic of Texas incurred a debt of less than two millions of dollars. This small amount was not due to the circumstance that the government had any objection to running in debt; "but because few would trust, except such as could not well avoid so doing." In 1838, Mirabeau B. Lamar was elected president, and held office for three years, or until December, 1841. The period of his administration was one of comparative peace, but it was also the era of paper money and profusion. Lamar in his three years' term increased the national debt from less than two millions to upwards of seven millions. The average annual expenses of his government were also $1,618,405.

In 1841 General Houston took office as president for a second term. The paper money bubble had exploded, but Mexican hostilities, which in General Lamar's administration only threatened, now actually broke out. Yet in General Houston's last administration not only was the national debt not increased, except by increments of interest and by the bringing in of back accounts; but the average annual expenses of the republic were reduced from $1,618,405 to $170,361. Mr. Gouge claims that this experience of the republic under President Houston, from 1842 to 1844 inclusive, shows "that if it had been possible for the Texans to be hard-money and prompt-payment men, they might have achieved their independence and defrayed all the expenses of the republic, at a cost of two hundred thousand a year. But the Texans never became economical until constrained by necessity." So long as they could borrow, or induce any one to take their paper money, they were extravagant; but when they could borrow no longer, and their paper money refused to circulate, then they became saving.

The second series of facts relates to the influence which an excess of paper currency in Texas exerted in encouraging imports and discouraging exports. Thus during the administration of Lamar, — 1839–1840, — when treasury notes were the circulating medium, and money was, as it is termed, "abundant," the

imports were nearly six times as great as the exports; or an average of $1,442,733 of imports per annum as compared with an average of $247,459 of exports. On the contrary, in two years of Houston's second term, 1843–1844, when such notes were no longer current, the exports nearly equaled the imports; the average annual import being $578,854 as compared with an average annual export of $506,444.

Whether the memory of the events and experiences thus recorded has been kept alive in Texas, we know not; but one thing is certain, that from the annexation of Texas to the present day, her people have evinced no love for paper money. During the rebellion, Confederate money found little favor in Texas, and circulated only under the pressure of military law and necessity; along the lines of the several railroads, fares and freights have been latterly paid in currency; and since the opening of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad, currency has gradually entered to a greater or less extent into the transactions of merchants; but in the interior, cattle and cotton can be purchased only for specie, and with the average Texan, who travels with an ox-team or on mule-back, the greenback obtains no recognition.

David A. Wells.

A VISION.

WITHIN the breast of winter
A spring thought stirs to-day.
The sailless fleet upon the lake
Will all its anchors weigh,
And, white before the gentle wind,
Float down the great blue bay.

Through all the dead trees' branches
The happy secret thrills;
A sudden memory of flowers
The wild wood hollows fills,
Though yet a solemn silence seals
The lips of these white hills.

Again quick life is beating,
With sudden hope and power.
It matters not that joy must die
Within this one bright hour,
Quick fleeting as the glory born
Of meeting sun and shower.

The icy squadron whitens
The water's blue in vain,
And days of wintry storm deny
The promise of the rain:
The heart that once has dreamed of spring
Cannot grow cold again.

Ellen Frances Terry.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

IV.

He had no ill-will to the Scotch; for, if he had been conscious of that, he never would have thrown himself into the bosom of their country, and trusted to the protection of its remote inhabitants with a fearless confidence. — BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

ALTHOUGH it was an open and flagrant violation of the Sabbath day as it is kept in Scotch Baddeck, our kind hosts let us sleep late on Sunday morning, with no reminder that we were not sleeping the sleep of the just. It was the charming Maud, a flitting sunbeam of a girl, who waited to bring us our breakfast, and thereby lost the opportunity of going to church with the rest of the family — an act of gracious hospitality which the tired travelers appreciated.

The travelers were unable, indeed, to awaken into any feeling of Sabbatical straitness. The morning was delicious — such a morning as never visits any place except an island; a bright, sparkling morning, with the exhilaration of the air softened by the sea. What a day it was for idleness, for voluptuous rest, after the flight by day and night from St. John! It was enough, now that the morning was fully opened and advancing to the splendor of noon, to sit upon the upper balcony, looking upon the Bras d'Or and the peaceful hills beyond, reposeful and yet sparkling with the stir and color of summer, and inhale the balmy air. (We greatly need another word to describe good air, properly heated, besides this overworked "balmy.") Perhaps it might in some regions be considered Sabbath-keeping, simply to rest in such a soothing situation — rest, and not incessant activity, having been one of the original designs of the day.

But our travelers were from New England, and they were not willing to be outdone in the matter of Sunday observances by such an out-of-the-way and nameless place as Baddeck. They did not set themselves up as missionaries to these benighted Gaelic people, to teach them by example that the notion of Sunday which obtained two hundred years ago in Scotland had been modified, and that the sacredness of it had pretty much disappeared with the unpleasantness of it. They rather lent themselves to the humor of the hour, and probably by their demeanor encouraged the respect for the day on Cape Breton Island. Neither by birth nor education were the travelers fishermen on Sunday, and they were not moved to tempt the authorities to lock them up for dropping here a line and there a line on the Lord's day.

In fact, before I had finished my second cup of Maud-mixed coffee, my companion, with a little show of haste, had gone in search of the kirk, and I followed him, with more scrupulousness, as soon as I could without breaking the day of rest. Although it was Sunday, I could not but notice that Baddeck was a clean-looking village of white wooden houses, of perhaps seven or eight hundred inhabitants; that it stretched along the bay for a mile or more, straggling off into farm-houses at each end, lying for the most part on the sloping curve of the bay. There were a few country-looking stores and shops, and on the shore three or four rather decayed and shaky wharves ran into the water, and a few schooners lay at anchor near them; and the usual decaying warehouses leaned about the docks. A peaceful and perhaps a thriving place, but not a bustling place. As I walked down the road, a sail-boat put out from the shore and slowly disappeared round the island in the direction of the Grand Narrows. It had a small pleasure party on board. None of them were drowned that day, and I learned at night that they were Roman Catholics from Whykokomagh.

The kirk, which stands near the water,

and at a distance shows a pretty wooden spire, is after the pattern of a New England meeting-house. When I reached it, the house was full and the service had begun. There was something familiar in the bareness and uncompromising plainness and ugliness of the interior. The pews had high backs, with narrow, uncushioned seats. The pulpit was high, — a sort of theological fortification, — approached by wide, curving flights of stairs on either side. Those who occupied the near seats to the right and left of the pulpit had in front of them a blank board partition, and could not by any possibility see the minister, though they broke their necks backwards over their high coat-collars. The congregation had a striking resemblance to a country New England congregation of say twenty years ago. The clothes they wore had been Sunday clothes for at least that length of time. Such clothes have a look of I know not what devout and painful respectability, that is in keeping with the worldly notion of rigid Scotch Presbyterianism. One saw with pleasure the fresh and rosy-cheeked children of this strict generation, but the women of the audience were not in appearance different from newly-arrived and respectable Irish immigrants. They wore a white cap with long frills over the forehead, and a black silk handkerchief thrown over it and hanging down the neck — a quaint and not unpleasing disguise.

The house, as I said, was crowded. It is the custom in this region to go to church — for whole families to go, even the smallest children; and they not unfrequently walk six or seven miles to attend the service. There is a kind of merit in this act that makes up for the lack of certain other Christian virtues that are practiced elsewhere. The service was worth coming seven miles to participate in! — it was about two hours long, and one might well feel as if he had performed a work of long-suffering to sit through it. The singing was strictly congregational. Congregational singing is good (for those who like it) when the congregation can sing. This congregation could not sing, but it could grind the Psalms of David powerfully. They sing nothing else but the old Scotch version of the Psalms, in a patient and faithful long metre. And this is regarded, and with considerable plausibility, as an act of worship. It certainly has small element of pleasure in it. Here is a stanza from Psalm xlv. which the congregation, without any instrumental nonsense, went through in a dragging, drawling manner, and with perfect individual independence as to time: —

> Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart of th' enemies of the king;
> And under thy sub-jec-shi-on the people down do bring.

The sermon was extempore, and in English with Scotch pronunciation; and it filled a solid hour of time. I am not a good judge of sermons, and this one was mere chips to me; but my companion, who knows a sermon when he hears it, said that this was strictly theological, and Scotch theology at that, and not at all expository. It was doubtless my fault that I got no idea whatever from it. But the adults of the congregation appeared to be perfectly satisfied with it; at least they sat bolt upright and nodded assent continually. The children all went to sleep under it, without any hypocritical show of attention. To be sure, the day was warm and the house was unventilated. If the windows had been opened so as to admit the fresh air from the Bras d'Or, I presume the hard-working farmers and their wives would have resented such an interference with their ordained Sunday naps, and the preacher's sermon would have seemed more musty than it appeared to be in that congenial and drowsy air. Considering that only half of the congregation could understand the preacher, its behavior was exemplary.

After the sermon, a collection was taken up for the minister; and I noticed that nothing but pennies rattled into the boxes — a melancholy sound for the pastor. This might appear niggardly on the part of these Scotch Presbyterians, but it is on principle that they put only

a penny into the box; they say that they want a free gospel, and so far as they are concerned they have it. Although the farmers about the Bras d'Or are well-to-do, they do not give their minister enough to keep his soul in his Gaelic body, and his poor support is eked out by the contributions of a missionary society. It was gratifying to learn that this was not from stinginess on the part of the people, but was due to their religious principle. It seemed to us that everybody ought to be good in a country where it costs next to nothing.

When the service was over, about half of the people departed; the rest remained in their seats, and prepared to enter upon their Sabbath exercises. These latter were all Gaelic people, who had understood little or nothing of the English service. The minister turned himself at once into a Gaelic preacher, and repeated in that language the long exercises of the morning. The sermon and perhaps the prayers were quite as enjoyable in Gaelic as in English, and the singing was a great improvement. It was of the same psalms, but the congregation chanted them in a wild and weird tone and manner, as wailing and barbarous to modern ears as any Highland devotional outburst of two centuries ago. This service also lasted about two hours; and as soon as it was over the faithful minister, without any rest or refreshment, organized the Sunday-school, and it must have been half past three o'clock before that was over. And this is considered a day of rest.

These Gaelic Christians, we were informed, are of a very old pattern; and some of them cling more closely to religious observances than to morality. Sunday is nowhere observed with more strictness. The community seems to be a very orderly and thrifty one, except upon solemn and stated occasions. One of these occasions is the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and in this the ancient Highland traditions are preserved. The rite is celebrated not oftener than once a year by any church. It then invites the neighboring churches to partake with it — the celebration being usually in the summer and early fall months. It has some of the characteristics of a "camp-meeting." People come from long distances, and as many as two thousand and three thousand assemble together. They quarter themselves without special invitation upon the members of the inviting church. Sometimes fifty people will pounce upon one farmer, overflowing his house and his barn and swarming all about his premises, consuming all the provisions he has laid up for his family, and all he can raise money to buy, and literally eating him out of house and home. Not seldom a man is almost ruined by one of these religious raids — at least he is left with a debt of hundreds of dollars. The multitude assembles on Thursday and remains over Sunday. There is preaching every day, but there is something besides. Whatever may be the devotion of a part of the assembly, the four days are, in general, days of license, of carousing, of drinking, and of other excesses, which our informant said he would not particularize; we could understand what they were by reading St. Paul's rebuke of the Corinthians for similar offenses. The evil has become so great and burdensome that the celebration of this sacred rite will have to be reformed altogether.

Such a Sabbath quiet pervaded the street of Baddeck, that the fast driving of the Gaels in their rattling, one-horse wagons, crowded full of men, women, and children, — released from their long sanctuary privileges, and going home, — was a sort of profanation of the day; and we gladly turned aside to visit the rural jail of the town.

Upon the principal street or road of Baddeck stands the dreadful prison-house. It is a story and a quarter edifice, built of stone and substantially whitewashed; retired a little from the road, with a square of green turf in front of it, I should have taken it for the residence of the Dairyman's Daughter, but for the iron gratings at the lower windows. A more inviting place to spend the summer in, a vicious person could not have. The Scotch keeper of it

is an old, garrulous, obliging man, and keeps cod-fish tackle to loan. I think that if he had a prisoner who was fond of fishing he would take him with him on the bay in pursuit of the mackerel and the cod. If the prisoner were to take advantage of his freedom and attempt to escape, the jailer's feelings would be hurt, and public opinion would hardly approve the prisoner's conduct.

The jail door was hospitably open, and the keeper invited us to enter. Having seen the inside of a good many prisons in our own country (officially) we were interested in inspecting this. It was a favorable time for doing so, for there happened to be a man confined there, a circumstance which seemed to increase the keeper's feeling of responsibility in his office. The edifice had four rooms on the ground floor, and an attic sleeping-room above. Three of these rooms, which were perhaps twelve feet by fifteen feet, were cells; the third was occupied by the jailer's family. The family were now also occupying the front cell — a cheerful room, commanding a view of the village street and of the bay. A prisoner of a philosophic turn of mind, who had committed some crime of sufficient magnitude to make him willing to retire from the world for a season and rest, might enjoy himself here very well.

The jailer exhibited his premises with an air of modesty. In the rear was a small yard, surrounded by a board fence, in which the prisoner took his exercise. An active boy could climb over it, and an enterprising pig could go through it almost anywhere. The keeper said that he intended at the next court to ask the commissioners to build the fence higher and stop up the holes. Otherwise the jail was in good condition. Its inmates were few; in fact, it was rather apt to be empty: its occupants were usually prisoners for debt, or for some trifling breach of the peace, committed under the influence of the liquor that makes one "unco happy." Whether or not the people of the region have a high moral standard, crime is almost unknown; the jail itself is an evidence of primeval simplicity. The great incident in the old jailer's life had been the rescue of a well-known citizen who was confined on a charge of misuse of public money. The keeper showed me a place in the outer wall of the front cell, where an attempt had been made to batter a hole through. The Highland clan and kinsfolk of the alleged defaulter came one night and threatened to knock the jail in pieces if he was not given up. They bruised the wall, broke the windows, and finally smashed in the door and took their man away. The jailer was greatly excited at this rudeness, and went almost immediately and purchased a pistol. He said that for a time he did n't feel safe in the jail without it. The mob had thrown stones at the upper windows, in order to awaken him, and had insulted him with cursing and offensive language.

Having finished inspecting the building, I was unfortunately moved by I know not what national pride and knowledge of institutions superior to this at home, to say, —

"This is a pleasant jail, but it does n't look much like our great prisons; we have as many as a thousand to twelve hundred men in some of our institutions."

"Aye, aye, I have heard tell," said the jailer, shaking his head in pity, "it 's an awfu' place, an awfu' place — the United States. I suppose it 's the wickedest country that ever was in the world. I don't know — I don't know what is to become of it. It 's worse than Sodom. There was that dreadful war on the South; and I hear now it 's very unsafe, full of murders and robberies and corruption."

I did not attempt to correct this impression concerning my native land, for I saw it was a comfort to the simple jailer, but I tried to put a thorn into him by saying, —

"Yes, we have a good many criminals, but the majority of them, the majority of those in jails, are foreigners; they come from Ireland, England, and the Provinces."

But the old man only shook his head

more solemnly, and persisted, "It 's an awfu' wicked country."

Before I came away I was permitted to have an interview with the sole prisoner, a very pleasant and talkative man, who was glad to see company, especially intelligent company who understood about things, he was pleased to say. I have seldom met a more agreeable rogue, or one so philosophical, — a man of travel and varied experiences. He was a lively, robust Provincial of middle age, bullet-headed, with a mass of curly black hair, and small, round black eyes, that danced and sparkled with good-humor. He was by trade a carpenter, and had a work-bench in his cell, at which he worked on week-days. He had been put in jail on suspicion of stealing a buffalo-robe, and he lay in jail eight months, waiting for the judge to come to Baddeck on his yearly circuit. He did not steal the robe, as he assured me, but it was found in his house, and the judge gave him four months in jail, making a year in all — a month of which was still to serve. But he was not at all anxious for the end of his term; for his wife was outside.

Jock, for he was familiarly so called, asked me where I was from. As I had not found it very profitable to hail from the United States, and had found, in fact, that the name United States did not convey any definite impression to the average Cape Breton mind, I ventured upon the bold assertion, for which I hope Bostonians will forgive me, that I was from Boston. For Boston is known in the eastern Provinces.

"Are you?" cried the man, delighted. "I 've lived in Boston, myself. There 's just been an awful fire near there."

"Indeed!" I said; "I heard nothing of it." And I was startled with the possibility that Boston had burned up again while we were crawling along through Nova Scotia.

"Yes, here it is, in the last paper." The man bustled away and found his late paper, and thrust it through the grating, with the inquiry,

"Can you read?"

Though the question was unexpected, and I had never thought before whether I could read or not, I confessed that I could probably make out the meaning, and took the newspaper. The report of the fire "near Boston" turned out to be the old news of the conflagration in Portland, Oregon!

Disposed to devote a portion of this Sunday to the reformation of this lively criminal, I continued the conversation with him. It seemed that he had been in jail before, and was not unaccustomed to the life. He was not often lonesome; he had his work-bench and newspapers, and it was a quiet place; on the whole he enjoyed it, and should rather regret it when his time was up, a month from then.

Had he any family?

"Oh, yes. When the census was round, I contributed more to it than anybody in town. Got a wife and eleven children."

"Well, don't you think it would pay best to be honest, and live with your family, out of jail? You surely never had anything but trouble from dishonesty."

"That 's about so, boss. I mean to go on the square after this. But, you see," and here he began to speak confidentially, "things are fixed about so in this world, and a man 's got to live his life. I 'll tell you how it was. It all came about from a woman. I was a carpenter, had a good trade, and went down to St. Peters to work. There I got acquainted with a Frenchwoman — you know what Frenchwomen are — and I had to marry her. The fact is she was rather low family; not so very low, you know, but not so good as mine. Well, I wanted to go to Boston to work at my trade, but she would n't go; and I went, but she would n't come to me, so in two or three years I came back. A man can't help himself, you know, when he gets in with a woman, especially a Frenchwoman. Things did n't go very well, and never have. I can't make much out of it, but I reckon a man 's got to live his life. Ain't that about so?"

"Perhaps so. But you 'd better try to mend matters when you get out. Won't it seem rather good to get out and see your wife and family again?"

"I don't know. I have peace here."

The question of his liberty seemed rather to depress this cheerful and vivacious philosopher, and I wondered what the woman could be from whose companionship the man chose to be protected by jail-bolts. I asked the landlord about her, and his reply was descriptive and sufficient. He only said, "She 's a yelper."

Besides the church and the jail there are no public institutions in Baddeck to see on Sunday, or on any other day; but it has very good schools, and the examination papers of Maud and her elder sister would do credit to Boston scholars even. You would not say that the place was stuffed with books, or overrun by lecturers, but it is an orderly, Sabbath-keeping, fairly intelligent town. Book-agents visit it with other commercial travelers, but the flood of knowledge, which is said to be the beginning of sorrow, is hardly turned in that direction yet. I heard of a feeble lecture course in Halifax, supplied by local celebrities, some of them from St. John; but so far as I can see, this is a virgin field for the platform philosophers under whose instructions we have become the well-informed people we are.

The peaceful jail and the somewhat tiresome church exhaust one's opportunities for doing good in Baddeck on Sunday. There seemed to be no idlers about, to reprove; the occasional lounger on the skeleton wharves was in his Sunday clothes, and therefore within the statute. No one, probably, would have thought of rowing out beyond the island to fish for cod, although as that fish is ready to bite, and his associations are more or less sacred, there might be excuses for angling for him on Sunday, when it would be wicked to throw a line for another sort of fish. My earliest recollections are of the cod-fish on the meeting-house spires in New England — his sacred tail pointing the way the wind went. I did not know then why this emblem should be placed upon a house of worship, any more than I knew why cod-fish balls appeared always upon the Sunday breakfast-table. But these associations invested this plebeian fish with something of a religious character, which he has never quite lost, in my mind.

Having attributed the quiet of Baddeck on Sunday to religion, we did not know to what to lay the quiet on Monday. But its peacefulness continued. I have no doubt that the farmers began to farm, and the traders to trade, and the sailors to sail, but the tourist felt that he had come into a place of rest. The promise of the red sky the evening before was fulfilled in another royal day. There was an inspiration in the air that one looks for rather in the mountains than on the sea-coast; it seemed like some new and gentle compound of sea-air and land-air, which was the perfection of breathing material. In this atmosphere, which seemed to flow over all these Atlantic isles at this season, one endures a great deal of exertion with little fatigue, or he is content to sit still, and has no feeling of sluggishness. Mere living is a kind of happiness, and the easy-going traveler is satisfied with little to do and less to see. Let the reader not understand that we are recommending him to go to Baddeck. Far from it. The reader was never yet advised to go to any place, which he did not growl about if he took the advice and went there. If he discovers it himself, the case is different. We know too well what would happen. A shoal of travelers would pour down upon Cape Breton, taking with them their dyspepsia, their liver-complaints, their lights derangements, their discontent, their guns and fishing-tackle, their big trunks, their desire for rapid travel, their enthusiasm about the Gaelic language, their love for nature; and they would very likely declare that there was nothing in it. And the traveler would probably be right, so far as he is concerned. There are few whom it would pay to go a thousand miles for the sake of sitting on the dock at Baddeck when the sun goes down, and watching the purple lights

on the islands and the distant hills, the red flush in the horizon and on the lake, and the creeping on of gray twilight. You can see all that as well elsewhere? I am not so sure. There is a harmony of beauty about the Bras d'Or at Baddeck which is lacking in many scenes of more pretension.

No. We advise no person to go to Cape Breton. But if any one does go, he need not lack occupation. If he is there late in the fall or early in the winter, he may hunt, with good luck, if he is able to hit anything with a rifle, the moose and the caribou on that long wilderness peninsula between Baddeck and Aspy Bay, where the old cable landed. He may also have his fill of salmon fishing in June and July, especially on the Marjorie River. As late as August, at the time of our visit, a hundred people were camped in tents on the Marjorie, wiling the salmon with the delusive fly, and leading him to death with a hook in his nose. The speckled trout lives in all the streams, and can be caught whenever he will bite. The day we went for him appeared to be an off-day, a sort of holiday with him.

There is one place, however, which the traveler must not fail to visit. That is St. Ann's Bay. He will go light of baggage, for he must hire a farmer to carry him from the Bras d'Or to the branch of St. Ann's harbor, and a part of his journey will be in a row-boat. There is no ride on the continent, of the kind, so full of picturesque beauty and constant surprises as this around the indentations of St. Ann's harbor. From the high promontory where rests the fishing village of St. Ann, the traveler will cross to English Town. High bluffs, bold shores, exquisite sea-views, mountainous ranges, delicious air, the society of a member of the Dominion parliament — these are some of the things to be enjoyed at this place. In point of grandeur and beauty it surpasses Mt. Desert, and is really the most attractive place on the whole line of the Atlantic Cable. If the traveler has any sentiment in him he will visit here, not without emotion, the grave of the Nova Scotia Giant, who recently laid his huge frame along this, his native shore. A man of gigantic height and awful breadth of shoulders, with a hand as big as a shovel, there was nothing mean or little in his soul. While the visitor is gazing at his vast shoes, which now can be used only as sledges, he will be told that the Giant was greatly respected by his neighbors as a man of ability and simple integrity. He was not spoiled by his metropolitan successes, bringing home from his foreign triumphs the same quiet and friendly demeanor he took away; he is almost the only example of a successful public man, who did not feel bigger than he was. He performed his duty in life without ostentation, and returned to the home he loved, unspoiled by the flattery of constant public curiosity. He knew, having tried both, how much better it is to be good than to be great. I should like to have known him. I should like to know how the world looked to him from his altitude. I should like to know how much food it took at one time to make an impression on him; I should like to know what effect an idea of ordinary size had in his capacious head. I should like to feel that thrill of physical delight he must have experienced in merely closing his hand over something. It is a pity that he could not have been educated all through, beginning at a high school, and ending in a university. There was a field for the multifarious new education! If we could have annexed him with his island, I should like to have seen him in the Senate of the United States. He would have made foreign nations respect that body, and fear his lightest remark like a declaration of war. And he would have been at home in that body of great men. Alas! he has passed away, leaving little influence except a good example of growth, and a grave which is a new promontory on that ragged coast swept by the winds of the untamed Atlantic.

I could describe the Bay of St. Ann more minutely and graphically if it were desirable to do so; but I trust that enough has been said to make the trav-

eler wish to go there. I more unreservedly urge him to go there, because we did not go, and we should feel no responsibility for his liking or disliking. He will go upon the recommendation of two gentlemen of taste and travel whom we met at Baddeck, residents of Maine and familiar with most of the odd and striking combinations of land and water in coast scenery. When a Maine man admits that there is any place finer than Mt. Desert, it is worth making a note of.

On Monday we went a-fishing. Davie hitched to a rattling wagon something that he called a horse, a small, rough animal with a great deal of "go" in him if he could be coaxed to show it. For the first half-hour he went mostly in a circle in front of the inn, going indifferently backwards or forwards, perfectly willing to go down the road, but refusing to start along the bay in the direction of Middle River. Of course a crowd collected to give advice and make remarks, and women appeared at the doors and windows of adjacent houses. Davie said he did n't care anything about the conduct of the horse — he could start him after a while, but he did n't like to have all the town looking at him, especially the girls; and besides, such an exhibition affected the market value of the horse. We sat in the wagon circling round and round, sometimes in the ditch and sometimes out of it, and Davie "whaled" the horse with his whip and abused him with his tongue. It was a pleasant day, and the spectators increased.

There are two ways of managing a balky horse. My companion knew one of them and I the other. His method is to sit quietly in the wagon, and at short intervals throw a small pebble at the horse. The theory is that these repeated sudden annoyances will operate on a horse's mind, and he will try to escape them by going on. The spectators supplied my friend with stones, and he pelted the horse with measured gentleness. Probably the horse understood this method, for he did not notice the attack at all. My plan was to speak gently to the horse, requesting him to go, and then to follow the refusal by one sudden, sharp cut of the lash; to wait a moment, and then repeat the operation. The dread of the coming lash after the gentle word will start any horse. I tried this, and with a certain success. The horse backed us into the ditch, and would probably have backed himself into the wagon, if I had continued. When the animal was at length ready to go, Davie took him by the bridle, ran by his side, coaxed him into a gallop, and then, leaping in behind, lashed him into a run, which had little respite for ten miles, up hill or down. Remonstrance on behalf of the horse was in vain, and it was only on the return home that this specimen Cape Breton driver began to reflect how he could erase the welts from the horse's back before his father saw them.

Our way lay along the charming bay of the Bras d'Or, over the sprawling bridge of the Big Baddeck, a black, sedgy, lonesome stream, to Middle River, which debouches out of a scraggy country into a bayou with ragged shores, about which the Indians have encampments, and in which are the skeleton stakes of fish-weirs. Saturday night we had seen trout jumping in the still water above the bridge. We followed the stream up two or three miles to a Gaelic settlement of farmers. The river here flows through lovely meadows, sandy, fertile, and sheltered by hills — a green Eden, one of the few peaceful inhabited spots in the world. I could conceive of no news coming to these Highlanders later than the defeat of the Pretender. Turning from the road, through a lane and crossing a shallow brook, we reached the dwelling of one of the original McGregors, or at least as good as an original. Mr. McGregor is a fiery-haired Scotchman and brother, cordial and hospitable, who entertained our wayward horse, and freely advised us where the trout on his farm were most likely to be found at this season of the year.

It would be a great pleasure to speak well of Mr. McGregor's residence, but

truth is older than Scotchmen, and the reader looks to us for truth and not flattery. Though the McGregor seems to have a good farm, his house is little better than a shanty — a rather cheerless place for the "woman" to slave away her uneventful life in, and bring up her scantily clothed and semi-wild flock of children. And yet I suppose there must be happiness in it — there always is where there are plenty of children, and milk enough for them. A white-haired boy who lacked adequate trousers, small though he was, was brought forward by his mother to describe a trout he had recently caught, which was nearly as long as the boy himself. The young Gael's invention was rewarded by a present of real fish-hooks. We found here in this rude cabin the hospitality that exists in all remote regions where travelers are few. Mrs. McGregor had none of that reluctance, which women feel in all more civilized agricultural regions, to "break a pan of milk," and Mr. McGregor even pressed us to partake freely of that simple drink. And he refused to take any pay for it, in a sort of surprise that such a simple act of hospitality should have any commercial value. But travelers themselves destroy one of their chief pleasures. No doubt we planted the notion in the McGregor mind that the small kindnesses of life may be made profitable, by offering to pay for the milk; and probably the next travelers in that Eden will succeed in leaving some small change there, if they use a little tact.

It was late in the season for trout. Perhaps the McGregor was aware of that when he freely gave us the run of the stream in his meadows, and pointed out the pools where we should be sure of good luck. It was a charming August day, just the day that trout enjoy lying in cool deep places, and moving their fins in quiet content, indifferent to the skimming fly or to the proffered sport of rod and reel. The Middle River gracefully winds through this Vale of Tempe over a sandy bottom, sometimes sparkling in shallows, and then gently reposing in the broad bends of the grassy banks. It was in one of these bends, where the stream swirled around in seductive eddies, that we tried our skill. We heroically waded the stream and threw our flies from the highest bank; but neither in the black water nor in the sandy shallows could any trout be coaxed to spring to the deceitful leaders. We enjoyed the distinction of being the only persons who had ever failed to strike trout in that pool, and this was something. The meadows were sweet with the newly cut grass, the wind softly blew down the river, large white clouds sailed high overhead and cast shadows on the changing water, but to all these gentle influences the fish were insensible, and sulked in their cool retreats. At length in a small brook flowing into the Middle River we found the trout more sociable; and it is lucky that we did so, for I should with reluctance stain these pages with a fiction; and yet the public would have just reason to resent a fish story without any fish in it. Under a bank, in a pool crossed by a log and shaded by a tree, we found a drove of the speckled beauties at home — dozens of them a foot long, each moving lazily a little, their black backs relieved by their colored fins. They must have seen us, but at first they showed no desire for a closer acquaintance. To the red ibis and the white miller and the brown hackle and the gray fly they were alike indifferent. Perhaps the love for made flies is an artificial taste and has to be cultivated. These at any rate were uncivilized trout, and it was only when we took the advice of the young McGregor and baited our hooks with the angle-worm, that the fish joined in our day's sport. They could not resist the lively wiggle of the worm before their very noses, and we lifted them out one after another, gently, and very much as if we were hooking them out of a barrel, until we had a handsome string. It may have been fun for them, but it was not much sport for us. All the small ones the young McGregor contemptuously threw back into the water. The sportsman will perhaps learn from this incident that there are

plenty of trout in Cape Breton in August, but that the fishing is not exhilarating.

The next morning the semi-weekly steamboat from Sidney came into the bay, and drew all the male inhabitants of Baddeck down to the wharf; and the two travelers, reluctant to leave the hospitable inn, and the peaceful jail, and the double-barreled church, and all the loveliness of this reposeful place, prepared to depart. The most conspicuous person on the steamboat was a thin man whose extraordinary height was made more striking by his very long-waisted black coat and his very short pantaloons. He was so tall that he had a little difficulty in keeping his balance, and his hat was set upon the back of his head to preserve his equilibrium. He had arrived at that stage when people affected as he was are oratorical, and overflowing with information and good-nature. With what might in strict art be called an excess of expletives, he explained that he was a civil engineer, that he had lost his rubber-coat, that he was a great traveler in the Provinces, and he seemed to find a humorous satisfaction in reiterating the fact of his familiarity with Painsec-Junction. It evidently hovered in the misty horizon of his mind as a joke, and he contrived to present it to his audience in that light. From the deck of the steamboat he addressed the town, and then, to the relief of the passengers, he decided to go ashore. When the boat drew away on her voyage we left him swaying perilously near the edge of the wharf, good-naturedly resenting the grasp of his coat-tail by a friend, addressing us upon the topics of the day, and wishing us prosperity and the Fourth of July. His was the only effort in the nature of a public lecture that we heard in the Provinces, and we could not judge of his ability without hearing a "course."

Perhaps it needed this slight disturbance, and the contrast of this hazy mind with the serene clarity of the day, to put us into the most complete enjoyment of our voyage. Certainly, as we glided out upon the summer waters and began to get the graceful outlines of the widening shores, it seemed as if we had taken passage to the Fortunate Islands.

Charles Dudley Warner.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

I.

I HEARD a song so sweet and rare,
Its tuneful path was through the air,
Its death the echo of a prayer.

My face flamed as the Singer's should,
But hers — rained on with flowers, she stood
As one who mourns a half-won good;

The song unsung we did not hear,
Though ever to her inward ear
Its prisoned sweetness grew more clear.

II.

The Poet saw through reverent eyes
The blissful world that round us lies —
The play of leaves on twilight skies,

The quiver of a swallow's wings.
So knit are souls of thoughts with things,
That from each form some symbol springs.

And when from pain of bliss he spoke,
Such sense of fairness in men woke,
They called him, Poet of blind folk;

But that rare grace which nature wore,
Haunting the Poet evermore,
Diviner utterance doth implore.

III.

As clouds along the eastern sky
Lean out to see the great sun die,
And turn all crimson where they lie

With glory that he casts aside —
So we, by nearness glorified,
Have watched a white soul, as it died,

Divest itself of human praise,
Deplore the guilt of blameless days,
Bewail the stain of stainless ways.

IV.

Oh futile strife that robs of rest,
And leaves the crownèd soul unblest,
Since still a better mocks its best!

The bitter thought grew sweet in me,
As though an angel changed its key
And set its secret music free.

My Singer, Poet, and pure Heart,
Oh grieve not where you sit apart
Because an ideal mocks your art!

Earth's failures do most strongly plead
For those immortal years whose need
Has worked in men a common creed.

Annie R. Annan.

MOSE EVANS.

PART II.

VI.

Since that night when our landlord flung Odd Archer from the supper-room, he had passed as completely out of my mind also as he then had out of the door. When my wife and myself came from Evans' room, after our conversation just recorded, the door of the apartment immediately across the hall, and from which we had rescued our poor friend, happened to stand open, and I caught passing sight of some one in the same bed from whose slough Evans had been plucked; and at the same moment a well-known voice exclaimed, —

"I say, Anderson! Colonel Anderson!" for I had every grade of title out West, according to my standing with the person speaking. So, letting Helen pass on, I halted a moment in the doorway. Merely the tip of his dissipated nose appearing among the disordered bed-clothing, — Odd Archer, of course!

"You here?" I demanded.

"Had a fall. Arm broken. As if you did not do it!" the lawyer remarks.

"I do it?"

"So the landlord tells me. You might have known I was not responsible. Threw me out of the room. The landlord tells me he was too late to stop you. What was it?"

Without replying, I went below in search of said master of the house. It was of no use. He was but beginning to sober with view to supper money from the coming stage. Besides, I passed his pallid wife on the stairs, and had neither heart nor revolver for any "difficulty" with the man. And the landlord was, in a sense, but telling the truth; he had been but the tongs, so to speak, with which I had disposed of the obnoxious individual. I had no intention at all, when I left his room, of seeing Archer again, but, on second thought, it does not do for a man in business to cut himself utterly off from any other man about him whatsoever. There is no telling, in reference even to the most despicable or insignificant person living, but that, and at any moment, he may become, in the rapid and unexpected complications of business, a dangerous enemy or a powerful friend. Much, too, as I detested the miserable scamp, for my soul I could not help liking him.

"You did perfectly right," he said that same night, when I had told him the facts of his conduct. "A woman! And in the presence of your wife! I deserved all you did, sir, and more, though I would rather you had done what you did with your own hands. They put so *much* strychnine in the whisky, General Anderson! A woman! And unprotected! I was deranged. No, sir, you could not have done otherwise. I knew the landlord lied, or I would not have called you, — would have shot you as soon as my arm had healed. Very strange, how pervasive you Northern people are! You were present when Mose Evans had that difficulty with me, you remember. Permeating! Pervasive! Now the bars of slavery are down, I suppose you Yankees will New Englandize the continent!"

"Certainly! We landed at Plymouth to do that. And we intend to hammer and shape America according to our notion, that we may revolutionize, with this republic, the whole world!" I replied, for the vivacity of the man was infectious. Are the springs of his unwearying, inexhaustible happiness in his body or mind? I asked myself. It was phenomenal that this wretch, who should be the most miserable of men, was always as radiant, to outer appearance at least, as an angel! There he lay, battered, bruised, burned out by

alcohol, undermined in his very marrow by debauchery; possessing hardly a penny in the world, certainly not a friend who would give a copper to have him live; blasted in every memory of the past, with no gleam of hope for the future; yet his rat-like eyes were glittering with joy as well as life! I know no more, at last, of human nature than I do of Sanskrit! It takes the Being who made the heart, the most wonderful of all his worlds, to understand it!

How the man rattled on! He did not care in the least which way the conversation turned. "Yes," he said, after speaking upon almost every other topic, falling back at last, as he invariably did, in the end, upon himself and his own experiences, "I was a remarkable child. I told you so before. You know the children of distinguished ministers always are more bright, petted, accustomed to society, than average children. The trouble with me was that my father, being so very distinguished as the pastor for thirty years of a leading city church, was too much a great divine to be a father at all. A purer hearted, more unselfish, more affectionate, more perfectly exemplary man, even in his securest privacy, never lived. But what time did he get, do you suppose, Anderson, to be a parent? The tinkle of his door-bell was almost as unceasing as that of a sleigh in mid-winter. What a Noah's Ark our house was! Book agents; people in the pressing interest of a hundred societies; persons coming to be married, and, at least by the proxy of their friends, to be buried; husbands requiring a ten minutes' conversation, lasting an hour, to the effect that if their pastor did not see and talk to their wives, they could stand it no longer and there must be a separation; and wives, staying twice as long, to urge the same, with floods of tears, about their husbands. Young men in reference to young ladies — stop! I bear in mind perfectly a young lady who laid before my father, never noticing me playing dominoes under the parlor table, this case in regard to her betrothed: 'John wanted me last night to lay my hand on our parlor Bible, and solemnly make oath that I loved him. Now, my dear pastor' (I remember, Anderson, what a modest, beautiful, lady-like girl she was, and how eagerly she looked at my father through her tears, her veil on one side), 'dear Dr. Archer, my mother is dead, and pa don't care; *ought* John to ask me that? He knows I love him with all my heart, but he says he cannot marry me unless I will *swear* I do! I never swore in my life!' Child as I was, the embryo lawyer in me was aware it was only a trick of the scoundrel to get off from his engagement because her father had lost money, or he had found a richer girl!" and here Mr. Archer paused, only to begin again. "When a man has a household, Anderson, of two thousand souls, — *souls*, mind, — and has to fit them for eternity as well as for time, how can he devote himself to his two or three children? When the children of such a man turn out well, as they very often do, the most effective piety of the distinguished father lies in accomplishing that! I don't want to bore you to death, Anderson," he paused again at this point to remark.

"Oh, go on, I am quite interested," I said, for I had no desire to talk; the velocity, so to speak, of the man wearied me from trying to say anything. And I am satisfied the acquaintance of General Throop and myself had unloosed in him thoughts which had been repressed for years in his Brown County burial. "Even leave out all my father's engagements," he continued; "take his choir, for instance! The bellows-blower out of sight is not the only person of whom no one knows or cares, by whom, really, all the music is produced. It is the pastor, sir. Musical people are so sensitive; only by unceasing and most delicate tact did my father prevent harshest discord around the organ. And religious people, sir, are the most tensely strung of all people; only by the perpetual power of a deeper piety did my father control and impel them, controlling *to* impel. I must and will say, as an entire outsider, Anderson, that piety is a force! We have enough of

science among the politics, and receipts for making best butter in our papers out there, for me to have read something upon the subject. Not having a particle myself, I know religion to be an actual force; a something which hurls that old New Hampshire, for instance, — my father, too, during all my knowledge of him, — as I hurl a brick! The unscientific thing about it is, you cannot correlate it with — I mean, it never runs into greed, ambition; physical energy, apart from and dead against these. The philosophers trace all known force, don't they, to the sun? Here is an acknowledged force, seems to me, traceable to, and demonstrating the unknown and the unknowable God. See, Anderson?"

I merely assented by a nod, and he was off again.

"Because, you know, life, vegetable and animal, the highest force with which we are acquainted, is precisely that force which science fails to track and comprehend. Now religion is but a sort of stronger life from God. There is gravity, too, which contradicts all laws of correlation and conservation. Scientists say gravity, holding and hurling all worlds from a central sun, in virtue of its attraction, — attraction, mind, — is at once the strongest, broadest, most incomprehensible force known. They had better class the direct power of the Deity upon the soul with gravity, say, and let it alone! But I am talking about myself, a subject which I understand, however, far less than I do science even.

"The trouble is, I was lost among my father's crowd — two thousand — of children. The patriarch Jacob was not a circumstance to him. He would have me in his study, at my book or blocks, while he was at his sermon for Sunday. As he warmed to it, I was out of existence to him. He was very eloquent, and I have watched him write, how often! All cool and concordance at the beginning of a sermon, tearing up sheet after sheet and starting again, then the pen would begin to fly, the light would come to his eyes, he would repeat aloud while writing. Sometimes I have stopped from my play to wonder at him writing like lightning, with the tears rolling down his cheeks and dropping upon the paper as he wrote. Often he would straighten himself up in his chair, both hands stretched out in earnest argument, the pen in one of them, and say to me building houses across the floor, 'O undying soul! how can you resist the logic of love omnipotent as that!' or something of the kind, his face aglow like that of an angel. Suddenly a tap at his door, and our black Corrilla would peep in and say, 'Oh, Mass Austin, I'se so sorry, but gen'l'man in parlor, say he must see you, on'y five minits!' When I add that, arrested in mid career, my father, the tears still wetting his cheeks or the light of victorious argument sparkling in his eyes, would say, 'Oh, bother!' it was not in anger, but in pure sorrow; and it was beautiful, — for I was glad to run down with him, — yes, beautiful, his courtesy, even cordiality, to a perfect stranger, demanding, very often, that he should subscribe for one of those gorgeously gilded, wood-illustrated good books, for which a minister has as much use as a skilled carpenter has for a toy saw! Even when my father would lie on the lounge in the sitting-room, on the rare evenings he did not go out, in the brief intervals between visits, while he played with his children, his mind was on some pressing case in his church, or he would keep saying to us seated on his knees, 'Yes, darling, oh yes,' while he jotted down a memorandum or so for his next sermon. His church prospered, but his children perished!"

"Eli, as of old!" I interjected here.

"And I Hophni and Phineas rolled into one, yes!" and the lawyer turned himself a little in his rat-like burrow among the dirty bedclothes to continue, "only it was an over-occupied Samuel, in this case, not Eli at all. Samuel's scoundrel sons were judges, you remember, that is, lawyers fully developed, overturning by their rascality the theocracy of the Hebrews and bringing about a monarchy instead!

"The other guilty party," he added, "was my equally innocent mother. All

along she had her hands full, if merely to keep our heavy expenses in such bounds as not to worry her husband, for, like all eloquent men, he had an insufficient idea of the immortal value of a dollar, a soul being, instead, *his* standard. She was an invalid, too. Besides, she died when I was ten, — absorbed herself then among the church in heaven as my father was in that on earth! Well for church, well for parents, but what about me! Look at the influence of Miss Throop upon Mose Evans! I tell you, Anderson, I never had the firm white hand of a pure woman upon me, since my mother died; and God in heaven knows the sort of influence the other kind of women exert, as powerful in another direction!"

There was so long a pause here that I supposed the man had exhausted himself. He winced a little as he raised his arm; encumbered by splints and bandages, with his other hand, and added after awhile, —

"Oh, never mind the dirty details. Paul said, By the grace of God I am what I am; and I was just about saying, By lack of the grace of God, I too am what I am! But I am as under oath to speak actual fact, and, jack-leg lawyer, disreputable, intemperate, and everything else that I am to-day, I know as well as a man can know anything that, with all my capacity and opportunity, I could and should have been very different from what I am. I do not understand why Heaven left me to the grip of evil influence when I was such a mere child, ardent, ignorant, wax to the handling, — all I am to-day the growth of that! Sparks which should have slept in the soul for ten years longer, blown by the lips of our negroes into consuming fires — poor, miserable, utterly helpless child!" The man was weeping, pathos in his tones and manner such as I fail to be able to describe. Some moments passed before he continued more gravely, "Mind, sir, I am speaking solely of myself; mine may be an exceptional case. Nor would you have ever heard me say all this if I had not been trapped so in this sick-bed" — strong profanity — "and nothing to do but talk. Yet I know, as well as you, sir, that the unmitigated scoundrel I am to-day is, at last, of my own making! Any jury, any God, would hold me personally responsible and punish me, and justly, as all my conscience agrees! I do not understand beyond this why, while I take an interest in every other client, — the greater the scamp the deeper the interest, — of myself, Anderson, as my worst client, I am tired to death and throw up the case! Why, sir, I am as thoroughly disgusted with myself as you can be."

"And yet," I remarked after a long silence, "you are so strangely happy, Mr. Archer, generally, at least" —

"Temperament, sir! Talent, — if I dared say it, — genius, sir! and, did you know it? the highest genius is merely spinal disease: Robert Hall, for instance. Dare say, sir," he added, "Satan himself, by very force of character, has a certain sort of joy! People fling me off from them with a shudder, as they would a clot of filth from their hand! I am so mired through that it is impossible the hand of my mother can ever touch me again. I dare not kill myself; I was taught to believe about the after life, that I shall be forever and ever myself still, you observe! Drunk? What is left me but to get the drunkest drunk possible? With all that, you say true, I am always happy, very happy even while miserable. Genius, sir, is joy! an infernal sort, I acknowledge, in my instance!"

And yet, when I hailed the opportunity and was about to enter upon conversation which might possibly benefit him —

"Bah!" he suddenly exclaimed with total and inconceivable change of manner, "what a fool I am! you a land agent and brought to tears, and that by a jack-leg lawyer! How do you know I have n't been merely lying to you to kill time. But, as a gentleman, I have n't. The man is dead, let us talk of something else!

"Now, Anderson," he continued, every trace of seriousness gone, happy as a lark, the facile face overflowing

with vivacity, "you have been in Carolina so long, I wonder you have not asked the Brown County news. I am just from there, you know."

"General Throop and family are well," I replied; "I have had a letter today from him;" for I saw, as even his own father would have seen, that it was useless to try to talk seriously to him then, and bided my time.

"Magnificent man! Reminds one, with his portly person and white head, of a magnolia! Mrs. Throop," the lawyer continued, "is a lady. I am surprised she does not leave religious fanaticism to Northerners — ah, excuse me. Our Southern ministers, at least, are as orthodox as they are eloquent! Miss Throop I respect and admire too much to approach. Have you any such ladies North, sir? Ah, excuse me, Mrs. Anderson" —

"Is a Southern lady, Mr. Archer; but you speak," I continued with heat, "without the slightest knowledge of the North. I decline to converse upon the subject!"

"Pardon me," my companion replied with his indescribable air of good breeding, although swathed to the chin in the bedclothing, "it is impossible for me to offend upon that theme. I may not have told you, but I studied law at Cambridge. Besides, many of my friends in Carolina are married to ladies from the North. Ladies more beautiful, intelligent, charming in every sense, I never met. I am compelled, however, to add, neither I, nor you, sir, ever met a lady of the remarkable magnetism, if I dare so speak, of Miss Throop, South or North. My only objection to the Northern ladies married South, whom I met during the war, was the excess, I almost said exceeding violence of feeling against their former section; invariably so, and surely they are not to blame for that! But, pardon me. Did General Throop say anything," he continued, "about Mose Evans?" And, as he says it, the speaker reverts from the man of breeding and society to the "low-down" lawyer in the cross-examination manner of the question.

"Merely that he had made himself very useful, so useful that he regretted he had so suddenly left, because, the General supposed, of his mother's death, though taking place some time before. Harry Peters rents the place," I added, and desired to change the subject. I had no intention this slippery person should be mixed up in Mose Evans' matters if I could help it. "How is Mr. Parkinson?" I asked.

"Terribly in love with Miss Throop. He had better make up his mind to one of the fat Miss Robinsons. All he has to do is to marry her part of the plantation and be comfortable for life. Do you know how Mose Evans was taken sick?" the lawyer asked eagerly.

"Some form of typhoid" —I began.

"Shows the difference between us. You look at men only with reference to land. Well you came when you did. Drugged, sir. It was well known the man had money when he left Brownstown. Has n't he told you how he was waylaid along the road? Narrow escape, I tell you. That is why I came down. No one can help liking the man. If, after that matter with his mother, I could" —

"Drugged?"

"By a Methodist preacher. Of course he was n't a preacher of any sort; a brother of Dob Butler. Oh, I know him; have defended him, too, you see; dressed up in a long coat and longer face for the purpose. They found out Mose Evans was a religious man. That rascal actually read Scripture, sang hymns, and prayed with him! There is an organized gang of them," the lawyer lowered his voice as he said it.

"But the landlord never told me," I began.

"Why, sir, that is one reason," Mr. Archer explained, with a smile at my simplicity, "he was so very willing to pitch me out at your suggestion. So far a sa fool can be a villain, he is one of them. This house is one of their head-quarters. They did their level best to banter Evans into cards; they would have cleaned him out in one night. Then the mock preacher slipped

some drug into Evans' coffee, while waiting upon him so kindly. If they had not overdone the matter in their eagerness, by putting in too much, and he had not had the constitution he has, it would have killed him; fortunately it drove him only into fever. We lawyers know everything and everybody. If you have money, Anderson, don't be *brash* about it. I know your wife is a great protection, — they always respect a lady, — but be careful. If they rob and murder you, no hope in your last moments anybody will be hung. They will employ me, and I am sure to get them off!" I saw nothing at all witty, however, in the lawyer's fun, "the crackling of thorns under a pot," which wearied me, and so I rose to go. I had wakened the man's memory of early days into a flood which cared nothing as to the way it ran, so that it could be allowed to flow on. Besides, it was getting late, and Helen would be uneasy.

"Hold on, Major Anderson," he begged, as I got up from beside his bed.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Archer, it is nearly eleven" —

"Stop a moment. It is about Mose Evans I want to speak. Things have happened on the Throop place. He will never tell you. You know Job Peters?"

"As General Throop's overseer, I think I know all you can tell me," I said, for I hated to have him speak upon matters which I was coming to regard as sacred beyond the handling of even Helen, my wife.

"Be a sensible man, Anderson, and stop," the man said without a particle of merriment. "Lift a fellow up; I want to talk to you!"

I had tended in hospitals during the war, — about half a century ago, it seemed to me, — so that I did not shrink while the man clasped his unbroken arm around my neck and I lifted him as well as I could out of the hole of his bulging bed, propped him up with the bolster doubled over behind his back, and laid his splintered arm upon the dirty pillow before him. Unrequested I wet the end of a towel and wiped his face, brushing back from his fine forehead the hair with, I am compelled to say, a clothes brush, which I found on the washstand.

"Thank you. Slight-built men, like you and myself, make splendid nurses. I once knew a doctor, red-headed, feminine, not longer than your little finger" —

"But about Mose Evans, Mr. Archer."

"Yes, Job Peters was hired, as you are aware, by the General, to manage the freedmen. You know Job, Anderson, Harry Peters' brother? He could n't rule the freed blacks with the cowhide as of old, so he tried sarcasm!"

"Sarcasm?"

"His bitter fun, you see. One would n't suppose the negroes would care for that, but," added the lawyer, "I declare I honor them for it, they did. It was worse — his words — than persimmons before frost; bitter, stinging, never ceasing. 'How many lumps of dirt in your cotton basket *to-day*, *Mr.* Samuel?' 'Ah, *Mrs.* Julia Jones, a lady of color, and have to work, heh?' 'You coming to me for pay, Mr. Walter? I thought you had concluded to be governor of the State!' Nonsense like that to the hands, and always at it! Not in fun, no laugh about it, bitterly; and things worse than that; they can't help having been made free, poor wretches! It was not fair in Job. They got worn out with it at last — his fun. First thing you know, General Throop, — of course he had only Job Peters' story, — was out one afternoon among the blacks at the gin, in a passion. The General can't reconcile himself to the change, it is the world upside down to him; he is getting suddenly infirm, too, and tremulous. Broke his gold headed cane over the head of the foreman of the crop before he knew it. If the negroes had not respected the old General so, there would have been trouble right then. I suppose one of the ladies must have been frightened and sent over to him as the nearest person; but Mose Evans came in after supper. Mr. Parkinson told me about it. The General was in a bad humor, and Job Peters was the same, as he al-

ways is. In the presence of the ladies, too. The hands had struck work, you see, — gone!

"'You ought never to strike a negro on the head, General,' Job Peters was saying. 'It breaks your cane and does n't hurt him. I always strike for the shins instead!' But Job lied; he is a coward — can hardly walk under the revolvers he wears in the cotton patch, since the blacks were freed.

"'What do you say, Mr. Evans?' the General asked.

"'I would try and strike between,' Evans said, smiling.

"'What do you mean by that?' Job roars out, for he had had one or two difficulties with Evans before. I suppose Mr. Parkinson put it into better words than Evans could use; but he told me Evans said he would try to handle them by their heart, better feelings, nonsense of that sort. I suppose Peters saw it was all over with himself, so far as overseeing those negroes was concerned, and pitched in, as the boys say. In the very supper-room with the old General and the ladies! The ladies told Mr. Parkinson next day and he told me. By the bye, Anderson, I do believe that Mr. Parkinson is trying to convert me, he stops to talk with me so often," the lawyer pauses to explain; "but the parson said it was beautiful. You see, Evans is very strong, as cool as he is strong. He took Peters in his grasp, — you remember my case, Anderson, — one hand over his foul mouth, like a little baby, and walked him quietly as he could out of the house, out of the front yard, out of hearing. I do not know, paddled him well, I suppose, when he had him out of hearing. There has been no Job Peters on the place since!"

"But who is overseer?" I inquire of the lawyer, doubting, for the first time, if I had not had more reference to my own interest than that of General Throop, when I effected our exchange of Charleston and Brown County property; at last, I *may* know myself less than I do any other acquaintance!

"Overseer? Mose Evans! It was not his seeking. He got me to draw up the lease with Harry Peters for his mother's place, now his, of course; and," Mr. Archer added, "I knew what he meant by employing *me*. He knows it was not so much my fault, at last, that about his mother. The lease is for years. He intended leaving as soon as he could settle up his mother's estate; for, I tell you, sir, she held him and everything else, those strayed cattle, for instance, in her grip, while she lived! General Throop was left so helpless, you observe. The ladies, too. He took a room at his old home, with Harry. Harry thinks the world of him, especially since his trouble with Job. The old gentleman is so feeble. Whatever he may have been when they were slaves, so bewildered about the negroes now they are free, that he turned the whole plantation over to Evans. This made it necessary Mose should be at the house a great deal, reporting the day's cotton picking, ginning, pressing, contract kept, contract broken, and the like. I only know he got in the General's crop. Saw it to the mouth, — mouth of the river, our port, you know. Sold it and bought the General's supplies."

I rose to my feet with deeper sympathy for poor Evans! It was not his fault — so closely associated with the family — even if he knew all the time of Mr. Clammeigh's engagement. Apart from that, how could he hope to be considered in any other light than as an exceedingly ignorant although very useful Brown County boor, by the young lady in question? I did *not* mention the fact to the lawyer, but it all came back upon me at the moment, and I will state it here, even if Helen sees it and I die. I refer to the last day I was in Brown County before returning to Charleston. I had called at General Throop's to bid them good-by. The General was asleep somewhere, my visit being in the afternoon. Mrs. Throop, if she was not superior to such weakness, sleeping too, I suppose. Agnes Throop saw me as I alighted from my horse; she seemed always watching for rescue. Clammeigh, I 'm afraid. But she dropped her sew-

ing and came out in her morning dress to meet me! The live-oaks with their swinging moss were so sepulchral; the house was so silent and utterly lonely; she had no brother; her parents were wholly unable to sympathize with her, by reason of age and peculiarity! All that poor, frail girl had on earth was — Clammeigh, a thousand miles away in Charleston, a million of miles away in the depths of his intense selfishness, if she knew it. That man was, after her parents, all she had on earth to love, her entire soul flowing to that cold individual as the Gulf Stream, they say, flows to the Polar Sea! How she hurried out to meet me on that occasion, her dark hair parted simply upon her pure forehead, all her soul in her eyes, the perfect grace and culture of the accomplished woman with the simplicity of a child, holding both her hands out to me as I ascended the steps! I have before recorded something of her greeting when I first saw her after she arrived at her new home; it was her way to every one she imagined had done her a kindness. I speak of it again because of her utter loneliness in the world, which, I suppose, made her all the more eager, unconscious to herself, for sympathy! I had no time to enter the house, could only leave my regards for her parents, take both of her hands once more in mine, to say good-by. O beauty, grace, purity, sweetness! O magnetism, mesmerism, witchcraft! O friendship with lines not more exactly defined between itself and love, than are the stripes of a rainbow from each other. And, O Helen, Helen! Heaven knows how thoroughly I prefer and love you, my own wife, in comparison with every other woman I ever knew. *You* understand the singular, yet wholly unconscious power of Agnes Throop! Hence the depth of our interest in poor Evans. Nothing more absurd, and perfectly natural, too, than his infatuation!

I know I am as cool a man of the world as any in Boston or Wall Street; but, you observe, people do not generally think and feel aloud, as I am doing here. The only way I can interest anybody in this bald narrative of mine is to write out, as nearly as I dare, according to the actual facts; having no art, I can merely give nature!

"Do you know why Evans left?" the lawyer halted me again as I was leaving.

"Not fully; why do you ask?" I replied.

"They are a frail class of persons, the Throops; physically, I mean," he replied. "The father and mother by age; all of them by reason of long suffering. I think they could not but respect, ignorant as Evans was, his sturdy strength of body. They have lived in our artificial society there in Charleston, — do I not know Charleston? — are bewildered by the change, and they came to esteem the strong common-sense of the man. He is so silent, too; he does not make himself more ridiculous than he can help by blunders in grammar and the like! Handsome, now, is n't he? Mr. Parkinson is jealous of him; ever know anything so preposterous? Of course, Parkinson is out of the question, to say nothing of that Mr. Clammeigh from Charleston — but, Mose Evans! One thing, Mr. Anderson, I know, as a lawyer," the man continued; "it is partly land, speculation in land, sir, not wholly Miss Throop, which brought Clammeigh to Brown County when he came. I happen to know. I 'm sorry they are to marry."

"So am I; but why did Evans leave?" I demand as I open the door to depart.

"We legal men are on the watch in regard to everything, by force of habit, even where no fee is in question," Mr. Archer replied. "It was ungentlemanly, I confess, but I learned from the negroes about their place that Evans left suddenly one day. He had brought out their mail matter to the Throops, and their people think he brought them a letter that day which made trouble. I have racked my brain to conjecture whom that document could be from. I mean, to produce any such effect upon Evans. I cannot imagine; and have given it up! He employed me about

that lease, but has had no intercourse with me apart from the silent eloquence, if I may so speak, of that. Do you suppose I would have come here, learning of his peril, but for my regard for the man? Brown County never understood him; less of late than ever before. Mr. Parkinson suddenly called upon him, a few Sundays before he left, sir, to lead in prayer. It was at a sort of conference meeting in the church, General Throop and his daughter present. Mr. Parkinson dare not ask himself his full motive in requesting him to do so, old New Hampshire having been the only member of his church he had called upon previously. The eyes of every person present were upon Mose Evans on the instant; they could not help it. Strange as it may be, I was there; my eyes could detect no confusion in his face! A slight suffusion of surprise, and he quietly arose; and a better prayer, although brief,"—and the lawyer consigned himself to perdition in default of truth upon his part,—"I never heard!"

"Well, I must say good night," I began.

"I was at the fence of General Throop's place," Odd Archer continued, "about the time Mr. Clammeigh, then on a visit to them, was leaving for Charleston. I sat on my horse, merely asking to see the General at his gate. It was about a tax claim, and the General had never invited me to visit them. Evans was buckling his saddle-girth to ride somewhere when the General came out to us, bare-headed, Clammeigh and Miss Throop with him, to tell him good-by. 'I thought,' Clammeigh said to Evans, drawing on his gloves as he spoke, his saddle-bags over his arm, 'that I had told you to have my horse ready!' Oh, it was nothing worth telling," Mr. Archer added; "merely that, and the amused expression upon the face of Evans as he lifted his hand to his hat in salutation to the General and his daughter, and rode silently away, was beautiful! The sudden glance of the lady, too, from the one man to the other!"

"And now, I *will* say good night."

"Good night, sir," the lawyer said, slipping himself down into his bed and more into a posture for sleep. "I said Mose Evans left suddenly. It was not suddenly. He made his preparations to leave silently but deliberately. He has some grave purpose. I wish I knew what. I chanced to be going into town that day and passed him on the road. He had the aspect to me as he rode away, of a lawyer going to the capital to take his seat upon the bench! Good night!"

VII.

It was on Wednesday that my wife and myself had our interview with Mr. Evans, as already narrated. Certain matters of my own prevented our entering his room again until the afternoon of the Sabbath following. During the interval he had improved greatly, and, although still confined to his room, received us dressed and seated in an enormous chair used for shaving purposes, which I had secured from the shop of a negro barber across the street, less by money than by saying it was for a sick man. It is impossible not to appreciate the warm-hearted sympathy with suffering on the part of people of color, and the hearty satisfaction of the barber, as he shaved his dissatisfied customers, seated uncomfortably in an ordinary hide-bottom chair, was to me half the pleasure of my toilette when I dropped in for that purpose.

"Must n't cuss so, massa; s'pose *you* was sick!" was the emollient the smiling barber applied, with his lather, to each remonstrant. "Chair good enough; sit still, massa, or you mought get cut!"

When we first entered his room, I confess I could not help laughing aloud as I saw our invalid, still very feeble and hollow about the eyes and cheek, seated in his stately chair, his head resting upon the support behind. My wife looked indignantly at me, for she knew I was thinking of the poor fellow as awaiting at her hands worse surgery

than any that chair had ever held victim for before. By way, I suppose, of chloroform before operation, my wife, after I had read, at Mr. Evans' request, a certain passage of Scripture, sang us a number of the hymns common among the blacks; sung in a low voice, they were that Sunday afternoon, the sweetest music I ever heard!

"I ought to know them," she said, after she had sung "Swing low, sweet chariot;" "I don't feel no ways tired;" winding up in triumph with "Mary an' Martha have just gone along." "My mammy rocked me to sleep singing them when I was a baby in her arms, there on the plantation. I have heard them all my life, as our people sang them in their meetings and over their wash-tubs. Except at church, they never sing them, or anything else, now. I'll sing one more. We have all heard it often. It is the hymn Henry says he will have sung to him when he is dying. Listen, Mr. Evans, to 'Roll, Jordan, roll;' for I want to have a good talk with you when I am through." Helen was seated upon one side of the sick man and I upon the other, and there was a long silence after she had ceased singing. I think even her heart was softened.

"I was wishing to speak to you," she began at last.

"Yes, ma'am." Mose Evans turns his eyes upon her respectfully.

"It is in reference to Miss Agnes Throop." The eyes remain fixed upon hers, but the respectful interest has singularly changed into a species of indifference.

"If you please" — he requests.

"I have none with me," Helen replies with some severity, divining his meaning; "here is lavender;" and Mr. Evans submits to a sprinkling of the same upon hair and beard, no more to him than so much water.

"I think I can save you from a ruined life, from great unhappiness, at least," Helen proceeds. "What I say may hurt you very much. Are you strong enough?"

"Yes, ma'am," with the smiling indifference as of a grown man when being treated like an infant. My wife's pride is touched. She grasps her knife, so to speak, with positive pleasure. Plunges it in!

"I have known Agnes Throop all my life. She is a good girl, a sweet girl. But that is all! She is not an angel of God. You are mistaken entirely, — nothing unusual in her at all. There are many women more beautiful, as you would know if you had seen more of the world. I could tell you even of many serious defects in her character!"

Now, it may be right for doctors, female ones too, to fib. But I was surprised at this! I studied, from the other side, the broad, open face of her patient as she spoke.

"Yes, ma'am!" Because of his lack of culture, everything the man thought or felt came to his face, and now there was nothing there but entire indifference. If my wife had stated that the afternoon sun he saw out of the window was a turnip, instead, which a boy had thrown into the air, he would have believed it as much. Mose was a grand object, invalid though he was; that about shoulders and face which reminded one of the bust of a Roman Emperor. And marble he certainly was to her statement.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And I must tell you this, also;" my wife is more quiet as she becomes more cruel. "Miss Agnes Throop is engaged to be married to a Mr. Archibald Clammeigh of Charleston, South Carolina. He is a lawyer, a gentleman of education. He has traveled over the world. He is handsome, *very* rich. And she loves him. I know her well, she loves him with all her heart! So, you see" —

"Yes, ma'am." Marble. With merely this difference, one simple question, that asked as if the reply made no difference. "Does he love her?" The man put such a meaning in that word "love!" I could have laughed at the way it hit Helen. She colored with confusion. Knowing that detestable Clammeigh as she did.

"Apart from that, Evans," I add, "as I happen to know from the person

himself, Mr. Parkinson, too, is ardently in love with Miss Throop. Do you not see how foolish you are? Even leaving Mr. Clammeigh out of the question, do you suppose you are a match for a gentleman of education like that minister? Besides, he will see her every day, man, while you are far away and entirely forgotten."

And, yet, in reply to all this I had from Mr. Evans merely a composed "Yes, sir."

"I have merely to add this," Helen continued after a while, with dignity; "my husband esteems you as an honest man, sincere, well-meaning" —

"Yes, ma'am."

"But you are more ignorant than you know. General Throop is of one of the first families of Charleston, and very proud. Now, you see how impossible it is. You might as well fall in love with the moon. You can never marry Miss Agnes Throop; be a sensible man, Mr. Evans. *Never!*"

"Yes, ma'am." And not a shadow upon the marble of his face. If Helen had been imparting to him the most uninteresting, or the most delightful news in the world, you could not have told which it was, from his countenance, at least: and a more expressive one in telling of or hearing about a bear fight, for instance, I never saw.

"And, now," very soothingly on the part of my wife, "you know we are your friends, we wish to save you from misery. I tell you only the truth. What," after some considerable pause, "do you think of it?"

It would have been better if Helen had not asked, but, owing to her sex, she was curious. Mose Evans sat with his eyes respectfully in hers. At the question, with the simplicity of a child, he quietly replied, "You have never loved, ma'am."

I was angry with the fellow, but I could have laughed — did laugh, I believe — outright. It smote Helen full in the face. She positively crimsoned.

"You forget, sir," she said at last, with entire dignity, "that I am married — that this is my husband."

"Yes, ma'am. Beg pardon." But it was evident that the man had nothing to take back. He was so very ignorant, you see.

It was Sunday afternoon, as I have said. It occurs to me as I write, that the day, our having read the Bible together, Helen's songs of worship, our intending soon to part, all these were not without their influence, in addition to his terrible illness and near escape from death, upon our friend. We had enjoyed a quiet time all these days in our upper rooms of the "hotel." The lumbering old stage, driven by profanity, — the motive power, it seemed to me, of all the ox, horse, mule machinery out West; they added its pressure to mill sluice, and steam, even! — rolled up to and away from the front porch every evening about six, disgorging its passengers for supper and reëngorging them thereafter, replete with coffee, pork, and hot biscuit; exceedingly hilarious, in consequence thereof, generally at the expense of hotel and landlord, for the next ten miles; deeply depressed, also, in consequence of supper, all night and until after breakfast next day. I had ridden — how often? — in the same. In and out of the front porch flowed and ebbed, at periods as defined as the tide, the population of Bucksnort. The landlord got drunk and got sober as by a law of nature. His miserable wife showed her heart-broken face once or twice a day in our rooms, to see "how you all are getting along, and if there is anything I can do." The flaunting concubines of his seraglio, black, yellow, ash-colored, were in and out of the rooms and halls with that peculiar impudence of manner which we would think a woman would shrink, in virtue of her very sex, from showing toward a wife, and a heart-broken and helpless wife, at that! I could not help observing how the women of whom I am speaking sent scorn and defiance to her ears, even when out of sight, in their shrill songs from the wash-tubs and clothes-lines in the back yard, — songs offensively religious. And so we lived in our world, and all the rest of the hotel in

theirs, meeting only at the table for meals; my appetite holding out longer than Helen's, but getting so very tired at last of the monotonous sameness of an indigestibility of fare, the one law of which was — fry!

I say it was, I suppose, all the peculiar influences upon Mose Evans combined, possibly the feeling of some explanation as due my wife, that caused him to say what he did before we parted that Sunday night. We had risen to leave.

"I am," he remarked, "as you say, ma'am, an ignorant man; not a more ignorant man alive, I suppose," he said, as if stating the time of day, "but there are some things I do know!"

I am no stenographer, and can but report his ideas as nearly in his words as I recall them. He continued slowly, steadily, "What you say about her not being so much at last is only this. I don't know what she is to others. I know what she is to me. I never thought God Almighty *could* make such a person as she is — never mind! I can't tell why, but I can't talk about that at all. What I look at is the hand He who makes us has had in it. It is like a camp-fire you see a-making on a cold, rainy, pitch-dark night in the woods: there 's the blaze, and there 's the face it lights up so of the man building the fire! I mean Him!" as with a gesture of the eyes upward, "and it was n't *my* doing, that trouble with Job Peters, and having to be in their house so much. I might have gone off, outlived it all, but for that! As to the gentleman from Charleston. Well, I 've seen him. He is all you say. Maybe so! But what I look at is this, *he* is n't fit; not for *her!* The hardest thing you said, ma'am," looking full at my wife with serious eyes, "was that she loves that man. Maybe so! But people change when they come to know. She is all the same to me, whether she ever changes or not. I can no more help it than I can help living, no, nor than I can keep from dying when that comes. I 'll tell you what I am going to do about it," he went on to say, after withdrawing his eyes from those of my wife and reflecting for some time, then raising them again to hers, "and then I'll tell you why. I was on my way when I was taken down. I have fixed with old New Hampshire about my property, how he is to send me money. For I 'm going off to try and learn something. Then I 'm going to travel about, for years, perhaps. New Hampshire has given me letters and directions. If any law comes up about the property, he has my power of attorney. He 'll have you to help him, sir. But don't fuss with that Odd Archer. You are certain to kill him, if you do, and I would n't, if I was you. While I am gone, who can tell but matters may change? I 've never spoken to her, about myself, hardly, in my life; never dared to. I mean, nothing of all I feel. But she may hear, somehow. Anyway I can do nothing but what I am doing! And now, I 'll tell you why I 'm going to do what I said." It was after some silence, and in lowered tones, that he continued, "I 've never said a word of what I 'm telling you to a soul before. I hope I never will have to again as long as I live. I think about little else, but it is the hardest thing to say out I ever knew. If it was n't my sickness, your talk with me, the Sabbath, the singing, and all, I would n't have opened my lips about it. But, it all happens so!

"You see," he continued, at last, with the frank eyes as of a child in mine, not my wife's, "I 've lived, as I 've found out for the last year, among people almost as ignorant as the brutes, to say nothing of those among them that are wicked. You know, Mr. Anderson, how Brown County people talk about their Maker, 'the good man,' 'old Marster,' and the like. I always knew we had a Maker, but I never knew God was such a man, too, as Jesus Christ! I have come to know He *is;* and how amazing it is to me to know it, I can't tell you. *And* I never knew such a woman could be as she is. But I know now there is such a woman. It may not be right for me to put even her beside God, but she is so to me; I can't help it." A long silence after this.

"What I want to say is even harder to say," he added at last. "Because people always talk about a man loving a woman as if it was a joke, nothing except to laugh at, to make fun over. With me it is nothing in that way, nothing at all! It is the most solemn, most sacred thing I know, and what I am trying so hard to get to say is this. If such a person as God can love me as I 've come to find out He does, then she may too, some day. I can't tell how all this sounds to you, but it is what I mean."

It was so much in the manner of the man! "I have fixed matters, as I said, with old New Hampshire," our friend concluded, "although you two are the only ones I 've spoken to about all this. I 'm going far away, to try and see what I can make of myself. All along I 've known almost as little about myself as I knew about the One that made me. Who can tell what I may not make of myself yet? I don't know, but I can try and see."

"I saw a picture last summer in Boston," I remarked to Helen that night in our own room, for she seemed to have nothing to say, "of a missionary preaching to the natives of some newly discovered continent or other. The painter had placed a savage chief in the foreground, listening to the missionary. It was admirably done — the wide-eyed wonder of the savage, at what was being said! This religion of ours is as old and as familiar to us as the sun. Suppose you had seen the sun to-day for the first time? We are a sort of Chinese, my dear; things have always been, we think, as they are to-day, will go on in the same old round forever and ever. The gospel is as new, really, to Evans, as it would be to any other of the aborigines. How was it that night to the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks?"

But my wife has no remark to offer, and I add, after a little, "This religion of ours has lifted some of the race from a very low estate. We know it will elevate the noblest of us to a far higher level yet. If it can lift the race, I do not see why it cannot lift a man. Heh?"

"I am quite tired to-night, Henry," was all my wife replied, "let us go to sleep."

William M. Baker.

"CONGRATULATION."

You told the story of your love:
I heard as one who did not hear:
Across the opening lips of hope
Crept the slow finger of a fear.

Against the kind deceit which hides
From love's beginning all love's end,
In thoughtful mood I boldly lift
The honest trouble of a friend.

You 've chosen thus; not thus, indeed,
I would have chosen fate for you.
And if you missed the possible,
And for the sweet had lost the true;

If, 'neath the perfect palm of love
You might have knelt, — in kneeling, blest, —
And if you chose instead to wear
A little rose upon your breast;

If, for the tidal wave of life
Mistook a little ripple blue,
While fathoms deep below your line
The sea's lost treasures sleep for you;

Why then — what then? You 've only missed
A wealth your calm eyes never saw.
Be fate and nature kind to you,
Yourself unto yourself your law!

No Moses ever part for you
The wonders of the deep's rich gloom!
Nor ever lead, the dry sands o'er,
Into the long lost palm-land's bloom!

Ah, never, never may you know!
For little waves trip merrily;
And never, never may you know!
For sweet the little roses be.

And should my doubts and dreams be both
Blindfold as dreams and doubts may be;
Should love's unwisdom truer prove
To you, than my wise fears to me;

Since God's own purpose over ours
Is folded softly like a wing,
And love's best knowledge to Love's self
Must own: I know not anything! —

Why then — ah then! Go you His ways,
Not mine. His is the summer sea
On which the little waves shall trip,
And His the little roses be.

But if into one lot there came
(As into one I haply knew)
The flower's scent, the forest's force,
The depth's reserve, the ripple's hue;

If it fell out to Heaven's mind
To give one both the sweet and true, —
Though Heaven asked it back again, —
That lost lot I 'd not change with you.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE COHANSEY TEA-FIGHT.

"It is pouring cats and dogs!" said Violet, looking out of the window at the storm. "There is n't a bit of use in thinking of it, is there, aunt?"

"I should say not!" answered Aunt Elisabeth. "To be sure it may clear up before five o'clock, but unless the weather improves, I think you had better give it up."

"Give up what?" asked Grandmother Howell.

"Going to Annabella Floyd's tea-fight, grandmother," I answered.

"My dear!" said Aunt Elisabeth. She had a horror of slang, and she had never heard this particular phrase, which had just begun to come into use twenty years ago.

"A tea-fight! And what is a tea-fight?" asked grandmother.

"Oh, a little sociable tea-party all of girls, you know," I explained. "Annabella Floyd, across the creek, has one this afternoon, but I am afraid we can't go."

"Umph!" said grandmother. "I remember a tea-fight on Cohansey Creek worth going to, — but it was a man's tea-fight, not a girl's, though a girl helped get it up, after all."

"Oh, please do tell us about it, grandma!" said Violet and I together; and Aunt Elisabeth added: "Yes, do, grandmother; it will help to make the time pass pleasantly."

Violet and myself were making our annual visitation to Aunt Elisabeth in Greenwich, New Jersey. We had been there so often that it was like another home to us, and we knew every house and store and tree in the broad, quiet street, and every face in the meeting-house, for Aunt Elisabeth was a Friend, and we always went to meeting with her. These visits were among the happiest times of my life. I loved Aunt Elisabeth dearly, and all but adored my great-grandmother Howell. I liked the place and the people and the quiet friendly ways, — yes, and the meetings too, even when there was no preaching and we had a silent season. Violet sometimes found it rather dull, but I never did.

Aunt Elisabeth lived near the landing in a wide, comfortable stone house, shaded by such enormous and aged willows as I think grow nowhere else. From my window I could see the green at the end of the street, with one gigantic buttonwood growing in the centre, the river, or creek as we always called it, and the schooners and steamers on their way up to Bridgeton, the metropolis of West Jersey; and a wonderful, quaint, pretty, hospitable little metropolis it is. I have not seen that prospect for many a long year, but I have only to shut my eyes to call it all up before me as plain as day.

This particular day we were engaged at a small tea-party at Annabella Floyd's, over across the river. We were very much bent upon going, but during the morning such a storm of wind and rain had set in, that even Violet confessed the expedition must be abandoned. Under these disastrous circumstances, it may be believed that we hailed with delight the prospect of a story from grandma.

Grandma Howell was past ninety. She was somewhat infirm, but her mind was as bright and her feelings as keen as they had ever been. She had not the absolute patience and self-restraint of Aunt Elisabeth, her granddaughter, and would sometimes wax warm in a debate, while her sarcasm was not a weapon to be lightly encountered: but nevertheless, everybody loved and respected Grandma Howell.

"Well, get your work and sit down, and I 'll tell you the story!" said grandma, who never could bear to see any one idle. "It all happened in the year 1774. Think of that, children! Those willows over there were quite

small trees, I remember. Ah well, it seems a long time to wait.

"It was in the beginning of that same year, that Aunt Betsy broke up housekeeping and went to live with her nephew, Abiram Haskins, taking me with her. Aunt Betsy was a widow, and Abiram's mother had died not long before; and as he was a bachelor and had a large farm, he needed some woman about the house. So he asked Aunt Betsy to come and take charge, and she consented. His house stood near the end of the street, a little back, and not very far from the creek. The house was burned down afterward, but if you look sharp you may see traces of the cellar in Richard Shepherd's field to this day. It was a good house, with roomy cellars and chambers, and large rooms down-stairs; and when Aunt Betsy's furniture was put in, it looked very well, only there was always a stiff, scrimped look and a musty, woolly smell about it. Abiram was a Friend, as his father had been before him, but he was n't very zealous in religious matters, and had the name of sitting very close to the world and its goods. However, his character was good at that time, though I don't think anybody liked him but Aunt Betsy.

"I had lived with Aunt Betsy ever since my father died, and when she moved I went with her. I did n't like the change at all, and said all I could against it, though I knew all the time that I might as well talk to the winds. Aunt Betsy was very quiet tempered, but she was more set in her way than any person I ever saw.

"'Thee is wasting thy breath, Sybilla!' said she at last. 'I have made up my mind and I shall act upon it. If thee does n't like the change, thee must find a home somewhere else.'

"This threat, as I considered it, shut my mouth and roused my temper at the same time. I said no more, but I made up my mind that I *would* seek a home somewhere else pretty speedily. You see, I did n't like Abiram. I thought him hard-hearted and miserly, and besides, though he had never said so in words, I knew that he wanted to marry me, and that Aunt Betsy's heart was set on the match. Now, if you don't like a man, the fact that he wants to marry you makes you dislike him all the more. Moreover I did like somebody else, and I knew that he liked me. That somebody was Lewis Howell. We had been neighbors always till father died, and I think our love grew up with us, for I don't remember when it began. Ah well, children, Lewis has been dead sixty-five years. The little oak sapling that sprouted out of his grave over in Fairtown burying-ground is a big tree now. It can't be long before they lay me beside him.

"Aunt Betsy did not like Lewis. She said he was worldly and unsteady — that his father had been a soldier in the old French War, and that Lewis was just like him. Then Lewis was n't a Friend, but went to the Episcopal church, for there was one here then. Aunt Betsy would never let me see him if she could help it, and never would allow that we were engaged. It was just a boy and girl fancy, she said, and would soon pass away. She had an inward persuasion that she should see me married to some steady Friend, who was able to take care of me, and not to a wild, worldly young man, who cared more for fishing and shooting than for anything else. Now when Aunt Betsy had an inward persuasion of anything she was mighty apt to bring it to pass, and that was one reason why I disliked the idea of going to live at Abiram's. I was determined to marry no one but Lewis. I knew that he was neither wild nor worldly, and that he was laying up money to make a home for me, though he could n't lay it up very fast because he had to help his father, who was lame and a good deal past his work. My father had always loved Lewis, and I well remember hearing him say that he would n't want me to do better than marry him. And then I did so despise Abiram!

"Well, I thought it all over and tried to get the best light I could, and at last I seemed to see my way clear. I would

go with Aunt Betsy and help her get settled, and perhaps stay through the heft of the summer's work, and then, if I did n't find myself comfortable, I would hire out to do either spinning or housework. I was n't a bit afraid of making a good living. I could spin my day's work — a run and a half of warp or two runs of filling — and get through by three o'clock, and I was n't afraid to show my thread, either linen or woolen, beside anybody's in Greenwich."

"You did n't do crochet work in those days!" remarked Violet, who was making a dainty little blanket for some baby or other.

"No. It was n't the fashion, though we did make mittens and gloves with a hook, too. But we had plenty of nice pretty work, netting and knotting, — making tatting you call it, — and sprigging on muslin and crewel work, and piecing bedquilts. Well, as I said, I made up my mind that I would go with Aunt Betsy, but I would n't stay unless I found it comfortable.

"It was n't comfortable at all. Aunt Betsy was close enough, but Abiram was far worse. It was save, save, scrimp, scrimp, from morning till night. I was fond of new milk fresh from the cow, and I used to take a drink almost every night, but if Abiram saw me, you would think I had stolen five pounds by the fuss he made. He said there was skim-milk enough if I must have it, and every drop of new milk robbed the churn of so much butter. I suspect Aunt Betsy gave him a hint about that, for he came along one night when I was milking, and told me he hoped I would n't mind what he said, but would help myself to all I wanted. After that I never touched it again, and I took a real dislike to it.

"But the scrimping was n't the worst of it by a great deal. I began to feel like a fly caught in a spider's web. I could hardly ever get a chance to speak to Lewis — never alone — and Abiram was always in my way, hanging round and giving me presents and trying to make himself agreeable. Aunt Betsy watched me as a cat watches a mouse, and by and by it began to be said about the village that I was engaged to Abiram. I told Emma Parvin, who was my most intimate friend, to contradict it everywhere, and so she did; but a great many believed it. Even Lewis almost began to doubt, because he never could see me alone. About this time he went across the creek, and took on with James Whitecar, who had a deal of stock and horses. James did well by him, for Lewis was very knowing in such matters, and he began to lay up money. Well, of course we saw less of each other than ever, but his going was an advantage in one way. Old Uncle Jacob, an old negro, used to paddle across and up and down the river, fishing. He was a good friend to both of us, and used to carry our letters back and forth. Then every morning at just such an hour Lewis used to wave his handkerchief out of his window and I used to wave one out of mine. So we knew that all was well."

Aunt Elisabeth had looked uneasy for a few minutes, and as grandma paused to take up a stitch she said mildly, —

"Some people would say, grandmother, that it was not very wise to be putting love-stories into the heads of these young girls."

Grandma looked up, and her still bright eyes twinkled a little.

"Elisabeth," said she; "does thee know that the white kitten had her nose in the cream this morning?"

"Yes," answered Aunt Elisabeth; "I saw her."

"Did thee show her the way to the milk, Elisabeth?"

"No!" said Aunt Elisabeth, surprised.

"Oh!" said grandma, "I did n't know but some one had put it in her head."

Aunt Elisabeth smiled and went on with her hemstitching.

"But there was another thing which annoyed me almost as much as the love-making," continued grandma. "It was, as I said, in the year 1774 — the year before the war. The whole country was stirred up against the British, and their unjust and illegal taxations and other oppressions — though I do think

the bad manners and arrogance of the British officers and governors had almost as much to do with the business. The tax on tea had caused specially hard feeling, and you know how they served the cargo which was brought to Boston. When we got the news of the Boston tea-party, as it got to be called, there was a good deal of division of opinion. Most of the young men were on the patriot side, and so were many of the old ones, but still those were not wanting who called the business a shameful outrage, and stood up for the British through thick and thin. Abiram was one of these and Aunt Betsy another, and they used to abuse the patriots and uphold the British till they made my blood fairly boil.

"Well, one day, along in the last of October, Abiram said he was going to Philadelphia for a few days, and he had the impudence to ask me if we had n't better be married right away, so I could go with him. And while I was fairly struck dumb with rage and surprise, Aunt Betsy put in her word and said it would be a very good plan, as I could buy my wedding clothes myself, and she would give me money for a nice satin gown and a gray crape shawl.

"Then, I can tell you, girls, I flared up. I told Abiram just what I thought of him, and Aunt Betsy what I thought of *her;* and I said I would n't marry Abiram then or ever, if he should pave my way with gold. I told Aunt Betsy she knew that I was engaged to Lewis Howell, and that I should never marry any one else. Abiram was so angry he turned all kinds of colors, but Aunt Betsy was as placid as you please, and when I had fairly broken down, and was crying as if my heart would break, she said calmly, —

"'Thee need n't be so violent, Sybilla. Abiram has no occasion to go begging for a wife. If thee chooses to disgrace thyself by breaking thy word to him and marrying a vagabond' —

"'I never gave Abiram any word, and he knows it!' said I.

"'Actions speak louder than words,' said my aunt. 'We won't say any more about it now. Abiram, I have an inward persuasion that Sybilla will come to a better mind. Thee must excuse her violence. She was n't brought up with Friends, and has n't learned to rule her spirit. Sybilla, thee had better stop crying and eat thy dinner.'

"But I would n't eat any dinner, and I never sat down to the table nor spoke a word to Abiram till he went away. Aunt Betsy was as calm as ever, but she kept me so close, I could n't even get a chance to send a word to Lewis. However, old Jacob did smuggle one to me, in which Lewis told me how Abiram had told James Whitecar that we were to be married when we came home. Lewis said he knew I never would be false to him of my own free will, but he did n't know what I might be tormented into doing, and he begged me to leave my aunt, and come over to Deborah Whitecar, who knew all the story, and would be the same as a mother to me. Deborah herself added a few words to the same effect. Deborah was a good, kind woman, besides being a preacher and very much thought of. I knew she meant every word she said, and that I could be useful to her; and beside that it was a great encouragement to have such a woman take my part. Still I did n't like the notion of going right into the family where Lewis was, and I thought I would wait a little. Beside that, Aunt Betsy was lame and ailing, and I did n't feel quite free to leave her. So I staid on, and certainly I did have a pretty hard time. Even the neighbors began to notice how I was mewed up, and never went outside the gate.

"The second day of November, Abiram came home in the best of spirits. He had made his journey profitable, it seemed, and he was more of a Tory than ever. He had actually brought me a satin gown that would stand on end for richness, and a gray crape shawl. I told him he might keep his gifts to himself, and went up-stairs to my room, where presently Aunt Betsy came bringing the shawl and the satin.

"'Thee had better put these things away!' said she, laying them on the

bed. I took them just as they were, and opening the window, I dropped them out and saw them fall plump into the tub of rain-water underneath, — for then, instead of cisterns, we had great troughs standing under the eaves. It was a silly thing to do, but I was so worked up I did n't care one pin. For once I saw Aunt Betsy in a rage. She scolded me roundly, and ended by declaring that I should marry Abiram within a week or she would never see nor speak to me again. I should have gone away that very night, only Aunt Betsy was taken so sick I did n't like to leave her. What Abiram thought when he found his presents all wet and spoiled, I can't say. He never said a word to me nor I to him. I did my work, and waited on Aunt Betsy, but I could n't get any word to Lewis, much as I wished it, for old Jacob was sick, and I had n't any other messenger.

"Well, for two or three days Abiram was wonderful busy clearing out the cellar. Now and then he would take his boat and run down the creek, and he grew so queer and excited that I began to wonder what was going to happen. I hardly ever got a chance to step outside the door, Aunt Betsy kept me so close, and what with the work and waiting on her, I was pretty well used up.

"One night, — it was the 20th of November and a fine moonlight, though rather foggy, — I went to the backdoor for a breath of air, and I saw a fine large brig coming up with the tide. She seemed to find her way without any trouble, and presently came to anchor over there where you see that pine stump — it was a fine tree then — not far from our house. I stood watching, and presently I saw Abiram and two other men come ashore from the brig. They came up the path toward the house, but I did n't stay to meet them. I went back to Aunt Betsy, and when Abiram called me to see to supper, he told me the strange men would stay, and asked me if I would n't sit down and make tea. For you see I had n't sat down to a single meal with him since he came home.

"'Tea!' said I, 'where did you get any tea?' I knew ours had been out some time, and you could n't buy an ounce for love nor money.

"'Never mind,' said Abiram, looking as pleased as could be. 'I've got it, and plenty more of nice things. Now be a good girl and see to the supper, and I promise not to say a word thee won't like to hear.'

"Well, I did n't want to make a fuss before the strangers, so I said I would; and I made some nice hot cakes and fried a chicken, and turned out the tea, but I would n't touch a drop, more than if it were poison. The two men were English, as I made out by their talk, and one of them was captain of the brig. He had been drinking a little, and he kept throwing out hints which made me open my ears, and caused the other man to swear at him for a fool.

"Well, I did up the work, and was just going up-stairs to bed, when Abiram stopped me.

"'What is it?' I asked sharply enough.

"'I only wanted to say that thee need n't be scared if thee hears a noise in the night;' said he meekly. 'I have got some goods aboard the brig, and I am going to have them unloaded, because the captain wants to get away.'

"Somehow it flashed across me all in a minute what the goods were. So instead of going to bed, I blew out the candle and sat down behind the curtain to watch. Presently I saw the men from the brig bringing up the goods all covered with tarpaulins and stowing them in the cellar. They had nearly finished when one of the men let fall a square box, and I knew by the sound that something had broken. The captain cursed him for a clumsy fool. Abiram brought out a broom, and I could see them sweeping and brushing something. Finally the business was finished, the men went away, and Abiram came up-stairs and went to bed. He was generally the first one up in the morning, but this time I stole a march on him, and was down before six o'clock. I took the lantern and began searching

where I had seen them sweeping the night before, and sure enough, in a little hollow by the side of the path I found about half a handful of nice green tea!

"I gathered up the tea in my hands and wrapped it in a paper I had in my pocket, and then I stole down to the creek, to the place where I knew Abiram's little skiff was tied up. It was no sudden move. I had been thinking all night, and I made up my mind that I must see Lewis and tell him the whole story. For, absurd as it may seem, I was really afraid Aunt Betsy would contrive some way to marry me to Abiram even against my will.

"The tide was running out and helped me, and I was soon at James Whitecar's landing, for I knew how to handle a boat. I found Lewis at the barn, told him the whole story, and showed him the tea. You ought to have seen how his eyes flashed.

"'So that is what he has been up to!' said he; 'we have been watching him for a week, and suspected as much.' Then he called Stephen Whitecar, James' brother, a great friend of his, and showed him the tea.

"'We 'll take care of him!' said Stephen. 'Only thee keep quiet, Sybilla, and don't let on that thee knows anything.'"

"Was Stephen a Friend?" I asked.

"Well, yes, he belonged to Meeting, and his mother was a preacher, as I told you. So we talked it over, and Stephen was for calling his mother, and having me stay, but I said I thought I had better go right back.

"'Don't tell me anything!' said I; 'and then I can answer no questions.'

"Lewis said I was right and he would row me back himself. On the way it was settled between us that he should come for me the next day but two, and then we would go and get married. The reason we waited was that I should be of age in two days, and then nobody would have anything to say. I hated to leave Aunt Betsy and go against her wishes, but there seemed no other way.

"I was busy getting breakfast when Abiram came down. I thought it best to be civil to him, and easily put him into a good humor. That day everybody noticed that there was a good deal of riding round, and going in and out of Doctor Elmer's and Mr. Philip Fithian's. He was a minister, and a great patriot. I was on thorns, expecting I did n't know what, and ready to start at every noise, but I kept about my work, and waited on Aunt Betsy, and was so pleasant to Abiram that he really thought I was coming round.

"The next evening about ten o'clock there came a great knocking at our door. I was up in a minute, and looking out, I saw by the moonlight about thirty Indians in war-paint and feathers standing round the house. My heart was in my mouth for a minute, and then it came over me what they had come for.

"'What do you want?' called Abiram from his window.

"'We have come for a cup of tea!' said a voice which I knew right well. 'Get up and give it to us like a good fellow, or we shall have to take it where we can find it.'

"Abiram blustered and talked big, but it was no use. They told him if he did n't open the doors, they would break them down, and at last, rather than have his house attacked, he gave up the keys. They touched nothing else in the house, but they carried all the tea out into the meadow yonder, piled it up, and, set it on fire. It burned splendidly, and perfumed the air for half a mile round. There were at least two hundred people looking on, but nobody said a word, or offered to interfere. It was all as solemn as a yearly meeting, and it had a right to be, when two at least of the Indians were ministers. When the tea was all burned, everybody went quietly home.

"Abiram was like a madman for a time, and then he broke down and cried like a baby. He never held his head up after that, and presently he moved away to Philadelphia. They tried to bring a suit against the men who burned the tea, but it was of no use. The grand jury were too good Whigs to bring in a bill, and finally the war came on and the matter was dropped.

"I had engaged Eunice Hunt to come and take care of the house, and wait on Aunt Betsy, and on the day appointed I went in and told her what I was going to do. She scolded at first, and then she cried and begged me to wait till spring, but I was firm. I thought I had waited and suffered about enough. She declared she never would see me again, but I told her I had an inward persuasion that she would change her mind. Then I left her, and Lewis and I went up to Mr. Philip Fithian's and were married. Afterward we moved over to James Whitecar's, and I lived there a long time, all the same as one of the family, doing the spinning and helping in the work. Some Friends blamed Deborah for taking my part, but she said she had acted according to the best light she had, and she was pretty well able to hold her own.

"The next year the war broke out, and Lewis, with his brother Richard and Stephen Whitecar, went into the army. It was a great trouble to Deborah to have Stephen turn soldier, but he did, and made a very good one. My Lewis rose to be captain, and was much respected; but he was wounded up at Wyoming, and died, leaving me with one little girl, mother of your father and Elisabeth here. Stephen Whitecar wanted to marry me when the war was over, and I knew Deborah would have liked it, but I could n't bring my mind to it, and after a while he married Emma Parvin. Folks said he thought it was the next thing to marrying me.

"Aunt Betsy was very angry for a long time, but she came round, and was as kind as ever, even getting me the satin gown and crape shawl she had promised me if I married Abiram. He got very rich in Philadelphia at one time, but he lost everything speculating in Continental money after the war, and finally died poor and friendless.

"And now, as the wind has changed and it is clearing up, you had better go and get ready for *your* tea-fight."

Lucy Ellen Guernsey.

TO-DAY.

What dost thou bring to me, O fair To-day,
That comest o'er the mountains with swift feet?
All the young birds make haste thy steps to greet,
And all the dewy roses of the May
Turn red and white with joy. The breezes play
On their soft harps a welcome low and sweet:
All nature hails thee, glad thy face to meet,
And owns thy presence in a brighter ray.
But my poor soul distrusts thee! One as fair
As thou art, O To-day, drew near to me
Serene and smiling, yet she bade me wear
The sackcloth of a sudden great despair!
Oh, pitiless! that through the wandering air
Sent'st no kind warning of the ill to be!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE BRITISH UPPER CLASS IN FICTION.

"NOT you, but the house derides me," said the wolf to the goat in the fable. This is the answer which society makes to any insolent or arrogant individual who happens to be out of its reach. Fortunate men everywhere are apt to fall into the goat's mistake, and of all Swells, none cherishes the delusion so honestly as an Englishman. He stands there protected in that *insouciance* which the novelists admire, and which he himself deems the consummate result of history and human progress, by defenses which are none of his making. The radical claim, the fundamental distinction of an Englishman of the upper class is, that no man can get the better of him in *hauteur*. The neighborhood of the most oppressive or confusing personality will run off him like water. He will flush as he passes no man; no man can give him two fingers. Should by any chance his bosom acknowledge impression or trepidation, his exterior shall be calm as stone. And he is proud to think that this gift of his is not the accident of his station or his circumstances, but is an inherent virtue of his own, of which adverse fortune cannot rob him. He may be deprived of health, money, and friends; he may be baffled and beaten here, and lost hereafter; but it is his belief and consolation that the time can never come when he may be snubbed.

To this it may be said, that the courage which confronts a future or a possible evil is a very easy one. Difficulty, until we meet it face to face, is an unknown quantity. It is x; when really upon us, it becomes $a+b$. He who is in the midst of the difficulty he challenged from a distance, may with perfect consistency retire, claiming that when he made the engagement, he had not sufficient data to go upon. He agreed to encounter x, not $a+b$.

Undoubtedly the qualities which constitute the distinction in the swell are precisely *not* the qualities which constitute success in the great struggle of man for subsistence. The "survivors" of Mr. Herbert Spencer have succeeded by alert attention, rather than by an elegant inattention. The monkey that saw the apple first got it; the chimpanzee that first saw the wild cat was the first to get away from him. In the "incoherent" ages, when one man met in the forest another who was carrying a sword or a spear, he did not saunter by, relying upon his own unconscious majesty, and the impressibility of his adversary, as a protection against a blow in the back of the head. He was the best man who had the most and the quickest perceptions, rather than he who had the fewest and the slowest.

But whatever may have been true of those remote and uncertain ages, in society, as we know it, the alert, attentive man plainly gets ahead of the inattentive one. A certain suavity and deference in his dealings with others will not hurt him. He cannot ignore the man out of whom he makes money. He cannot snub a client, a customer, or a patient, with impunity. The swell, therefore, whom adverse fortune compels to take his chances with other men, has either to fail, or to relinquish his superb behavior and to change his principle of elegant unconsciousness into one of alert attention. He may say that he will die first, which would perhaps be the more heroic and graceful exit from the difficulty, providing he died at once. But he thus registers himself among the defeated, and fails, — the very thing it was the boast of his ancestors that they did not do. Should he happen to have hostages to fortune, in the shape of wife and children, the complexion of his case would be entirely altered. To take defeat for himself would be his right; to accept it for those dependent upon him would be quite another thing. It is pretty plain, then, that the swell is very

much in the position of the goat upon the house-top. If he were a lawyer's clerk, of course these fine ways would have to cease. If he were on the staff of a popular weekly, and had to dance in the liveliest paragraphs under the whip of the managing editor, or the proprietors, or the public, he would find his unconsciousness and hauteur very inconvenient. He would, no doubt, consider the editor a demagogue, an inaccurate, semi-honest, and wholly uneducated person; would gnash his teeth in secret over the failure of the proprietors duly to appreciate their own vulgarity, and would heartily despise the silly public; but when this inadequate revenge had been taken, there would be nothing left for him to do.

It was very easy to see that as a matter of fact the young Englishman of the class of which I am speaking did change his manners as soon as his circumstances changed. Men of precisely the same claims of birth had a very different behavior. Those who had to make their way acquired a more eager, and, as a rule, a more complaisant manner than their luckier cousins. Even diplomatists and private secretaries to heads of departments were evidently alive to, and anxious to conciliate the good opinions of others. At the clubs it was not difficult to pick out, from their more alert behavior, the men whose fortunes were capable of improvement, and who were on the lookout to better them. In a word, when in England, I saw that a swell, so soon as he perceives that his distinctions do not pay, relinquishes them.

It will be seen that these distinctions appeal for admiration to persons in a certain middle condition of education. Those who appreciate such graces to the full must be somewhat civilized and yet somewhat immature. A degree of impressibility in the men who look on is the condition of the exercise of the swell's talent. What sort of impression would insouciance make upon a hungry tiger? Nor would it impress an educated and acute man who insists upon submitting reverie to the test of definition and criticism. It is to the shop-boy, and the writer for the spring annual, that such graces appeal.

The aristocracy has received, from time to time, very various treatment at the hands of literature. The writers of the age of Queen Anne — a keen and critical race — never gave them any very respectful consideration. Later in the century the novelists dealt with them in a very truthful and sensible fashion. Fielding, I remember, somewhere takes occasion to explain in a foot-note that by the "mob" he does not mean the common people, but the coarse and the ignoble in every rank. In those days the aristocracy possessed real power. When their power had come to an end, and they retained only their social precedence, the admiration of their class superiorities seems to have begun. It is a somewhat curious fact that Bulwer, Disraeli, the Kingsleys, and other writers of the last quarter of a century, have expressed an admiration for the upper classes which is new in English literature. Nothing of the kind is to be found in their great predecessors, Scott, Miss Austen, and Miss Edgeworth. The reason is, I suppose, that blessings brighten as they take their flight. The strong need no apology, whether they be good or bad. Praise of them is rather a superfluity and an impertinence. But when power had slipped out of the hands of the upper classes, to justify the social precedence that remained, people began to look about for something of an inherent and permanent nature to admire. The gradual contraction of their privileges removed, too, the "wicked lord" from romance. His opportunities of wickedness were gone. Earls could no longer kidnap pretty women. Moreover, the rise of a powerful class of merchants, into a social prominence scarcely less than that enjoyed by them in Cromwell's time, fixed the attention of society upon the graces of the older aristocracy. The poor clergyman was glad to feel that the people who snubbed his wife were nobodies by the side of his patron. It was perhaps rather pleas-

ant to a banker's clerk to know that there were persons before whom his own despot would have to take off his hat.

But the novel has been the peculiar literary staple of the last thirty years. The upper classes have been of great use to the playwrights and the story-tellers. The throng of tutors, governesses, and young professional men who write for the London magazines, have relied much upon the dramatic capabilities of their unequal society. The fortunate classes anywhere will always be excellent material for art, providing those classes are known to the entire society. The people like to look at them. They take the sort of pleasure in them which they experience at a *fête* or a pantomime. They wish them well as they like the novels and the plays to end happily. The converse is also evident. So soon as these classes cease to appear fortunate they cease to be attractive. The cause of the queen's recent unpopularity is to be found, not in her seclusion nor in the discontent of the tradesmen who live upon court patronage, but in the natural aversion of men to the lachrymose and the melancholy. The elegant classes here cannot be used to very great advantage, because a farmer in Illinois has a most indistinct and hazy notion of the habits of a person of fashion in New York or Boston. Moreover, here nobody knows exactly who these classes are. Abroad, this "fine" society is the most distinguished and conspicuous. Here it is the little set whose particular boast is that "nobody knows anything about it."

The reaction which followed the French Revolution, the glory to which England attained during the first third of the present century, to which she was certainly led by the upper classes, and upon which she lived until very lately, the gradual diminution of the privileges of the upper class and the sense of security from their encroachments — all these things disposed the English people to think very favorably of their aristocracy. Their impressibility and credulity and their curiosity about the aristocracy have been fed by the novelists. Many popular mistakes concerning the manners of the "great" have thus been encouraged. Thackeray even has lent countenance to the superstition that the young men are marked by a certain graceful and reckless generosity. It would seem natural that men who have assured wealth, and a station at the top of society, should exhibit towards each other a simple friendliness and an unthinking generosity, not to be found among people who are compelled to jostle and elbow each other in the struggle for subsistence. But I did not find it to be so. Lord Kew gives Jack Belsize ever so many thousand pounds. But the Lord Kews are scarce in real life. Not only is it hard to find men who give each other fortunes, but Lord Kew's spirit is not at all the spirit of the men I saw. The money they won from each other in the card-rooms and at the races, they were very anxious to get and very willing to keep. Indeed, men who are on stated allowances, as many of them were, are compelled to exercise a systematic forecast in the matter of expenses, which a man who can stretch his income by a little extra labor will scarcely take. As to the gracefully reckless kindness, the shop-boy is quite wrong in his notions upon this point. So far as I could see, they did not feel more kindly to one another than the brokers who scream each other hoarse in the New York Stock Exchange. Indeed, I believe that, as a rule, they are the most ready to help others who have most ably helped themselves.

Another of the misconceptions of the middle classes which the novelists have flattered is that their superiors are so accustomed to superiority that they have forgotten all about it. They think nothing of their distinction, it is said. On the contrary, they are always thinking about it and always talking about it. They roll it under their tongues like a sweet morsel. A friend of mine wrote to a certain very great and exalted person, asking whether we should or should not dress for a political dinner at Richmond. He answered pithily: "The snobs dress; the gentlemen don't." I

may here say that the most elegant men in dress and behavior are not those in whom pride of lineage is strongest. Your man of stern family pride rather despises any such distinction as fine clothes and fine manners can give him. When you see an individual with his hat knocked over his eyes or his collar awry, you may know that he secretly hugs an escutcheon to his bosom with a fervor and energy of which no dandy is capable.

Thackeray's charge against the English that they are virtue-proud is certainly true. They think themselves the best people in the world, and after one notable exception has been made, I am inclined to agree with them. Of unkindness to foreigners upon their own shores they are unjustly accused. They are, however, defiant in their behavior to strangers, and at this point they have been educated in another misconception. They cherish the impression that their reserve is in some way a scrutiny of the character of the individual who is a candidate for the honor of their acquaintance. But this is a mistake. They hold back till they are sure, not that he is virtuous, but that it will help them to know him. The young Englishman chooses his friends just as the young American or the young Frenchman does. But it is the way of the world to regard success and fortune as another sort of character, and here again the English are no exception to the rule. Gentle manners to the poor and dependent, and a conciliatory bearing towards acquaintance, are praised, if the man who possesses them is a person of consequence. The English say, "He knows who he is;" "Nothing can be better than he." In such a man rank seems to pass for a kind of virtue. But a seemly behavior is not difficult to people who have no opposition. You do see men, however, in England, in whom good manners are only another sort of heroism. Life is not to them a pleasant saunter among tolerant equals and obsequious inferiors. I have known men with strong, fierce hearts and the consciousness of power and ability, who, unrecognized and in irksome and difficult positions, are yet able to conduct themselves with propriety and dignity. There are rages which come, we know not whence, and moods in which it is difficult to remember principles, yet these men learn to control themselves. They behave with a self-respect which does not verge upon truculence, and with a complaisance which does not approach servility. These were the men whose manners I admired.

The present tone of the fashionable novel is not that of the aristocratic romance of the early part of the century. It is not even the tone of Coningsby or Maltravers. To the story-writers of Cornhill and Fraser the nobleman is no longer picturesque or superior or haughty or aquiline. The purpose of these later writers is to present him as a good deal more like most people than anybody else. The young Bohemians laugh flippantly at the "fat old duchess;" the glib governesses pour much scorn and contempt on "Lady Booby's old, rattling, broken-down barouche." The countess is deaf and has an ear-trumpet; the marchioness is an honest old termagant, with a voice and temper like a fishwoman's. But this method of treatment insinuates a familiarity, very delightful to the average British reader. It is only another sort of admiration. The change however seems to be in the direction of truth, and the English will in time, no doubt, get back to a healthy and common-sense treatment of this subject.

E. S. Nadal.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

It is even more unwelcome than ungracious for an American to speak blame of John Stuart Mill. During the long rule of the slaveholders, his censure of our faults was always tempered with sympathy. In our national extremity, he led the forlorn hope of our British friends. Our land was the New Atlantis of his political dreams; and he trusted us to realize his theory of representative government. There is substantial truth under the extravagant phrase of one of his admirers, that he "is not only the great philosopher, but the great prophet of our time." It is then with no ordinary interest that we read his own record of his life, and with no ordinary regret that we find it confirms in two particulars the severest criticisms which were ever made upon his character — the first, in respect to his exercise of the imagination and the feelings; the second, in respect to his estimate of Christ and Christianity.

For self-analysis, the book has no parallel in literature since the Confessions of Rousseau. But the conscious vivisection of the Englishman is as much more painful than the morbid revelations of the Swiss, as Rousseau was a less finely organized creature than Mill, both in nature and in culture. There is hardly a chapter of the Englishman's book in which we do not detect sensitive tissue and quivering nerves, where in the Swiss there was a thick padding of ingratitude and sensuality. But in the first particular mentioned (making all allowance due to their different times and very dissimilar conditions), they each felt a life-long yearning for a genuine and sympathetic friendship. To the Swiss, it never came. To the Englishman it came late, and under circumstances so imperfectly related as will leave many to doubt whether it would not have been nobler to abstain from it.

The birth of Rousseau cost his mother her life; and for anything that appears in Mill's autobiography (except casual allusions to his younger brothers and sisters) we might suppose that his mother died when he was born. He does not once mention her, nor ever imply her existence, except by stating the date of his birth. She was a cipher in his life; and when we consider what that means, we find a partial explanation of some of his deficiencies. There was no domestic influence to contest or share the sway of his father; and no father ever exercised more absolute sway over a child.

James Mill's character was intense in every feature; although his son records that "the 'intense' was with him a by-word of scornful disapprobation." He was severe, autocratic, and morbidly logical. "He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by." He executed the task of educating his children, as a task, with a stern persuasion that duty commanded him to impress on them his own convictions as absolute. He was ashamed of the signs of feeling, and despised passionate emotions of all sorts and everything which has been written in exaltation of them. Bred a clergyman, his morbid logic had converted him to infidelity, through the study of Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion. "If we consider further," his son touchingly says, "that he was in the trying position of sole teacher, and add to this that his temper was constitutionally irritable, it

[1] *Autobiography.* By JOHN STUART MILL. (Published by Arrangement with the Author's Executor.) New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1873.

Ten-Minute Talks on All Sorts of Topics. By ELIHU BURRITT. With Autobiography of the Author. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard and Dillingham. 1874.

The Deicides. Analysis of the Life of Jesus, and of the several Phases of the Christian Church in their Relation to Judaism. By J. COHEN. Translated by ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID. First American edition. Baltimore: Deutsch & Co. 1873.

Les Français en Amérique pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendence des Etats-Unis, 1777-1783. Par THOMAS BALCH. Paris: A. Santon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Leipzig: J. A. Brockhaus. 1872.

Personal Recollections, from early Life to old Age, of Mary Somerville. With Selections from her Correspondence. By her Daughter, MARTHA SOMERVILLE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Our Common Insects. A Popular Account of the Insects of our Fields, Forests, Gardens, and Houses. Illustrated with 4 Plates and 268 Wood-cuts. By A. S. PACKARD, JR. Salem: Naturalists' Agency. 1873.

Prosper. By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Translated from the French by CARL BENSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Stories of Infinity. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Translated from the French by S. R. CROCKER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

is impossible not to feel true pity for a father who did, and strove to do, so much for his children, who would have so valued their affection, yet who must have been constantly feeling that fear of him was drying it up at its source."

Under this discipline, the son's character was trained as if the intellect was to be its sole component. The child was taught Greek at three years old; and before eight, had read in the original Plato's Dialogues and Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates. His English text-books before the last-named age included a translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and McCrie's Life of John Knox. Before twelve, he was drilled in Aristotle's Rhetoric; and at twelve, he was introduced to the Novum Organum of Bacon, and put through a course of the logic of the Schoolmen, — as to which last, in view of the fact that, though many philosophers have thought as profoundly, there never was one who thought more clearly than he did, it is worth noting that there was nothing in his education to which he esteemed himself more indebted for whatever capacity of thinking he attained. His imagination got no opportunity to develop, except by chance; and the operation of chance was confined to narrow limits. He had no holidays. The plan of his training involved his careful seclusion from youthful companions. His father put Shakespeare into his hands "chiefly for the sake of the historical plays."

From these influences the boy escaped during only one year, out of the whole period of his education; but happily for himself, and for all of us whom his philosophy influences, he passed that year in genial intercourse with Continental society, as a guest in the families of Sir Samuel Bentham, in Southern France, and Jean Baptiste Say, in Paris. We may safely conjecture that he owed in great part to this episode the sweet and courtly manners which distinguished him.

It is not a matter of surprise that the inheritor of an intense and ardent temperament should have vainly yearned for a satisfying friendship, when the yoke of this repression was relaxed and he was free to select his own companions. That he did so is manifest from numerous passages. He names at least half a score of young associates, — all of them men, most of whom were already famous or afterwards became so, — as sustaining at different times relations of no ordinary intimacy with him. But he seems never to have experienced the friendship of a woman, until, when he was twenty-five and she twenty-three years old, he encountered the lady whom he married twenty-one years later. This was in 1830, six years before his father's death. She was then the wife "of a most upright, brave, and honorable man, of liberal opinions and good education, but without the intellectual and artistic tastes which would have made him a companion for her;" for whom, after his death in 1849, Mr. Mill declares that he himself "had the sincerest respect, and she the strongest affection," — a declaration which we acknowledge our incapacity to comprehend.

In this lady he "soon perceived in combination the qualities which in all other persons" whom he had ever known he "had been only too happy to find singly." The fervor of his devotion to her, and to her memory, as many years ago manifested to his readers by the dedications of his Principles of Political Economy and of the essay On Liberty, and now more fully disclosed in these confessions, instantly suggests Auguste Comte's worship of Madame Clotilde de Vaux, and lends a curious and painful interest to Mill's criticisms of the influence of that memorable but briefer attachment on Comte's so-called second career. It also brings to mind, but by way of contrast, the devotion of Mill's brilliant contemporary, — like him, educated at home, and almost equally influenced by the St. Simonian philosophy, — Henry Thomas Buckle, to his mother. The parallel with Buckle runs even to the dedication of his books. The first volume of the History of Civilization is dedicated "To my Mother," and the second to her memory.

It is hardly possible to believe that, if Mr. Mill had not been so exclusively and completely subordinated to his father during childhood and youth, his relation with Mrs. Taylor would have determined his life as it did. Through association with her he first came to allow feeling, as distinguished from reason, its due place; and in what he styles the third period of his mental progress, which began after this friendship had reached the degree of confidential intimacy, the change of his character ensued which he but partially indicates when he says that he became less a democrat and more a socialist. It was a revelation of a new side of human experience to him, to discover that she reached "by the moral intuitions of strong feeling" opinions which he had

painfully arrived at "through study and reasoning." In brief, he then first acquired a religion, if we can accept his definition that "a religion may exist without belief in a God," and that, "if a person has an ideal object, his attachment and sense of duty towards which are able to control and discipline all his other sentiments and propensities, and prescribe to him a rule of life, that person has a religion." What the religion was may be gathered from his assertion, in the same dissertation,[1] that "all other religions are made better in proportion as in their practical result they are brought to coincide with that which Comte aimed at constructing," the essence of which was "the idea of the general interest of the human race, both as a source of emotion and as a motive of conduct." After his wife's death, he declares: "Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life."

So far as we have a right to speculate on what would have been Mr. Mill's conception of God, had he ever framed one, the hypothesis would be Aryan rather than Semitic. The existence of evil was a fact which he could not reconcile, any more than could his father, with the rule of a deity absolute in power and perfect in goodness. Both of them could have become Parsees, but neither of them a Jew. It is manifest that, like his father, he rested in the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing has been revealed or can be known, and that speculation on the subject is fruitless.

To Christ as a moral teacher, and to Christianity as an element of human progress, Mr. Mill has always seemed to us persistently unjust, — a fact the more remarkable as his desire to be just not only to all men, but to all their opinions, was so conspicuous in his later years. In his writings, he has more than once spoken of the "bland and amiable" teachings of Christ, finding no nobler adjectives with which to qualify them. The students of the essay On Liberty will remember that he styles Socrates "the head and prototype of all subsequent teachers of virtue," including Christ in a lower rank, and declares that "other ethics than any which can be evolved from exclusively Christian sources must exist side by side with Christian ethics, to produce the moral regeneration of mankind." He accepted the St. Simonian division of history into organic periods and critical periods, and believed that ours will be succeeded by one that will inaugurate the triumph of a creed more advanced than Christianity, in which the moral and intellectual ascendency once exercised by priests will be possessed by philosophers.

These and similar sentiments in the writings of Mr. Mill always bring to our memory, by way of contrast, the words which Rousseau puts in the mouth of the Savoyard Vicar: "The holiness of the gospel is an argument that speaks to my *heart*, and to which I should even be sorry to find a good answer. Look at the books of the philosophers with all their pomp; how funny they are by the side of that! Is there here the tone of an enthusiast or an ambitious sectary? What gentleness, what purity in his manners, what touching grace in his teachings, what loftiness in his maxims! Assuredly there was something more than human in such teaching, such a character, such a life, such a death. If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a god."

We have sought eagerly and in vain throughout this autobiography for some chapter, or phrase, or even single word, to lessen our sense of Mr. Mill's injustice to Christianity but we find not one. We discover only that Socrates, not Christ, was set to him, in his boyhood, by his father, as the model of ideal excellence; and that it would have been wholly inconsistent with his father's ideas of duty to allow him to acquire impressions respecting religion contrary to his own convictions and feelings. Closing the book, and remembering its author's services to mankind, we stand in reverent awe of that love of humanity, which could so ennoble a life passed without the influence of a mother, faith in a Saviour, and belief in a God, and probably also without a hope of individual immortality.

— Since the scholarly achievements of the "Learned Blacksmith" became a household word in American families, a generation has grown up for whom his existence has been almost as a myth. It is well, therefore, that in the brief autobiography with which he prefaces his Ten-Minute Talks on All Sorts of Topics, he should come in his later years before his countrymen to remind them what the work of his manhood has really been.

Elihu Burritt was born in 1810, in New Britain, Conn., and at eighteen he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith in that village. He says that he had a "natural turn" for

[1] *Auguste Comte and Positivism*, pp. 133, 134.

mathematics, and that without allowing himself to put down a single figure, he used to make immense arithmetical calculations in his head, and at night repeat them from memory to his brother, who took the figures off on slates, and verified them. This brother persuaded him to make up a quarter's schooling at twenty-one that he had lost at sixteen, and this he devoted entirely to mathematics, giving also "a few half-hours and corner moments to Latin and French." At the end of the term he returned to the anvil, and found that he could "more conveniently pursue the study of languages than that of mathematics, as he could carry a small Greek grammar in his hat, and con over the verbs while at work." The following winter he spent in New Haven, and devoted himself to languages, studying entirely alone, and dividing his time among seven of them. Before he was thirty he had taught school, tried being a grocer and failed, edited a paper in English and French, and "made himself acquainted with all the languages of Europe and several of Asia, including Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldaic, Samaritan, and Ethiopic," beside often supporting himself at his anvil. He was beginning to think of turning his acquisitions to some practical account, when the public found him out, and as the "Learned Blacksmith," he spent one or two winters in successful lecturing. At this period the antislavery movement enlisted his sympathies. He felt, he says, "that there was an earnest, honest, living speech to be uttered for human rights, as well as dead languages to be studied, mostly for literary recreation." And about the same time his mind became "suddenly and deeply interested in a new field of philanthropic thought and effort" — the promotion of international peace. The philologist therefore became a philanthropist, and the rest of the autobiography is a rapid sketch of his indefatigable labors, chiefly in England, in editing, traveling, lecturing, and interviewing, to promote in its widest sense peace and good-will on earth among men. As an important means to this end, he "developed in 1847 the proposition of a universal ocean penny postage: that is, that the single service of transporting a letter across the sea in any direction, or to any distance, should be one penny, or two cents, this charge to be added to the inland rate on either side. Thus the whole charge proposed on a single letter between any town in Great Britain, and any town in the United States, was to be three pence, or six cents." This is, as we all know, the present arrangement, but how many know that we chiefly owe it to the labors and agitations, for twenty-three years, of Elihu Burritt?

The Ten-Minute Talks of our author are classified as 1. Incidents and Observations. 2. Glimpses by the Wayside of History. 3. Social and Artistic Science. 4. Industrial and Financial Questions. 5. Political Questions. 6. National and International Questions. The essays of the fourth and sixth of these groups are naturally the most able and valuable of the series, for they deal with questions which Mr. Burritt has had under consideration for a quarter of a century. The articles of the former of these are two: The World's Workingmen's Strike against War, and The most highly taxed Luxury in the World, *i. e.*, international suspicion. Were ordinary humanity either Christian or rational, it would not need to be persuaded — it would act spontaneously on the conclusions of these articles, and fleets and standing armies would soon be but memories of a barbarous past. But as has often been said, there is nothing men are so glad to pay dearly for, as for the indulgence of their passions, and the passion for fighting is one of the first, as it has proved among the most indestructible, of human characteristics. Mr. Burritt could not, therefore, have proposed to the enthusiasm of his prime a more stubborn stronghold of pride and prejudice to be reduced, than this faith of the nations in the right and the glory of international wars.

In the last group of these essays, Mr. Burritt calls upon his countrymen to take a calm and impartial view of transatlantic affairs, and to lend especially the weight of their public opinion toward overcoming the chronic fear, on the part of England, of the supposed antagonistic policy of Russia toward herself. The historical and political essays of the volume are interesting and suggestive, and the sketches of the first and third groups display a wide range of sympathy and observation. Some of the descriptions — as that of the English farmer's kitchen hall, and of the Quaker meeting, — are word-paintings in a few telling strokes that are really admirable. The lesson of the whole book, however, is a higher one than that of any of its parts. It shows to us a man of wondrous gifts, giving up, in a sordid and utilitarian age, the scholarly prestige and comfortable livelihood which a devotion to his own specialty would have been certain to accord to him, and spending his life in com-

parative poverty and obscurity, to sow seeds whose harvests the coming generations will chiefly reap. Seldom does a career of such complete and loving self-abnegation come before one.

— The title of Mr. Cohen's work indicates very well the ground he goes over, and gives the reader a very fair idea of what awaits him if he is willing to take up the book. It should be said, however, in order to show the spirit in which the book is written, that it nowhere attempts to confute the generally accepted facts as given in the New Testament, by explaining them as inventions or myths, but that the account as we receive it is accepted as giving the historical truth in the matter, and that an endeavor is made to show from this basis that the Jews were not guilty of the crime generally imputed to them, and that their conduct was not only excusable, but also the only one that was reasonable. The nature of the proof on which the author rests is of two kinds: first, from the facts, which, from his point of view, do not go to prove that Jesus indicated his divinity clearly enough to convince even religious Jews, who had taken warning from false Messiahs; and, secondly, from the nature of his teaching, much of which is but a repetition of Hebrew morality, while some is of a sort to be incomprehensible to every one, as, for example, that "the tree which bringeth not forth good fruit must be hewn down and cast into the fire," or, "if any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Mr. Cohen's comments on this text even his most earnest opponents must confess are without virulence; he says, "Doubtless these words may be in some respects explained and justified, signifying in an exaggerated form that devotion to God should hold predominance over all our terrestrial affections and interests. But this exaggeration of expression must have entirely perverted the meaning and the character of his doctrines in the eyes of his Jewish contemporaries, opposed as they were to all to which they had previously adhered. In this infringement of the sacred principle of family life, the traditions of Moses and the prophets of Israel could doubtless be no longer recognized."

In general, too much praise cannot be given to the admirable temper in which the book is written; it is a model of controversy of a kind that is especially rare in religious discussions. The answering of the points it seeks to establish can be left to other hands. Meanwhile the book will be found interesting by all those who, stirred by the agitation that is going on about matters of belief, are giving their attention to the consideration of materials for an independent judgment. None will be shocked by it, so carefully is it written. Many, too, will read with interest the account of the influence St. Paul had upon the growing belief, and on the causes which produced its success; there, at least, they will find full justice done to the glories of Christianity.

— Mr. Balch's book, which was written by an American in French for the greater convenience of those who would be unlikely to read it if it appeared in another tongue, is a very interesting and valuable publication. The exact connection between our own army and that of the French, the account of their mutual relations, is buried in the dusty loneliness of our large histories, where we know we can find it if we turn to look for it; but in this volume of Mr. Balch's we find a completer narration than any with which we are familiar. A valuable source of information of which the author has freely availed himself is the collection he has made of private journals, many unedited, kept by different French officers during their stay in this country. From one of them, that of the Baron du Bourg, an aid-de-camp of Rochambeau, we extract the following passages: —

"The town of Boston is built like most English towns; the houses, of brick and wood, are very small; inside they are very neat. The people live after the English fashion; they seem very pleasant and kind. I have been treated very kindly by the few people I was able to visit. A great deal of tea is drunk in the morning." The reason of this excessive tea-drinking is perhaps to be found in his next statements. "Their dinner, at which a great deal of meat, and very little bread, is eaten, is generally at two o'clock. At about five tea is drunk again, and wine, madeira, punch; and this goes on till ten o'clock. Then they sit down to a supper which is not so heavy as the dinner. . . . In general, the greater part of their time is spent at the table."

On his way to Newport he notices the resemblance of part of the scenery to that of Normandy, and the same thing strikes him again at Newport. About another visit to Boston he writes, —

"The 14th I left Boston; but before starting never to return, I was anxious to see some of the society of the place. Twice a

week there is a dancing-school where the young people meet to dance from midday till two o'clock. I went in for a short time. I found a very pretty hall, although the English, before abandoning the city, had broken or carried away about twenty mirrors. I found the young women very pretty, but very awkward. It would be impossible to dance worse than they did, or to dress worse in spite of a certain luxury."

To be impartial, it is necessary to quote what the Duc de Broglie wrote about the ladies of Philadelphia, lest possibly other sections of the country should be puffed up with pride and contempt for the people of Boston. He says, —

"The ladies of Philadelphia are very showily dressed, but generally without much taste; in their *coiffure* and in their heads there is less frivolity than is the case with Frenchwomen. Although well made, they lack grace, and courtesy very ill; nor do they dance any better. But they know how to make tea; they bring up their children well; they pride themselves on unflinching fidelity to their husbands, and many are very bright."

In the more serious parts of his history, Mr. Balch has done his work well; and the stamp of approval has been put on it by the fact that a translation into German is to appear within a few months. The author, we understand, has an English version partly ready. We sincerely trust that it may not be long before we shall be able to read in English the work of an American on a most important part of his country's history. We grudge Germany its precedence.

— The Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville form a plain and artless but singularly interesting narrative. We are reminded at every page, but only to be touched with new respect, of the extreme age of the writer, — ninety or thereabouts, — at the time these reminiscences were penned. The disproportionate and pathetic clearness imparted to the quaint scenes of her childhood and early youth in Scotland, — the quiet account of her search for difficult knowledge, — the absolutely dispassionate record of her unparalleled triumphs, — the serenity with which she speaks of her sorrows, — nay even the trifling and obvious inaccuracies of detail which occur in her allusions to some of the events of her mature life (still half a century old), all show that these pages were written by one whose life lay far behind her. Occasional gaps in the history are filled by the eldest daughter of Mrs. Somerville in the same spirit of high-minded modesty and reserve which characterizes the autobiography. "The old woman," says Mme. Swetchine playfully but truly, "has not even a name in the elevated style." So much the worse, maybe, for the elevated style. It is matter at least of literary thankfulness that a style which is merely refined and direct seems quite adequate to describe the career of a perfectly exceptional feminine genius.

Miss Martha Somerville says of her mother in her Introduction to the Memoir (pp. 5, 6), "It would be almost incredible were I to describe how much my mother contrived to do in the course of a day. When my sister and I were small children, although busily engaged in writing for the press, she used to teach us for three hours every morning, besides managing her house carefully, reading the newspapers (for she was always a keen and, I must add, a liberal politician), and the most important new books on all subjects, grave and gay. In addition to all this she freely visited and received her friends. She was, indeed, very fond of society, and did not look for transcendent talent in those with whom she associated, although no one appreciated it more when she found it. Gay and cheerful company was a pleasant relaxation after a hard day's work. My mother never introduced scientific or learned subjects into general conversation. When they were brought forward by others, she talked simply and naturally about them, without the slightest pretension to superiority. Finally, to complete the list of her accomplishments, I must add that she was a remarkably neat and skillful needlewoman. We still possess some elaborate specimens of her embroidery and lace-work."

This remarkable picture, the book shows to be faithful as a photograph. In a brief notice like the present, one can hardly glance at what Mary Somerville accomplished in science. The imposing list of her works on a fly-leaf of the memoir must remain a catalogue, merely, to almost all who read; owing to the abstruse nature of the subjects which engaged her thought and industry. But the sweetness of her domestic character appeals to all, and her perfectly rounded life suggests, in its inevitable association with the noisy disputes of the day, some serious reflections.

The first concerns her extreme rarity as a phenomenon. A woman like Mrs. Somer-

ville is born, not made, and one is strongly impressed by the belief that no possible system of education, "higher" or other, could ever produce her like. And then one is led to reflect on the conditions most favorable to the development of genius in a woman when it does occur, since women must necessarily be so much more dependent upon circumstances than men. We have always had a fancy, — and the present volume confirms it, — that a woman's chance for actual achievement is best where gentle breeding is combined with great simplicity of life and manners. There have occasionally been eminent female artists, theatrical and musical, who have risen from abject poverty and the very lowest layer of society; but there is hardly an instance of a woman doing anything in letters, who had not respectable parentage and a comfortable early life. Where however society is formal, complex, and luxurious, there is employment for all a woman's possible powers in beautifying and brightening society. The famous queens of the *salon* have almost always been women of a certain diffused and equalized genius, who lavished on the daily duties and amenities and outside details of life an amount of talent which is the wonder of all, men especially, who are used to economize their gifts, and which, if concentrated and strictly utilized, would probably have insured them a different sort of immortality. Nor can we bring ourselves to think such essentially humane use, even of the finest abilities, unworthy. And where, owing to the prevalence of whatever fanaticism, it has come to be so considered, we think that both the individual women and the society suffer. The reader can illustrate for himself.

But on the other hand, the book seems to teach us that where a woman feels within her a strong special aptitude irresistibly impelling her to an unusual career, she has only to strive patiently until she has achieved something positively valuable, and she may be sure of prompt and generous recognition by men. It is the unauthenticated claims, the restless demand for wider opportunities when the narrower have not been employed, that provoke to resistance and refusal. Mary Fairfax's early enthusiasm for mathematics was systematically discouraged in her family, and by her first husband; yet when, after years of quiet perseverance, she supplied a "real want," and produced an abstract of the *Mécanique Céleste* of La Place, suitable to be used as a text-book in the University of Cambridge, she was overwhelmed with testimonials of admiring appreciation. And these not merely from French *savans*, with whom flattery is a favorite art, and who ever glow and expatiate in the opportunity of saying fine things to a woman, but from Englishmen of the type of Lord Brougham and Dr. Whewell, who will certainly not be suspected of any sentimental bias or chivalrous weakness. And when Mrs. Somerville had followed up her first achievement of interpretation, by original works which really advanced the cause of physical science, nations vied with one another in offering her facilities for further study. The most precious and carefully guarded libraries were thrown open to her, and scores of learned societies, which had never admitted a woman before, elected her by acclamation to their membership. In short, all that for which too many women nowadays are content to sit and whine, or fitfully and carelessly struggle, came naturally and quietly to Mrs. Somerville. And the reason was that she never asked for anything until she had earned it. Or, rather, she never asked at all, but was content to earn.

And on the whole, we find, and are glad to find, strengthened by this charming memoir our beliefs in the wholesome and preservative power of severe study, no less for a woman than a man. It may be that few women are called to it, and that some who have the vocation will never find the opportunity, but it is certainly a capacity to be cultivated, if only as a provision against certain frequent contingencies of life. Mary Somerville's health was delicate; she was never rich; she was a woman of many sorrows. But it is impossible not to see in her grave and lofty intellectual pursuits the perpetual ballast of her life. She was a woman happy in her domestic relations, faithful, tender, and in every way admirable as a daughter, wife, and mother. But she outlived her husband, her idolized son, and most of her nearest friends, and was thrown in her last, lingering years very much on her own resources. At the age of ninety, when too feeble to rise before one o'clock, she used to amuse her morning hours in bed by the revision and completion of a treatise which she had written many years before on the Theory of Differences, and the study of a book on Quaternions; while in the afternoons she would examine and analyze the lovely flowers and ferns gathered by her daughters in the neighborhood of Sorrento,

where she died. It is an affecting picture, and ought to be consoling, especially to women who are haunted, among other secret terrors, by the dread of a vacant and solitary old age.

— Popular interest in natural history has become so extended, that Dr. Packard's little book on insects will be warmly welcomed. We wish it could have been presented in a more attractive dress; the type is far too small, and some of the illustrations are too heavy and rude. But these defects are well-nigh forgotten in the interest of the text. The reader is carried, unawares, through accounts of structure, habit, and development, from the higher forms to the lowest groups of insects, and finally brought face to face with the inquiry, Whence all these myriad hosts?

Indeed, our author seems himself to have been irresistibly drawn toward a consideration of the *origin* of insect structure and metamorphosis; for it is curious to see how, in the previous special chapters, he has unconsciously — or with real purpose? — dwelt with unusual emphasis upon the "degraded" types of each group. A most interesting account is given of the homes of the wild bees, which is no sooner concluded than we are introduced to all the horrors of their parasitic guests; the chapters on the mosquito, the house-fly, and their allies, draw half their interest from the description of the lowly organized flea and curious mallophaga; when the hemipterous insects are reached, the author dwells upon nothing but those creatures, the mere mention of whose name is "tabooed and avoided by the refined and polite;" but he shows that "a serious, thoughtful, and thorough study of the louse . . . . is neither belittling nor degrading." The account of the neuroptera is confined to the spring-tails, their lowest members; and even when writing of octopod insects, he considers only the mites and ticks.

In harmony with this, he everywhere insists upon the importance of the study of embryology, and traces the early history of many insects of which he treats; so convinced is he of the value of this knowledge in guiding us to an understanding of gradation of rank among animals, that he would carry investigation to the extremest details. His quick mind suggests at every step inquiries of the deepest interest, and his acknowledged erudition gives weight to the hints offered toward their solution. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the chapter on the ancestry of insects, the longest in the book, and one which will attract the attention of all naturalists. In common with Müller, Brauer, Lubbock, and indeed all writers who have discussed the origin of insects, our author acknowledges that the complication and diversity of their metamorphoses present the most perplexing difficulty. Müller was the first to attempt an explanation, by suggesting that the peculiar transformations of butterflies, moths, and other highly organized insects were afterthoughts of creation, so to speak; that is, that perfect insects existed before caterpillars, chrysalids, and all the strange alternations of form now seen. It is a fact that the earliest known insects were winged, but the testimony of the rocks upon this point is so excessively fragmentary as to carry but little weight, and we are forced to draw our conclusions mainly from the developmental history of living forms. Still, authors now seem to agree that the "complete" metamorphosis of the higher groups is an acquired feature, and that previous to this acquirement the primitive insects resembled either cockroaches or spring-tails, both of which leave the egg in a form hardly differing from the adult.

In the attempt to trace their earlier history, these authors speculate with less confidence and less agreement; Müller, Haeckel, and Brauer deriving these primitive insects from a Zoëa-form crustacean, Packard and Lubbock tracing them through low arachnids, like the tardigrada, to the worms — a line of descent first doubtfully suggested by Haeckel. Packard marshals a long array of facts from every branch of study in support of his views, and discusses the whole topic with earnestness, clearness, and candor, together with a becoming spirit of reverence. Speaking of the law that governs the origin of species, he writes, —

"Certainly the present attempts to discover that law, however fatuitous they may seem to many, are neither illogical, nor, judging by the impetus already given to biology, or the science of life, labor altogether spent in vain. The theory of evolution is a powerful tool, when judiciously used, that must eventually wrest many a secret from the grasp of nature."

And further on: —

"Some writers of the evolution school are strenuous in the belief that the evolution hypothesis overthrows the idea of archetypes and plans of structure. But a true genealogy of animals and plants repre-

sents a natural system, and the types of animals, be they four, as Cuvier taught, or five, or more, are recognized by naturalists through the study of dry, hard anatomical facts." "Many short-sighted persons complain that such a theory sets in the background the idea of a personal Creator; but minds no less devout, and perhaps a trifle more thoughtful, see the hand of a Creator not less in the evolution of plants and animals from preëxistent forms, through natural laws, than in the evolution of a summer's shower, through the laws discovered by the meteorologist, who looks back through myriads of ages to the causes that led to the distribution of mountain chains, ocean currents, and trade winds, which combine to produce the necessary conditions resulting in that shower."

— Prosper Randoce is in almost every way the best of the novels of Cherbuliez. In it he shows far less tendency to melodramatic effects, and the ingenious representation of impossibilities, than is sometimes the case with this brilliant writer. It is a study of character, indeed of a number of very diverse characters, under circumstances which bear a likeness to the ordinary occurrences of daily life. The hero, who, by the way, does not give his name to the book, is one of those characters which are very commonly found in modern novels of a certain semi-philosophical kind, namely, one of the doubting, unardent men, who, besides running the ordinary risk of slip between cup and lip, add to the uncertainty of getting food to their mouth by stopping to analyze it and to find out if they are really hungry. Such heroes are the successors of the Byronic heroes of fifty years ago, with this difference, that they no longer meditate on mountain-tops or stain themselves with horrible crimes. They are very much tamed since those days, and they pride themselves more on their resemblance to Hamlet than on that to Childe Harold. Their task is to bring themselves into line with the rest of the world, not to set the times right; but over that they groan doubly, being at the same time physician and patient.

In comparison with this day-dreamer is put Prosper himself, who is made the vehicle of a great deal of well-deserved satire of the frivolities of French journalists. The unreasonableness of Prosper is made the means of putting energy into Didier's listless soul; he is, as it were, shaken into action by his half-brother's conduct. Running through the book there is the story of Didier's love for a young widow, and the account of his uncertainty, hesitations, doubts, and fears, is well told. The whole novel is very clever and exceedingly interesting; while it has some passages that will be found distasteful by many, there is yet nothing morbid in the book, none of the deliberate and ostentatious predominance given to unpleasantness which so often mars French novels. Young people will hardly be much interested in the problem it discusses, and their elders will be able to overlook its faults in consideration of the numerous merits of the book. Cherbuliez never says the last word on any subject, but he manages to say the very clever word of an intelligent man, and that is very likely to be an entertaining one.

— Some twenty years ago a striking little tract was published in Boston, reprinted from an English edition, called The Stars and the Earth. It created a sensation, not among astronomers, but among many readers of a thoughtful turn outside the purely scientific world. It consisted of some grand and rather startling speculations concerning time and space, based on the laws of the transmission of light from the stars to the earth. It is well known that light travels at the rate of about 213,000 miles in a second. Our moon is 240,000 miles off, and her light consequently reaches us in a second and a quarter. Our sun is 95,000,000 miles distant, and eight minutes must elapse before we receive his first beams. The planet Jupiter, 617,000,000 miles away, requires fifty-two minutes, Uranus two hours, the planet Neptune (since discovered) three hours. The nearest fixed star, in the constellation of Centaur, is about eighteen billions of miles distant, and its rays require three years to reach us. Vega requires twelve years. Other stars are so remote as to require immensely longer periods of time to send us their light, reaching to thousands and millions of years. This being so, the stars that we see are only the stars as they were, three, twelve, a hundred, a thousand, or a million years ago; and a star may be actually extinguished, and yet its light shine on for centuries.

Reversing these propositions, an observer placed in any planet or star would receive the rays of light from the earth in the same respective time. Supposing it were possible for pictures or photographs of events on the earth to become visible, like the rays of light, to other worlds, those events that passed here would be actually seen only

when our light reached them; so that the observers in those orbs would be seeing only our past history, and not our present; would know the earth as it was one thousand, ten thousand, or one million years ago. But suppose that any one in those distant orbs had the power (astronomical or spiritual) to outrun the speed of light: it is evident that he could crowd the whole of our earth's history into a few hours; for he would not have to wait for the arrival of these light couriers to bring him their photographs of what had passed; he would antedate them, fly to meet them on their way, and thus read the whole record of, say, four thousand or ten thousand years in a few rapid glances at the messengers as they met him.

Whether the author of this tract was M. Flammarion, who now writes Stories of Infinity, we know not, though it is plain that M. Flammarion treads in the same path, and takes up precisely the same ideas. But the French astronomer goes much further, and makes these facts the framework of a very pretty romance of the heavens, enriched all along with weighty reflections and enlivened by the most imaginative incidents. His narrative is conducted in the form of a dialogue between an Inquirer and Lumen, — the one was mortal, the other a disembodied spirit, — and he works it into a quite exciting series of ideal pictures of spirit-life in the immensities of space and time, which cannot fail to impress the reader very vividly, especially as they all appear to be sustained by this inflexible anatomy of established astronomical law. Adopting the spirit of a departed astronomer as his chief speaker, he can carry him through the immensities as fast and as far as he chooses, unfettered by earthly limitations, with the Frenchman's love of exactness and explicitness, which leads him to err in repetition rather than suffer any obscurity; he dwells on well-known facts, but dashes into statements, many of which we outside laymen must take for granted, since we have not his astronomical facilities in handling logarithms and fractions and overwhelming calculus. He also indulges in daring speculations concerning life and preëxistence and immortality. He describes his death, the emancipation of his soul from the body; he is carried with inconceivable swiftness to the star Capella, a distance of one hundred and seventy trillions three hundred and ninety-two milliards of leagues, where he finds a group of men absorbed in contemplating events passing upon our earth, — even in the city of Paris. After a while, he discovers that it is the Revolution of '89 they are studying. That event, and the beheading of Louis XVI. seventy-two years before, has just reached their eyes. Lumen died aged seventy-two, so that the Revolution took place somewhere about the time he was born. After that he sees other events passing, that interest him personally. He even sees *himself* as a child, and as he grows up, and loves, and marries, etc. But as he sees these things in a very short space of time, it is proved that he is being drawn again to earth by a strong impulse, and he arrives in time to witness *his own funeral!* All this is satisfactorily accounted for by the laws of distances and the transmission of light. Again he is drawn back to the star Capella; and now, moving much faster than the light, he is enabled to note the earth's history *reversed:* one by one the records of the past are seen, the last events happening first; till, always outspeeding the light, in the immensities he traverses, he notes the long scroll of history rolled backward, till there are no inhabitants upon the globe, till the Saurian ages, till the ages of fire and nebulous mist. Lumen reaches this fire-mist of creation, and thinks it is the *end,* till a voice speaks to him and corrects the impression; for he has been fleeing from the solar system at a speed swifter than light.

But this is not all. Wonders upon wonders crowd upon the reader. Lumen relates how from his home in Capella he discovers in the star Virgo *himself in a preexistent state;* how he was born into that world in the year 45904, which corresponds to the terrestrial Christian year 1677, and that he died in the year 45913, corresponding to our year 1767. He is enabled to review this anterior life side by side with his later earthly life, the rays of light from the distant Virgo and from the Earth reaching him at the same moment. He thus accounts for those "shadowy recollections," which always seemed to him like veiled gleams from a preëxistent state; and he goes into a series of reflections upon the soul showing that it must have always existed.

He states that he has lived several lives before the earthly life. At one time he was a *looman;* further back a sort of reasoning *tree.* This was about fifteen centuries ago. Twenty-four hundred years ago he inhabited the star Theta of Orion, as a sort of

vegetable wax-taper, or Man-Mullen, and he hopes to spend his next life in the system of Sirius. Through all these stages of the narrative are interwoven scientific and philosophic speculations which will be, we think, to many readers, if not instructive, at least suggestive, and enlarging to the imaginative intellect.

The second half of M. Flammarion's book is occupied mainly with the history of a comet, which is no less fanciful, and no less founded on the real, than his speculations on light, time, and space.

Other Publications.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, have sent us Mrs. Grace A. Ellis's Life and Works of Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld, in two volumes, the first containing a memoir and many of her letters, and the second a selection from her writings in verse and prose. Of this work, as well as Lord Lytton's (Owen Meredith's) Fables in Song, published by the same house, we hope to speak critically hereafter.

We also reserve for criticism The Parisians, by Lord Lytton (Bulwer), and Diamond cut Diamond, a Story of Italian Life, by T. Adolphus Trollope, published by Harper and Brothers, New York, from whom we have received, besides these books, a volume by J. Grey Jewell, lately United States Consul at Singapore, entitled Among our Sailors, — an inquiry into the present condition of the American mercantile marine, and an exposure of the intolerable cruelties and oppressions of the seamen sailing under our flag.

Miss Ellen Frothingham, who gave us some years ago so agreeable a version of Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, has translated Lessing's essay on Laocoön, which, with the revised edition of The Record of Mr. Alcott's School, we have received from Roberts Brothers, Boston. This, the third edition of the Record, has a new preface by "the Recorder," in which Miss Peabody, while still agreeing with Mr. Alcott that "education must be moral, intellectual, and spiritual, as well as physical, from the very beginning of life," holds that "Froebel's method of cultivating children through artistic production, in the childish sphere of affection and fancy, is a healthier and more effective way than self-inspection, for at least those years of a child's life before the age of seven."

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have added to their singularly well-selected Leisure Hour Series, Jupiter's Daughters, a novel by Mrs. C. Jenkin, who wrote, among other stories, Who Breaks, Pays — a story so good that all who have read it will desire to see her new fiction.

Animal Locomotion, or Walking, Swimming, and Flying, with a Dissertation on Aeronautics, by J. Bell Pettigrew; and The Conservation of Energy, by Balfour Stewart, are the latest volumes in the International Scientific Series of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

G. P. Putnam's Sons publish, in their Advanced Science Series, Animal Philosophy: the Structure and Functions of the Human Body, by John Cleland.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston, are publishing in semi-monthly parts, or as rapidly as the issue of the work in Paris will allow, Guizot's Popular History of France, with two hundred and forty illustrations on wood by De Neuville, and forty steel plates. The sumptuous letterpress of the American edition is by the University Press of Cambridge, by which the wood-cuts have also been very admirably printed. The work is to be completed in some forty-five parts, and is to be sold only by subscription. We have seen no other subscription book which for literary, artistic, and mechanical excellence could be so unreservedly commended. The same publishers send us Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence, with an Introduction on the Theory of Presumptive Proof, by S. N. Phillips; also, Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices of England, in four volumes.

We have received the following publications: The Teachings of the Ages: in two Parts, by A. C. Traveler, from A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco — apparently a view of the church in the present and the past from a sort of Swedenborgian standpoint. The Structure of Animal Life: Six Lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1862, by Louis Agassiz; and On Self-Culture, Intellectual, Physical, and Moral, by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh; from Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York. The Life of Edwin Forrest, with Reminiscences and Personal Recollections, by James Rees; from T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia. Bella, or the Cradle of Liberty: a Story of Insane Asylums, by Mrs. Eugenia St. John; from N. D. Berry, Boston. Sermons by the Rev. Henry Norman Hudson; from Ginn Brothers, Boston.

Lyrics of a Country Lane, a Miscellany of Verse, by John L. Owen; from Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.

French and German.[1]

The two volumes of M. Mérimée's correspondence are as interesting a contribution to modern literature as has appeared for many a day. The interest they possess is of various kinds: it is personal, social, and literary. The letters, which run over nearly thirty years, from 1842 until Mérimée's death in 1870, were written by him to a woman whose name is unknown; but who, according to the most trustworthy accounts, was a young girl of French birth but of English breeding, who had become the companion of an English lady, and who thereby was less mistress of her time and of herself than she otherwise would have been. The knowledge of this fact will save the reader from much misapprehension of the mysteriousness of the relations in which she and Mérimée stood to one another, and of which the letters contain very many traces. But, starting with this information, the reader will find plenty to puzzle his ingenuity in determining the presence and the amount of that emotion which generally finds some place in the letters of a man to a woman. It must be remembered that we have here only half of a correspondence, but from this it will not be difficult to build up more or less plausible theories as to the light in which they regarded one another. It would be hardly fair to call these love-letters, but they are all the more entertaining reading for us outsiders that they are not. At one time Mérimée seems to have a very tender feeling for his correspondent, but it is a calm and chastened passion that inspires him, as much due to pique at the coolness with which she concealed herself from his observation as to anything else. His letters are too well written for love-letters; if he had been fairly in earnest he would have forgotten to be witty. It does not seem to be so much that he wrote his letters for publication and with an eye on posterity, as that he wrote all the time with his own very critical eye turned upon himself; he was his own public, very willing and able to turn himself to ridicule at the slightest transgression of a certain formal code he had adopted as his rule of life. Nothing but a tremendous passion could have delivered him from these self-imposed shackles, and the moment it had done so his letters would have been vastly less witty, vastly less amusing for us, but a great deal more genuine. This artificiality which Mérimée put upon himself reminds one of clothes; as society is constituted clothes are indispensable, but when a man is so careful of his dress that he cannot stretch out his arm or lie down on the grass or run across a field without nervousness, one is inclined to approve of the savage and pity the man who is so exceedingly civilized. It is, however, the civilized man who will write the most entertaining letters. After a time, what little warmth there is in the letters gives way to a more genuine friendship, and that continues to the end.

This same quality, coldness, which is so especially noticeable in the letters, is plain enough, too, in all his writings. His shorter stories are, for the most part, very clever, indeed as regards workmanship they could hardly be improved; but while this makes him less dangerous when, as is often the case, he is very national in the choice of his subject, it certainly goes just as far in diminishing his influence in those cases where another writer would legitimately move us by arousing our sympathy. It gives him an appearance of greater weakness than his many excellences would seem to justify; it shows us for the thousandth time that smooth writing, wit, all kinds of cleverness, are useful in their proper place, but that they should be subordinated to the main quality which a writer must have if he wishes the same feeling for him in his readers, and that is, sympathy. Most friendship may be feigning and most love mere folly, as the disappointed preach; but meanwhile there is a large and respectable number of people, who may be over-credulous, but who hold to the contrary, and who go to make up the public. As Taine says in the introduction, "Mérimée, in trying to be the dupe of nothing, became the dupe of himself."

If we take the letters, however, for what they are, without trying to read between the lines, we shall find plenty of entertainment. In the two volumes there is not a dull page; we have set before us an admirable picture of the life and working of the second empire, drawn by a man who was of no value as a

1 All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston

Lettres à une Inconnue. Par Prosper Mérimée 2 vols Paris. 1874

politician, but who was enabled by his position to see a great deal more than falls to the lot of the humbler citizen. The following anecdote may serve as an example of some of the amusing scenes he describes. He is speaking of Rachel, the actress.

"I dined with her ten days ago at the house of an Academician. The dinner was given that she might meet Béranger. There was a number of great men there. She came late and her entrance displeased me. The men said, and the women did, so many foolish things when they saw her, that I did not stir from my corner. Besides, it was a year since I had seen her. After dinner, Béranger, with his usual good-nature and good sense, said she made a mistake in limiting herself to performances in drawing-rooms, and that a fitting public could be found only at the Théâtre François, etc. Mademoiselle Rachel seemed to approve of the sentiment, and to show how much she had profited by it, she performed the first act of Esther. Some one was needed to read the other parts, and an Academician who seemed to be her cicisbeo brought me a Racine. I said roughly I knew nothing about poetry, and that in the room there were many people in that line, who could scan the verses much better than I could. Hugo excused himself on acount of weak eyes, another for something else. The master of the house undertook it. Imagine Rachel, dressed in black, between a piano and the tea-table, with a door behind her, assuming a theatrical expression. This operation was very amusing and very fine; it took about two minutes, then she began: 'Est-ce toi, chère Élise?' . . .

"The confidant in the middle of his reply dropped the book and lost his spectacles; it was ten minutes before he could find his place again. The audience saw that Esther was rather losing her temper. She goes on. The door behind opens; it is a servant coming in. They make signs to him to go away. He withdraws, but can't shut the door behind him; it swings back and accompanies Rachel with a very amusing creak. Since it did not stop, Rachel put her hand to her heart and complained of faintness; but like a person accustomed to die on the stage, she waited for some one to catch her. In the interlude, Hugo and M. Thiers began to discuss Racine. Hugo said Racine was an inferior poet and Corneille a great one. 'You say so,' answered Thiers, 'because you are yourself a great poet; you are the Corneille' (here Hugo began to smirk modestly) 'of a period of which the Racine is Casimir Delavigne.' I leave you to imagine the importance of such modesty. Nevertheless the faintness and the act came to an end, but it was not a success. Some one who knows Mademoiselle Rachel very well said as we were leaving, 'How she must have sworn this evening, as she was going home!'"

In the course of his life he traveled a great deal; he was in Germany, Spain, and England; he had friends everywhere. The English society he finds far from interesting; he complains of the meagreness and unsatisfactoriness of its amusements. For instance, he writes as follows from London, in the year 1865: —

"I have just passed three days with his [Lord Palmerston's] probable successor, Mr. Gladstone; this has not amused me, but it has interested me, for I always like to observe the varieties of human nature. Here they are so unlike what we have with us, that it is hard to explain why the featherless bipeds, living only ten hours off, should bear so little resemblance to those of Paris. In some respects Mr. Gladstone seemed to me a man of genius, in others, a fool. He has the qualities of a child, a statesman, and a fool."

Of Bismarck he says, "Another person, M. de Bismarck, pleased me more [than the King of Portugal]. He is a tall German, very polite, but not at all simple. He lacks *gemüth*, but he is very witty. He made a complete conquest of me."

About the late emperor of the French and the Imperial court he writes more or less. The fatiguing life of a courtier comes in for an occasional hit; he exposes much of the corruption the empire brought into his country: indeed, it is as pictures of an interesting period that these volumes have probably their greatest importance. They will serve to throw light upon our times as the famous memoirs of preceding generations do upon their own days. For that purpose they seem admirably, almost intentionally fitted, but the appearance of preparation may be due simply to the fact that they were written by a man who had very little interest in the life he was leading, and who therefore put himself more in the position of one who exposed what he saw, than of one who fairly believed in it all. Without intention Mérimée composed a sort of compendium of the modern history of France. This fact alone would make the volumes interesting, even if there were not

besides a mystery about the love-affair in the first volume, which can be a nine-days' talk with those people who feel themselves baffled by having only half of the correspondence — and with omissions at that — between a man who dreaded marriage and a woman who evidently was far from averse to coquetry. In other words, there is no one who will find the book uninteresting. It is better, by far, than most novels.

ART.

WHETHER we can hope in this country ever to have any one collection that shall contain a considerable number of important works of the masters in painting, from the earliest times down to our own century, may well be doubted. In the generous rivalry that is already foreshadowed between the cities of the Union in matters of culture, it is evident that the objects of art we may be able from time to time to secure, must be divided as spoils among the conquerors, and that to no one of our cities can be conceded the right to own all, or perhaps the greatest share, of our gettings. There can be no London or Paris for us. We can hope only to be — and this were indeed a gracious hope — as Germany or as Italy are, a chain of cities, each link hung with its peculiar jewel. New York has at least, in her Metropolitan Museum, got the start of the rest of us in laying the foundation for a collection of ancient art. It is true, the actual possessions of the museum are small. It owns little of value beside the Blodgett collection. The Di Cesnola collection is the personal property of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, and the Japanese objects, the porcelain, the wood-carvings, the early-printed books, and the *bric-à-brac* generally, are loaned by their owners, for longer or shorter times. Still it is an important fact that we have so much, and by the time the first portion of the new building in the Central Park is completed, we shall find that such an impetus has been given to culture by the study of the museum collections, as will make it comparatively easy to start the institution on a solid foundation. Meanwhile it is of real interest to all who care to watch the beginnings of things, to learn how in many places there are seeds being planted that must some day bear good fruit. We must not expect that what is done in the way of art collection in this country shall anywhere be done perfectly well. Would it not be extraordinary if it were so done, seeing that nowhere in Europe is there a public gallery with whose contents and arrangement severe fault is not found, by those who know most about the matter?

The visitors to the Metropolitan Museum, even on the five paying-days of the week, are numerous enough to prove that the public is waking up to the value of these collections. As we look at the matter, this value consists greatly in the picked excellence of the things shown, and in their restricted number. The Old-World collections — Cluny and South Kensington, the Louvre and the British Museum — do well to be as rich as possible, for they are to serve the need of the erudite, the connoisseur and the student, no less than that of the general public. But the beginnings of such treasuries in our country should show us in several fields choice characteristic specimens by which we may learn the rudiments of these arts and industries, and so be well grounded in our knowing. Agassiz's advice to teachers of natural history, to be content with showing their pupils a few things, is equally applicable to the teaching we get from a museum, and the trustees of the New York museum have done well in not crowding their walls and cases with objects. The *pièce de resistance* is of course the Di Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities, a collection which, considering how largely antiquarian and learned its value is, is fortunate in this, that it has enough beauty and incident in it to give large pleasure to a public that cares nothing for antiquities merely as such. The glass is probably not to be matched anywhere for the beauty, variety, and rarity of the specimens, the collection of lamps is very instructive and charming, and the value of the series of terra-cotta statuettes is not easily overestimated. It may be remarked that the whole collection is much increased in working usefulness by the classification and orderly arrangement it received at the hands of Gen-

eral di Cesnola himself: his absence from the rooms that owe everything to him must be felt as a serious loss by every one who knew his unostentatious learning, his address, and his unwearied enthusiasm. Next in importance to the Di Cesnola collection is the collection of pottery and porcelain, English, French, German, Italian, and Oriental, none of it the property of the museum, but contributed by various persons, Mr. S. P. Avery bearing off the palm in the Oriental specimens — principally Chinese and Japanese — and Mr. William C. Prime making a notable show in the European field. Comparison with private collections in London and in the other cities of Europe, to say nothing of the great public displays, would make the shelves of the Metropolitan Museum look third-rate as a whole, though there are here many first-rate specimens; but, we repeat, the museum outside of the Di Cesnola collection is not to be judged by comparison: we must take it as it stands. Looked at intrinsically, it may be said almost without exaggeration that in these rooms a young student may graduate in the study of the ceramic art, and not fear a rigid examination at the hands of Old-World doctors. In the absence of a catalogue, — which indeed would hardly be worth while making for a mere loan collection, and one too of such a shifting character, — the specimens, particularly those belonging to Mr. Prime, are usefully ticketed, and we suppose the same service would be rendered the public in the Oriental division, if anybody anywhere knew anything about the history, age, or locality of the different wares. The pictures belonging to the museum, as well as those loaned to it for a season, deserve more particular criticism than our space permits us to give them: we cannot, however, pass without mention the remarkable Tintoretto of Mr. Walter Brown, the Toilet of Venus, a picture which, taken in connection with the Portrait by the same master and belonging to the same gentleman, will prove, well studied, of great help to those who shall afterward see the great Venetian in his royal robes in the palace that was once the Doges' and is now *his*.

Better specimens of Tintoretto than these are not to be found out of Venice, though there is another portrait by him in private hands in New York, that is nearly of equal value with this portrait of Verdizzo belonging to Mr. Brown. The little Parmigianino, the Marriage of St. Catherine; the Salvator Rosa, the Temptation of St. Anthony; and the Head of St. Paul, by Titian, three pictures also belonging to Mr. Walter Brown, are contributions of great value, and it were much to be wished that they could be acquired for the museum, if in no other way than by the sacrifice of a portion of the Blodgett collection, which would well bear weeding. But however little we might care to give permanent room in restricted quarters to many of the Blodgett pictures, we owe him thanks for a goodly number of them, and these will all find room and welcome in the new building when it shall be completed. For there is a wide field for study in the room that contains the Blodgett pictures, and one need never go away uninstructed nor unpleased who has passed a morning in questioning the heads by Van Dyck, Cornelis de Vos, Greuze, the younger Cranach, Aart de Gelder, Van der Helst, Mierevelt, and, above all, the Hille-Bobbe of Franz Hals — a picture which, placed between the Young Girl of De Vos, and the Min de Christyn of Van Dyck, shows how little youth and beauty can do after all to snuff out the flame of a vigorous old age. Crumpled old hag as she is, Hille-Bobbe is so full of fire, she is almost a match in beauty for these pale Dutch tulips. Nor would the student do amiss to exhaust, if he can, the excellences of the landscapes by some of these Dutch masters: the Quai at Leyden, by Van der Heyden, almost Venetian in color; or Van Goyen's The Moerdyck, lovely in its pearly purity. The catalogue of the Blodgett pictures is well arranged and handsomely printed, and the museum keeps on sale copies of the etchings which have been made of a few of the pictures by M. Jules Jacquemart, and which are in themselves one of the most honorable tributes of admiration that any gallery could desire from a master.

Beside these larger elements that make the main attraction of the museum, there still remain a choice collection of early printed books, and early and modern bindings; a small lot of Greek and Roman coins, many of them rare; several cases containing *objets de virtu*, chiefly of the Renaissance type, and articles in rock crystal (one cup of engraved crystal belonging to Mr. S. P. Avery is of exceptional delicacy and beauty; we never saw its equal), enamels, mounted gems, carvings, *repoussé* work, wrought work in metal; among these a bell attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, which fully justifies all that its maker ever said, and that was much, of his own skill. Too much

cannot be said in praise of this bell; it is well worthy to have been the *raison d'être* of the museum, as the Sophocles was of the Lateran. Finally, the museum may plume itself not a little on its Japanese collection, which will be most admired by those who have seen most and know most of the art of fairy land, now dying out under the rolling wheels of the car of so-called civilization. The value of the articles in this museum is even now very great; in time it must become vastly greater, since it includes many perfect specimens of a skill that never existed anywhere else in the world in such perfection as among the Japs.

— By the time this number of the Atlantic reaches its subscribers, the Seventh Annual Exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors in New York will have been too long a thing of the past to make it useful for us to give a detailed account of it. But nevertheless it is important to note the remarkable growth of the society, and the improvement of individual members in the practice of their art, almost a new thing on this side the water. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's work of this year is much in advance of his first exhibited drawings, and Mr. Swain Gifford, who was a fellow-traveler with Mr. Tiffany in the East, and who seemed for a time in danger of being confounded with him both in choice of subject and in his way of work, has this year turned his face toward his home scenes, and besides some Eastern subjects had a number of really clever drawings of New England coast scenery. Miss Fidelia Bridges' poetical and faithful drawings, in which are native birds of the smaller breeds, — tomtits and chickadees, sparrows and goldfinches, are the *dramatis personæ*, perched on weeds not of glorious feature but homely and familiar, — were warmly welcomed this year, and beside selling all she sent to the exhibition, the lady is rich in orders for the coming summer. Miss McDonald, too, had a great success, although she sent but three drawings, and all of them small. Yet there really was no better, solider work in the exhibition than hers, and she has deserved recognition by hard and modest work. Mr. W. F. Richards was another favorite contributor to the exhibition, or rather his pictures were favorites — for he himself sent nothing, his drawings were all loaned by their owners. This artist's knowledge of nature, the fruit of unwearied study, has at last forced the public to recognize it, in spite of a prejudice against the extremely delicate execution through which it is revealed, and which does not please greatly outside the circle of women and the lovers of curiosities. But in the case of Mr. Richards the women have taught the connoisseurs, and these must now admit that all the artist's delicacy, finish, and tameness, as they called it, are reconcilable with strength, breadth, and a masterly understanding of his subject. The exhibition was almost exclusively an American one, there being not more than a baker's dozen of French and English drawings. Financially, the exhibition was most successful; there was a large daily attendance, beginning with the opening day, and at the close few really good drawings were left unsold. It has been a good example, and we learn that at last the members of the National Academy are bending to their oars, determined to pass the Water-Color Society and have an exhibition in the spring, that shall prove we yet have some artists among us.

— The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for December, contained a long article profusely illustrated, *Les Editeurs Contemporains. I. Firmin Didot*, by M. Réné Ménard, in which an account is given of some of the more important of the recent publications of this distinguished house. Some of these books have now reached us, and they are found to be every way worthy, for beauty and for permanent value, of all the praise they have received at M. Ménard's pen. Those of the number mentioned in his article that we have on our table, and for which we are indebted to F. W. Christern & Co., New York, are the *St. Cécile et la Société Romaine aux deux premiers Siècles*, and the *Nouveaux Mélanges archéologiques, par le père Cahier;* these, with the *Conquête de Constantinople, par Villehardouin*, and the *Histoire de Saint Louis, par Joinville*, two publications of a series, *Les Chefs-d'œuvre historiques et littéraires du Moyen-Age*, will perhaps be new to some of our readers, while others no less desirable are better known, the *Chefs-d'œuvre de la Peinture Italienne* of M. Paul Mantz and the works of M. Paul Lacroix (*Bibliophile Jacob*) on the Arts, and Manners and Customs, Civil, Religious, and Military, of the Middle Ages. The beautiful type and paper of these books, with the number, excellence, and rarity of the illustrations, make it a perpetual wonder how they can be sold at so low a price. But that is a wonder the French publishers are all the time causing.

— The *Nouveaux Mélanges archéologiques* of Father Cahier, and another work on our

table, *L'Évangile, Études iconographiques et archéologiques, par Ch. Rohault de Fleury*, published by Mame of Tours, will, perhaps, be of less interest to the general reader than the *St. Cécile*, or even than the *Histoire de St. Louis*. But the student of such matters cannot fail to find them of exceeding interest. The magnificent edition of the Gospels lately published by Hachette with illustrations by Bida, with that of the whole Bible published some years ago, and illustrated by Doré, are examples of one way of making the Scripture speak to the mind by the eye, and it is a way which will always have more attractions to the average reader than the purely archæological method pursued by M. Rohault de Fleury. Doré did not trouble himself about archæology at all. M. Bida, following the lead of Mr. Holman Hunt, has worked on the theory that men, women, and manners have not changed in the East since Bible times, and accordingly his illustrations are a sort of guide-book to the East of to-day. M. de Fleury has confined himself to archæology, pure and simple, and giving us a concordance of the four Gospels, he follows it story by story with a pictured commentary full and complete beyond anything that has been before attempted within our knowledge, drawing for his material upon the catacomb paintings, the frescoes and mosaics in the churches, the carved ivories, the illuminated manuscripts, the sculptures and utensils of the church from the earliest times down to the twelfth century. What makes these illustrations especially valuable is their faithfulness, their frank sincerity; they are in no wise dressed up so as to be palatable to our accomplished modern eyes. Father Cahier's *Mélanges* is, as the name implies, a book of less unity of intention, but it is of no less archæological value. The work is composed of a series of articles on subjects attaching themselves naturally to the history and literature of the Middle Ages. One of the most interesting of these is the Bestiary, a subject which is treated with much less than his usual fullness by Viollet le Duc in the *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture*, and which the student, and no less the architect and designer, often finds puzzling. The present article is very full, and there are abundant illustrations showing the mediæval conception of many animals, as well real as fanciful. No doubt, however, our readers will on the whole take up with the greatest pleasure the *St. Cécile;* and their pleasure will be fully justified, for it is a curiously suggestive and delightfully illustrated book. The author, Don Guéranger, Abbe de Solesmes, tries to show that the doctrines of Christianity, so far from having been accepted only by the poorer classes of Rome, the ignorant and the superstitious, were gladly heard and loyally, bravely adopted by the patricians, and were in vogue in the great world. Saint Cæcilia, according to M. Guéranger, is rightly believed to have belonged to the high Roman aristocracy. She belonged to the *gens Cæcilia*, the same to which belonged the Cæcilia Metella whose tomb is so conspicuous an object on the Roman Campagna. We read this book with the interest that attaches to an ingenious historical novel, and while finding ourselves unable to give great heed to the author's theory, we find much in his learning and clearness of statement to admire. The archæology and the art of the book are of exceptional value, and the wood-cuts of the catacomb paintings, and of Cimabue's St. Cæcilia in the Uffizi, with the etchings from Raphael, Domenichino, Marc Antonio, and Giulio Romano, reproduced by the remarkable heliogravure process, make the book well worth having for their sakes alone. Beside two chromo-lithographs and five etchings, there are two hundred and fifty wood-cuts. This book makes a valuable introduction to the works of M. Paul Lacroix, to which we have above alluded.

— Nothing very important comes to us from Germany; but we have received from B. Westermann & Co., New York, *Christian Daniel Rauch, von Friedrich Eggers*. Berlin. 1873. Only the first volume has as yet appeared. It contains a fine portrait of Rauch, engraved by E. Mandel in 1873, after a chalk drawing made by Gottfried Schadow in 1812, when Rauch, born in 1777, was thirty-five years old. The work, begun by the brother of the editor, will probably be completed in a second volume. It is written with characteristic German faithfulness, and giving the whole story of the artist's development and the art history of the time in which he lived, more particularly with regard to sculpture, and including beside Rauch's journal of his travels in Southern France, Italy, and Germany, and notes of all the distinguished people he met with, it has an interest quite general and human.

— Westermann also sends us the first part of Ernst Förster's *Peter Von Cornelius*, which has just been published in Berlin. It is a small octavo of 496 pages, and be-

ginning with the artist's birth-year, 1783, brings us down to 1830, with Cornelius established at Munich and actively working there. A second volume, completing the work, is promised in the course of the present year. An almost autobiographical interest is given to the work by the insertion, in the order in which they were written, of letters to Cornelius from many of the leading men with whom he came in contact, and of his answers to these. The work will fill a gap in the history of the rise of the modern German school of painting; or rather, as there exists no history of that school worthy of mention, this book may be considered as the corner-stone of such a work.

— *Bildende Kunst in der Gegenwart, gedenkbuch an die Kunsthalle der Wiener Weltaustellung, von Ernest Lehmann,* is an account, after the high German fashion, of modern European art, a review of the pictures exhibited last summer at the Vienna Exposition, similar in purpose to those written by Tom Taylor and Francis Turner Palgrave about the Brompton Exhibition of 1862. It is a useful *résumé* of so much of modern painting as was represented at the Exposition, and the appearance of a second edition indicates that it has been successful with the general public.

— A curious sign of the times in Germany is the reproduction of the wood-cuts designed by Lucas Cranach, in 1521, and accompanied with text written by Luther, in which the acts and teachings of Christ are opposed to the acts and teachings of the Popes. This was the "Passional Christi und Antichristi" of which Luther wrote to Spalatin in 1521, "Lucas has asked me to write something under these pictures of his: you will care for them. It is the pictured antithesis of Christ and the Pope, and is a good book for the people." In the present state of the conflict between the German empire and the Pope, it has seemed a good thing to reprint this set of designs, but apart from the fact that it gives us a look at a forgotten work which no doubt influenced many in the time of it, no good can come from the use of such brutal and uncharitable weapons in a time like ours. There are twenty-six of the wood-cuts, and though they are fac-similes of very bad mechanical work, they are worth having as specimens of the design of a well-known master.

— The *Histoire d'une Maison, Texte et Dessins par Viollet le Duc,* Paris, Hetzel & Cie., no date (1874), is a pleasant, instructive little book, which, if people ever built dwelling-houses in America, or could be induced to do so, might be worth translating. Under the thin disguise of a narrative, we are led to study the theory and practice of good building, and so lively is our guide, and so lightly does he handle his learning, that almost he persuades us to try our hand at building like Christians. In truth, there is a deal of sound sense and practical teaching in this little volume, and any young man who thinks of being an architect, or any person who has a house in his mind's eye, cannot do better than to mark, read, learn, and inwardly digest its pages. The book is printed in large, clear type on thick paper, and is well illustrated in the author's known excellent style.

— The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for February is an uncommonly interesting number. Charles Blanc resumes his Grammaire des Arts Décoratifs, of which portions have already appeared in Vols. III., IV., V., of the Gazette (2d period). The present article continues the subject of female dress, and gives hints, suggestions, bits of advice, which we wish ladies may agree with us in thinking as sensible and practical as they are artistic. The illustrations are pretty, but they are not as striking as those of the first of the papers on this important subject. But even a mere man may take pleasure in reading what M. Blanc has to say about the secondary objects that are so necessary to the harmony of the toilet — the gloves, the shoes, the fan, the parasol, and the ornaments added to the dress, and separable from it — fringes, furs, and laces. M. Réné Ménard writes a valuable paper on Spinello Aretino (Spinello of Arezzo), and illustrates his historical and critical notice with some good wood-cuts of the artist's works, and a fine etching by Flameng of Spinello's Vierge au Rosier. It will be noted that the theme of this picture is the same in effect with that of Millais' early picture of Christ in the Carpenter's Shop. In the English pre-Raphaelite picture, Christ, a homely child, has been wounded in the hand by one of his father's tools, and he shows it to his mother, who weeps a flood of unnecessary and face-distorting tears. In Spinello's lovely group, the child holds serenely up a hand pricked with a thorn from the rose-screen before which his mother sits, and she, with a sad face of presaging sorrow, lightly touches the child's cheek with the tip of her slender hand. All the "moral" of Millais' picture

is here, and more, with beauty and tenderness such as he never knew how to paint. There are several other articles well worth reading, and many illustrations.

— The Exhibition of the Portfolio Club was, we believe, the first general exhibition of the work of our Boston architects, and was a very interesting one. The club is a society of the younger men in the profession, — mainly of those who have studied abroad, — organized within the past year, and already known by the Sketch Book which they have published, aided by contributions from other architects. Their invitation to others of their profession to unite with them in the exhibition was well responded to: so that, although some well-known names were lacking among the exhibitors, the drawings which filled the rooms of the Art Club were a pretty fair indication of what the better part of the profession is doing. They included sketches made during travel abroad, showing often much cleverness of execution as well as freshness of feeling; drawings of works actually executed; designs for competitions, of churches and public buildings, and many admirable designs for dwelling-houses. There were pen drawings, brush drawings in ink and sepia, pencil sketches, and water-color drawings.

It was interesting to notice here, as in the new buildings in the burnt district which we had occasion to notice a while ago, the struggle of opposing influences, — French, English, and German, — both in design and rendering; and it is significant, that while far the greater part of our architects who have studied or resided abroad, have done so in Paris, and while the influence of distinct tradition and systematic training is almost entirely French, yet in the designs shown here the English tendency was decidedly prominent. The French architects have devoted themselves almost unanimously to a certain modified treatment of classical and Renaissance forms, which has developed for them what may almost be called a distinct style, and has in fact been baptized the "romantic" style, while the English, in spite of the efforts of such men as Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Digby Wyatt, are becoming almost as unanimous in their preference for a modified Gothic. And in this exhibition, which quite represented the active tendencies of our architects, with a few marked exceptions all the designs of any pretension had at least a quasi-Gothic character.

The best substitute for the singleness of effect of a pure indigenous style, in our time, has been the skill of the French architects in their careful balancing and subordination of parts, and their nice adjustment of detail. It would seem, however, that the active, flexible, and, as it were, familiar spirit of the modern Gothic, with its free eclecticism, suited the temper of our artists and people better, even though the public has taken to its heart the so-called "French roof," which in its Chinese modification bestrews the country. It is not to be expected that a community so many-minded, and so full of experiments as ours, shall settle quickly into a steady movement in any one path of art, or that our architects shall easily attain that quiet mastery of form and expression which is hardly acquired singly, or directly transmitted from one to another, but which comes of the continued labor together of men with common aims. Styles crystallize very slowly, at best, and not at all in the agitation of discordant influences. Therefore we welcome gladly every sign of concerted action among our architects, a body of men who have hitherto been far too little at one for their own good or that of the public.

The designs for public buildings showed a good deal of study and invention; they were often ingeniously combined, and rich in detail. The cramping conditions of our street architecture were evident; but there was a distinct effort to overcome them, often a very successful one. We noticed a tendency to utilize the unavoidable tallness of our buildings by the introduction of towers. On the whole, the churches seemed perhaps the least successfully treated; and this is hardly to be wondered at, for no part of architecture requires such fineness of combination and such purity of detail as church building, and in none is there so little unity of feeling among proprietors or designers. The best and most individual part of the exhibition seemed to us the domestic architecture. Here the distinctive habits of our people react most strongly on the designs, and the effort to meet their wants has given, especially in our country houses, a character that is apt to be lacking in more ambitious designs. The drawings of this class in the exhibition were varied and picturesque, and what is better still, looked like the attractive homes of a cultivated and comfortable people.

The execution of the drawings varied as much as the character of the designs, and

here too, considering the antecedents of many of the exhibitors, the absence of the French manner was remarkable. One excellent habit of our architects is their use of perspective. It is known that the French architects hardly make any use of it, and any one who has studied the buildings of Paris is likely to have noticed faults into which they have been led by their exclusive dependence on geometrical elevations. Their symmetrical combinations and evenly balanced façades, it is true, are more fairly represented in this way than more irregular compositions would be. But the tendency of our architects toward picturesque effect absolutely requires perspective drawings of their variously grouped masses.

The pen drawings were straightforward, expressive, and brilliant. We somewhat regret to notice a growing tendency to neglect, like the English draughtsmen, effects of light and shade. This comes partly perhaps from a desire to save time and partly from the feeling that much shading disturbs the clear definition of form aimed at in a pen drawing. But the study of masses of light and shade is so essential a part of architectural design, and so important a discipline in acquiring breadth of effect, that we are sorry to see it relinquished in the drawings, and fear that this must tend strongly to its neglect in design itself.

It was with some regret too that we noticed how small was the proportion of sketches from the hands of architects themselves; for these, though necessarily less elaborate and complete than the drawings of professional draughtsmen, have a suggestive interest that no second-hand rendering gives, and generally a much quieter and more attractive character. The pressure of business upon an architect in active practice, it is true, leaves him little time for even slight sketches of his work, and the great increase in the number and capability of professional draughtsmen among us during late years brings great temptation to rely exclusively on their renderings. The excitement, too, of frequent competitions, which crowds too many offices with profitless labor expended under pressure, increases the hurry of architects, and tempts them to rely on elaborate and showy drawings, which they themselves would have neither the time nor the disposition to make.

There were a good many vigorous colored drawings, but most of them disagreeably glaring as well as often excessive in scale. It was rather disheartening to notice that among the visitors on the opening night the most violent drawings commonly attracted the greatest praise. Thus the large drawing of the new "Old South" Church, in a style worthy of a chimney-board, received the praise which belonged to the quieter sketch of the same subject on the opposite wall; and the clever but painfully gaudy drawing of a design for the Chicago Court House excited great admiration. It was pleasant to turn from these to a quiet, well-considered representation like that of the Berkeley Street Church, or to some of the out-door sketches in the first room, where there was force of color without glare. The appetite of the public, and especially of competitive committees, for showy pictures, and the weakness of architects in pampering a taste which they privately laugh at, will do great mischief to our growing art if they are not withstood.

Some renderings by pupils in the Institute of Technology show the satisfactory way in which the instruction there is carried on. The drawings of King's Chapel suggest the thought that the studies of the pupils may be further utilized in securing us accurate records of other venerable monuments which still remain to us, and of which it is to be feared that the vandalism of cultivated municipalities and the cupidity of corporations will soon leave us nothing else.

We would not forget to mention two figure drawings, — designs for stained glass, — the only things of the kind in the exhibition. One was a boat load of cupids rowing along the Nile, fancifully incongruous, but nicely composed, and charmingly fresh and graceful in the drawing. It is to be wished that our architects would in their education give some serious study to figure-drawing. Not that many of them would acquire skill or freedom in designing the figure, but that it would give them readiness in applying it to architectural decoration, whether painted or sculptured, a thing more neglected here and now, than ever before or elsewhere in the civilized ages of the world; and still better, would more than supply the place of the once worshiped, now neglected, classical orders, in developing a feeling for combination in line, a nice sense of proportion and of harmonious unity.

Our mention of the Sketch Book, published monthly by the Portfolio Club, reminds us to say that the heliotype process of Messrs. Osgood & Co., by which it is produced, has given us the first means by which our architects have been able freely to repro-

duce and circulate their designs. It is, we believe, some modification of the "gelatine" process, and has the merit of lending itself to printing with letterpress. It reproduces drawings both in line and tints, — and even in colors, with the necessary shortcomings of every process which depends on photography. This universality bids fair to set it among the most valuable of autographic inventions, when its results are fully developed. At present, its mechanical execution seems not to be completely under control, some of the impressions being admirable and others occasionally quite unsatisfactory. Thus in the heliotypes of the Gray Collection which we have seen, the vigorously engraved prints are very well represented, while the delicate tints of the etchings are lost through thickening the lines in the reproduction. On the other hand, we have seen a large engraving after one of Raphael's works, minutely finished in *roulette*, reproduced in the heliotype with a delicacy that was astonishing. Of the heliotype's use to architects, besides the Sketch Book already mentioned, and the similar one published by the New York architects, the clever Notebook Sketches, of Mr. R. S. Peabody, are a good example.

— In our notices last month of the Boston Art Club Exhibition, we inadvertently attributed certain white rabbits to Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole. These quadrupeds were in fact painted by Mr. Cass.

MUSIC.

Mr. Strakosch's Italian opera troupe has just given us the best and most successful Italian "season" that this city has seen for a long while. Coming so almost immediately after the dreary season of the Maretzek troupe, its success has seemed doubly brilliant. Few people will feel inclined to doubt that Mr. Strakosch's is the better company of the two, although the Maretzek troupe could boast more really *great* artists. Setting aside Madame Nilsson in the one, and Madame Lucca in the other, we look in vain for any two artists in the Strakosch troupe that can counterbalance Mademoiselle di Murska and Signor Tamberlik. Monsieur Jamet is certainly a better basso than Signor Nannetti. But when we have named Lucca, Di Murska, Tamberlik, and Jamet, we have come to the end of all Mr. Maretzek's good material. Mr. Strakosch, on the other hand, can show the names of Nilsson, Torriani, Cary, Maurel, Campanini, Del Puente, Scolari, Capoul, Nannetti, all of whom are very good, and a respectable chorus, orchestra, and *mise en scène*. What of good there was in the Maretzek troupe was superb; what of bad, was bad with a vengeance, and not stinted as to quantity. Of Mr. Strakosch's artists, Madame Nilsson alone deserves the adjective "superb," but the rest were very good, and the weak points in the troupe few and far between. Such a performance of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* as Mr. Strakosch gave us had, we will venture to say, never been known in Boston. It must not be for a moment imagined that it even approached the performances in Paris, Vienna, or London, in splendor of mise en scène or excellence of chorus and orchestra, but it was nevertheless extremely praiseworthy.

Verdi's new *Aïda* was given with a better mise en scène than anything we have yet seen on our operatic stage. It was of course the event of the season upon which the greatest amount of public curiosity was concentrated. After all that we had heard of Verdi's sudden complete change of style, his newly developed elaboration of the orchestra (an item that certainly did not promise much in his hands), and the absence of hand-organ tunes, we must confess to being agreeably disappointed in the work. Strange as it may appear, the heretofore reckless and devil-may-care Verdi has written what is to all intents and purposes a Meyerbeer opera. It is not surprising that some of his newly-tried effects seem rather innocent when compared with those of a man who had grown gray in all the wiles of dramatic machinery [1] as Meyerbeer had. But the general tendency of the work is none the less unmistakable. Although almost every bit of elaborate writing in the opera shows the composer to be largely

[1] Somebody once asked Ferdinand Hiller what he thought of Meyerbeer. "Oh! let us not talk politics," was the answer.

indebted to Meyerbeer's example, one can hardly blame Verdi for a piece of plagiarism that is, after all, but fair tit for tat, when we consider how much Meyerbeer had previously benefited by Verdi's own genius. Looking at the two men together throughout their career, it is Verdi, not Meyerbeer, that must inevitably strike us as a man of original genius. Whatever of good we find in Verdi's operas is essentially his own. Meyerbeer, on the contrary, was preëminent for his capacity for assimilating and reproducing other men's ideas. As Wagner says: "Meyerbeer has not one single individual tendency; but he has always by his eavesdropping caught each and every word of his predecessors, and elaborated it with such monstrous ostentation, and withal with such astounding rapidity, that he whose footsteps he was dogging hardly uttered a word before Meyerbeer would instantly shriek out the whole phrase, perfectly unconcerned as to whether he had understood the word aright. Hence it not seldom happened that he said something different from what the original speaker meant to say. But Meyerbeer's noise was so deafening that the first speaker never got to the true expression of his own meaning, and at last found himself forced to chime in with Meyerbeer's phrase as his only chance of putting in his word at all. Meyerbeer never succeeded in Germany in finding a phrase which would in any way fit Weber's original word. What Weber uttered, so full of melodious vitality, could not be repeated in Meyerbeer's acquired, dry formalism. So at length, tired of such unprofitable toil, he listened only to Rossini's siren-strains, and traveled to the land where those raisins grew.[1] Thus he became the weathercock of music in Europe, turning hither and thither until, the direction of the wind being settled, he could at last stand still. Meyerbeer only composed operas *à la Rossini* in Italy until the great wind began to shift in Paris, and Auber and Rossini, with *La Muette* and *Tell*, were raising it to a gale in the new direction. How soon Meyerbeer was in Paris! When once there he found in the Frenchified Weber (only think of *Robin des Bois*) and the be-Berlinized Beethoven opportunities which both Auber and Rossini had let slip as too remote from their special ends, but which he, with his cosmopolite capacity, knew well enough how to make the most of. He gathered up all that caught his notice into one monstrous, gaudy, heterogeneous phrase, in whose strident shriek Auber and Rossini became all at once inaudible. The grim devil *Robert* took them one and all."

When some years later Verdi's fiery unison swept the stage, Meyerbeer was quick to see how such effects might be utilized. In short, Verdi is by no means in Meyerbeer's debt. The balance is the other way, if anything. What we are astonished at is that Verdi should have done so well, in a direction that was new to him, as he has in Aïda. Great music he has certainly not given us, but there is enough of spontaneous inspiration and wild, unfettered intensity in the work to place it not very far behind his finest opera, while the greater pains he has taken with his orchestra and his whole manner of writing have rid it of many of the more patent vulgarisms that have hitherto defaced even his best works. It could not be expected that Verdi should have toned down or abandoned those peculiar tendencies to which he owes the success of his whole career, and which proved so tempting to Meyerbeer. And we find that in Aïda there is no lack of screaming on high notes, sudden explosions of chorus and orchestra, and in short any of his long-used stunning effects. His intrinsic melodic power, although not so marked as in some of his earlier work, is still great. The weakest scene in the opera is the one that should have been the strongest, namely, the dying scene in the tomb. Here the composer has had the same bad luck that almost every one else has had since Gounod wrote the prison scene in *Faust*. The tomb scene in Gounod's *Romeo*, the upas-tree scene in Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, Ophelia's dying scene in Thomas's *Hamlet*, are all hopelessly weak. It remains to be seen whether it is reserved for Wagner to break the spell in his *Götterdämmerung*.

Compared with the great final terzett in *Ernani*, the Aïda finale is poor indeed, in spite of its greater elaboration and more ambitious design. This very terzett in Ernani is perhaps one of the best and withal the most characteristic examples of Verdi's peculiar genius. Its form is as simple as that of any ballad. It is in fact nothing more nor less than a simple melody with the simplest accompaniment, in a rather rapid waltz-tempo. But in passionate intensity, tragic power, it can be called second to very, very little in all Italian music. The interest is sustained to the very end in spite of the little variety there is in it; from El-

1 The pun on Rossini and *Rosinen* (raisins) must needs be lost in translation.

vira's first frenzied "Ferma, crudele" we feel the influence of genuine, unconscious genius. And how admirably dramatic the music is, without for a moment stepping out of the simple form or interrupting the regular rhythmic advance of the melody! How the music changes from the horror and fury of Elvira's words, "Quale d'Averno demone ha tali trame ordite? . . . La morte che t'aspetta, o vecchio, affretterò," to most seductive accents, sorrowful entreating, at "Ma che diss' io? Perdonami." With what tones of rejoicing in his own power does old Silva launch forth his "É vano, o donna, il piangere," and with what irresistible, hammer-like force his "Morrà, morrà" falls upon the unhappy lovers, like the voice of inexorable fate! Here Verdi is truly great and truly *original*. Had more things of this sort lain in his brain, waiting to see the light, he might well have afforded to leave Meyerbeer in his debt for strong effects, without troubling himself about orchestral elaboration. Not having anything more to say of this Titanic sort, he has wisely paid himself out of Meyerbeer's bag, not without gratifying results.

It is with a feeling very like disappointment that, after a pretty careful study of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, and at last hearing a really respectable performance of the work, we find ourselves unable heartily to enjoy it. Setting aside the great duet in the fourth act, and some few other unmistakable gems, we cannot but find the opera as a whole very flat and unprofitable. There is so much of artifice, so little of real art, so much that is transparently factitious, so little that is convincingly spontaneous and great in it! That it is really the best example of Meyerbeer's tendencies as an artist can hardly be doubted; and it only goes to prove the justice of Wagner's apparently too severe strictures on him. "The secret of Meyerbeer's opera music is — *effect*. . . . Would we express more exactly what we understand by this word, we might translate 'effect' by *result without a cause*. Indeed, the effect that Meyerbeer's music produces upon those who are able to find edification therein is wanting in an efficient cause. This miracle is only possible to the most extravagant music; *i. e.*, to a power of expression that has ever striven (in the opera) to become more and more independent of all that was worthy to be expressed, and which proclaims its independence by degrading the subject matter, through which alone it can rationally exist and be justified, to such a level of moral and artistic nothingness, that *it* in turn can find *its* existence, proper proportions, and justification only in an act of abstract musical volition, which, as such, is wanting in all true expression. . . . Such frightful emptiness, shallowness, and artistic nullity is to be found in Meyerbeer's music, that we are tempted to rate his specific musical ability . . . as absolutely null. Yet we must not be surprised that he has, notwithstanding all this, obtained such immense success with the European opera-going public, for this can be readily explained by a glance at the public itself, — but a purely artistic observation, and a very instructive one, claims our notice." Here Wagner goes on to an analysis of the various efficient causes by which the melody in G flat major, "Tu l'as dit," in the love scene of the fourth act of the Huguenots must stand on an immeasurably higher artistic level than most of the composer's music; but as we have already had occasion to quote the passage in a former number,[1] we will not repeat it here. Whatever of specific musical ability Meyerbeer had (and in this respect we think Wagner rates him too low), however much appreciation he sometimes shows of the dramatic element in music, we cannot but think all this goes but a little way towards redeeming his habitual theatricality and most gigantic charlatanism. Of all the "effect" composers he seems to us to be the least sincere and the least true to what is high and noble in art. He has many profound admirers; the number of young composers and musicians in France to-day who found their faith on him is immense. But we can find little evidence in his works that he himself had any living art-faith beyond a faith in the efficacy of *seeming*.

— *A short Te Deum in E flat major*,[2] by Dudley Buck, recalls to us forcibly what we

1 Atlantic for March, 1873.

2 *Short Te Deum in E flat* (without repetitions). By DUDLEY BUCK. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Meeting by the Brookside. Song. Words by GEORGE COOPER. Music by HARRISON MILLARD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Nobody home but me. Song. Words by G. COOPER. Music by VIOLETTA. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Pace a quest' alma oppressa. Terzettino. By CAMPANA. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Ave Maria. 1. Solo for Mezzo-soprano. 2. Quartette for Female Voices Music by F. BOOTT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Pianists' Favorites. Collection of easy pianoforte music in sheet form. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

Fairy Gondola. Barcarolle for piano-forte. By F. BOSCOVITZ. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

said somewhat over a year ago [1] on the subject of modern church music. We gave then some reasons which seemed to us valid for the inferiority of modern church music, but we are not sure that the decay of church music cannot be attributed to a much deeper and more pregnant cause than the habitually conciliatory attitude of organist-composers towards the public. In summing up our arguments in the article referred to, we found that the one word *sentimentalism* comprehensively expressed all the shortcomings in modern church music. We now feel as strongly as before that this same sentimentalism, — which is in itself a symptom of decay, the rouge and pearl-powder with which the withered body of a worn-out sentiment tries to impose itself upon the world as still young and vigorous, — is really the besetting evil. It has twice been our misfortune to make Mr. Buck the occasion for our strictures upon church music. His music is so well written, so excellent in form, a rare excellence nowadays, that this sentimental vein that runs through it, this passionless yearning of semitones, this gold-mitred and chasubled splendor and pomp of diminished sevenths and augmented sixths, is all the more distressing. The very air of artistic respectability it has makes its want of genuine devotional fire all the more felt. But in the pass that church music has got to today, it would take the very old Bach himself to reform it and save it from destruction.

Harrison Millard's *Meeting by the Brookside* is an unpretending little ditty with an attractive title-page. The title-page, in fact, expresses the sentiment of the song quite as well as the music or poetry does. The song belongs to the would-be piquant sentimental order, in which our best concert singers find many of their most repaying encore pieces, and of which Claribel's *Five o'clock in the Morning* is an excellent example. As the rage for sentimental ballads shows no signs of abating, we must hail with pleasure any songs, however imbecile in sentiment, and insignificant in musical value, which do not end with the burial of the blighted hero or heroine. And such innocent *dénouements* —

> "Hearts are being caught there,
> Not the little fishes!" —

make us thankful for even a moment's respite from those doleful descents into the not silent tomb which so often cast their gloom over musical entertainments.

Violetta's *Nobody home but me* is an artless expression of the fact that courtship should be carried on hidden from the inquisitive gaze of a too gossiping world, and is musically and poetically worthy of the grammatical purism displayed in its title.

Campana's *Pace a quest' alma oppressa* is a melodious and easily flowing terzett in the Italian operatic style.

Frank Boott's *Ave Maria*, which is published both as a mezzo-soprano solo and as a quartette for female voices, is to our thinking the best thing the composer has done since his *Maria Mater* for mixed voices. Anything that is written in a purely religious spirit is so precious nowadays, when so much that is theatrical and overstrained has got mixed up with sacred music, that this *Ave Maria*, in its modest simplicity of form, is to us worth hosts of more pretentious compositions in which the religious spirit is wanting. Yet, with all its simplicity, the dramatic element in its highest sense is by no means wanting in this composition. The music perfectly expresses every shade of meaning in the words, and is not without a certain degree of unobtrusive learning.

Carl Prüfer is now bringing out under the title of *Pianist's Favorites* a very nicely engraved and printed edition of easy piano-forte pieces by H. Lichner, G. Lange, F. Behr, and others, which will be eagerly welcomed by piano-forte teachers, if only for its typographical excellence.

F. Boscovitz's *Fairy Gondola* is a fascinating little trifle, thoroughly Italian in spirit, which suggests the magnetic *entrain* and *verve* of the composer's way of playing music of this sort.

[1] Atlantic for January, 1873.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Lesley.

MR. LESLEY'S PATENT REFRIGERATOR, THE ZERO, has been favorably known for several years, but the important improvements which have been recently introduced, will make it doubly welcome, especially at such uncertain seasons as the present, when the price of ice is an important item in household calculations. The general preference which has been accorded it is the best proof of its superiority; and as it is to be met with in every well-arranged household, it would be superfluous to insist further on its merits.

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Electricity.

Regarding the use of electricity as a curative agent, there is no doubt that the improved Electro Medical Apparatus manufactured by Dr. Jerome Kidder, 50 Union Place, New York, has greatly advanced the cause of remedial electricity. His apparatus developes different qualities of electricity. With one quality of current, with strong power, the muscles, as of the arm, can be made sore and lame; while another quality of current will immediately cure that lameness. Because there are spurious machines in the market, the genuine can be known by obtaining his illustrated catalogue.

Butterflies of North America.

HURD AND HOUGHTON; The Riverside Press, will commence the issue in April of the second series of "The Butterflies of North America," with colored plates. The work will be issued, like the previous volume, in ten parts, which will contain five plates each and appear quarterly. As the plates are colored by hand, the process is necessarily slow. This second volume will not be so strictly confined to the description and delineation of new specimens as was the first. Illustrations are given of the successive steps by which, from the egg through many curious larval phases, the chrysalis and butterfly are reached. With the last part a revised synopsis of species will be given. Subscriptions will be received for the series at the rate of $2.50 a part.

Macaulay.

His most bitter political opponents have borne the strongest testimony to the literary merits of Lord Macaulay The reviews in the *Quarterly* style him the most brilliant writer of the age, and *Blackwood* rejoices that everybody reads and everybody admires his "History of England." So great was its popularity on its first appearance that there was "no last novel so hard to be got at the circulating libraries." Time has only added to his fame, and the book that is never missing from the smallest well-selected library is an edition of his complete works. We anticipate for his "Journal and Correspondence," now preparing for the press, a popularity as great as that of his Essays or his History. As a letter-writer he united the learning and minute finish of Gray with the gossiping vivacity and epigrammatic terseness of Horace Walpole. We shall be much disappointed if the expected volumes are not as valuable a contribution to the history of his own times, as his published works are to the history of other periods. To the present Riverside edition of Lord Macaulay's complete works, the "Journal and Correspondence" will be an indispensable supplement, and will be at once republished in a similar style.

"Mose Evans."

HURD AND HOUGHTON, New York; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, announce for publication, when completed in the *Atlantic*, Rev. William M. Baker's "Mose Evans." This story has excited great interest as a picture of Southern life at the close of the war, and for its representation of characters really new to fiction. In our judgment the South presents a field for realistic fiction, almost uncultivated. Mose Evans himself would have been impossible elsewhere.

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VOL IV.—NEW YORK.—1874.

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PRUDENCE PALFREY.

XIII.

JONAH.

MR. JOSEPH TWOMBLY was sitting on a high stool at a desk in the counting-room of Messrs. Rawlings & Sons, the Chicago bankers. It was after bank hours, and the office was deserted. The gray-haired head book-keeper, and the spruce young clerks who occupied the adjoining desks, had been gone an hour or more. The monotonous ticking of the chronometer, pinioned against the wall above the massive iron safe, was the only sound that broke the quiet of the room, except when Twombly made an impatient movement with one of his feet on the attenuated rungs of the stool, or drummed abstractedly with his fingers on the edge of the desk.

An open letter lay before him, and beside it an envelope bearing a Shasta postmark and addressed to Joseph Twombly at Rivermouth. This letter had just come to him inclosed in one of the deacon's, and was to this effect: —

SHASTA, CAL., *October* 31, 186–.

MY DEAR JOE:

You will probably be surprised to receive a letter from me after all these months of silence — or rather years, for it is nearly three years, is n't it? — since we parted. I have been in no mood or condition to write before, and I write now only because I may not have another chance to relieve you of any uncertainty you may feel on my account. I have thought it my duty to do this since I came to the resolve, within a few days, to give up my hopeless pursuits here and go into the army. If you do not hear from me or of me in the course of four or six months, you will know that my bad luck, which began in Montana, has culminated somewhere in the South. Then you can show this to my Uncle Dent, or even before, if you wish; I leave it to your discretion. Perhaps I shall do something in the war; who knows? It is time for me to do something. I am a failure up to date. I 'm not sure I am a brave man, but I have that disregard for life which well fits me to lead forlorn-hopes, — and I 've led many a forlorn-hope these past three years, Joe.

Ever since the day we said good-by at Red Rock I have been on the go. I have not stayed more than a month in any one spot, except this last half year at a ranch in the neighborhood of Shasta, where I went into the stock-raising business with another man (who did n't know I was the spirit of Jonah revisiting the earth), and would have made my fortune, if the cattle-disease

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had not got into the herd just as we were on the point of selling out at great profit. I was not aware that I had the cattle-disease myself, but I fancy I must have given it to the herd.

What had I been doing all the rest of the time? — for it took me only six months to ruin my friend the stock-raiser. I had been searching for George Nevins, Joe Twombly!

What a story I could tell you, if I had the heart and the patience to go over it all again! How I first heard of him in California, where I tracked him from place to place, sometimes only an hour or so behind him; once I entered a mining-camp just as he went out the other side, confound his cleverness! — how I followed him to Texas, and thence to Montana again, and from there to Mexico, where I lost trace of him; what I suffered mentally and physically in those mad hunts would not be believed if I could write it out! — how I worked my way from town to town, and from camp to camp, only halting here and there to earn a few dollars to help me on. Hunger, thirst, cold, and heat, I have known them all, Joe, as few men have known them. Shall I tell you — and that is the strangest thing! — what took the life out of me more than the poverty and the treachery and the rest? It was the conviction that that man, though I could not put my hand on *him*, had his eye on *me* all the while, — the certainty that I never went to sleep without his knowing where I lay down, that I never got up but he was advised of my next move, that I was under his espionage day and night!

I think my steps were dogged from the time I first left Montana, though I had no suspicion of it until long after. The suspicion fired me and gave me strength in the beginning, and then it paralyzed me, when I saw how easily he eluded my pursuit, and how defenseless I was. I could trust nobody. The fellow sleeping at my side by the camp-fire might be Nevins's spy. Every stranger that looked at me any way curiously sent a chill to my heart. Whether there were three men or a hundred employed to watch me, I cannot tell; but at every point there was some one to mislead me or balk my plan. The wilds of Montana seemed to be policed by this terrible man. Why did n't he kill me, and have done with it? I don't know. My life was in his hands, and is to-day. The sense of being surrounded and dogged and snared grew insupportable at last. Can you understand how maddening it was? I gave up the hope of meeting Nevins face to face, and only longed to hide myself somewhere out of his sight.

About six months ago I fell in with a man at Shasta, one Thompson, who owned a ranch twenty miles back in the country; he wanted help in managing his herds, and offered me a share in the stock. This business has just turned out disastrously, as I have said. Everything I touch turns worthless. It was a sorry day for you, poor Joe, when you joined fortune with me. I could sink a cork ship. I am Jonah without Jonah's whale. If ever *I* am thrown overboard, I shall be drowned, mark that!

I had to leave the ranch, and left it two days ago. The moment I put foot in Shasta, I felt I was again under the eye of Nevins's invisible police. I am not sure I shall escape them by going into the army. I am not sure, on patriotic grounds, that I *ought* to go into the army. My luck is enough to bring on a national defeat.

In all these thirty-six months, Joe, I had not heard a word from Rivermouth — until last night. I suppose you must have written to me; if you have, your letters missed fire. No one else, I imagine, has been much troubled about my fate. My dear old friend, Parson Wibird, is dead, and Miss Palfrey is going to marry his successor. So runs the world away! These two items of news gave a hard tug at my heart-strings. I got the intelligence in the oddest way. Last night, sitting on the porch of the hotel, I overheard a stranger talking about Rivermouth. You may fancy I pricked up my ears at the word, and invented occasion to

speak with the man. He did not belong to the town, but he appeared to have come from there lately, and I gathered from him all I wanted to know — and more! Oh, Joe, there are things in the world that cut one up more cruelly than hunger and cold! But I can't write of this. I did not mean to write so long a letter; I meant only to let you know I was alive. Indeed, I am in frightfully good health. If I had been rich and happy, I might have been dead these two years. "There 's nae luck aboot the house!"

Good-by, my dear Joe. I hope you are prospering, you and your tribe. There must be a lot of you by this time! You continue, I suppose, to have an annual brother or sister? I trust Uncle Dent is well also. He is a fine old fellow, and I 've regretted a thousand times that I quarreled with him. But he *did* brush my hair the wrong way. I start from here to-morrow for the East. I have not decided yet whether to join the army in the North or in the West; but wherever I go, I am, my dear boy,

Your faithful and unfortunate friend,

JOHN DENT.

Mr. Joseph Twombly read these eight pages through twice very carefully, interrupting himself from time to time to give vent to an exclamation of surprise or pity or disapproval or indignation, as the mood moved him.

"Poor Jack!" said Twombly. "He *is* a kind of Jonah, sure enough, and I don't believe the healthiest whale in the world could keep him on its stomach for five minutes. What a foolish fellow to throw himself away in that fashion! Why in thunder did n't he tell me where to write him? October 31st. That 's more than a month ago. The Lord only knows what may have happened since then."

Twombly sat pondering for some time with his elbows on the desk; then he folded up the letter, and placed it in a fresh envelope, which he directed in a large, round, innocent hand to "Ralph Dent, Esq., Rivermouth, N. H."

XIV.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID.

MR. DENT had watched the increasing intimacy between Prudence and the young minister with much peculiar, secret satisfaction, as the reader has been informed; and that afternoon, while she and Mr. Dillingham were gazing at the sunset through the embrasure of the fort, Mr. Dent, in spite of the pain in his ankle, of which he had complained earlier in the day, was walking briskly up and down the library, building castles for the young people.

When a man has reached the age of Mr. Dent, and is too rheumatic himself to occupy castles in the air, he indulges in this kind of architecture for the benefit of others, that is, if he has a generous nature; and Mr. Dent had a very generous nature. To see Prue well settled in life, and to have two or three of Prue's children playing around the arm-chair of his old age, was his only dream now. So, in constructing his castles, he added to each a wing for a nursery on a scale more extensive, perhaps, than would have been approved by either of the prospective tenants, if the architect had submitted his plans to them.

Mr. Dent had never asked himself — and possibly the question would have posed him — why he was so willing now for Prudence to marry, when the thought of her marrying had appeared so terrible to him in connection with his nephew. It was John Dent's misfortune, perhaps, that he was the first to stir Mr. Dent's parental jealousy; maybe Mr. Dillingham would have fared no better, if he had come first. At all events, he had come second, and Mr. Dent was far from raising objections.

He was in the sunniest of humors, this afternoon, contemplating Prue's possible happiness and his own patriarchal comfort in it, when Fanny

brought in the evening papers, and with them the letter which Mr. Joseph Twombly had considerately mailed to Mr. Dent a few days before.

He tore open the envelope carelessly, recognizing Twombly's handwriting, but the sight of John Dent's penmanship gave him a turn. He ran over the pages hurriedly, and with various conflicting emotions, among which a sympathy for Jack's past and present sufferings was not, it is to be feared, so pronounced as Twombly's had been.

It was unquestionably a relief to know that Jack was alive and in good health; but it was a little unfortunate to have the letter come just then, when everything was going on so smoothly. The reflection that Jack might take it into his head to return to Rivermouth and insist on marrying Prue, was not agreeable to Mr. Dent. He had assented to this at one time; he had overlooked his nephew's poverty; but since then John Dent had not behaved handsomely to Prue.

Whatever Prudence's feelings were, this letter could but disturb her. It would set her to thinking of the past, and that was not desirable. But why show her the letter, at present? — he would have to show it to her if he spoke of it; why not wait until he heard again from Jack, whose plans were still with loose ends? He could not be put into possession of the Hawkins property or even informed that he was to inherit it, for the year specified in the will lacked several months of expiration. Moreover, the letter was one that for several reasons could not well be shown to Prudence; it spoke of her marriage as a foregone conclusion, — the very way to unsettle everything; and then what business had Jack to go and say there were things in the world that cut one up more cruelly than hunger and cold? What an intemperate kind of phraseology that was!

These reflections were struggling through Mr. Dent's mind when he heard the clatter of hoofs at the gate. He crumpled the letter in his hand, and thrusting it into his pocket, hastened out to the front door. In the middle of the hall he recollected what a bad state his ankle was in, and limped the rest of the way.

"Won't you stop to tea, Dillingham?" he cried, as he saw the young clergyman with one foot in the stirrup, Mr. Dillingham having dismounted to assist Prudence from the saddle.

"Thanks, my friend; but to-night, you know, is the night I am obliged to prepare my sermon."

With which words Mr. Dillingham touched his hat to Miss Palfrey, waved his hand smilingly to Mr. Dent, and rode away.

As Prudence came up the graveled path, with the trail of her riding habit thrown over her arm, showing two neat bronze boots, she was too much engaged with her own thoughts to notice Mr. Dent closely; at another time she would have seen that something had disturbed him. Mr. Dent was sharper-sighted, and he saw that Prudence was laboring under unusual excitement. Had Dillingham spoken at last? and if so, how had Prue taken it? He did not dare to conjecture, for he felt it would be a bitter disappointment to him if she had refused Dillingham.

"At any rate," Mr. Dent said to himself, "Jack's letter is not the thing for popular reading just now."

After tea Prudence told her guardian what had passed between her and Mr. Dillingham. He had asked her to be his wife, but so abruptly and unexpectedly, that he had startled her more than she liked. He had, without any warning, leaned forward and taken her hand while they were looking at the sunset in the bastion of the ruined fort; then he had stepped down from his horse, much as King Cophetua must have stepped down from the throne, and stood at her stirrup-side.

Prudence felt it would be dreadfully sentimental to repeat what Mr. Dillingham had said to her, so she did not repeat his words, but gave Mr. Dent the substance of them. The young man perceived that the suddenness of his action had displeased Prudence, and

begged to be forgiven for that, and for the abruptness of his words, if they seemed abrupt to her; they did not seem so to him, for he had carried her presence in his thought from the hour he first saw her. If during the past months he had concealed his feelings with regard to her, it was because he knew his own unworthiness, and did not dare to hope for so great happiness as her love would be to him. He had betrayed his secret involuntarily; the hour, the place, and her nearness must plead for him.

"He really turned it very neatly," said Prue, trying to brush off the bloom of romance which she was conscious overspread her story, though she had endeavored to tell it in as prosaic a manner as possible.

"He 's a noble fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Dent warmly, "and is worthy of any woman, — the best of women, and that 's you."

"He is noble," said Prudence, meditatively; "and as he stood there, looking up at me, I think I more than half loved him."

"And you told him so!" cried Mr. Dent.

"No, I did not," said Prudence, with a perplexed expression clouding her countenance. "The words were on my lips, but I could not say them. I could not say anything at first; he quite took away my breath. When I was able to speak I was full of doubt. I do not know if I love him. I esteem him and admire him; he has genius and goodness, and I can understand how a woman might be very proud of his love; but when he asked me to marry him, it startled me and pained me, instead of — of making me very happy, you know."

Mr. Dent did not know at all; Prudence's insensibility and hesitation were simply incomprehensible to him; but he nodded his head appreciatively, as if he took in the whole situation.

"What did you say to him?"

"Almost what I am saying to you."

"But that was not a very definite answer to a proposal of marriage, it strikes me."

"I asked him not to refer to the subject again at present."

"That was dodging the question, Prue."

"I wanted time, uncle, to know my own mind."

In effect, Prudence had neither accepted nor rejected the young minister.

"Rather flattering, for a man of Dillingham's character and position," thought Mr. Dent, "to be kept cooling his heels in an anteroom that way."

"You see, uncle, it was too important a step to be taken without reflection. Thoughtless people should not be allowed to marry, ever."

"How long will it take you, Prue, to know your mind?"

"I don't know," she said, restlessly; "a week — a month, perhaps."

"And in the mean time Dillingham will continue his visits here just the same?"

"Just the same. I arranged all that."

"Oh, you arranged all that?"

"Yes."

"But won't it be a little awkward for everybody?"

"I suppose so," said Prudence, looking wretched as she thought it over.

Mr. Dent was too wily to say anything more, for he saw that if Prudence was urged in her present wavering humor to give Dillingham a conclusive answer, it might possibly be in the negative.

However, the ice was broken, that was one point gained; the rest would naturally follow; for Prue could not long remain blind to the merits of a man like Dillingham, after knowing that he loved her. Mr. Dent laughed in his sleeve, thinking how sly it was in the young parson to corner Prue up there in the old fort, and attempt to carry her by storm. A vague exultation at Prue's not allowing herself to be taken in this sudden assault, formed, in spite of him, an ingredient in the good gentleman's merriment.

Mr. Dillingham passed the following evening at Willowbrook as though nothing unusual had occurred between him and Miss Palfrey. If the beggar maid,

instead of accepting King Cophetua on the spot, — as I suppose the minx did, — had reserved her decision for a month or two to consider the matter, the king could not have behaved meanwhile with more tact and delicacy than Mr. Dillingham exercised on this evening and in his subsequent visits.

Prudence carefully but not ostensibly avoided being left alone with him, and there was none of that awkwardness or constraint attending the resumption of purely friendly intercourse which Mr. Dent had anticipated.

Observing that the young people no longer rode horseback, Mr. Dent's ankle recovered miraculously, and the rides were resumed under his supervision; but the bridle-path leading to the old earthworks was tacitly ignored by all parties. Prudence and Mr. Dillingham had gone that road once too often if nothing was to come of it.

Mr. Dillingham retraced his steps so skillfully, and had come back with so good grace to the point from which he had diverged, that Prudence began to doubt if she had not dreamed that tender episode of the old fort, and to question if the old fort itself were not a figment. The whole scene and circumstance had become so unreal to her that one morning, riding alone, as she sometimes did now, she let Jenny turn into the rocky path leading to the crest of the hill, and secured ocular proof that the ruined earthwork at least was a fact. Standing there in the embrasure, she felt for an instant as if the young clergyman's hand rested on her own. That same evening Mr. Dillingham made it all seem like a delusion again by talking to her and smiling upon her just as he had done the month previously. But the recollection that he had asked her to be his wife, and that she had a response to make to the momentous question, now and then came over Prudence like a chill.

Rather vexatiously for Mr. Dent, somewhat restlessly for his ward, and perhaps not altogether happily for Mr. Dillingham, — however composed he seemed, — two weeks went by.

XV.

COLONEL PEYTON TODHUNTER.

At the end of those two weeks, Mr. Dillingham, who had not spoken to Mr. Dent relative to the position of affairs between himself and Prudence, took occasion to do so one December afternoon, as he was sitting with his friend before the open wood-fire in the library.

There is a quality in an open wood-fire that stimulates confidence; it is easy, in the warm, mellow glow, to say what would be impossible with other accessories to put into unreluctant words; there is no place like an old-fashioned chimney-side in which to make love or to betray the secret of your bosom.

Mr. Dent was in an unusually receptive state for the young minister's confidence. The slow process by which Prudence was arriving at a knowledge of her own mind did not rhyme well with her guardian's impatience, and was beginning to depress him. He had expected, as a matter of course, that his friend Dillingham would seize the first opportunity, and he had given him several, to broach the subject; but two weeks had elapsed, and the young man had not spoken. Mr. Dent drew a distressing inference from this silence. Perhaps while Prudence was pondering what to do, Mr. Dillingham was regretting what he had done. Mr. Dent ached to give the young minister an encouraging word; but he could not, without a sacrifice to his dignity, be the first to touch upon the topic. He desired above all things that Prudence should wed Dillingham, but he was not going to throw her at his head.

When Mr. Dillingham saw fit, then, this December afternoon, to break through his reticence, his friend welcomed the confidence eagerly. The younger man was gratified, but presumably not surprised, to find that Mr. Dent had his interests very much at heart.

"Nothing in the world, Dillingham, would make me happier," Mr. Dent

was saying, with his hand resting on the young minister's shoulder, when Fanny came into the room and gave Mr. Dent a card.

"'Colonel Peyton Todhunter,'" Mr. Dent read aloud. "What an extraordinary name! Wants to see me? I don't know any Colonel Todhunter. Another subscription to the soldiers' fund, maybe. Show him in, Fanny."

"Perhaps I had better withdraw," suggested Mr. Dillingham.

"Not at all; the gentleman will not detain me long, and I have a great deal to say to you."

Mr. Dillingham rose from the chair and walked to the farther part of the library, where he occupied himself in looking over a portfolio of Hogarth prints. Presently Fanny, with a rather confused air, ushered in the visitor — a compactly-built gentleman somewhat above the medium height, with closely-cut hair, light side-whiskers, inclining to red, and a semi-military bearing. He wore, in fact, the undress uniform of an officer of artillery.

"Mr. Dent — Mr. Ralph Dent?" inquired this personage.

"Yes, sir; I am Mr. Ralph Dent."

"My name is Todhunter — Colonel Todhunter, of South Carolina."

Mr. Dent bowed somewhat formally, for he was an uncompromising Union man, and a South Carolinian colonel — a prisoner on parole, he supposed — was not a savory article to his nostrils.

"Of South Carolina?" repeated Mr. Dent, placing a chair at the colonel's disposal.

"Perhaps I ought to say, sir," said Colonel Todhunter, seating himself stiffly, "that I am in the United States army. I am one of the few West Point officers born in the South who have stuck to the old flag. Stuck to the old flag, sir."

Mr. Dent complimented him on his loyalty, and begged, with a slight access of suavity, to know how he could be of service to him.

"I come on very unhappy business; business of a domestic nature, sir," said the colonel, glowering at Mr. Dillingham as much as to say, "Who in the devil is that exceedingly lady-like young gentleman in the white choker?"

"Whatever your business is," said Mr. Dent, disturbed by this gloomy preamble, "do not hesitate to speak in the presence of my friend, the Rev. Mr. Dillingham. Mr. Dillingham, Colonel Todhunter."

The two gentlemen bowed distantly.

"I am the bearer of bad news for you, sir," said the colonel, turning to Mr. Dent. "Your nephew" —

"Gad, I knew it was Jack!" muttered Mr. Dent. "My nephew, Colonel Todhunter? I hope he is in no trouble."

"In very serious trouble, sir. In fact, sir, you must prepare yourself for the worst. In a skirmish with the enemy last month, near Rich Mountain, he was wounded and taken prisoner, and has since died. He was in my regiment, sir; the 10th Illinois."

Mr. Dent, who had partly risen from his chair, sank back into the seat. Though Jack's letter, when it came a fortnight before, had annoyed him, he had been glad to know the boy was alive and well, gladder than he acknowledged to himself. The intelligence of Jack's death, dropping upon him like a shell from a mortar, — for the colonel had acquitted himself of his duty with military brevity and precision, — nearly prostrated Mr. Dent.

"Dear me, Dillingham," he said huskily, "this is very sad."

He sat for several moments without speaking, and then, recollecting his position as host, he begged the young minister to ring for Fanny and ask her to bring in some sherry and biscuits for the colonel.

Mr. Dent took a glass of the wine mechanically, which he held untasted in his hand, leaving it to Mr. Dillingham to entertain the stranger.

"Did I understand you to say you were from South Carolina?" asked Mr. Dillingham, breaking through the thin ice of his reserve.

"From South Carolina, sir," replied the colonel.

"That is also my State," said the

young clergyman. "I am distantly connected by marriage with one branch of the Todhunters, — the Randalls."

"I come from the Peyton branch, sir. I beg a hundred pardons, sir, but I did not quite catch your name when our afflicted friend did me the honor."

"Dillingham."

"Ah, yes, I recollect," said the colonel, fixing his eye abstractedly on the ceiling, and fingering his glass, "a Todhunter did marry a Dillingham; but it was one of the other branch. However, sir, delighted to make your acquaintance — delighted," and Colonel Todhunter, who had not spared the sherry, shook hands effusively with Mr. Dillingham, who immediately froze over again.

The conversation between them still went on, with a difference, and the colonel explained how he came to be the bearer of the mournful news just delivered. Young Dent had joined his regiment only a short time before, but he had taken a liking to the young man; saw his ability with half an eye, sir. Was terribly cut up when the report came in that young Dent was hurt. Dent had mentioned the fact of his uncle living at Rivermouth, and the colonel, being at Boston on private affairs, determined to bring the information in person. The report of Dent's death in the rebel hospital — or rather in an ambulance, for he died on the way to the hospital, sir — had reached the colonel as he was on the point of starting for the North.

After this the conversation flagged; the colonel made several attempts to leave, but the decanter of sherry seemed to exert a baleful fascination over him. Finally he departed.

"Upon my word, Dillingham," said Mr. Dent, "this grieves me more than I can tell you."

"I can understand your sorrow," said Mr. Dillingham softly. "I once lost a nephew, and though he was only a child, and I was very young then, the impression lingered with me for years. It was my first knowledge of death."

"I have known death before," said Mr. Dent sadly; "it is always new and strange." Then after a long pause: "I would like to have your advice on one point, Dillingham. Years ago there was a slight love-passage between Prue and my nephew, — a boy's and girl's love affair, which amounted to nothing; but for all that, this news will affect Prue seriously — under the circumstances. I am certain of it. How can I tell her?"

"Is it necessary to inform her immediately?" asked Mr. Dillingham, thoughtfully.

"I am afraid it is; there is, you know, a question of property involved."

"Of course," said Mr. Dillingham, "I would naturally advocate any step to shield Miss Palfrey from a thing likely to afflict her. So perhaps my judgment is not worth much; but suppose there should be some mistake in this? Colonel Todhunter's account, according to his own showing, is at second hand. It may or may not be authentic. Why take the darkest view of the case, while there is a chance to hope that he has been misinformed or deceived? Either of these things is likely. If I were entirely disinterested, I believe I should advise keeping this from Miss Palfrey as long as possible. In the mean time, with her mind undisturbed" —

"You are right; you are always right, Dillingham."

Mr. Dent grasped eagerly at the slight hope held out by the young minister's words. There was Lieutenant Goldstone, Goldstone's youngest son, reported killed at Big Bethel, reported officially; prayers were offered in church for the family, and they had gone into mourning, when young Goldstone announced himself at head-quarters one day, having escaped through the Confederate lines. This and two or three similar instances occurred to Mr. Dent, and he began to be sanguine that the worst had not happened. It would be a remarkable thing, indeed, if Jack, after passing three years unscathed among the desperadoes of Montana and California, should be killed within a week after setting foot on civilized ground,

even in a state of war. Mr. Dent was one of those men who have the faculty of deferring the unpleasant, and seem, superficially considered, to be lacking in proper sensibility; while in fact it is the excess of sensibility that causes them to shrink, as long as may be, from facing what is disagreeable.

"Dillingham," he exclaimed, looking up quickly, "I hope Colonel Todhunter will not spread this rumor in town. It would be dreadful for Prue to hear it unprepared. Stories fly so! I wish you would hunt up the colonel and caution him."

"I will," returned Mr. Dillingham, "and I will do it without delay. I confess, however, that nothing less urgent would induce me to continue his acquaintance. I was not favorably impressed by him."

"Nor I. He likes his sherry," observed Mr. Dent, glancing at the empty decanter, and smiling.

"Much too well," said Mr. Dillingham gravely.

The young minister lost no time in returning to the hotel, and the first person he met was Colonel Todhunter, who had been refreshing himself at the sample-room attached to Ordione's grocery. The colonel was in so boisterous a mood that it was not pleasant to confer with him in so public a place as the doorway of the Old Bell Tavern, and Mr. Dillingham was obliged to invite the gentleman into the study.

During the four days he remained in town, Colonel Todhunter left very few sample-rooms unexplored. By sheer force of instinct, and seemingly without effort on his part, he went directly to every place where mixed drinks were obtainable. He made the acquaintance of everybody, spent his money with a lavish hand, and was continually saying, "Gentlemen, will you walk up and cool your coppers?" In less than twenty-four hours Colonel Peyton Todhunter was a marked character in Rivermouth, and stood deservedly high in the estimation of those gentlemen — mostly congregated at Ordione's grocery — whose coppers required periodical cooling.

Jeremiah Bowditch was seen flitting about the streets at this period, in a state of high cerebral excitement. He became almost ubiquitous under the colonel's inspiration, and nearly accomplished the difficult feat of taking two drinks at the same instant in two different sections of the town. Those were halcyon days for Mr. Bowditch.

Mr. Dillingham was grossly scandalized by the unseemly conduct of Colonel Todhunter, who, on the score of the far-off matrimonial alliance between their families, claimed a near relationship with the young minister, and insisted on dropping into his rooms at all hours of the day and night. "My cousin James," he would remark, a little pompously, to the admiring circle in Ordione's store, "has lost something of his hearty Southern manner since he came up North; but he 's a good fellow at bottom." "Dill, my boy," he was overheard to say, one night, when the young clergyman was vainly remonstrating with him on the staircase of the hotel, "Dill, my boy, you 're a trump, — you *are!*"

All this was very shocking, and for once the gentle face of Mr. Dillingham lost its serenity. The anxious, worn expression that came upon it showed how keenly he was suffering from the colonel's persecutions.

The day succeeding Colonel Todhunter's visit to Willowbrook, Mr. Dent drove over to town to pay his respects to the colonel, if he had not already gone, and to interrogate him more explicitly as to the sources of his information concerning the unhappy tidings he had brought. At the interview the day before, Mr. Dent had been too much distressed to inquire, as he afterwards wished to do, into the particulars of the case. The colonel was not in.

"Perhaps you are fortunate in not finding him," said Mr. Dillingham wearily. "He is drinking, and behaving himself in the most reckless manner. I have no doubt Colonel Todhunter is a warm-hearted, loyal person," — Mr. Dillingham would not speak unleavened evil of any one, — "and in the South his

free, liberal ways would be thought nothing of; but here they seem strange, to say the least, and I shall be heartily glad when he clears out."

"I hope he has not been indiscreet about Jack," said Mr. Dent, uneasily.

"I do not think he has. I cautioned him, and he appeared to understand that he was not to mention the matter."

"But a man in his cups will talk."

"Still, I believe he has said nothing on the subject. I fancy he does not care enough about it. I trust to that for his silence rather than to his promise. I only wish he would go."

Mr. Dent went back to Willowbrook without seeing the colonel, who vanished from the town at the end of the week. But the fame of Colonel Peyton Todhunter was long kept green in Rivermouth, — in the confused brain of Mr. Bowditch, and in the annals of Ordione's grocery store, where the colonel had neglected to pay for numerous miscellaneous drinks. Fanny, the chambermaid at Willowbrook, used to allude to him as "that merry gentleman," his merriment (as Fanny afterwards confessed to Wingate, the coachman) having expressed itself to her in a most astonishing wink just as she was ushering him that day into Mr. Dent's library. Against the dull background of New England life the figure of the gay colonel of artillery stood out like a dash of scarlet in a twilight sky.

The gallant colonel had dawned on the Rivermouthians like the god Quetzal on the Aztecs, like Hiawatha on the Indian tribes of North America; and like them, also, he had departed mysteriously. A belief in his second coming, to inaugurate an era of gratuitous Jamaica rum, formed a creed all by itself among a select few. Mr. Ordione was very anxious to have him come again; but his was a desire rather than a belief.

The more Mr. Dent reflected on Colonel Todhunter's visit, the more skeptical he grew on the subject of his nephew's death.

"He's a rattle-brained, worthless fellow," said Mr. Dent, meaning Colonel Todhunter, "and I don't believe a word of it. But what could possess him to come to me with such a story? What possesses people to do all sorts of mad things? Maybe it was a drunken freak of the colonel's; perhaps he intended to borrow money of me, and forgot to do so. Very likely he borrowed money of Dillingham. I'll ask him."

Colonel Todhunter *had* borrowed fifty dollars of the young clergyman. Mr. Dent enjoyed that.

"You may smile, my friend," said Mr. Dillingham, acknowledging the fact, "but I was not so blind a victim as you imagine. I attached a slight condition to the loan, — that he should clear out on the instant. If he had suspected his strength he could have wrung ten times the sum from me. The colonel was an infliction, a positive agony, and I think I did very well to invest fifty dollars in his departure."

"You may rely upon it, Dillingham, that man was an impostor, and his purpose was money."

"I begin to fear so," said Mr. Dillingham. "It is disheartening to see a man of good average ability, like the colonel's, fallen so low."

Mr. Dent laughed, not at the unworldliness of the young clergyman, — that was rather touching to Mr. Dent, — but at the picture he had in his mind of the consternation and panic into which his friend must have been thrown by the insolent familiarity of the dashing Southern colonel during his sojourn at the Old Bell Tavern. The man had necessarily stayed at the same house, there being but one hotel in the town.

That Colonel Peyton Todhunter was an adventurer and a rascal was so excellent a key to the enigma of his raid on Rivermouth, that Mr. Dent in his heart forgave him, and felt rather under obligations to him for his moral turpitude. If the colonel had been a gentleman, Mr. Dent would have been forced to receive his communication in good faith; as it was, Mr. Dent was not going to give it the faintest credence.

"Must know Jack, though," Mr. Dent reflected; "must have known that

Jack was not in the habit of writing to me, or the man would not have dared to come here with any such yarn. If the colonel is a sample of the friends Jack has picked up, I hope he has not picked up many."

The result of Mr. Dent's cogitations was that Colonel Todhunter's statement was a fabrication, at least the tragic part of it; the man must have had a general knowledge of Jack's antecedents and of his present surroundings, or he would not have been able to invent so plausible a story. The colonel was a bounty-agent, a camp hanger-on of some kind, and had come across Jack in the army. It was clear that Jack had carried out the intention, expressed in his letter to Twombly, to join the service; the rest was apocryphal.

Strengthened by Mr. Dillingham's view of the case, Mr. Dent concluded for the present to keep from Prudence the nature of Colonel Todhunter's visit, and also decided not to mention the letter which John Dent had written to Twombly. If it had not been for Parson Hawkins's will, Mr. Dent would have laid both matters before her now without hesitation; but he remembered how Prudence had recoiled at the mere suggestion of becoming John Dent's heir, — it was not to be wondered at under the circumstances, — and he lacked the courage to inform her of Colonel Todhunter's ridiculous report.

If Jack had actually been killed in action, it was not a difficult thing to obtain an official statement of the fact; if there was nothing in the story, it would be worse than useless to annoy Prue with it. The matrimonial question still remained open, and was sufficiently vexatious without other complications.

Prudence's capricious delay in making up her mind about Mr. Dillingham pressed more heavily each day on Mr. Dent. It was so unfair to Dillingham; but what could he, Mr. Dent, do? If he urged her to marry the young man, she would probably refuse. If he let matters take their own turn, they might be Heaven only knew how long in coming to a satisfactory end. In the mean time, there was John Dent likely to be alive or likely to be dead at any moment.

Mr. Dent's was an open nature, and to be the repository of secrets weighed him down. His face was a dial on which the workings of the inner man were recorded with inconvenient accuracy. Prudence observed her guardian's perturbed state, and attributed it to her own perversity in not loving Mr. Dillingham on the spot.

Though Mr. Dent discredited the colonel's assertions, they troubled him; but Prudence's procrastination troubled him more. Mr. Dillingham had borne it with noble patience, but he was obviously becoming restless under the suspense. A man may be a saint, yet, after all, there are circumstances under which a saint may be forgiven for recollecting that he is a man. Of the three people concerned, Mr. Dent was perhaps the most worthy of commiseration, though Prudence was far from being as unruffled and happy as she had the grace to appear.

The conference between Mr. Dent and the young minister, interrupted by the apparition of Colonel Peyton Todhunter that winter afternoon, was resumed a few days subsequently, and was most satisfactory to both parties. Prue's conscientiousness, which amounted almost to a flaw in her character, explained her hesitation in responding to his young friend's wishes. (That was the way Mr. Dent put it.) When she did give him her heart, it would be a heart of gold, and would be given royally. Mr. Dillingham did not regard this extreme delicacy as a flaw in Miss Palfrey; on the contrary, it heightened his admiration for her, and he would await the event with as much patience as he could teach himself.

"By the bye, Dillingham," said the amiable tactician, "I got a letter this morning from the War Department. My nephew is not down on the pay-roll of the 10th Illinois. I wrote to them relative to Colonel Todhunter. The colonel of the 10th Illinois is — what 's his name? — I declare it has slipped my mind; and there 's no such

person in the regiment as Todhunter. Practically, I suppose there are plenty of tod-hunters in the regiment, but they are not so named."

Mr. Dillingham smiled, as one smiles at the jokes of one's meditated father-in-law.

"And so the man really was an impostor?"

"Of course he was. I suspected it the instant I set eyes on him," said Mr. Dent unblushingly.

XVI.

HOW PRUE SANG AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When, months before, Mr. Dillingham's intimacy at Willowbrook had given rise to those cruel stories which made Prudence half wish the young minister would fall in love with her, that she might refuse him and prove how far she was from dying of blighted affections,—at that time it had seemed a simple thing to Prudence to tell Mr. Dillingham that she valued his esteem very highly, that she wanted him always for her friend, but that she could never love him. One cannot be positive that she had not, in some idle moment, framed loosely in her thought a pretty little speech embodying these not entirely novel sentiments; but if this were the case, there was a difficulty now which she had not anticipated in the pronouncing of that little sentence.

Did she want to pronounce it? If such was to be the tenor of her reply to Mr. Dillingham, why had she not spoken the words that evening in the fort? There had been her time and chance to sweep all the Rivermouth gossips from the board with one wave of her hand, and so end the game. To be sure, Mr. Dillingham had confused her by the abruptness of his declaration; but she had recovered herself almost instantly, and ought to have been frank with him then and there. But she had been unable to give him an answer then, and now two weeks and more had slipped away, leaving her in the same abject state of indecision. Thus far Mr. Dillingham had shown to Prudence no sign of impatience; but her guardian was plainly harassed by her temporizing, and to Prudence herself the situation had grown intolerable.

She knew what her guardian's wishes were, though he had not expressed them, and his delicacy in not attempting to sway her, influenced Prudence greatly. She knew that her hesitation was adding to Mr. Dillingham's disappointment and mortification if she finally said No. He could not but draw a happy augury from her delay; for if, in grammar, two negatives make an affirmative, in love, too much hesitation is equivalent to at least half a Yes. She was not certain that her vacillation had not made it imperative on her to accept his addresses. She stood aghast when she reflected that without speaking a word, she had partly promised to be his wife.

The time when she could think lightly of putting aside his proffered love was gone; she shrunk now from the idea of giving him pain. Since Mr. Dillingham settled in Rivermouth her life had been very different, and if he passed out of it, as he must if she could not love him, the days would be blank again. Her esteem and friendship for him had deepened month by month, and during the past two weeks his bearing towards her, his deference, his patience, and his tenderness, had filled her with gratitude to him. There were moments when she felt impelled to go to him and place her hand in his, but some occult influence withheld her. There were other moments, for which she blamed herself, when the thought of him made her cold, a sense of aversion came over her,—an inexplicable thing. Mr. Dillingham was so wise and noble and conscientious, there was no one with whom to compare him. He had the stable character, the brilliant trained intellect, all the sterling qualities, in short, that—that John Dent had not had. He was not arrogant, or impetuous, or light-minded, as John Dent had been: he had a singularly gentle and affectionate nature, and yet—and the absurdity of

the fancy caused Prudence to laugh in the midst of her distractions — she could not imagine herself daring to call Mr. Dillingham "James." It was twice as easy to say "Jack" even now. In her girlish love for *him* there had been none of these doubts and repulsions and conflicts! She had given him her whole heart, and had not known any better than to be happy about it. Why could she not do that now?

It was the oddest thing how, whenever she set herself to thinking of Mr. Dillingham, she thought of John Dent. There was no one to whom Prudence could appeal for guidance out of the labyrinth into which she had strayed. Mr. Dent could not offer her unprejudiced counsel; she had an intuitive perception of the unfitness of her friend Veronica to help her, and the old parson was in his grave.

It was positively necessary that she should come to some determination soon; but she was as far away from it as ever that afternoon when these thoughts passed through her mind for the hundredth time.

"Let me think! let me think!" cried Prudence, walking up and down her room with a tortoise-shell dressing-comb rather unheroically in one hand.

Unheroically? I suppose Ophelia twined those wild-flowers in her tresses with some care before she drowned herself. Medea and Clytemnestra would not make so graceful an end of it if they did not look a little to the folds of their drapery. One must eat, and drink, and dress, while life goes on. And if I show my poor little New England heroine in the act of putting up her back hair, — it being nearly six o'clock, and Mr. Dillingham coming to tea, — I feel that I am as true to nature as if I set her on a pedestal.

It was her chief beauty, that brown hair, and there were floods of it, with warm sparkles in it here and there, like those bits of gold-leaf that glimmer in a flask of Eau-de-vie de Dantzick when you shake it. She was arranging the hair, after the style of that period, in one massive braid over the brows, making a coronet which a duchess might have been proud to wear. The wonder of this braid was, it cost her nothing.

As Prudence set the last pin in its place, she regarded herself attentively for a moment in the cheval-glass, and smiled a queer little smile, noticing

> "With half-conscious eye,
> She wore the colors he approved," —

a cherry ribbon at the throat and waist.

"I'm growing to be a fright," said Prudence, looking so unusually lovely that she could well afford to say it, as women always can — when they say it.

There was a richer tint to her cheeks than ordinarily, and a deeper glow in her eyes this evening, and it did not escape the young minister, who, without seeming to see, saw everything.

When she came into the library where the two gentlemen sat, both were conscious of the brightness that surrounded her like an atmosphere. "Dillingham's fate is to be signed and sealed to-night," was Mr. Dent's internal comment; "there is business in her eye." But poor Prue's brave looks sadly belied her irresolute, coward heart. She had no purpose but to look pretty, and that she accomplished without trying.

It was Mr. Dillingham's custom to leave Willowbrook at ten o'clock, unless there was other company; then he kept later hours. There were no visitors on this occasion, and the evening appeared endless to Prudence, who paused absently in the midst of her sentences when the time-piece over the fire-place doled out the reluctant half-hours. It seemed to her as if ten o'clock had made up its mind not to come. Once or twice in the course of the evening the conversation flickered and went out curiously, as it was not in the habit of doing among these friends.

When the talk turns cold in this sort, it requires great tact to bury the corpse decently. Even with a gifted young divine to conduct the services, the ceremony is not always a success.

At half past nine Mr. Dent violated the tacit covenant that had existed between him and Prudence, by leaving her

alone with Mr. Dillingham, — for the first time since it had become embarrassing to be left alone with him. They had been discussing a stanza in Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, and Mr. Dent had coolly walked off to the library on a pretext to look up the correct reading.

Prudence regarded her guardian's action as a dreadful piece of treachery, and the transparency of it was perhaps plain to Mr. Dillingham, who came to her rescue, for an awkward silence had immediately fallen upon Prue, by requesting her to sing a certain air from Les Huguenots, which she had been practicing.

Prudence was in no humor for music, but she snatched at the proposition with a kind of gratitude, and sang the passage charmingly, with a malicious enjoyment, meanwhile, in the reflection that her recreant guardian, hearing the piano, would know that his purpose was frustrated. And in fact, at the first note that reached the library, there came over Mr. Dent's face an expression of mingled amusement and disgust, in strange contrast with the exquisite music that provoked it. He stood with one hand lifted to a book-shelf, and listened in a waiting attitude, but when the aria was finished, he made no motion to return to the drawing-room.

Prudence sat with her fingers playing in dumb-show on the ivory keys, wondering what the next move would be. Mr. Dillingham, who had been turning over a portfolio of tattered sheet-music, took up a piece which he had selected from the collection, and came with it to the piano.

"I wish you would sing this, Miss Prudence. It is an old favorite of mine, and it is many years since I heard it. These homely Scotch ballads are not perhaps high art, but they have a pathos and an honesty in them which I confess to admiring."

As the young minister spoke he spread out on the piano-rack some yellowed pages containing the words and music of Auld Robin Gray.

Prudence gave a little start, and a peculiar look flitted across her face, then she dropped her eyes, and let her hands lie listlessly in her lap.

"But perhaps you don't sing it?" said Mr. Dillingham, catching her half dreamy, half pained expression.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Prudence, rousing herself with an effort, "if I have not forgotten the accompaniment."

She touched the keys softly, and the old air came back to her like a phantom out of the past. She played the accompaniment through twice, then her voice took up the sweet burden, half inaudibly at first, but gathering strength and precision as she went on. It was not a voice of great compass, but of pure quality and without a cold intonation in it. One has heard famous cantatrici, all art down to their finger-nails, who could not sing a simple ballad as Prudence sang this, because they lacked the one nameless touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. "'Young Jamie loo'd me weel,'" sang Prue, —

"Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside:
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

"He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me."

Mr. Dillingham, who understood music thoroughly, as he seemed to understand everything, listened to Prudence with a sort of wonder, though he had heard her sing many a time before. The strange tenderness and passion there was in her voice brought a flush to his pale cheek, as he leaned over the end of the piano, with his eyes upon her.

"My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, oh, marry me!

"My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack:

The ship it was a wrack — why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

"My father argued sair; my mother didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me."

It was with unconscious art that Prudence was rendering perfectly both the sentiment and the melody of the song, for her thought was far away from the singing. It was a day in midsummer; the wind scarcely stirred the honeysuckles that clambered over the porch of the little cottage in Horseshoe Lane; John Dent was telling her of his plans and his hopes and his love; it was sunshine and shadow, and something sad; again he was holding her hand; for an instant she felt the touch of his lips on her cheek; then she heard the gate close, and the robins chattering in the garden, and the tears welled up to Prue's eyes, as she sang, just as they had done that day when all this had really happened. And still the song went on: —

"I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I 'm come back for to marry thee.

"Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead" —

Suddenly something grew thick in Prudence's throat; the dual existence she was leading came to an end, and the music died on her lip. She looked up, and met the young clergyman's eyes glowing upon her.

"I — I can't sing it, after all," she said, with a wan look. "I will sing it another time."

Then she pushed back the piano-stool abruptly, hesitated a moment, and glided swiftly out of the room.

Mr. Dillingham followed her with his eyes, much mystified, as he well might have been, at Prudence's inexplicable agitation and brusqueness. He leaned against the side of the piano, waiting for her to return; but she did not come back again to the drawing-room.

In a few minutes Mr. Dent appeared, and could scarcely control his astonishment at finding the young minister alone.

It was as plain to Mr. Dent as one and one make two (though they sometimes refuse to be added together) that events had culminated during his absence. He had intended they should; but there was a depressing heaviness in the atmosphere for which he was not prepared. He did not dare to ask what had happened.

Mr. Dillingham was ill at ease, and after one or two commonplace remarks, he said good night mechanically and withdrew.

"She has thrown him over, the foolish girl!" muttered Mr. Dent, as he went gloomily up-stairs with his bedroom candle in his hand, "and I am devilishly sorry."

For my part, I think the young minister's fortunate star was not in the ascendant that night, when he asked Prue to sing Auld Robin Gray.

T. B. Aldrich.

FANCIES.

I.

An Oriole.

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our northern sky?

At some blithe moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

II.

A Humming-Bird.

When the mild gold stars flower out,
As the summer gloaming goes,
A dim shape quivers about
Some sweet, rich heart of a rose.

If you watch its fluttering poise,
From palpitant wings will steal
A hum like the eerie noise
Of an elfin spinning-wheel.

And then from the shape's vague sheen
Deep lustres of blue will float,
That melt in luminous green
Round a glimmer of ruby throat.

But fleetly across the gloom
This tremulous shape will dart,
While searching for some new bloom,
To quiver about its heart.

And you, with thoughts of it stirred,
Will dreamily ask of them:
"Is it a gem, half bird?
Or is it a bird, half gem?"

III.

A Bat.

Hap-hazard hybrid that one sees,
Half bird, half reptile, fluttering through

Those sultry twilights, when the trees
  Loom breezeless on the dreamy blue;
Strange, blundering mongrel of the air,
At random war with here and there,
  Now wheeling wild and swooping now;
In what mad mood did nature please
Her sweet, rich harmonies to scare
  With such dark dissonance as thou?
  Shape that unseemliest traits endow,
Grotesque, chimeric, cold, impure,
With Satan's wings in miniature!

Nay, is it that thou lingerest here
  As the last-left weak heir of what
Survives from many a wrecking year
  In shadowy fable, trusted not?
Does altered time in thee behold
One waif from horrors manifold,
  Ghoul, griffon, dragon, ouphe, gnome, sprite,
That living shook the earth with fear,
And dying when the earth was old,
  In mockery of their crumbled might,
  Foredoomed to thee thy dismal flight
Through lands where once, by dread dismay,
Thine awful ancestry held sway?

IV.

A Toad.

Blue dusk, that brings the dewy hours,
  Brings thee, of graceless form in sooth,
Dark stumbler at the roots of flowers,
  Flaccid, inert, uncouth.

Right ill can human wonder guess
  Thy meaning or thy mission here,
Gray lump of mottled clamminess,
  With that preposterous leer!

But when I meet thy dull bulk where
  Luxurious roses bend and burn,
Or some slim lily lifts to air
  Its frail and fragrant urn,

Of these, among the garden ways,
  So grim a watcher dost thou seem
That I, with meditative gaze,
  Look down on thee and dream

Of thick-lipped slaves, with ebon skin,
  That squat in hideous dumb repose,
And guard the drowsy ladies in
  Their still seraglios!

Edgar Fawcett.

BEHIND THE CONVENT GRILLE.

One route to Montreal is straight up the Vermont Central Railway, and means nothing more than fifteen hours' transit over a country of little interest; another is by way of Lakes George and Champlain to Ogdensburg, and thence by steamer down the St. Lawrence, sliding delightfully over all the Rapids and under the Victoria Bridge, until one steps on shore at the Pier Jacques Cartier, near the Bonsecours Market, and feels one's self already in foreign lands. This route takes a little more than twice as much time, and is rather more expensive, but yet is much to be preferred; at least so decided the band of adventurous spirits whose observations are to be recorded, and who hereby introduce themselves as Alix, expensionnaire of the Convent-School of Hochelaga, conducted by the Sisters of the Order of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary; Miselle, the matron of the party; and her two daughters, St. Ives and Bud; the former a young lady at the age when "they want to know, you know," and the latter aged only twelve, but yet the most important person of the expedition, since its purpose was to place her at the above-named school, should the young lady herself find it attractive, and her mamma find herself satisfied not only with the educational and hygienic system pursued by the sisters, but with their pledges of non-interference with the religious principles transmitted in a straight line to little Bud from heroic Plymouth Rock.

A short but spirited combat between Alix and a hackman, called in Montreal a carter, resulted in engaging a carriage at a moderate price; and a selection having been made from a pile of luggage so large that the carter muttered impertinent allusions to the necessity for a dray to carry it, the tired, happy travelers crowded themselves and two boxes into the carriage and drove merrily away upon the Hochelaga road.

"I will just state, my dear friends," remarked Alix calmly, "that the convent doors are hermetically sealed at nine o'clock every evening, and that it is now half past that witching hour. I will add, moreover, that there is neither knocker nor bell attached to the outer doors, the profane world being absolutely excluded after hours." The exclamations, questions, and propositions induced by the information thus tardily conveyed were not yet exhausted in variety when the carriage paused before the closed gates of a large building, its façade of gray stone surmounted by a colossal statue of the Mother and Child glimmering ghostly white in the moonlight. The dim figure of a man started from the shadow of the wall, exchanged some words of Canadian *patois* with the carter, and then throwing open the gates, ran before the carriage up to the house, upon whose many windows the moonlight glittered, but whence shone no other light.

"The doors are closed, madame; the ladies are at their prayers and will see no one, I assure you," said the carter, already calculating his charges for driving back to a hotel in the city.

"Hold, my friend! I will run round to the nuns' house; they will be there, and I shall make them hear; wait but a little!" And the good-natured shadow ran clattering round the end of the building, and could presently be heard hammering upon some door in the rear and shouting in what may be called a style of respectful vociferation. Relying upon the success of his efforts the travelers dismounted and softly climbed the steps of the grand portico, their steps and voices involuntarily subdued to the tone of the moonlight night, the sleeping nunnery, the hoarse murmur of the mighty St. Lawrence hastening toward

the sea. This novel feeling was not diminished when on reaching the great doors they found one leaf drawn noiselessly back, and saw standing upon the threshold the slender figure of a woman draped in clinging black, a long veil of the same hue flowing from the back of her head, and a coif of transparent white muslin closely surrounding a pale and beautiful face whose dark eyes rested in calm inquiry upon the faces of the strangers.

"Sister Antoinette! Don't you know me? Are not we expected? I wrote to Sister Marie" — began Alix confusedly, and a faint smile of recognition stirred the pale lips of the nun as she laid her finger-tips upon the shoulders of the former pupil, and lightly touched her upon either cheek, while she said in French, —

"You are very welcome, Alix, and the ladies your friends. You were expected this morning. Come in."

She turned as she spoke, and led the way through a vestibule closed at the farther end by folding doors fitted with a lock but no latch, and with a movable panel through which all visitors are inspected and interrogated before proceeding farther. If they come simply upon business they are answered and dismissed without penetrating farther; if to visit one of the pupils, or to make inquiries relative to placing a new one, or to speak with one of the sisters who attend to the outside business of the convent, they announce their wishes to the portress as she stands framed in the open panel, and she by pulling a cord opens a door, giving entrance from the vestibule to an ante-room and thence to a long and handsomely decorated drawing-room; the door closes as noiselessly as it has opened, and the guest finds himself inside the convent indeed, but as completely shut off from all communication with the interior as if he had remained outside. The sister portress meantime sends word to one of the directresses of the young ladies that Miss So-and-so is wanted "at parlor," to speak with her father, brother, mother or sister, as the case may be, and usually the sister attends the girl down, greets the visitor courteously, and having seen that all is as it should be, withdraws, leaving the pupil and her relative together.

All these formalities were, however, omitted in the case of our travelers, and unlocking the door of the vestibule, which she had jealously closed behind her, Sister Antoinette showed them into a little reception room, where some one had already placed a lamp, and went to call Sister Marie. Miselle, attracted by the glimpse she had already caught of the *terra incognita* around her, lingered at the door instead of decorously seating herself upon the sofa pointed out to her, and feasted her eyes upon a scene not often to be chanced upon at this day and within a few miles of the borders of New England. A wide and lofty hall led straight from the entrance doors to the doors of the chapel opposite, and this hall was intersected by a long corridor running the length of the building, the two forming a cross, one arm pointing to the world and one to the church. At the point of intersection hung a lamp, its faint light flickering upon lofty ceilings, dim corridors, pillars, arches, paintings, statues, a few dim, black-robed figures gliding in or out of the chapel and disappearing in the gloom which hid its extent; a faint odor of incense still hung upon the quiet air, and Miselle was wondering if it could really be that yesterday she was in Massachusetts, when a door swung noiselessly open, and a tiny, black-robed figure glided across the hall toward the reception room. Miselle retreated, and the next moment a lady entered the room, cordially embraced Alix, and greeted her companions with a graceful ease savoring more of courts than convents, and with a hospitable warmth not to be learned in courts. Miselle admired her at first sight, believed in her as soon as she heard her voice, and before the month of her sojourn was over loved her dearly, and must always love, and believe in, and admire her, in spite of opposing creeds and utterly divergent schemes of life.

A young girl, dressed in the black robes and white veil of a novice, presently appeared and quietly laid the cloth, and in a very little while served an excellent "meat-tea," of which the travelers stood in considerable need. The little novice waited upon the table with a quiet grace that, as St. Ives subsequently remarked, formed rather a cruel contrast with such ministrations as mere money can procure. This sort of service seems to enter into the lessons of humility and self-denial which are among the first inculcated upon the mind of the young *religieuse*, and it is to be hoped may prove as beneficial to her as it is charming to the recipients. Sister Marie also assisted from time to time in the service, and Miselle urged her to sit down and partake with them, until she pleasantly replied, —

"Thanks, madame, but we never take anything out of our own refectory unless when we visit other convents;" and Alix added, —

"No, indeed! I remember how you used to take us girls into Montreal shopping, and when we went to the confectioner's and devoured all sorts of dainties, you never would touch a thing, but sat aside so patient and amiable, although you must have been hungry too."

"You remember your convent life with pleasure then, my child," replied Sister Marie, leading away from her own habits with easy grace; and it was not the last time that Miselle observed this airy barrier erected between the world and a careless discussion of conventual customs and rules, although serious questioning was usually met in a spirit of frankness and candor.

Tea over, the travelers were conducted to one of the six bedrooms devoted to guests or to parlor boarders; a charmingly white, nice, plump little bed stood in each corner of the room, and Sister Marie proposed that *la petite* should remain with her friends instead of going to the dormitory for some days at least.

The next morning was Sunday, and Miselle was awakened by strains of harmony so sublime, so penetrating, so thrilling, that at first she thought it must be the continuance of a celestial dream, for never had she supposed such music possible on earth. She roused her companions, and Alix, listening a moment, sleepily explained, —

"It 's the nuns in chapel practicing for vespers. Splendid, is n't it? The organist is one of the sisters too; that Jenny Lind voice is Sister ——; she might have made her fortune as an opera-singer; they have the best voices in Montreal here."

Alix's own voice trailed off into slumber, and Miselle, softly opening the door, stood listening to such music as no opera-singer could ever make, no paid choir ever utter; for neither the hope of fame nor the hope of riches can awaken or feign the ecstasy of adoration, of love, of beseeching, that thrilled through that *Stabat Mater* and *Gloria in Excelsis*.

A few days after their arrival, Sister Marie escorted her guests over the entire convent, which consists of two parallelogrammic buildings connected by the chapel. Of these the one facing the road is the *pensionnat*, containing, besides the great drawing-room already described, and some smaller sitting-rooms, an apartment called the bishop's parlor, and another containing a collection of stuffed birds, curiosities, and specimens of drawing, fancy-work, etc., made by the pupils. Below these are the kitchens and refectories for both pupils and nuns, and on the floor above are the airy and spacious class, recreation, and music rooms. Above these again are the dormitories, with their rows of little white beds, and ample arrangements for bathing. Above the dormitories is the flat, graveled roof, with the great statue of the Virgin Mother with her baby in her arms, serenely holding watch over all; and here the sisters come sometimes at sunset to breathe the pure air, and look at the wide landscape, with the city at their right hand, and the great river close in front, and the mountain dominating the whole, the same mountain

that Jacques Cartier climbed more than three hundred years ago, and named Mount Royal.

Descending to the first floor, the visitors pass from the pensionnat into the chapel, first covering their heads with some of the black or white net veils used by the pupils for this purpose, since it is considered irreverent for women to enter the presence of the blessed sacrament uncovered. Sister Marie leads the way to the upper end of the chapel, sinks light as thistle-down to her knees as she reaches the steps leading to the altar, whispers a few words, and rising, leads the heretics, a little puzzled as to what is proper for them to do under the circumstances, past the altar to the sacristy, where she exhibits some magnificent robes of various colors and degrees, and promises her guests that they shall see the finest of them all upon the 4th of August, when certain new sisters are to be admitted and grand ceremonials observed. From the sacristy the party pass through a small sitting-room where, after mass, which must be said fasting, the priest is usually served with some refreshment, to a large, bare room called the nuns' parlor, where they receive their female relatives and friends. On the floor above are several similar rooms: one devoted to the ring-sisters, or those who have accepted the ring which seals them irrevocably to the church; another for the black-veiled sisters, or those who have assumed the dress and provisional vows; and others for the novices and lay-nuns, of which latter class more hereafter. Above these sitting-rooms, furnished in the barest and most comfortless manner consistent with perfect neatness and wonderful cleanliness, are several large work-rooms, where all the garments worn by the sisters, even to the shoes, are manufactured, and much of the sewing for the pupils. Several sewing-machines stood ready for use, and Miselle was glad to hear that her own favorite was the most popular of these, and regrets that "circumstances over which," etc., forbid her to mention which it is; upon this floor, also, is a very attractive oratory lighted by two windows of stained glass, one of the many gifts of the Valois family, the founders of the convent. The upper story is devoted to the dormitories of the nuns, who no longer enjoy, as in the days of old romance, separate little cells, but are all accommodated in three or four large chambers, in the same fashion as the pupils.

Having thus seen the entire building, the party returned to their own quarters, pausing, as they reached the great entrance hall, to read the inscriptions at each side of the central door of the chapel. These were, —

"Deo Omnipotenti Maximo hoc Templum consecratum fuit die 28 Augusti, A. D. 1860." And, —

"Sanctissimo Nomini Mariæ ex munificentia Simonis Valois."

Above the three doors were the respective shields of his Holiness the Pope, of the Bishop of Montreal, and of the community itself.

"And who was Simonis Valois?" asked Miselle, spelling out the inscription.

"Our revered benefactor, and the founder of our house. You shall see his tomb in the subterranean chapel," said Sister Marie; and then with all the enthusiasm of a truly grateful nature, she went on to tell how the Community of the Holy Nuns of Jesus and Mary, founded in 1844 by three pious ladies of Longueil, who took for their convent the small private house occupied by one of their number, struggled on for fifteen years surrounded by every difficulty and discouragement, until it happily attracted the attention of Mons. Simon Valois, a benevolent and pious Canadian gentleman who had retired to Pied-du-Courant, as the point of the St. Lawrence opposite the convent is called, to enjoy the fruits of his successful mercantile career. This gentleman not only aided the infant community in establishing some of its missions, and in other ways, but entirely at his own expense built and presented to them the portion of the present convent known as the nuns' house, and the chapel connected with it. For

several years the front of the chapel formed the façade of the building; but, as the community prospered, it erected at its own expense the pensionnat, shaping it in uniformity with the nunnery, and connecting it with the chapel through what had been the outer doors of the latter. Mons. Valois also bestowed upon the sisters the use and privilege of about thirty acres of land adjoining the immediate grounds of the convent, and this land is farmed with great success, partly by the lay-nuns and partly by hired male labor.

Having finished his work this good man went to his reward, and after magnificent obsequies, at which all Montreal assisted, he was laid in the tomb which forms the principal feature of the subterranean chapel of the house, which is itself his best monument. His surviving family, who still live nearly opposite the convent, continue his fostering care for the institution.

A day or two after the arrival of the travelers, they received in their apartment a visit from a tall and stately lady in the prime of her rich beauty, whom Alix joyfully greeted as "mother," and to whom she presented her friends, each of whom the mother lightly kissed upon both cheeks, and welcomed to the convent with a grace nothing short of majestic.

"I am so much occupied that I have but little time for my friends, but if I can serve you in any manner, I shall be the obliged one," were her parting words, and it was very pleasant to believe that she meant what she said.

"What a perfect lady!" exclaimed one as she closed the door.

"A lady superior," remarked another; and Alix added, —

"Not only a perfect lady, but a woman of most uncommon ability. It was she who personally superintended the building of this convent. They say that she used to sit out there day after day, overlooking and directing, and never wearying until the work was done. It must have made a striking picture! that rich brunette beauty glowing in the noonday sun, and the still, pale-lipped nuns standing patiently behind her chair."

"I should think the workmen would have spent all their time in contemplation," suggested St. Ives.

"No danger of that," returned Alix. "The mother is far too good a business woman to overlook any idling; it would have been 'no work no pay,' they would soon have found."

"Is this the first mother the community has had?" asked Miselle, who was making notes.

"No; the first was one of the three foundresses. She was called Mother Rose, and is buried in the cemetery of the mother-house at Longueil. The other two, Sister Marie Madeleine and Sister Marie Agnes, are still alive and live at the mother-house, which, by the way, we ought to visit. Perhaps Sister Marie will go with us."

Sister Marie would, and the next morning the party, with the addition of two or three other ladies also staying at the convent, were driven in two of the convent carriages to the landing of the ferry-boat, and made a short but charming voyage across the river to Longueil, a pretty village containing several objects of interest. The convent lies about half a mile from the landing, and a hack-carriage conveyed four of the party over that distance, for the sum total of twenty-five cents; driving being one of the cheapest luxuries of Canada. Turning in at the gate of some extensive grounds, the carriage stopped before a long, low building of gray stone, whose small, sunken windows, thick walls, and picturesque irregularity of outline, suggested an antiquity and gradual growth more harmonious with the idea of a convent, than the modern and brilliant design of the house at Hochelaga.

A heavy outer door stood open, but an inner one bearing the monogram of J. and M. was locked and without handle. A bell-cord hung beside it, and this being pulled, a wicket in the door presently opened and a pale face, lighted by two great, dark eyes and straitly surrounded by the linen bandage and

transparent coif of the order, silently appeared.

"We have come from Hochelaga with Sister Marie," began Miselle, feeling as if she had arrived at the house of the interpreter, and ought to say, "I am Christiana, and here are Mercy and two other damsels come to ask hospitality," but a voice as sweet as the face interposed: —

"Je ne parle pas Anglais, madame."

A contribution of French was immediately taken up in the party and tendered to Sister Hélène, who presently exclaimed brightly, —

"Ah, you come from Hochelaga with Sister Marie, and you are to visit our house? But where then is she?"

Not waiting however for the halting explanation, the little nun disappeared, and presently opened a door at the right hand of the vestibule, admitting the guests to a great, cool parlor, its floor of dark, shining wood, its low ceiling crossed by heavy beams, and floating curtains of white muslin covering the deep-seated windows. At one side of this room a heavy archway led into a smaller apartment where stood a harp, some antique chairs, and a wide, comfortable sofa; and hither the little sister presently led Miselle, to repose until the arrival of the rest of the party. The swinging casement was open, and the summer air, laden with the perfume of a whole garden of flowers, floated the muslin curtain inward, sighed softly across the loosened strings of the harp, and swept like the touch of loving fingers across the burning brow and eyes of the idler upon the sofa; while from the outer room came the merry voices and subdued laughter of the others, as they rested and partook of the refreshment set before them by the good nuns.

"Come, mamma, we are going over the convent now," cried Bud's fresh little voice; and mamma, leaving her delightful retreat with half a sigh, followed the rest through a long corridor lighted only by windows looking into a sort of cloister with the garden beyond, to a flight of stairs made of the same polished wood as the floor of the parlor. In a niche at the foot of these stairs stood a madonna richly dressed in white and blue, and before this Sister Marie lingered.

"When I was a novice here, it was my duty to care for this image of the Blessed Virgin," said she, with the smile of a woman recalling the days of her earliest maidenhood. "How I used to love it, that pretty labor! how carefully I used to arrange her dress and remove every speck of dust! I was so young, you see, and it was a responsibility."

"What a charming little novice she must have been," whispered the girls to each other; and Miselle thought, —

"And what a wife and mother she might have been."

They ascended the polished stairs, so smooth and dark that they might serve as mirrors, to long rows of class-rooms, recreation-rooms, music-rooms, drawing and painting rooms; for at Longueil, as at Hochelaga, the "Ladies of Jesus and Mary" devote themselves to the instruction of young girls. Above the class-rooms is the dormitory with its little white beds, but not all of one pattern, as at Hochelaga, since it was formerly the custom for each pupil to furnish her own establishment throughout, and many of these little bedsteads are of rich dark wood, some with carved posts, some arranged for hangings; these were probably bought by the daughters of wealthy houses, and given to the convent at their departure. Beyond the dormitory and lavatory, some stairs led to the roof, whence a magnificent view is to be obtained of Montreal, with its many spires, noble quays, and glittering metallic roofs. Close at our feet lie the richly cultivated grounds of the convent, and beyond, the flat Canadian landscape stretches in mile after mile of greenery to the horizon.

"It is a fine view, is it not?" asked the sister who now escorted the party. "I never in my life went so far as one can see from here."

No doubt the young and pretty sister was happy in her vocation, and would not have abandoned it if she might; but the look in her eyes as she opened them

wide upon that view was too much like that of a bird peeping between his prison bars at the world he has never tried.

Down-stairs again, with a peep by the way into the cool and shady infirmary, its nice beds all happily unoccupied, to the chapel; where the stations of the cross are marked by quaint old Spanish engravings, and where among other votive offerings before an image of the Virgin hung the chaplet of Mother Rose. Here also in a quaint little gallery stood an organ, upon which the sister organist was so kind as to play, and with much skill and taste. From the chapel through a cool, wide corridor to an open door, whence shallow, sunny steps led to the garden; an old French garden, with fruit-trees and vegetable-beds and bee-hives and great, fragrant flower-plots, where busy bee or idle butterfly might feast and dream all through the summer day, and the south wind linger lovingly, drowsily; a garden to loiter in for hours with a book that never need be read, or vague, sweet thoughts that never need be said or written, — the rambling, picturesque roofs of the old convent, with its latticed windows swaying open to the summer, and its sombre chapel with the old Spanish pictures, and the wide-open door at the top of the shallow, sunny steps, and the vague, dark corridor beyond, forming one side of the picture, while at the other rises the black wooden paling that incloses another garden, the garden of the dead.

Lifting the simple latch that secures the gate, the sister enters, and points to the central plot laid out in the shape of a great cross, and crowded with pansies and mignonnette and pure white roses. A tall wooden cross is at the head of this flower-cross, and the inscription upon it shows that here lies the Mother Rose whose memory is still kept so green in the house she helped to found, and in whose service she met her early death. The visitors all read the simple lines, and stand for a moment silent; then the sister plucks a flower or two and offers to each; some receive the gift carelessly, some reverently, some as an idle compliment, some as a relic, and the party passes on to a long row of carefully tended flower-plots, each headed by a little black wooden cross bearing the name "in religion" of the sister who lies beneath. All are gathered here, all who have lived and died in the picturesque old house across the garden, and the flowers are as fresh and bright upon the grave of the oldest, as upon that one at the end of the significantly incomplete second row, whose date is not yet a month old.

One of the older graves especially attracted Miselle's attention, for it bore only the Christian and family name of its occupant, instead of the saint's name with the prefix of sister, by which the nuns replace their worldly appellatives upon entering the convent. In answer to her inquiries the sister gravely answered, —

"No, poor child, she never was of us although she lived and died among us. There was mental alienation in her blood; in fact, both father and mother had died insensate, and the rules of the community forbade her entrance; but so great was her desire for the life of a religieuse that she at length obtained permission to assume the robes and conform to the rules of our order, and to live among us, helping in all our labors, bearing all our privations, and like us giving up the whole world to better devote herself to the service of Heaven. Yes, madame, she lived and died in this house, and her last request was that she might sleep in this cemetery with those whose companion she so long had been. It is a simple story, and yet, to my mind, a sad one, madame."

"May I pluck a pansy from her grave, my sister?"

"But yes, as many as you will, madame."

"Only this pansy. Thanks, my sister."

But that one poor little pansy is the embodiment of a story such as the Book of Martyrs does not excel.

Near the gate of the cemetery stood a *prie-dieu* in black painted wood, and close beside it a box was attached to

the fence, with "Remember the Poor" painted upon it, and Miselle half regretted, as she dropped a mite into the latter, that her ingrained faith would not allow her to bow her head and bend her knee as did the Catholics of the party, for she would have said a word in memory of that poor unreceived vestal whose lamp remained indeed untrimmed, yet through no fault of her own.

And so, the pleasant visit over, the friends said good-by to the fair garden and thoughtful house, and retraced their steps through the quiet village, and across the river, to the statelier convent upon the other shore.

The happy month that followed was all too short for the pleasures that our travelers crowded into it. They went to Quebec and stayed at Le Chien d'Or, model of little French hotels. They returned to Montreal and spent many a pleasant hour in rambling over the old churches, still redolent of a faith frank and child-like enough to express itself in votive offerings, and visible proofs of miracles performed, such as the chair in the Church of Bonsecours out of which a helpless cripple rose at the end of protracted prayers and walked away, leaving the chair for the confusion and confutation of all scoffers and unbelievers.

After the churches our friends visited the convents, of which there are many in Montreal, and all devoted either to the instruction of young girls, or to works of benevolence and mercy. Connected with these houses is the memory of the brave and devoted women who established them and nursed them through their feeble infancy, and it is in the lives of Marguerite Bourgeois, Madame d'Youville, Jeanne Mance, Madame de la Peltrie, that the thrilling and romantic history of early Canada is to be traced. One cannot but hope that the spirits of these noble and fearless women are permitted to see and rejoice in the prosperity of the institutions for whose establishment they, delicately nurtured, highly educated, and refined as most of them were, shrank not from hunger, cold, rude manual labor, and contact with loathsome maladies and pitiless savages. But to describe these most interesting establishments, and even mention their early history, would require a larger space than can be allowed to the present paper, and omitting it all for the present, we come to the 4th of August, day memorable in the lives of at least a score of the religieuses of the Convent of Hochelaga as the date of their betrothal or marriage with the church. The day itself was a lovely one, and at an early hour the friends arose, and having donned their best apparel devoted themselves to the decoration of little Bud, who had received an invitation to act as bridesmaid to one of the novices about to take the black veil. The compliment was the greater as this was the first instance of a Protestant child employed in such capacity, and if Bud should ever be dressed for her own bridal she will not probably feel half the anxiety on the subject of gloves, boots, veil, sash, bretelles, etc., that caused her to make life a torment to her loving friends upon this occasion. When she was considered ready, one of the sisters came to inspect her toilette, and from that proceeded to glance at those of the young ladies, at first with the naive interest and appreciation of a young woman, and especially a French young woman; but after the first few moments education overcame instinct, and she turned away, muttering, —

"Mon Dieu! Quel esclavage! Quel esclavage!" and to this day those three heretics refer to ribbons, lace, jewelry, and such matters, as "esclavage."

Sister Marie, who upon this occasion multiplied herself like the fairy she looked, was the next visitor, and in bestowing her thistle-down morning salutes, gayly exclaimed, —

"All ready, and like so many brides! Come to chapel now, and let me place you before the world arrives."

"But we have had no breakfast, sister," plaintively remarked one of the party, and it was beautiful to see how immediately the look of surprise that one should wait for such a trifle

was replaced by the polite concern of a hospitable hostess.

Breakfast was eaten, but "the world" had meantime arrived, and it was only by a stretch of Sister Marie's influence that two prie-dieus near the altar had been reserved, and two other seats were found farther back for "le fils de madame" and one of the girls. Mass had already commenced, and as our party entered, two of the attendant priests brought forward a gilded chair of peculiar form and planted it in front of the grand altar; then, returning to the sacristy, escorted the bishop, Monseigneur Pinsonncoult, who seated himself, with the ten assistant priests on either side. And now was heard from the room behind the altar, and corresponding to the sacristy, the deep voice of a priest singing, —

"Prudentes virgines, aptate vestras lampades. Ecce, Sponsus venit, exite obviam ei!" and to this the sweet voices of the sisters responding in the words of the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, singing which, they entered the sanctuary and descended to the seats reserved for them in the body of the church; first the young girls who come to request admission into the novitiate as *postulantes;* then the postulantes who are ready to receive the religious habit and white veil of the novice; then the novices who, having completed their year of probation, desire to assume the black veil and make the first vows; and, lastly, those who, after five years' experience, decide to take the irrevocable vows and receive the ring symbolizing their marriage to the church. At any one of these steps the religieuse may retract her promises and return to the world; and this sometimes, but not often, occurs.

Each of the eight novices who took the black veil and five years' vows upon this occasion, and each of the five postulantes who assumed the white veil, carried in her hand a lighted candle, and behind her walked her little bridesmaid dressed all in white and blue, and covered with a veil of white net. They bore the baskets containing the robes, veils, crosses, books, and rings about to be bestowed, which they placed in passing upon a table in the sanctuary, and then following the brides, seated themselves in front of them, and received the candles when the latter relinquished them.

The superior general of the community and the mistress of the novices followed and seated themselves in readiness for their important offices.

A short sermon in French was next delivered by the bishop, and as soon as he had resumed his seat, the two young girls who desired admittance to the novitiate came forward, knelt, and preferred their request, which was granted. One of them was dressed in ordinary dark clothes, but the other was dressed in the blue and white costume of a bridesmaid, and attended in that capacity her elder sister, who was about to take the black veil. These girls retiring, the five postulantes, who, having spent several months in the novitiate, demand to be received as novices, come forward, kneel before the railing of the sanctuary, and are questioned by the bishop as to the sincerity of their intentions, the freedom of their actions, and their full comprehension of the rules of the order. These questions answered in the affirmative, the bishop, the postulantes, and the choir unite in chanting the *Veni Creator*, the organ sustaining and carrying on the grand harmony with sublime effect.

Returning to his chair of state, the bishop takes the silver *bénitier* presented by one of the priests, and sprinkles with holy water the robes destined for the postulantes, who receive them from his hands, and then retire, led by the superior and mistress of the novices, to put them on. While they are gone the choir sing *L'Adieu du Monde*, and as the last plaintive strain dies away the postulantes return, chanting some verses of Scripture, and again kneel before the altar. They are now dressed in the robes of the order, except for the head, which is covered with a simple square of white net. The bishop asks each one as she kneels at his feet

whether she persists in her intention, and she replying in the affirmative, he takes one of the white veils, after sprinkling it with holy water, and gives it to the postulante; the superior and mistress of the novices deftly slip away the square of net, and replace it by the veil of white muslin, the bishop meantime repeating, —

"Accipe velamen sacrum," etc., and presently the novice arises, her robe and veil still glittering with drops of holy water, and stands aside until joined by her companions, when all resume their places.

The novices of a year's standing now present themselves, and one of the assistant priests, bowing before the bishop, begs him, if it seem best in his eyes, to receive and bless these young virgins, and to unite them in a spiritual union with the church.

The bishop in turn, addressing the assistant, demands if he believes them to be worthy of this alliance, and, receiving an affirmative reply, exclaims three times, —

"Venite, filiæ, audite me; timorem Domini docebo vos!"

At this invitation the novices rise, singing, advance some steps, incline themselves profoundly, and at the third repetition, kneel before the bishop, who questions them as he has already done the postulantes, and having received satisfactory answers, he blesses the black veils, and each novice kneeling at his feet receives one, which is placed upon her head, and the white one withdrawn by the superior and mistress of the novices, the bishop meantime repeating the same words used in bestowing the white veils, —

"Accipe velamen sacrum," etc., the new nuns responding also in singing. When all have received the black veil, they return to their seats and resume the candles, which have meantime been held by the little bridesmaids, or "filles d'honneur."

The mass now continues until the moment of administering the communion, when the nuns who have completed the five years' probation, and desire to make the perpetual vows, present themselves, and kneel at the rail of the sanctuary, holding a lighted candle in one hand, and in the other the formula of their vows written and signed by themselves. They are followed by the new nuns who have just assumed the black veil, and by the new novices and new postulantes. Each of the first two classes reads her vows aloud, either in French or English, according to her nationality, and having heard and accepted them, the bishop at once administers the sacrament and passes on to the next. The novices and postulantes make no vows.

After the communion the prelate, resuming his seat, invites the older nuns to approach, in these words: —

"Desponsari dilecta veni, hiems transiit, turtur canit, vineæ florentes redolent."

At these words the sisters one by one rise, approach the prelate, and kneel at his feet, while he, having blessed and sprinkled the rings, which are heavy and rich, — of gold for the choir nuns and silver for the lay-nuns, — presents one to each applicant, the superior receiving and passing it upon the ring finger, the bishop meantime reciting, —

"Desponso te Jesu Christo filio summi Patris; accipe ergo annulum fidei signaculum Spiritus sancti," etc.

After this, the bishop solemnly blesses "these holy virgins who have come to consecrate themselves irrevocably to God," and they return to their places.

The new nuns now advance one by one to receive the crucifix which the sisters of this order wear suspended upon their breasts, and the book of rules which is to be their future guide of conduct, and these having retired, the new novices in their fresh and pretty white veils come forward, and the bishop, addressing each in turn, bestows upon her the saint's name by which she is in future to be known, as, "From this moment you shall no more be called Mademoiselle Désirée de Maisonneuve, but Sister Marie Rose du Calvaire;" and so wholly does the new name take place of the old one, that it is very difficult to discover the original

title of any religieuse. The mass is now terminated by the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and a most interesting occasion is over.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the reception of visitors to the convent, or to the few pupils who remained during vacation, and in the last part of the afternoon to some magnificent singing by the choir of nuns at the service called Benediction. A few days later Miselle with St. Ives and Alix returned home, leaving little Bud to her new and promising life. Many of the anxious friends who so kindly decide upon our lives, without the perplexity of knowing much about them, disapproved of this course, and indignantly or sarcastically inquired if Bud was in training for a Romanist and a nun. To such Miselle tranquilly answered, No, she entertained neither wish nor expectation of that sort, although some of her best friends and most agreeable acquaintance were of the Romish faith, and the nuns whose life she had studied as closely as possible for a month seemed to her a class of wonderfully brave, conscientious, and pure-minded women, daily practicing the virtues of industry and self-denial to a remarkable extent, and doing the good work that lay before them with a zeal and perseverance that might well be imitated by any woman or any man of any faith or mode of life whatever. But still it would be a great grief to Bud's mother to see her relinquish the inheritance with which her ancestors freighted that wonderfully elastic little Mayflower, and she did not leave her until well convinced that proselytism is not one of the objects of the Sisters of Hochelaga, for as one blunt, frank Connecticut girl assured her, "They think it 's better to do what good they can to us poor heretics by keeping us here, than to scare our parents into taking us away by trying to convert us."

A noticeable feature of the house, felt by guests and pupils alike, is a restful calm that seems to brood in all the great rooms and lofty corridors, a gentle and subduing influence that renders turbulence or discord impossible, a pray-be-on-your-best-behavior appeal that reaches every little heart and makes every form of discipline except gentle words and a system of rewards apparently unnecessary; and yet a healthier, merrier group of children than collected on the croquet-ground beneath the windows of the guest-chamber, or sat chatting beneath the trees with sweet Sister Agnes in their midst, would be difficult to find.

The fever-hurry, the competition, the urging forward of overtaxed brains and failing physical powers, which is the curse of our modern school-systems, does not enter within the convent walls; the affectations of toilette, the outside gossip, the daily walks, or travel in public conveyances, so justly dreaded by thoughtful parents who place their daughters in fashionable city schools, are here done away with; and instead of pale and languid little miniature ladies, one sees genuine children, plainly dressed, simple mannered, ignorant of the world outside the convent gate, learning steadily but not swiftly, occupied with little matters, and gathering strength and courage by and by to face larger ones. In short, the city education is the short, sharp road across a scorching desert, and the convent education the cool and shaded detour to the same point, twice as long perhaps, and out of sight of the spectators who applaud the rapid, brilliant course, but bringing the contestant to the goal with unexhausted energy, and reserved strength and courage for the future.

Jane G. Austin.

THE TOWER.

I AM the tower of Belus, — the tower! yes, I!
Under the rifting lines of the gloaming's tremulant sky,
Under the shifting signs of the ages circling by,
I stand in the might of the mighty, — the tower of Belus, I!
Who are these at my feet, like pigmies, scorched in the sun?
Who, but the petty hordes of a race that has just begun?
It matters little to me whether prince or Bedouin stand,
Or the lizard creep at my feet, or the jackal up from the sand.
What does the time-bound traveler know of the dim by-gone —
What can he tell of the glory that died with the world's bright dawn,
More than the son of the desert? the slim, green, creeping things?
The night-owl fast in his crevice? the bat with his ghostly wings?
Each in his own way imagines the past and the yet-to-be;
Each to himself is greatest: equal alike to me!
I am the tower of Belus; ages unnumbered are mine;
Mightier I than the gods who dreamed themselves divine!

Is this the grandest of rivers, that rolled like a king to the sea,
Crying, "I am the great Euphrates! bring all your tithes unto me"?
How the ships with their treasured freight went down to their rocky bed!
Are there ghouls, insatiate still, with grinning mouths to be fed,
That you burst your stony embankments, ravaging meadow and fen,
Making drearier drear desolation, in scorn for the arts of men?
Ah! Babylonia, where, — ah! where is thy fruitful plain
Spreading sea-like unto the ocean its billowy fields of grain?
Where now is the mighty city secure with its brazen gates
And walls on whose towering fastness the Assyrian warrior waits,
His milk-white steeds in war-gear, his blazoned flags unfurled,
Hurling in grim defiance his challenge out to the world?
Where are the toiling millions who wrought with their cunning skill
Sweet dreams of a fair ideal in forms that were fairer still?
Oh! Babylon's looms are silent; in silence dead are the plains;
And dead is city and soldier; the tower alone remains.

I am the tower of Belus! I stand in the grasp of fate!
I and the Semitic princess, together we watch and wait,
She for her lover's coming, I for oblivion's knell;
Which with the greater longing the heavens alone can tell.
Is there any joy in existence void of hope or of fears,
In painless, slow dissolution through thousands of weary years?
Or rest for the ghost of the maiden that alike in life and in death,
While years into centuries ripen and centuries wane, keeps faith?
She counts not night nor morning, but each new moon to greet
She cometh with shadowy garments whose subtle perfume sweet,
From balms forever forgotten, floats over the secret bed
Where her lover, impatient, is sleeping the sleep of the restless dead.

For had he not said, "Beloved, come at the mystical hour
When the young moon lightens with silver the shade of the mighty tower"?
Had he not sworn, "Though I perish! though Belus lie in the dust" —
And the trust of a loving woman is blind and unending trust.

Three hands were joined at their parting, three voices breathing love's breath;
The voice of the third was ghostly, its hand was the hand of death:
And the white stone goddess had shivered while the glow of the sunset dyes
Had deepened in one broad blood-streak and blazed in the western skies;
But the maiden, unheeding the omen, hears only her lover's last oath,
Nor dreams that her life has been purchased with this as he dieth for both;
The grave that is reeking with vengeance no tale of its mystery brings, —
Gods! — he was a Tyrian soldier, she the daughter of kings!
And what but death can be reckoned as price of unequal love,
And what but the vow recorded by direful fates above
Could save the life of the maiden? — the vow that never again
While the tower of mighty Belus o'ershadows the haunts of men
With its ancient and storied grandeur, — ay, more! that never the while
One upright stone shall be standing alight with the young moon's smile,
Shall body or ghost of the soldier under its shadow wait:
But death is longer than life-time and love is stronger than fate!

There were hope e'en yet for the tower, standing stark and alone,
Had the flames of an altar-fire e'er burned in its heart of stone;
Had the depths of its adamant bosom e'er thrilled with a love or a hate,
Stern destiny's grip must have slackened, slackened sooner or late.
I am the tower of Belus! Can the story be written, "I was"?
Shall the tide of an ended existence flow back to the primal cause
Which sent it first into being, and records of age sublime
In utter nothingness vanish under the finger of time?
Hist! a jar in the ragged brickwork! it totters, and now is still;
I can feel the sand slow trickling with a cold, unearthly thrill;
Perchance but a stone is falling, — perchance it is death's last throe, —
Ay! under the young moon's glitter I catch the roseate glow
Of the maiden's royal mantle; the clang of a mailèd tread
Tells that the past has canceled its debt which held the dead.
He cometh with step triumphant! he readeth the fateful sign!
The last grim arch is shattered which linked their lot with mine.

Ah, fate, to the last relentless! thy vassal allegiance owns —
Go back to your cities, O stranger! write, "Belus, a heap of stones."

Emma Huntington Nason.

A TERRIBLE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

Dr. Drennon was a guest at our cabin in the Florida backwoods for several weeks on two occasions in the year 1871. The good people of the neighborhood were rather puzzled about his pursuits at first, and opinion long wavered as to whether he was a bee-hunter or a "yarb doctor." He certainly was attentive to that insect which improves each shining hour, but he did not limit his attention to that single insect; the spendthrift butterfly was quite as attractive as his thrifty rival with the golden thighs.

Also he was a "yarb doctor," and of the potency of certain herbs, such as black-weed, snake-root, hoarhound, hemlock, dog's-bane, poke-root, wild cherry, and the like, no pioneer dame of seventy was better informed. Yet his interest did not stop there. It increased over a leaf and culminated in ecstasy over a flower. The doctor was a sad puzzle to us all, in his queer pursuits and passions. But he was a lively little fellow, fond of a joke, and spirited as a wire-grass pony. He would go at anything or everything, and always contrived to come out tolerably even, in one way or another. He left us in May or June, 1871. I am afraid his queer propensity for bugs did not enhance his popularity. A man who is charmed at catching a Florida red-bug — a vile, odorous sort of vermin, in smell and shape like certain bedfellows at bad inns — cannot look for sympathetic applause from the unlearned, outside world. He had little paper boxes of all sorts of odd things of the insect kind, including several splendid butterflies, and a little green and gold spider, like an emerald with a spark of yellow flame in it. He explored drops of water, leaves, petals, and stamens of flowers, flies, bugs, spiders; and would talk in quite an interesting way about them when we would let him.

It was at his second visit, in August, that the incidents occurred which I am about to report as well as I can remember them. He returned from his expedition to the St. John's and Indian rivers, and indeed had a very choice collection of rare fauna and flora from those prolific regions. For two weeks after his return he was wholly occupied in classifying, labeling, and arranging his collection of specimens, and digesting his theories thereon. I believe these were subsequently delivered in lecture form before more than one institution of learning; but the adventures I am about to narrate, I am satisfied, have been withheld, to this day. After he had concluded his 'abors, he hung about for a day or so, trying to get up a party for an excursion to the Cross Prairie. After various vain endeavors, on the 15th of August, he rather impatiently ridiculed our reluctance, and set out afoot with his gun and dog, to make the trip, notwithstanding the warning that the rainy season was at hand.

The afternoon and night of the 15th the terrible cyclone that swept over this region of South Florida came upon us, with all its terrors; and we were occupied enough with our own losses and dangers to forget the little professor. But on the next day, the 16th, the fury of the cyclone not yet having abated, he returned to us in a pitiable plight. His coat, pantaloons, boxes, and satchel were gone. He had on nothing but light linen drawers and a check undershirt, and these were much torn and scratched. The dog Bragg, which he had taken with him, had also disappeared. He was welcomed and provided for as well as was possible in the midst of a driving hurricane, when food and fuel had become necessaries not easily accessible; and a few days later he gave a full account of all his adventures and singular escapes. The weather had cleared, and our lovely little Galilean Sea, with border of pine and palm and

orange grove, shone like a jeweled picture, so that he could point a finger to the scene of every incident on that lively chart before him.

"I intended," said he, "to go by the Ranche to pick up one of the young-uns for company. I had H——'s long rifle, a splendid gun, especially to sell by the weight, a satchel, some boxes for specimens, and a short crow-bar with a sharp hook blade, that served at once for hatchet and pruning-knife. I thought to get provision of my young friends for the day, and supposed we would reach Cross Prairie by the afternoon. But the rifle was heavy, and I had not gone half a mile before I resolved to limit my hunt to botany and entomology. My purpose was to leave the gun at the Ranche, but meeting the captain at the neck of Wilcomb Holm Peninsula, I handed it to him, with the request to turn it over to the owner. Bragg, dog-like, wished to follow the piece, and well for him and worse for me if he had; but I would not consent to that. I urged him and called him, and he followed, rather reluctantly. I had been thinking over the excursion, the impending rainy season, the improbability of my finding company at the Ranche, and before I had gone fifty steps, I was willing to give up the plan.

"It then occurred to me that the hummock[1] at the farther extremity of the peninsula on which I stood, was a treasury of entomological and floral curiosities. It was there I found my emerald spider, and I remembered hearing some of you say that the epiphyte, the wild pine, was about to bear a second blossom. This last determined me. The pitcher-plant grows, as you know, in a bowl around a hollow centre of long, flag-like leaves, fixed to the bark of the live-oak, and draws its entire nutriment from the air. The hollow of the leaves will contain a quart of water, and it is much sought for by the thirsty traveler. The flower is a marvel of beauty. Imagine a clear ruby as long as your fore-finger, an inch and a half wide at the calyx and three inches at the salver of the corolla, carved into thin, translucent, blood-colored petals!

"The hummock, too, is the home of the water-spider, the death's-head moth, the great Atlas moth, — and clouds of blind mosquitoes. I have been told that in Northern Florida they feed and fatten hogs on the immense swarms of the last. Is that so? Looks like only two removes from cannibalism, or, at least, vampirism, to eat Florida pork, if it is so. Well, these, less the mosquitoes, were excuse enough for changing my mind, and I turned my steps down the peninsula.

"The captain and I had parted perhaps five minutes, when I arrived at this conclusion. The main-land, up which he was slowly moving with his ox-team, forms with the jutting peninsula, at this point, a V. The captain was going up the left arm of the letter from the point of intersection, and I, by my change of course, was going up the right arm. The lake lay between us in a little bay, about which a huge alligator was nosing, now with just his snout and now with his long spine showing above the water. The maiden cane, in the lake, and the thicket of nightshade, young palms, and scrub-oak concealed me from the captain's view, but I could catch occasional glimpses of the wagon, and see the long whip waving in the air. You may not have observed, gentlemen," said the professor, "that I am a little deaf," at which some of us tried to look civilly surprised. "Well, it is true," continued the professor, "I am often very deaf. Consequently I heard no report, but a sharp, angry phut! at my ear, and the bark of a pine, immediately at my right hand, burst into a white, sap-bleeding bullet-mark. There it was, and calculating from the positions and object, I could not and cannot account for my escape. It seems to me the bullet, aimed by the captain at the alligator, glanced on the water and went 'in one ear and out at the other.' I am ashamed to say that I had not, at the moment, a full sense of gratitude. The dog seemed not unreasonably to think

[1] The local name for a copse or grove of trees.

he was at the wrong end of the gun, and was making back, when I recalled him. He was reluctant, and I launched the small iron crow at him. It brought him to heel; but it was very odd, and is. I could not find the iron, a foot long, thrown into a plain space of bare ground free of undergrowth. I marked the spot where it should fall, but it was not there, nor anywhere. It went vaporously to nothing from my hand. I never heard of the ghost of an iron poker, gentlemen, but it vanished like that, in the broad, bright blaze of full noon.

"This, however, is not the story of my adventures. Here was one sudden and singular escape from death; it was not the last. It was to be followed by others, with infinitely more terror and hazard. The dog, after that, followed me steadily. The alligator disappeared at the shot, but I have a vague recollection of noticing him, or another large one, far out in the lake west of me, as I entered the first hummock. The peninsula is divided, you observe, and contains three hummocks. The first is on the extremity of the main peninsular land. Between it and the second is a 'slue'[1] or bay.

"The first hummock had been burned off and was now brilliant with pink and purple orchids, late as the season was, and the varied, beautiful wild phlox. I was delighted to find the cream white, the pearl white with purple heart, and other white varieties with magenta edging. It was a charming garden, and no one is so prone as myself to forget the botanist in the lover of flowers. I waited an hour or more before leaving this spot. Bragg amused himself with a huge gopher.[2] After a pleasant nooning in this way, I went on toward the second hummock. I found the water risen in the bay to knee deep, and, in the slue or narrow passage, waist high. The second hummock did not detain me. It is larger, but less luxuriant in floral vegetation, and I pushed on almost immediately.

"I was soon satisfied I should have to swim. The water was deep in the channel or slue on the far side. On the near side, however, for two hundred yards, it was scarcely deeper than the first bay. But as you approach within fifty yards of the hummock, it deepens, and now covered the tall maiden cane with a smooth, shining sheet of water. I was provoked at my neglect or thoughtlessness in not using the skiff, which I might easily have done; and what a wretched twenty-four hours I should have been spared if I had done so!

"But to turn back from a swim of fifty yards in smooth water was absurd. I threw off my light linen coat, bound my cottonade pantaloons and shoes and socks on my head, and waded in, Bragg, the dog, following. The maiden cane was in every way embarrassing. Familiar as I am with Florida, I had the sensation of putting my bare feet on snapping turtles, water moccasins coiling in the spears of grass about my ankles; and the bearded tops hindered the view, and were unpleasantly familiar with my nose — which, as you observe, is conveniently large to poke straws in. It was with a sense of relief I rolled carelessly into a swimming posture on the open water, and struck out for the other shore, Bragg paddling manfully or dogfully in my wake. I was in no hurry. The water was of a delicious, enervating warmth, and the change from the rasping, nervous touch of the grass, very grateful. I put out therefore with a leisurely sweep of the arms, in which lies the strength of good swimming; the body is lightly sustained just under the surface without effort, and the lungs inflated at every full, regular stroke. I know the faculty disapproves of noon or midday bathing, and perhaps I would hesitate to prescribe it to one of my patients; yet I believe, in my frequent excursions, I have derived as much re-

1 A "slue" is an open marsh meadow with a water-channel, full, however, of grass. A bay is an inlet of marsh meadow and woodland, but the term is applied indifferently to any low grass lands overrun at seasons with water.

2 The Florida land terrapin, said to furnish an excellent anti-scorbutic, as the chelonia will keep its flesh for months, without food. In sea-ports, therefore, it has its regular price, according to size, from a ten-cent stamp, up to a dollar.

freshing, healthful vigor from a bath at midday, under the blazing sun, as if taken in dewy eve or under the pounding knuckles of a Turkish bath servant. Certainly I never enjoyed any bath as I did that one. The slightest movement kept me afloat, and indeed, the art of swimming, once fully acquired, ceases to be an art, and becomes nature. Your gentle Galilee here, like its prototype, is unusually clear. There is a sparkle of salt in it, not enough to flavor, but quite enough to give it brilliance and transparency. I could see the bottom six or eight feet below, with its pure white sand; and now the surface was broken into bright prismatic ripples, till I seemed to be floating on a sea of pearls. A charming languor, the exquisite luxury of ease and relief, was almost akin to pain in its delicious relaxation and repose. This state of entrancing rest and refreshment was interrupted by the dog. Bragg jumped upon my back as I swam, with something between a yelp and a whine. My first thought was that the old fellow was as hugely content as myself, but more boisterous, and was for a splashing romp in the water. Nothing loath, I turned to give him a good tousle for his liberties, when horror! not twenty yards away, his long snout and saw-like spine bubbling sinuous above the waves, was the accursed dragon of Old Nile, a huge alligator, making right at us!

"There were two of the monsters; one at a greater distance to the right, but nearer the shore to which I was swimming; the other between me and the impossible haven I had left. I was utterly and instantaneously unnerved. The woman's nature in me has never yet been so overcome by my studies as to familiarize into indifference an instinctive abhorrence of anything of the serpent kind. An innocent chameleon lizard, with his pretty gorget of striped carmine and white, and his changeable green and gray coat, is repugnant to me; the garden snake, fangless and harmless as a butterfly, arouseth old Adam as much as the coiled adder; and a crocodile adds his grisly, unredeemable ugliness to intensify the dread and hate.

"The blood curdled in my heart, and *per ossa*, as the Latin strongly puts it. I struck out madly, furiously, without sense or discretion; but was checked and recalled to my proper self-command by one dreadful fact: *the dog was outswimming me*. Now I knew as well as if it were a thing done, that one of us must be sacrificed for the other. One might possibly escape from those two monsters, but two could not. A man having any self-control can easily outswim a dog. Aroused by this reflection, I struck out again vigorously; but with long, steady, oar-stroke sweep. Not overhand, which gives only an appearance of speed, like Mr. Pecksniff's high trotting-horse, but long, regular frog swimming. I soon saw the effect of it. I passed the dog, who turned in toward me, with a whine and effort, as I passed. A crocodile or alligator — they are one and the same — swims quite rapidly; but he does not dart like a fish. The dog's nose or foot touched me, and I looked over my shoulder involuntarily. An alligator's jaw in the dry skeleton is terrible to look at; the serried fangs are all made for destructive rending, not mastication: 'His horrid jaws agape with double fang,' as Æschylus describes it. But that huge, tongueless, lipless maw, —

> "'And that more wondrous was in either jaw,
> Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
> In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw
> Of late devourèd bodies did appear,' —

ugh! that I saw, as I live to tell it, with the exaggerated monstrosity of destructive power in its eighty teeth fitting in alternate sockets; the slits of narrow eyes glowering above; the long, serrated spine bubbling above the water right at my heels.

"There was a dull, deadened *chumpf*, the drowned yelp of poor Bragg, and dog and dragon disappeared in a surge of bubbles.

"I was spared this time, but not yet safe. Sliding over the spot where they had disappeared, came the second alligator, not ten yards away. At the moment, I caught the overhanging limb of a stout, black-jack oak, clustered with

jasmine and green-brier, and, heedless of scratches, swung myself aloft. I had the satisfaction of seeing the disappointed monster nosing about below.

"I know," continued the doctor, "that very many declare the alligator will not readily attack a man; and it is quite likely they were in pursuit of the dog, rather than my indifferent pork. But the animal will attack a human being; and Humboldt and other naturalists cite examples. Not to mention the escape of Mr. Butler, a South American missionary, there is a circumstance within my own knowledge, of a gentleman who was attacked in crossing a stream in Florida, and only saved by his dog, that gallantly came to his rescue and was sacrificed to save his master. Had I been armed with a light ax or hatchet, I might, possibly, have ventured back; but the urgency should be great indeed, to compel me to so desperate a venture. The alligators exhibited no intention of withdrawing; but cruised about in a very official manner, standing off and on, man-of-war fashion, to keep me blockaded. You can understand that, under the circumstances, I needed rest; rest for my nerves. I am glad to remember," said the doctor, speaking lower, "that I did not then forget to whom my gratitude was due, nor fail to acknowledge the debt." After a momentary pause, which we respected, for we saw how the little professor was silently engaged, he raised his head with an odd smile, and went on: —

"Some naturalists," said he, "rank the alligator with the lowest order of vertebrate intelligence. It has no regular ganglia like the brain in higher animals, and the spinal cord is a simple ganglion that can only originate reflex actions; that is, such as are involuntary, and may occur from simple nerve force without the knowledge of the individual. If this is the case," said he, with a smile, "how will you account for the evidence of malicious intelligence manifested in a studied plan of revenge; the pursuit, the delay of an attack until I was helpless in his element, and even the conjunction of additional blockading force? It looks rational to suppose that the captain's bullet was accepted as the opening of hostilities, and, from that time, I and the dog became enemies, or at least contraband of war. There was a look of familiarity in the two ironclads as they cruised about there. I seemed to recognize two swift blockaders of the Federal force in one of the Carolina sounds.

"The thickets of oak, jasmine, green-brier, and palmetto cut off any extensive outlook; but I could see the enemy patiently vigilant. An alligator will cruise about the same beat of a hundred yards square, for days and weeks. There was no certainty when those fellows would leave. I could only watch my opportunity. With this conclusion, I began to look about me. The size of the hummock was sensibly diminished by the rise. A foot of water covers a great deal in the low slopes of Florida, and the half dozen acres were reduced to less than a quarter. One strikingly peculiar and observable consequence of this diminution was in the abundance of reptilia, venomous and harmless; loathsome vermin and other unpleasant animal creation crowded into a small space: roaches as big as gophers; huge spiders with Hop-o'-my-Thumb's seven-league boots on, with slender waists and great hairy thighs and mandibles, large enough to destroy a linnet; scorpions unpleasantly vivacious in the August heats; huge, ugly *scolopendra*, the largest I have seen out of the tropics; black poisonous beetles not classified in entomology; lizards, spreading adders, it seemed at every few feet; long white or cream-colored whip snakes; rattlesnakes as thick as your arm, with a dozen rattles and a button; and a singular serpent with brassy metallic scales, the veritable reptile lifted up by Moses in the wilderness; a wild cat scurrying up the trees, and traces of the *mustela putorius* in every thicket. These various creatures had all been crowded into a small space by the rapid rise, and it required caution to avoid them. A Florida reptile does not know fear. The adder will lie in your path, not offering

to move; and every venomous creature shows fight at the first intimation of hostilities. Luckily they are even more deficient in the rational ganglia than the blockaders without, and strike their fangs indifferently into the stick or club you present. That island was no pleasant place, and yet how to get off? Yonder, in clear view over the water, was the comfortable weather-boarded cottage, and a skiff lay at the little platform. It was visible enough to me, but I could not be seen from it. The dense foliage overhung the deep water. If I climbed over, nothing but my head could be seen, and that, of course, would be undistinguishable two miles away. No one knew where I was; I had left the impression that I was going to Cross Prairie. There was the house, so near apparently, yet as remote from me as the farther Indies and the pole. It was part of the hardship in all my peril, that I was perishing so near to prompt and efficient help, if my situation had been known. Examination on the farther side of the island developed the snouts of other alligators. It was the deep midsummer, when they are most active and ferocious. If I attempted to swim to Whitner Point, they would discover, and, I believed, attack me in the water. After hesitating, I saw no other plan than to wait until night. The alligator takes a final cruise at sunset, and then is off. I could retrace my way very readily by starlight across the 'bay,' and back to my hospitable friends.

"This was all very prudent and sagacious, but it left out of consideration the unexpected incident of the cyclone. The disastrous effects of that hurricane we all know.

"'The winds . . . .
As in revenge have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling on the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The plowman lost his sweat, and the green cane
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock.
. . . . . .
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound,
And thorough the distemperature we see
The seasons alter.'"

It was admirably recited by the professor, but perhaps it derived its effect from the accurate and literal picture it drew of the devastations of the then recent hurricane. Up to that time the promise of harvest in South Florida had been of unparalleled fruitfulness. The cane and cotton fields were unrivaled; the orange harvest the most abundant that had been seen for many years; and now, in thirty-six hours, the whole labor of the year was destroyed. Nor were its visible effects less terrible than disastrous. The destruction of property; the overblown pine tenements; the wreck of fencing, everywhere opening the much-injured fields to devastation by the vast herds of wild cattle that range these Southern everglades; the pine forests, shattered, broken, and torn to pieces, so that a wagon and team could not go its own length in any direction — all united to show vividly the terrible power of the hurricane. Our attention recalled to these facts, there was a lengthening of visages as the professor resumed the story of his own adventures.

"As you remember, the cyclone set in with a rising wind from the north and north-northwest, settling into the latter. Until dark, it had not reached a pitch of unusual violence, and just before that time, though the waves were running high, I ventured again into the water, the blockading alligators having been driven out to sea, so to speak, by the storm. It was the rashest thing ever undertaken. The wind, setting for three hours from the north, had put the whole body of water in motion, and the surface rolled and foamed and dashed in white, chopping, strangling crests. I tossed and bobbed about on the surface, as helpless as a cork. It was more providential than through discreet effort that I was again carried under my friend the black-jack, and I crawled back drenched through and through, and chilled, this time, to the bone. Fortunately, I had succeeded in getting a fire out of a whole box of parlor matches, a wretched imposition

whose unsulphurous phosphorus attracts and generates moisture in its own chemical composition. I collected the fire as well as I could; lighted a huge light-wood — that is, pitch-pine — log, and, backed against an immense live-oak, prepared to make a night of it.

"It was the wildest, worst night that fell upon this earth anywhere; and I had chosen the gloomiest, loneliest spot in all the land. For a while, the mass of jungle protected the fire, but it soon began to roar and sparkle in the wind. The huge flame was torn to pieces like rags by the storm. The hurricane bellowed and roared, and I could hear the moan and dash of the lake growing more and more metallic in its violence, to a dull, clanking plunge. Yet it was a calm to what followed. I could still see the glimmer of the cottage lamps at Fannistan, across the water, and contrast its comforts in my mind with my own exposed, dangerous situation. It occurred to me then, that if I died in the violence of that night, or was drowned, no one would know it or suspect it. I had given out to every one, even to the last of the colony I had met, an intention to go to Cross Prairie. If my disfigured remains were tossed on shore, not a soul would suppose it was the professor. As I heard the lake moan and moan in the surging, like a living thing in trouble, I felt a passionate horror of committing my unknown body to its care. I was full of an earnest human yearning that this poor mortal frame, that had served me faithfully so long, should have benediction, recognition, and rest in consecrated ground. But how to effect it? How to increase the probabilities of its becoming known? My fly boxes were none of them waterproof; my india-rubber satchel had a mouth as 'wide as a church door,' and the conventional bottle, jug, or phial of shipwrecked mariner, was not in my collection. Finally, it occurred to me that my watch, a double-cased gold, had my name scratched deeply on the inner plate with a penknife. My guard chain was a long buckskin cord that had been steeped in neat's-foot oil, and was waterproof. Using this, I tied my watch into the watch pocket, but so attached to my limbs that it would not be lost while the ligatures of my physical frame held together. But long before this was planned or completed, the intolerable fury of the elements increased, in the dense volumes of descending rain floods. It exceeded in extent and quantity any rain-fall I ever experienced. I felt the incipient asphyxia, the gasping for breath that attends submersion; and the scarce and scattered oxygen, in the whirl and storm, refused to fill and satisfy my lungs. How the whole firmament blazed with continuous flashing, and shook with the sharp, imminent thunder of its descending bolts! A tall pine, at a little distance, went quivering and bursting from the dazzling pleonasm of staring brightness into the deep, thunderous abysses of darkness. I thought I had been struck. My whole brain, not simply the optic nerve, but my very body, in every fibre and corpuscle, saw the furious, sudden brightness; and the impulse went quivering from the nervous centres out to the fingers' ends. Not an electric current from without, inwardly, but the reverse; as if the animal magnetism of my whole corporal frame rushed out exultant to greet its kindred fluid in the victorious thunderbolt. I am not asserting a scientific fact, but illustrating a physical sensation by such analogy as it suggests.

"The next day I examined the stricken pine. It was gnarled; the grain ran in intricate involution by twists and curves around the trunk. At the blossom end the sinuous bends were large and sweeping from limb to limb; and here the lightning rent the fibres open, splitting the tree, and breaking it off high up the trunk. But where the curves in the grain were knotted and contorted, it appeared as if the subtle fluid, impatient at its tedious path, had burst the solid wood into filmy, feathery fragments.

"I need not dwell on that hideous night, or nightmare of confused storm and darkness. Clinging to the slippery bulk of the giant oak, I expected every moment

to be blown out of its sheltering arms, or to hear the crash of its jarring trunk. All sense of might or strength or durability was gone. Huge trees of centuries' growth were rent like saplings, and blown into the air; the furious bursts of wind, the sharp, sudden crackle of the thunder, and the dazzling blaze of lightning, confused all thought. I could hear the waves beating and surging with that hollow, metallic clang, like huge sheets of copper banged together, and knew the lake was rising with fearful rapidity. Dense floods of rain were blown and dashed over me like waves of the sea; and I felt or thought I felt the slime of reptiles crawling to higher ground, or into my wretched seat, whenever I put my hands down.

"I cannot say that I slept. I cannot recall any distinct change from one state to the other, and I was always conscious of where I was, and of the driving storm and horror about me. But there did come a change in which I was conscious through it all of a dear presence encouraging and strengthening me. The psychology of sleep is the least explained and most familiar problem of our nature. There is one third of a man's life cut off and separated from his daily existence, and of which his waking hours know nothing, except by glimpses of remembered dreams. The reinvigorating influence of healthful sleep is more surely a fact than it is capable of explanation. The mastery of the will, the vigilant *ipsissimus* that constitutes the waking self, is withdrawn; yet thought goes on, intelligence and memory are not lost, though the tiller seems to blow about in the wind, and the sails fly loose. You meet old friends; you talk of scenes and events unfamiliar to your daily life; you hear question and answer, novel and contradictory. You know by an infallible test that it is an alien mind, and not your own, that offers suggestion or inquiry. There is nothing so keen in us as that intuitive perception which recognizes at once, and infallibly, the thought that has gone through the processes of germination and birth, as our own. It is very different from the same thought offered independently and originally as the product of another intelligence. That test, without seeking mysteries in spiritualism, every man or woman has. Call up your last night's dream. It has as strongly marked tests of conference with intelligence other than your own, as you will meet to-day. We lose the thread in waking. We do not see the connection, and it all looks jumbled and confused. But how confused our waking thoughts would be, if subjected to like tests, although these go on under the conscious supervision of the will! In sleep, as in waking, we confer with other intelligences than our own, and do it perhaps familiarly and frequently. It is no answer to call this transcendentalism or spiritualism. It is a question of fact. You do or you do not. Settle in your own mind whether you do receive suggestions in your sleep, independent of any processes of your thought, and accept the whole consequence. It need not be very wise or very prudent; the test is not its wisdom or its prudence, but the absolute fact of the independent suggestion. That done, do not let specious philosophy argue you out of the plain evidence of your senses. No doubt the Ptolemaic theory of astronomy gave a rational explanation of the movements of the planetary system, yet it was wrong, though it stood the mathematical tests of a thousand years, and received the approbation of religion and philosophy.

"At this crucial point, when the thought was in my mind to anticipate by a few hours or moments the end, the comforter came, or rather was with me. Now in my weakness she supported me when I needed support. There has been no day since the separation of our material existence when life's heavier trials have not found that comforter by my side.

"The dawn came slowly and heavily, with no cessation of the fierce shock of the contending elements. At times the sphere of the firmament seemed to burst and shiver with the blinding, quivering flash; the solid waves banged and broke upon one another; and

the huge oaks groaned and fell under the blast. The mighty waters of rain rolled down with ebb and flow, as if a lake set upright poured its surface down and obscured everything at a few yards' distance. The most terrifying fact visible in all this confusion was the rapid rising of the lake. The black-jack oak, that had received me out of the alligator's jaws, had now its top branches and vines sweeping and tossing in the water. Below me the contracted surface of the island was swimming in pools. The eye could not detect any difference between the level of the lake and the level of the land. In a few hours the island would be entirely submerged, and the rain fell as if the reservoirs of the heavens were inexhaustible. Nothing in that fearful hour kept up my strength, exhausted by fatigue and twenty-four hours' fasting, but the sense of companionship, the assured comfort of that loving, encouraging presence. Though I might take refuge in the trees as the waters rose, yet they were places of difficult or doubtful security. Every hour some forest giant yielded. As the water rose, and sapped the strength of the roots, what probability was there that any one would outstand the storm? Climbing the tall, slippery shaft of the one or two pine-trees that still stood was impossible, and the huge oaks branched low with boughs bending downward. Hour after hour went by, the hurricane still at its height, and I clung to the crotch of the oak, planning and rejecting a dozen impossible modes of escape. As it drew on toward noon the wind abated; the violence of the rain ceased, and I could see, to my surprise and gratification, the cottage at Fannistan still standing. The lull did not last long. I used it in digesting a plan of escape.

"I observed that as the storm renewed its violence the wind was setting from the opposite point of the compass. It had been north-northwest, and now it was south-southeast. From this fact I drew several important conclusions.

"First, that the very centre of the cyclone must have passed over this vicinage. Otherwise there would have been a chopping and changing to various points, as we skirted the circle of the wind. A cyclone is a moving whirlwind of greater or less diameter. The body of the storm has its own general progressive direction, besides carrying within itself the long, circular, gyratory motion of the wind; just as a top moves down a slight incline, while the toy itself is spinning rapidly on its peg. The top, that is, the circle of the wind, crossed us as it moved from east to west. It began north-northwest, and continued so till we were in its centre, where there was a lull of short flurries. The other hemisphere of the wind, the reverse current, caught us in coming back from the south to the north.

"The second consideration, or corollary, was that as the violence of the wind in one direction had lasted from ten P. M. of the 15th, to twelve M. of the 16th, we might expect the same duration of violence, fourteen hours, before the other half had passed over us. This dissipated any doubts as to the practicability of remaining on the hummock. I had to choose between the risk of drowning in an attempt at escape, and the same hazard of drowning if I remained on the island.

"The lake was certainly an ugly thing to look at. No light craft could possibly live there. I must choose a heavier vessel; something sluggish, inert, steady, that could not be beaten to pieces or tossed about like a skiff, even if that choice was permitted to me. My refuge must be one of the logs or trees that occasionally floated by, or were blown upon the island. I got down into the shallow water and crossed to my point of observation at the black-jack. A little cape jutted out from this end like the blade of an ax. Obliquely across, a similar point on the second hummock reached out into the water. These abutments projected nearly opposite each other, though on different ends of the hummocks, and the current of wind, south-southeast, bore directly from one to the other. There was my point of departure.

"Dragging themselves loose from entangling vines and the bottom, as the water arose, lay two trees in the water. The farther end of both was beginning to sway out. When they reached the open current, they would swing violently loose, and rush through the gap or sluice; and I had not much time to choose.

"The outer one, which would soon be free, was the trunk and branches of a huge pine. The fronds were still green upon it, and the limbs unbroken. It had been blown, probably, from the bank on the main-land, and tossed over to this point. Its branches, the fronds that would partially protect, and the huge weight and solidity recommended it. The other tree did not present as safe projections by which I could hold on or bind myself. But I had felled too many pine-trees to put confidence in this one. Often the last chip will fall out before the momentarily balancing trunk will incline to its fall. The weight around the stem of a pine is divided evenly among its branches, so that it is balanced, as I have seen the corky substance of a bit of cornstalk poised on the point of a knife by thrusting two table forks at proper angles and distances into it. In the water there would be no preponderating weight to bear any side of my floating pine down, and keep it steady on an even keel. It would inevitably roll, and in the flood and the storm roll rapidly. It was a theory, but I had to be guided by theory, and I turned to my other raft.

"This was a huge, bare live-oak with the trunk divided into two large limbs. If there had ever been any others, they were broken off. It was in the form of a great Y. At the stump was a root or two that I might hold on by, but it looked precarious. It would not roll, certainly, and that was the main consideration. As I mounted it pickaback, and girded myself to it with my cottonades and suspenders, the pine launched off, dragging my raft loose in the effort, and swam splendidly into the gap. I thought I had missed my calculation, but, as it got free, it shot in, spinning like a whirligig. My barge followed, plunging somewhat, but comparatively steady. Every wave dashed over me. I was frequently strangled and blinded, and had no time to think of anything but clinging to the log. It turned slowly round as it went, for which I was not sorry. How anxious I grew as it neared the cape! I slipped loose my fastenings for a plunge, but it swung round and lay snug and close right against the bank.

"I had looked forward with some unnecessary apprehension, as it proved, to the passage of the second slue. Fortunately a great heap of logs had drifted in and was lodged. To climb over these to the shallow water on the farther side cost only a few scratches and bruises. In less than twenty minutes after my raft got afloat, I was safe and sound on the main-land, and half an hour later I was sipping Señorita Fanchon's hot brandy toddy; and that is the whole story of my perils and escape."

Will Wallace Harney.

RACHEL AT THE WELL.

By an elm-tree half decayed,
In a skeleton of shade
  From the bird-forsaken boughs,
With the melancholy stains
Of a century of rains,
And its quaintly mended panes,
    Stands the house.

From the modern street aloof,
It uprears its olden roof
  In the sleepy summer air;
And the shadow falls across,
And the sunlight sheds a gloss
On the patches of old moss,
    Here and there.

Near the gate that guards the lane,
With its rusty hinge and chain,
  Hangs, half-shut, the crippled wicket.
Lilac clumps, beyond the wall,
Grow neglected, filling all
The wild dooryard with a tall,
    Tangled thicket.

There 's a little path between
The encroaching ranks of green;
  Then a garden, half-grown over
With striped grass and poppies red;
There the sunflower hangs her head;
And you scent somewhere a bed
    Of sweet clover.

There is fennel mixed with phlox;
And, with pinks and hollyhocks,
  Here the mistress of the place,
In her lone and widowed age,
Keeps her caraway and sage,
Immemorial heritage
    Of her race.

Midway from the darkened gable
To the battered barn and stable,
  Is the well; and there, aslant,
Warped and cracked with sun and rain,
Stands the well-sweep in the lane,
On its one leg, like a crane,
    Long and gaunt.

In her ancient bombazine,
And her hood of faded green,
From the kitchen, on her crutch,
Comes the widow with her pail;
In the hook she hangs the bail;
And the well-sweep gives a wail
At her touch.

With a dismal, wailing creak,
Like an almost human shriek,
Down the slow sweep goes, and up
Brings the wavering pail once more;
While in yellow pinafore
Runs her grandchild from the door,
With a cup.

Grandchild, did I sây? Behold!
Like a fleece of living gold
Just let loose from fairy-land,
Half to perfect beauty spun,
And half flying in the sun,
Making sun and shadow one,
See her stand!

In old Rachel can there be
Aught akin to such as she?
Winter's snow and summer's glow!
Poor old Rachel, bent and thin,
Withered cheeks and peakèd chin,
Has outlived all other kin
Long ago.

From the curb, with many a groan,
Comes the bucket to the stone;
And the crutch is in its place;
And now, pausing at the brink,
For the elf to dip and drink,
She, poor soul, must breathe and think
For a space.

Lo! the cloudy years, they part
Like a morning mist; her heart
For a moment is beguiled
By sad fancies thronging fast:
She beholds the glowing past,
Her own girlish image, glassed
In the child.

And will ever that sweet elf
Be a creature like herself,
Bowed with age and grief and care?

Can such freshness fade away
To a phantom of decay —
Golden tresses, to a gray
Ghost of hair?

'T was but yesterday she saw
Her own grandam go to draw
Water, with her pail and crutch,
And she wondered to behold
One so pitifully old!
Eighty years, when all is told,
Are not much.

Like a vision of the dawn,
Youth appears, and youth is gone;
From four summers to four score
Is a dream! 'T is ever so:
Roses come and roses go,
Roses fade and roses blow,
Evermore.

Ruined petals strew the walk;
Laughing buds are on the stalk;
Mighty nature is consoled.
Surging life no bounds can stay;
Beauty floods the young and gay;
Life and beauty ebb away
From the old.

We are figures on the loom:
Out of darkness, into gloom,
We but flit across the frame;
And the gnomes that toil within
Care not for the web they spin;
Ever ending, they begin
Still the same.

While sad Rachel dimly peers
Through the glimmering film of years,
There the grandchild, all aglow,
Stooping, dipping, sees by chance
Her own merry countenance
In the water wave and glance
To and fro.

Tossing arms and gleeful scream
Startle Rachel from her dream;
And as sunshine in dark seas
Gilds some lone and rocky isle,
On the wrinkled face the while
Rests a heavenly light, a smile
Of deep peace.

In her love she lives again:
Worlds may pass, if love remain,
And the soul is reconciled.
Rachel knows not age nor care,
Life and hope are everywhere,
As her heart goes out in prayer
For the child.

Little fingers drop the cup,
Which old Rachel must take up;
Rachel, smiling, stoops with pain,
While away the maiden hies,
After birds and butterflies,
Clapping hands with happy cries,
Down the lane.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE CATS OF ANTIQUITY.

Cats!

"I hate cats."

"Do you! I adore them."

"You are an oddity."

"And so are you."

The human race may be divided into people who hate cats and people who adore them; the neutrals being few in number, and for intellectual and moral reasons not worth considering. Such at least we may suppose to be the view of those grimalkin rabbis who hold that the earth and man were created for cats.

This division takes place early in life. Even in short clothes one boy will stone the sweetest kitten, while another will coddle the rustiest and crustiest tommy. A Hindoo might suggest the explanation, that in some previous state of existence the first urchin had been a dog, and the second a cat; but not having been born in India, I feel at liberty to reject the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; I am quite as much inclined to attribute this diversity to predestination. I mean, of course, a predestination arising from some innate peculiarity of the sensibilities.

The distinction in question not only comes early in life, but it comes for good. I never knew a cat-hater to be converted from the error of his ways in mature years; nor did I ever know a cat-fancier who was permitted to fall from his beautiful faith. But here a moral discrimination must be made: there are those who pet pussy to please themselves; there are others who pet him to give him a pleasure. The true cat-lover is he whose object is, not to feel the soft fur or to watch the diverting gambols, but to make the animal happy.

It must be admitted, however, that circumstances have something to do with the development of these contrary instincts. Old maids and old bachelors especially are quite settled in their minds as to whether they hate or love cats. Why is it that celibacy leads to such an interest in the feline race, and will not accept of neutrality? Because the feline race is pettable; because it makes a strong claim to be taken to your bosom; you must either welcome it warmly, or repulse it vigorously. And the celibate, particularly if of the female gender, is by necessity a person who either needs a pet, or who has learned to war with pets. The old maid identifies her cat with some lost man, and worships him; or she identifies your cat with some faithless man, and abhors him. No neutrality for her; a

beating heart goes into the matter; she must love, or she must detest.

The select natures who adore cats will hereafter honor the name of Champfleury. With the taste and sensibility of a humane soul, and in that crystalline prose which every Frenchman writes as soon as he is born, Champfleury has composed a charming volume of three hundred and fifty pages on the history, habits, and character of cats. The book is published in Paris by J. Rothschild (not the Jewish banker), and the triumphant fourth edition bears the date of 1870. I shall draw on it largely for facts, and shall venture to add a few of my own.

Authorities differ as to the date, cause, and manner of the creation of the species *cattus*. The Greek mythologists assert that Apollo having made a lion to frighten his hunting sister Diana, the latter, by way of satirizing his monster, made a grimalkin. But the Greeks being polytheists and addicted to fables, I place small faith in their declarations, especially on so grave a subject. I prefer to listen to the Arabs, who, as a sister people of the Jews, ought to have traditions of the creation which one can "tie to," and who, as the authors of the Thousand and One Nights, have earned a title to our confidence. The fact then appears to be that after Noah had entered into the ark, his family represented to him that the mice would devour their provisions; whereupon the patriarch addressed a prayer on the subject to Allah, who in response caused the lion to sneeze a full-grown cat from his nostrils; the result being that the mice were not only kept in order during the Deluge, but were impressed with that timidity which has made them lurk in holes ever since. Such is the narrative of Damirei, an Arab naturalist, who, in the eighth century of the Hegira, wrote a history of animals under the title of *Haout el Haiawana*. I will simply remark concerning his statement, that I have never seen it contradicted.

It should inspire our youthful nation with an immense respect for cats, to learn that they have been known in history as domesticated animals for 3558 years. Just 1688 years before the Christian era, 1071 years before the birth of Pharaoh Necho, who overthrew Josiah king of the Jews, 935 years before the birth of Romulus, and 88 years (according to Josephus) before the flight of the Jews into the desert, cats first appear on the Egyptian monuments.

What species? Ehrenberg, who examined various cat mummies, says that they resemble a kind still extant in Abyssinia, both in the domesticated and savage state. De Blainville thinks he has proved that the Egyptians had three varieties, and that they all exist still in Africa, both wild and tame. But when we compare cat habits in the time of the pyramids with cat habits in the era of steam navigation, we are puzzled by the difference. Our nineteenth century grimalkin has no taste for hunting in marshes, and swimming back with a booty of dead ducks to his master. Clever as the Egyptians were in getting day's works out of Hebrews, I don't believe they could have got any such day's works out of our water-hating felines. A larger and wilder breed it must have been; a breed still retaining much of the strength and the hunting furor of a state of nature; something approaching nearer to a wild cat than to what we understand by a tame one.

However, a cat of some kind this animal was; we have statues and medals and pictures showing his form; we have his mummies and his mummy cases, all cat-like; and finally the Egyptians called him Maou. Clearly enough the beast spoke the same language then that he speaks at present. Clearly enough, also, he named himself. "Maou." Very considerate of the Egyptians to give him his own cry for a cognomen. Perhaps the fact indicates that their language was still in a child-like state, and not very well furnished with words or even with sounds. Possibly also it shows that the animal was known to and named by them long before they were civilized enough and artistic enough to

paint and carve his form upon their monuments and medals. If this suggestion seem reasonable we may give his domestication a higher antiquity even than 3558 years.

Well, here we have Maou in old Egypt; under the best of discipline, like everything else in old Egypt; going out hunting in boats with his master; adequate to swimming and to fetching game; a helpful actor in a new civilization; worthy of showing on monuments. One mural picture represents him seizing a large bird with his teeth, a smaller one with his fore paws, and a still smaller one with his hind paws, with the obvious intent of bringing all three to an Egyptian in a boat. Another exhibits him in a boat, raising himself up against the knees of his master, while the latter is about to throw the curved *schbot*, or boomerang, at some quarry. Paintings of this character, proving that the cat had been trained as a retriever, date mostly from the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties, 1638 and 1440 years before our era.

But Maou was also a member of the family circle. In some pictures we discover him under the chair of the mistress of the house, the fellow-pet of dogs and monkeys, no doubt already a good purrer. A certain King Hana, who appears to have reigned as far back as the XIth dynasty, has been obliging enough to leave us his statue in the necropolis of Thebes, and, between his feet, the image of his cat Bouhaki. Many little bronze or terra-cotta figures represent pussies decorated with ear-rings and broad collars, the ear-rings glorious with jewelry in gold, and the collars showing the staring eye which symbolized the sun. As sun-worship is rationally supposed to be the oldest of all human inventions in religion, here, in this glaring eye, we have another squint at vast antiquity.

In fact, Maou had already made his way into the circle of Egyptian devotions. The goddess Pasht or Bast or Bubastis generally wears the head of a cat, and in her temple cats were kept as sacred animals. Egyptian ladies, who made the worship of Bubastis their special orthodoxy, have signified the fact by leaving funeral statues bearing the inscription Techau, a word signifying *tabby*. By the way, Techau, if pronounced in my fashion, which is of course the correct one, gives a very fair idea of the *spit* of a suspicious pussy. Another instance of the consideration of the Egyptians for the understanding of cats. Maou and Techau! Of course the cats could comprehend who was referred to.

What part Maou and Techau played in the worship of Bubastis we cannot say; perhaps their main duty was to catch the profane vermin who defiled the temple; probably their reward was to help the priests finish the sacrifices. Three tables — first the goddess; then the holy men; then the holy beasts. By the time that these last had done their part, it is likely that the temple mice had cause to be as poor as our own proverbial church mouse.

After Maou had accomplished his pious labors in this life, he was prepared for the cat resurrection by embalming, and was safely stored in an honorable tomb. He did not make a handsome corpse; even the paint which was sometimes daubed on his preserved face has not rendered him lovely; you feel as little desire to pet him as to kiss the mummy of Pharaoh's daughter. Long, narrow, and meagre, wrapped closely to the neck in curiously plaited straw, his head alone is exposed, and is too obviously a skeleton caput, its once sleek fur changed to an ugly parchment. The entire "conserve" looks rather like an oblong bundle than like an animal. The cases, on the contrary, exhibit the feline shape, rudely carved and archaic, but not unlike life.

It is probable that Maou had the honor of being embalmed only when he was attached to a temple. Herodotus tells us that in general dead cats were carried to sacred buildings, salted, and then buried in the holy city of Bubastis, the seat of the goddess Bast. From this it would appear that all grimalkins were held to be more or less worshipful.

And yet, if we may confide in the confiding old Greek, Maou had some eccentricities which ought to have shaken the faith of his adorers. For instance, he was in the habit of assassinating his offspring, and this for no better reason than that he wanted the exclusive attention of his wife. For a wife he had; the Egyptians, in their benevolence, were cat match-makers; to every tom they assigned a suitable tabby, having due regard to character and appearance. Another of Maou's freaks was suicide, and that by fire, indicating perhaps a reaction against his aquatic education. In case of a conflagration the Egyptians were less anxious to save their property than their cats, gathering in a crowd about the burning building, for the purpose of keeping the animals at a distance. Meanwhile Maou, possessed with a frenzy, squeezed between the friendly legs or jumped over the adoring heads, and so frequently made a way to his funeral pyre.

"Whenever this happens," says Herodotus, with his alluring good faith, "it diffuses universal sorrow. Also, in whatever family a cat dies, every individual cuts off his eyebrows."

But no absurdity could quell the Egyptian's devotion to Maou. Diodorus Siculus relates that a Roman having accidentally killed a cat, the common people of Egypt attacked his house in a fury, and in spite of the king's guards and the majesty of the Roman name, put the unlucky fellow to death. It is only fair to add that all domestic animals, and some which could hardly have been domesticated, were worshiped in the land of the pyramids. The ibis was always buried in Hermopolis; the shrew-mice and the hawks in Butos. It has been suggested that the priests promulgated the sacredness of such animals as were useful to man, in order to save them from useless slaughter, increase their numbers, and thus aid the progress of civilization. But how does this explain a reverence for hawks, mice, and crocodiles? We must allow some force here to pantheism; to the idea that the creator reappears in his creatures.

On the whole, Maou puzzles me not a little. If his resurrection should come in my day, I should find him a very interesting study, but I should hardly know how to treat him. In his tastes for swimming, for following up the cast of a boomerang, for bringing game to his master instead of eating it himself, for destroying his kittens, and for committing suicide, I fail to recognize the cat of the nineteenth century. Probably it is a fair inference that the Egyptians, having few domestic animals, took special pains with the education of such as they had, and thus brought out capacities and characteristics which we scarcely suspect. By the way, if the subjects of the Pharaohs had possessed dogs, would they have taught cats to hunt? Perhaps, after all that has been said for Bow-wow, Maou may be the oldest ally of man.

Did Herodotus take a cat back with him to Greece? Probably not; the Egyptians could hardly have been willing to spare him one; moreover the beast is an unwilling traveler. Imagine the great historian dodging about every burning house that he came to, in order to keep his Maou from pelting into the embers! It seems certain that he not only did not carry a cat to Greece, but that he did not even carry thither the taste for cats, inasmuch as we find no mention of the animal in early Hellenic history. The lack of this fancy is the greatest blot that I discover in the æsthetic character of the founders of classic art and literature. It is likely that they were well punished for it; they must have been troubled with mice as well as Macedonians.

No distinct mention of Greek cats is to be found until we reach Theocritus, the inventor of bucolic poetry, born about one hundred and sixty years after Herodotus, or about two hundred and seventy-five years before our era. Even in this case the animal may have been Greek only in a colonial sense, and finally may not have been Greek at all, inasmuch as the poet was a native of Syracuse, and passed several years of his life in Egypt.

"Eunoa, water!" calls Praxinoë, in the dialogue of The Syracusans. "How slow she is! The cat loves repose. Bestir yourself. Quick, some water."

A lazy and pleasure-loving slave is compared to a cat. Here I find my familiar friend, the soft pet who likes a warm lap, the snoozing pussy of the nineteenth century. At least I find him as the world misrepresents him, for in his special line of business he is not an idle creature, but patient, painstaking, and indefatigable.

And now for a stroke of sublimity. From the XVIIIth dynasty of Egypt down to Agathias, a writer of the age of Justinian, this cat of Theocritus is the only distinct and authentic cat in Levantine history. In all the tramplings of armies, the batterings of sieges, and the tumblings of empires throughout a sweep of twenty-two centuries, we hear but one unsupported purr and one isolated mew. Agesilaus has his Epaminondas; Plato is obliged to measure himself against Aristotle; but the pussy of The Syracusans is without a rival. If there is any grandeur in solitude, here you have it.

As for Agathias, a very clever advocate and scholar by the way, he makes an ass of himself by versifying two epigrams against a clever cat that had killed his tame partridge. A still greater ass is Damocharis, a disciple of Agathias and known among his contemporaries as "The Sacred Column of Grammar," who rushes to the consolation of the bereaved lawyer with another epigram. He calls the cat one of the dogs of Actæon; declares that in eating the partridge of Agathias, he had devoured Agathias himself; and charges him with thinking of nothing but partridges while the mice dance and rejoice. At all events, one learns from this hullabaloo that cats were kept in the Eastern Empire to kill mice, and that they were far from holding the worshipful position of semi-sacerdotal Maou in ancient Egypt.

Turning now to the Romans, we learn from Ovid's Metamorphoses that Diana once took the form of a cat, therein getting ahead of Satan and his witches, who frequently performed the same miracle in the Middle Ages. As Diana was identified by the classic nations with the Egyptian goddess Bast, we find in this story a reminiscence of the sacred Maou of Bubastis.

Pliny speaks of cats; and so does Palladius, a writer of the times of Roman decadence; and from the latter we learn that they were useful in clearing granaries of mice. All thanks to the man for his information, though we could have guessed as much, unassisted. But had he nothing to say concerning the fur, the song, the arching back, the gentle fondlings, the innumerable graces of my favorite beast? There have been only two golden ages for pussy; that of the ancient Egyptians and that of modern Christianity; and the first was even more gloriously golden than the last.

In a Pompeian mosaic, preserved in the museum of Naples, we find record of a cat who must have lived several centuries earlier than the slayer of Agathias' partridge. He too is a bird-fancier, for he has something like a quail under his left paw, and you can see that his mouth is about to open on the neck of his victim. A stout-bodied beast, with thick limbs and a massive tail, he resembles the wild species rather than the tame.

A later age furnishes us with a seal, in the bad workmanship of the Roman decadence, on which is inscribed the name of the defunct owner, a lady called Lucconia Felicula. As Felicula signifies little cat, or kitten, here we have another feline monument. At Orange, in the south of France, a mosaic of the Roman period, representing a cat catching a mouse, was found by the antiquarian Millin. As if in mockery, — as if to show that the chasings of this world never attain their prey, — Father Time had taken the trouble to deface the image of the mouse. There is the eternal pursuit of happiness and success, and there is its object escaping into the invisible.

Next comes a rude funeral monument, also of the Gaulish Roman period, ex-

hibiting a young girl holding a cat in her arms, while a cock stands at her feet. There too the old destroyer has been busy, this time banging away at the feline image, as if it had just occurred to him to avenge the partridge of Agathias. In spite of this wrath, the fact is evident to us that kittens might be pets to children who spoke Latin, and that bereaved parents who spoke Latin might sympathize with the taste. The drawing of the figures, by the way, is wofully poor, and shows that the Gallo-Roman artists of those days were far inferior to the Japanese of our time, and scarcely superior to the Chinese.

Thenceforward we must give up Roman cats, except so far as we may learn something from old moderns who wrote on heraldry, and who probably had access to Latin works which are lost to us. Palliot, one of the most venerable of prose-writing Frenchmen, who published in 1664 The True and Perfect Science of Blazonry, delights us with the information that various companies of the soldiers of the Cæsars had cats painted on their banners. There was a sea-green cat for the *Ordines Augustei*, a half cat on a red ground for the *Felices Seniores*, and a cat with one eye and one ear for the *Alpini*. Palliot is so sure of his case that he gives us an engraving of the "half cat," a lively animal, exceedingly well sketched, whose head, fore-paws, and tip of tail are all up in playful style, while his hinder moiety stands in the unbeknown. With this two-legged quadruped we take our leave of cats classical.

We come now to the Middle Ages, a time of great spiritual potency for tom and tabby. Like some other creatures once identified with the worship of divinities, cats were now identified with the powers and principalities of darkness. They haunted blood-stained castles, accompanied witches in their nocturnal gambols and journeyings, and otherwise troubled the sad imagination which characterized mediæval Christianity, especially among the Germanic peoples. When St. Dominic preached concerning the devil, he represented him under the form of a cat. Numerous legends give us the strongest reason to believe that when Satan desired to trouble the peace of the faithful, he frequently clothed himself in the body, or at least in the skin, of a black tommy. Out of what nest-egg of fact were these tales hatched? No doubt partly out of the old pagan union between the animal and certain forms of idolatry, such as the worship of Bast and of Diana. Among the northern peoples it had once been believed that the car of the goddess Frigga was drawn by cats. There is also a physical cause: the beast's eyes glisten strangely in the dark; even by day his glassy stare is disquieting to some nervous temperaments; and so, like the owl and other glaring, lustrous-orbed creatures, he was handed over to devil worship.

The old-time peasant of France believed that if a cat was in a cart, and the wind blew from him to the horse, the latter would have a double load to draw. Same increase of burden to horses, if cavaliers wore cat fur on their garments. Sorcerers, as well as their great master, sometimes took the feline shape. A certain woman of Billancourt in France was cooking an omelet, when a black cat which sat in the chimney-corner remarked, "It is done, turn it over." The woman, being a good Christian, threw the omelet in the cat's face and burnt him. The next day one of her neighbors, well known to her as a sorcerer, had a scar on his cheek. In presence of these facts, reason bows his conceited head, and faith asserts dominion. Perhaps it is the cats who give power to planchette, and enable Mr. Home to fly out of windows.

We must not be specially bitter on cats because they were so mixed up with the rampagings of Lucifer. The canine race had something of the same repute; the ringleaders of the Salem witchcraft were aided by Satan in the form of a large black dog; and Tam O'Shanter saw him at Kirk Alloway in the guise of a "towsy tyke, black, grim, and large." Moreover, grimalkin now

and then turned against his satanic master. A French architect of the good old believing times being unable to finish an audaciously planned bridge, the devil offered to bring the work to completion on condition that he might have the first soul which crossed it. The work done, the sly architect scared a cat over; the devil, though disappointed, advanced to seize his prey; the beast made fight and scratched his black face for him; defeat and flight of the arch enemy.

Another true story. A certain Count of Combourg, who was noted for possessing a wooden leg and a black cat, died several centuries ago for reasons best known to his doctor. But something troubled his repose, or he had provocation to trouble that of other people. Every now and then he turned out for a nightly promenade, and was encountered an unpleasant number of times on the grand stairway of his castle; but occasionally, finding that his personal attention was not needed, or being occupied otherwheres, he sent his wooden leg and black cat on these expeditions. Champfleury gives us an impressive sketch of the beast descending the grim old stone staircase, closely followed by the stumpy limb with bandages flying. Such is the verisimilitude of the picture that infidelity must fade before it.

Degraded like Moloch, Beelzebub, Lucifer, and other names of ancient worship, to a companionship with Satan, the cats had a hard time of it among our sombrely and savagely pious ancestors. The culmination of many a religious *fête* in France, Germany, England, etc., consisted in pitching some wretched pussy off a height or into a bonfire. In 1573 certain Frenchmen received a quittance of a hundred *sols parisis* for having furnished during three years all the cats necessary for the fires of the festival of St. John. In 1604 the boyish Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XIII., obtained mercy of the king for all the cats which were to be scorched on this pious occasion. The same Dauphin, however, was not so far enlightened but that he hunted cats on horseback, doubtless by way of preparing him for the chase of wilder game.

In 1323 the Abbot of Citeaux, assisted by several of his monks, buried a black cat in a box, with provisions for three days, all with a view to dealings with the devil. Animal howls; citizens dig him up; abbot and monks are tried for satanic practices; two are banished and two burnt at the stake. Now and then a cat got into more intelligent, humane, and truly pious company. A certain hermit of the time of Pope Gregory I. is celebrated by John, a deacon of Rome, for the blessed content with which he regarded his only property, a no doubt exemplary grimalkin. Deacon John even assures us that the holy man received a revelation from heaven, congratulating him on being as happy in his tommy as the Pope in all his splendor and power.

No longer ago than 1818 a decree was issued at Ypres, in Flanders, forbidding the throwing of a cat off a high tower in commemoration of a Christian festival. In France such ignoble devotions were practiced among the peasants until very lately. To see the laborers of Picardy skylarking around a pile of blazing fagots, some dancing, some playing fiddles, some firing guns, and the children screaming "Hiou! hiou!" while a cat, smothered by the smoke drops screeching into the flames, is not a delightful religious reminiscence.

If the race had mediæval troubles, it also had an occasional honor, especially in the way of blazonry. Palliot, who has thrown such light on Roman ensigns, blesses us with the further information that the Burgundian Clotilda, wife of King Clovis, inherited from her paternal house a coat of arms representing a sable cat killing a rat of the same. The German family of Katzen had a silver cat holding a mouse, on a field of azure; the Chetatdie of Limoges, two silver cats, one above the other, on azure; the Della Gatta, Neapolitan nobles, a silver cat, on azure.

Meantime the animal had a political significance, and thereby got into the

noble heraldry of nations. He was the emblem of independence: perhaps because of his somewhat solitary and unattached disposition; perhaps because of his watchfulness, "eternal vigilance being the price of liberty." This idea of independence or freedom was attached to him very early. In the Temple of Liberty, built at Rome under the direction of Tiberius Gracchus, the goddess was represented with a cat at her feet. The Sessa family, the great printers of Venice in the sixteenth century, used the figure of a cat as their printing mark, probably as a symbol of the freedom springing from intelligence. During the first French revolution the emblematic grimalkin of Tiberius Gracchus was resurrected, and in the patriotic pictures of Proudhon and others we once more find him sitting at the feet of the goddess of Liberty.

Having now traced the history of the animal from his earliest recorded appearance in the family which man has gathered, let us trace the history of his present name: Vulgar Greek, *katus;* vulgar Latin, *catus*, or *cattus;* Italian, *gatto;* Spanish and Portuguese, *gato;* French, *chat;* Burgundian, *chai;* Picard, *ca*, or *co;* Provençal, *cat;* Catalan, *gat;* Walloon, *chet;* old Scandinavian, *kottr;* Anglo-Saxon, *cat;* German, *kater* or *katze;* Danish, *kat;* Swedish, *katt;* Welsh, *cath;* Cornish, *cath;* Irish, *cat;* Lapp, *gatto;* Polish, *kot;* Russian, *kots;* Basque, *katna:* Turkish, *keti;* Armenian, *kaz;* English, CAT. In Arabic *kitta*, or *kaïta*, means a male cat.

Isidore, one of those decadent Roman authors who brought *cattus* from the vulgar speech into literature, explains that it is derived from *cattare*, to see, meaning thereby a seeing or watching animal. Champfleury looks askant at this derivation, and suggests that the word may have got into Latin from the Teutonic languages, an idea which seems probable enough when we reflect that Germans made up whole legions of the Roman army at the time when *cattus* appears in Roman writings.

Now for varieties. The catamount of North America is not a cat, but a far larger and stronger animal, and of a different species. The wild cat of Europe is nothing but the tame cat in a savage state. The Manx cat not only differs from the common breed in having no tail, but his hind legs are longer, his head larger, and his intelligence, I think, somewhat higher. Possibly the spinal nervous force which was formerly absorbed by his caudal extremity has ascended into his brain and reinforced its action. The suggestion is thrown out for the benefit of those philosophers who insist that man's first step in improvement was the getting rid of his tail. If this reasoning is correct, we may expect something great of the Japanese pussy, which is also tailless.

At Tobolsk there is a red breed; in China a variety with drooping ears; in middle Asia the Angora, with long fur and a mane. Of this last species is the favorite of Victor Hugo, a monstrous old curmudgeon in the style of a small lion, who inspired the poet Méry with the saying, "God made the cat to give man the pleasure of caressing the tiger."

A grimalkin which was brought from the coast of Guinea to England had short, bluish-gray fur, a curiously wrinkled skin, as black as a negro's, ears partially naked, long legs, and a general eccentricity of aspect. In New Zealand, in the Highlands of Scotland, and probably in all other countries, the animals which return to the savage state take on a dappled gray color. When therefore you see a gray cat, you may infer that he has a good constitution and a large infusion of the hunting instinct.

Wild cats, when domesticated, bear a high character as mousers, but are furious quarrelers with their own sex of the tame species.

J. W. DeForest.

THE WHITE ROVER.

They called the little schooner the White Rover,
When they lightly launched her on the brimming tide;
Staunch and trim she was to sail the broad seas over,
And with cheers they spread her snowy canvas wide;

And a thing of beauty, forth she fared to wrestle
With the wild, uncertain ocean, far and near,
And no evil thing befell the graceful vessel,
And she sailed in storm and sunshine many a year.

But at last a rumor grew that she was haunted,
That up her slender masts her sails had flown
Unhelped by human hands, as if enchanted,
As she rocked upon her moorings all alone.

Howe'er that be — one day in winter weather,
When the bitter north was raging at its worst,
And wind and cold vexed the roused sea together,
Till Dante's frozen hell seemed less accurst,

Two fishermen, to draw their trawls essaying,
Seized by the hurricane that plowed the bay,
Were swept across the waste; and hardly weighing
Death's chance, the Rover reefed and bore away

To save them, — reached them, shuddering where they waited
Their quick destruction, tossing white and dumb,
And caught them from perdition; then, belated,
Strove to return the rough way she had come.

But there was no returning! Fierce as lightning
The eager cold grew keener, more intense.
Across her homeward track the billows, whitening,
In crested mountains rolling, drove her thence;

Till her brave crew, benumbed, gave up the battle,
Clad in a mail of ice that weighed like lead;
They heard the crusted blocks and rigging rattle,
They saw the sails like sheets of iron spread;

And powerless before the gale they drifted,
Till swiftly dropped the black and hopeless night.
The wild tornado never lulled nor shifted,
But drove them toward the coast upon their right,

And flung the frozen schooner, all sail standing,
Stiff as an iceberg on the icy shore;

And half alive, her torpid people, landing,
Crept to the light-house, and were safe once more.

But what befell the vessel, standing solemn
Through that tremendous night of cold and storm,
Upon the frost-locked land, a frigid column,
That glittered 'neath the stars, a ghostly form?

None ever saw her more! The tide upbore her,
Released her fastened keel, and ere the day,
Without a guide, and all the world before her,
The sad, forsaken Rover sailed away.

Yet sometimes, when in summer twilight blending,
Sunset and moonrise mingle their rich light,
Or when on noonday mists the sun is spending
His glory, till they glimmer thin and white,

Upon the dim horizon melting, gleaming,
Slender, ethereal, like a lovely ghost
Soft looming, in the hazy distance dreaming,
I seem to see the vessel that was lost.

Celia Thaxter.

IVAN TURGÉNIEFF.

Of the novelists now living, Turgénieff is probably not the one who is most widely known, but in the estimation of those who are familiar with his writings he holds a place above any rivals. There is nothing strange in either his comparative obscurity or the warmth of the admiration which more than outweighs the calmer interest that might be felt in a writer who contented himself with a more superficial view of life and a less profound consideration of the problems which await us all, demanding some solution, or, more truly, some attempt at solution on our part. Of the novelist in general it may be said that he has two parts to play in order thoroughly to succeed: he has to entertain the listless, and at the same time, in order to be a great writer, in order to leave a mark on the history of his time, he has to bring to the treatment of the main questions of our existence a wise comprehension of their meaning, and a sympathetic power of interpreting as well as of narrating the events he imagines and puts before us. In his own way, with somewhat different materials, he works at the same task as did the old dramatists, or as do musicians and artists of any sort. The first essential condition is that we be entertained; no useful information unaided by imagination, no mere statistics, will draw spectators to see a play or get readers for a novel; we might as well set the report of the State Board of Health to music. Entertainment, in its less ignoble sense, is what we demand of all artists, whether they work in marble, in colors, or with pen and ink. And of them all we ask for aid, not in the way of alms-giving, of formal philanthropy, but such as we feel in the sympathy of a friend, or

when we are encouraged by the sight of a noble example. The novelist differs from the others in the fact that he is more of a realist in his workmanship. A tragedian can have the aid of poetry; the characters in his play, if it be necessary, need only be affected by a single dominant feeling, which may raise them above the petty criticism of those details that are considered requisite in a novel, in which the characters, like people in real life, are under the influence of rules of etiquette forbidding the statuesque posing which is allowable in tragedy. In stories the tension of passion is relieved by the description of external peculiarities such as the eye notices even at times of the greatest solemnity; men's and women's faces are described, the motley sequence of feelings is told us; in a word, our imagination is aided in every way in forming a picture complete in all the details. How much the predominance of novel-writing at the present day is due to this curiosity for detail is an important question which this is not the time to discuss. But at any rate it is interesting to notice how much that feeling, whatever may be its origin, is hostile to the broad handling required by tragedy, and favors the mechanical exactness to be found in the novel.

But in spite of this difference in external form, the novel is a work of imagination, although drawn with lighter and more varied touches. The more serious the nature of the problem it discusses, the higher its position as a work of art. Many novels are written which claim to do no more than help the reader to forget the monotonous routine of his daily life. Some, like The Initials, are the classics of this kind; they always amuse and have thereby won warm admiration from old and young. Certainly it would be a harsh and futile sort of criticism that should seek to decry such innocent and agreeable work. But while there is a persistent demand for novels of this sort, which succeed more or less well in their business of entertainment, there are always certain writers of higher and more serious aims who take the same form for their writing, since thereby they reach their readers more easily, and it is a form more congenial to themselves in proportion as they are influenced by that mysterious thing, the spirit of the age. That these writers should choose this mode of expression need not cause us any regret, nor is it in any way necessary to open any discussion of the relative positions of a novel and other forms of artistic work. We should here as elsewhere take what we have set before us, with as much gratitude as possible; and when we have novels to read, we should not weep for epic poems. Nowadays novels are written; the authors sometimes dignify their task by the treatment of human life in a thoughtful way, and it is of a writer of whom this remark is exceptionally true that we wish to speak here.

Ivan Turgénieff was born in the district of Orel, in the centre of Russia, November 9, 1818, and there he passed his boyhood; from 1834 to 1838 he studied at Moscow and St. Petersburg.[1] Then, in his twentieth year he went to Berlin, and at the university in that city he studied especially history and philosophy for two years. Hegel's philosophy, although it had lost somewhat of its earlier glory, still had a controlling influence in Germany at that time, as indeed it had until 1848; but on Turgénieff's mind it seems to have made, or at any rate to have left, an unsatisfactory impression, for we often find in his writings irreverent mention of the German philosopher. After returning to St. Petersburg he for a short time occupied a position under government in the Ministry of the Interior, but this he soon left in order to devote himself to literature. He first tried his hand at poetry, but without success. We have never seen a line of his verse, but if, as we are told, it was written in the style of Pouschkine and Lermontoff, who were themselves imitators of Byron, its failure need not be wondered at. His first

[1] Vide Glagau's *Die Russische Literatur und Iwan Turgenjew*, pp. 43, 44, to which we are indebted for most of our statistics.

success was in the prose sketch Khor and Kalinitsch, which our readers will remember in his *Récits d'un Chasseur.* This appeared in 1846. Soon afterwards he went to Paris, and there he wrote the greater part of the Récits, which appeared from time to time in a Russian magazine. It was in 1852 that they first appeared in book-form, after eluding all opposition from the censors of the press, who, according to Mr. Otto Glagau, did not detect the hidden purpose which lay under what seemed to be merely a collection of pictures of Russian life, — the purpose, namely, of portraying the sufferings and degradation caused in that country by the existence of serfdom. Afterwards, however, when they were collected and published together, the censors avenged themselves in the following way. They took for their pretext an article which Turgénieff had written on the death of Gogol in the same year, and had him banished to his estate for two years. Nothing but the intercession of the Czarovitch, the present Czar, freed him from this sentence. After that time he lived in Russia, France, and Germany until 1863, when he chose Baden-Baden for his home. In that pleasant little town, which was the resort, at one time or another, of almost all the interesting people of Europe, he has since for the most part lived, having for neighbors his friends Louis Viardot and his wife, the celebrated Pauline Garcia-Viardot. At times, too, we hear of his presence in England.

Before discussing their literary merits, it should be said of the Récits d'un Chasseur that they were in a great measure the cause of the abolition of serfdom by the present Czar. In this respect they may be compared with Uncle Tom's Cabin, but there is no further likeness between these books. Turgénieff's method, here as everywhere, is so quiet, he is so careful to avoid anything like an expression of his own feelings, that the censor's mistake seems very natural. He writes, not with an avowed purpose which is to be read between the lines by the most indifferent, but as if his aim were entirely of another sort, simply to describe certain Russian peculiarities, and the inference about serfdom were almost something which had escaped his own observation.

What we find in the Récits d'un Chasseur is a number of sketches by a hunter, who evidently, in fair weather and foul, morning and evening, has wandered about the country with his gun on his shoulder, making the acquaintance of all his neighbors, learning to know all the serfs he meets, spending the night in their huts or camping out with them when they have no roof over their heads. In almost every one of the sketches we find some wonderful description of the beauties of nature, which, too, has the merit of being appropriate and readable. Too often even the best of descriptions has an air of having been done under some other inspiration than that by which the story was written, into which it is inserted with more or less cleverness; but Turgénieff's enjoyment of nature, and his keen observation, make him a truthful painter, while his sensitive avoidance of anything that might fatigue the reader saves him from the most frequent error of the landscape-painter who works with pen and ink. The sketch *Le Bois et la Steppe* especially deserves mention, for it is all description, and all natural. Among so many that are good it is hard, as well as, perhaps, unnecessary, to say which is the best, but among the most impressive, to our thinking, is the one called in the French translation *La Prairie.*

At the end of a hot July day which the writer has passed shooting grouse, he loses his way, when seeking to return home. At last he finds himself at the top of a precipice overlooking a wide plain; beneath him he sees two fires, around which are collected some human beings. He makes his way down to them, and on approaching he sees they are peasant boys who are guarding horses; they call back the large dogs who are barking violently and threatening to attack him. By their fire he prepares to pass the night. He watches the spread-

ing darkness, and the ever-increasing brilliancy of the fire; every now and then a horse comes into its light, bites a twig from a small bush, and trots away. There is scarcely a sound to break the silence; occasionally the splash of a fish in the river near by is heard as it springs out of the water, and the little waves it has made break softly against the shore. The boys, five in number, gather about the fire; the oldest is only fourteen, the youngest not more than seven. Soon they begin to talk about all the uncanny beings which still exist in the imagination of uneducated Russians. A vague sound, such as often fills the night, is heard, and all, for their nerves are set on edge by their talk, are frightened except Paul, who laughs at them and bids them sup. They still go on with their anecdotes, with every now and then a little alarm at the cry of some night-bird breaking the deep silence. Paul is seen comforting them, and trying to explain away their terror at their ghostly stories, not with the aid of any superior knowledge, but as if he were anxious to silence his own alarm. Soon he determines to go to the river to draw some water; his companions warn him to be careful, listen to his retreating steps, and are telling stories of boys who were drowned, who were dragged into the river by the water-nymphs, when Paul returns safely. He has been frightened, however, for he has heard some one calling him by name; they are all much impressed by this, but soon they go to sleep. The writer, who had been listening to it all, likewise falls asleep, and early the next morning he is off, nodding good-by to Paul. The sketch ends as follows: —

"I ought to add that to my great regret Paul died that same year. He was not drowned, he was killed by a fall from a horse. I am sorry for him; he was a capital fellow."

That is all; it is as simple a study as could be written; there is not an incident in it, but it is a perfectly complete picture. Another, which is drawn with similarly slight materials, is the one called *Lgove*. In this, the author merely gives us an account of a trifling accident while duck-shooting, the sinking of the boat in which he is with some peasants, and their wading ashore; but the way in which he describes the conduct of some of the serfs, and his conversation with them, throws a great deal of light on his method. He gets talking, for instance, with an old fisherman whose leaky boat the others are putting in readiness; he asks, —

"Have you been a fisherman long?'

"Seven years," answered Soutchok.

"And what were you before that?"

"I was a coachman."

"Why did you give that up?"

"My mistress wanted me to."

"Who is your mistress?"

"The one who bought us lately. Don't you know her? She is Elena Timofeievna — a stout lady who is no longer young."

"Why did she make you a fisherman?"

"Heaven knows! She arrived one fine day from Tamboff, and bade us all assemble in the court-yard. Then she came out before us; some went forward to kiss her hand; that did not seem to vex her, and all the rest did the same thing. Then she began to ask us questions; she asked each of us his name and occupation. When my turn came, she asked me, 'Well, and what are you?' 'I am the coachman,' said I. 'The coachman!' said she, 'a fine coachman you are; you must be my fisherman. You must always keep the table supplied with fish.' So that 's the way I became fisherman."

"To whom did you belong formerly?"

"To Serg Pektereff. We had been left him by will, but he only kept us about ten years. I used to be his coachman in the country, but not in town."

"So you had always been a coachman?"

"Oh, no;" and he goes on to tell that he had been cook, valet, and likewise an actor. "Our mistress," he says, "had built a theatre."

"What parts did you take?"

"I don't understand."

"What did you use to do in the theatre?"

"Why, don't you know about it? They took me and gave me some handsome clothes; and then I would walk about or stand or sit down, as it happened. They used to tell me what I had to say, and I would say it. Once I played a blind man; yes, they stuck peas under my eyelids to make me keep them shut."

And then he mentions briefly his other occupations, showing us the absolute control held by masters and mistresses over their serfs, the degradation it caused in the victims of the tyranny, and the brutality in those in authority. This sketch we have chosen for the lightness of touch with which the author performs this task. When the boat fills and sinks, the fisherman is afraid of nothing but the writer's wrath. He is always perfectly uncomplaining and humble, demanding nothing for himself. In some of the Récits, again, we are told of crueler sufferings, which it makes one's blood boil to read; and of some of the serfs he says, "They generally keep their eyes cast down, but yet one cannot infer anything from that, for it is almost impossible in our beloved country, as every one knows, to tell whether it is sleepiness or hatred that is prominent in a servant's face."

In short, Turgénieff has drawn here a series of pictures which he has hardly anywhere, if indeed he has at all, excelled. In every one we notice the same keen observation, the same care in setting the scene before us, and the same self-control which distinguish him in all his writings. Nor is it to be said that he notices nothing but serfdom and the many misfortunes it causes; he has a keen eye for the ridiculous pomposity of petty proprietors, the eccentrics, who would naturally make their appearance in a state of society in which respectable social position could be maintained in spite of disgraceful ignorance and utter idleness, and for the young men who fall in love with the peasant girls. In short, he gives us nearly every element of Russian country-life in turn, although it is of the peasants that he prefers to write. On the whole, the impression the book leaves is a sad one, so much suffering is described, so hopeless seems the condition of the wretched people who are put before us; and yet, we do not feel as if the writer had written it as an expression of his pessimism, which might be said of some of his later works, but as if he were merely setting before us, with exquisite skill, what had actually met his eyes. He draws from the life, and he gives us life-like pictures, in which the art seems like the utmost simplicity. It is of a sort that may perhaps be defined, but it cannot be taught; it depends on what is in the writer, not on what is outside of him. Turgénieff sees what any one of us might see, although we are surer to do it when it is pointed out than of ourselves; and while he is more especially noticeable for the careful attention to detail by which he represents our idealized imagination, he directs it with that perfection of taste which in another form is humor, and in this form is sensitiveness, not only to what is effective, but also to whatever might offend, with regard to which it knows no mercy. It is a clumsy system of classification, which leaves us no chance to call it anything but realism as contrasted with the display of the writer's own feelings, which has acquired the name of idealism; neither term does more than point in the direction of certain qualities; it does not define them. To call Turgénieff a realist is right enough as far as it goes, but the word, as we generally use it, needs to be interpreted. He is a realist in the sense of hiding himself, and in the painstaking accuracy he shows with regard to everything his pen touches. But one may be accurate and likewise confusing, in the same way that a catalogue is not a picture. By what arts a great writer invents characters, and gets a deep insight into his fellow-men, of course no exposition is to be found here; we can merely say that Turgénieff performs this difficult task with wonderful skill. The men and women really seem to live. This praise

is by no means due to the shorter Récits alone; in his stories and longer novels he is equally admirable in this respect.

The short tales are numerous, and have been written at various periods within the last twenty-five years. Some of the gloomiest of them he wrote during the time of his banishment to his estate; such are Moumou, A Correspondence, The Antchar, and *L'Auberge du Grand Chemin*. We say some of the gloomiest, and yet there are none which do not partake of his deep-seated pessimism. What these characteristics are can be judged from the brief analysis of a few. In Moumou, for instance, we have nothing but the account of a deaf mute of gigantic size, who leads a lonely, friendless life, and whose vague attempt at love-making has been thwarted by his mistress; in despair he makes friends with a dog. At first all goes well; but after a while the lady of the house, who is delicate and nervous, takes a prejudice against the dog, and orders are given that it be sent away. This command is carried into effect; its master mourns its absence, but the intelligent little beast returns. The mute then tries to secure a longer life to his pet by keeping it in his room safe from observation, and taking it out by night for exercise; but by some unlucky chance the dog's barking is heard, and the enraged mistress of the house orders it to be killed. This is told the mute, who undertakes the sad task himself; he washes the little dog with especial care, gives it one last meal, and then takes it out on the river in a boat. He fastens a stone by a rope to its neck and then throws the poor dog overboard, and rows swiftly back. That night he leaves the city and walks to the place in the country whence he came, and which he never leaves again.

In A Correspondence there is even less of a story. Two men had passed the summer in the country with two young girls, sisters, and had both fallen in love with them and become engaged. Neither engagement, however, came to anything; one of the men was already about to marry another girl, when the other wrote to her who had formerly been betrothed to his friend, giving this news and begging permission to correspond with her, which, after some reluctance, she grants. Their letters are only fifteen in number, but they picture wonderfully the state of the writers' minds. He is a man past his first youth, with plenty of idle time and his discontented self on his hands, and he writes to her in great measure out of *ennui*, to disburden his heart, which is wearied with contemplation of itself. He, as it were, makes his confession to her; she, for her part, is at first silent; but at length, moved by his frankness, she writes freely, in order to put before him the condition of a girl whose one romance has turned out ill, and who sees nothing before her but an uneventful life which is all disappointment and miscomprehension. He admires and pities her, and determines to visit her; she is pleased and makes ready to receive him; her letter urging him to come is full of delight; but there is a long silence; he does not appear, and the next letter she receives from him is one written on his deathbed some three or four years later, in which he explains his silence and bids her farewell. He had, it seems, fallen in love with, or rather been infatuated by, a dancer, and had followed in her train for years, all the time conscious of his degradation, and equally unable to break the chain which held him. He writes to his old friend a full confession. It may perhaps be objected that a man of the sensitive and refined nature that we can see in his letters could not make so decisive a step in the contrary direction; but we are told, it is to be remembered, that he is a man accustomed to follow every whim; indeed, that is but a natural result of his excessive idleness; and hence we need feel less surprise at his conduct, although even when this is borne in mind it is to a considerable extent remarkable. But in spite of this flaw, the story is very extraordinary on account of the pathetic interest of the letters. We know hardly so faithful a description of failure and the disappointment it is sure to bring to others.

There is not a superfluous word; we are not shown how to grieve; we have given us merely the materials of grief, and no one can read the story unmoved.

The Antchar, a translation of which appeared in The Galaxy rather more than a year ago, is another even gloomier tale. Faust, which has likewise been translated for the same magazine, is of higher merit, and, like A Correspondence, is told by means of letters. In it we read of a man who meets, after an interval of years, a woman with whom he had formerly been in love. Her education had been peculiar, and she had never read any poetry, in fact, no works of imagination, in obedience to the whims of her mother, whom she adored. The hero first makes her acquainted with this part of literature, but with a far more serious result than he had anticipated. They fall in love with one another; they meet, but she imagines she sees the ghost of her mother, and flees from him distracted. That is the beginning of the delirium in which she dies.

We need not give an analysis of any more. First, out of fairness to the author, who gets but feeble justice in this way, and, secondly, because these few examples may suffice to give an accurate impression of certain qualities which especially deserve mention. Still, by telling the story we do less harm than might be done if other authors were treated in the same way, because our appreciation of what is Turgénieff's great merit, the power of setting the scene before us, is not diminished any more than is our delight in a picture by a written description of what is painted on the canvas. In both cases we are left free to enjoy the work of the artist.

What we observe in all is the unfailing melancholy which exists, not only in the turn of the plot, but also in the circumstances of many of the stories. This is natural enough in those which were written about the peasantry, but in all there is a dreary picture of superstition, affectation, pretense, half-civilized polish, and idleness. They give us a very black picture of Russian life, which has, apparently, all the outside forms of civilization, distinctions of caste more marked by observance than by intrinsic difference, with a dreary formality wholly unrelieved by humor. In this respect there is a marked resemblance to the Southern States, and especially to them as they were before the war. Perhaps this lack of humor is to be explained by the necessity of preserving fanciful social distinctions which rest only on conventionality. Humor tends to overthrow any such formalities; it implies a certain equality, and so it is not likely to appear among those who feel uneasy about their position. In this country there is pretense enough, and this without invidious distinction of North and South, but there is also plenty of humor to temper it. Of course, our explanation of its absence in Russia is not intended to cover all cases; it is merely suggested for what it is worth. Fully to explain it, we must take into consideration many other things, such as the repressing and degrading effect of the despotic government, the possible influence of the deep religious feeling of the people, etc. That this lack of humor is not due to any want of it in the author should be borne in mind. He himself has plenty of it, as any one who is familiar with his novels will recall; we need only mention, for instance, Pantaleone in The Spring Floods, and Uvar Ivanovitch in On the Eve.

Another characteristic, and one which like all of his is equally noticeable in the long novels, is his tragic treatment of love. And with this connects itself the quality just mentioned, the lack of humor in the persons about whom the stories are written. Not one of Turgénieff's women ever laughs; there are plenty who giggle, but there is not one who fairly laughs. All the foibles, and indeed the faults of women, he exposes freely; but those whom he chooses for heroines, widely diverse as they are with regard to most of their qualities, are alike in never laughing even when ludicrous things take place before them. In this way, perhaps, they are more idealized, for there is a decided difference between

the charm of good-natured *bonhommie* and the seriousness and mystery of half-poetic reserve; and a writer who knows that his main strength lies in the delineation of exalted passion may well be excused for preferring that to the simpler pathos which Turgénieff disregards. But defense is idle where there is no attack, and no one would blame the author for this curious omission; it is more than outweighed by the skill with which these women are drawn.

Every novelist of modern times gives us more or less profound studies of women in his writings, and the more thoroughly he performs this task, the more sure he is of arousing the reader's interest. He makes a completer picture of life, because to be accurate he has to introduce some man or men; and he has a better opportunity for keen analysis in discussing the feelings of a woman in their unselfishness and freedom from sordid motives, than would be the case in writing of men under similar circumstances, who, to make the representation of their lives complete, need an account of the numerous outside influences which occupy so much of their time and attention. Turgénieff gives us most thorough studies of men, but he is excelled by no one in the drawing of women. He knows them as well as a woman could; but his knowledge, if it be sometimes lacking in such sympathy as a woman writer might show for one of her heroines, is always accompanied by a certain reverence, a poetical half mystery, which women do not have when writing about their own sex, probably from their nearness to it, and which, it is hardly necessary to say, differs widely from the contempt which distinguishes some authors who may have made as thorough study, but with unworthy text-books. Another thing, which more than half follows from what we have just pointed out, is the way in which he gives the reader all the conditions of the problem and yet leaves him to solve it as best he may, just as puzzles are put before us in life without a key. Thus in Turgénieff's Smoke we have the baffling character of Irene; and how far she was a flirt and how far a passionate woman it would be hard to say; she is at any rate wholly a riddle. Lisa, in the story of that name, is a less complicated character. Ellen, in On the Eve, is puzzling with regard to the way in which she loves Insaroff. We see him with all his peculiarities, and we see her fascinated by his strength of purpose, which is so conspicuous amid the weakness and negligence of his companions; but here, as in all the cases mentioned, Turgénieff never explains; he states the circumstances, and we guess at the cause as well as we can.

All of the novels introduce some complication of love-making, and this is of a tragic character. But the tragedy is of two kinds; in some, such as Smoke, The Spring Floods, and A Correspondence, to take the most prominent instances, we have the melancholy spectacle of a man yielding to a passion which he knows is degrading, but which he has not the strength to withstand. The plot is to a certain extent the same in these stories, but the treatment is very different. In Smoke we have a man who is engaged to his cousin, and who, while awaiting the arrival of his betrothed at Baden-Baden, meets a woman, now a fashionable belle, whom he had formerly been in love with. This is the Irene mentioned above; and the novel tells us of her wiles, the way in which the web is wound about the wretched Litvinoff, her former lover, and pictures to us his gradual succumbing to the temptations which so fatally attract him, and his final release. Spring Floods is even more tragically drawn. We have in it the whole story of a young man's first love for a charming girl, which is beautifully told. Circumstances compel him to leave her for a few days; he departs, sure of his love and his own strength, vowing to return soon — but he meets the wife of an old schoolmate of his, a thoroughly vicious woman, and he forgets everything in his degrading love for her; he hurls every duty and every noble feeling aside in order to make himself her slave. This baleful passion ruins his whole life. As may be seen,

these are not stories for every one to read, but they do not err by making sin seem sweet. They contain no luscious descriptions of vice with a sermon tardily following like the "applications" of Æsop's Fables. Far from it; they mention crimes which it is well to discuss, especially in public, as little as possible, but the moral goes hand in hand with the fault, the punishment is surer than it sometimes is in life. These books show — and herein is a wisdom that might well be followed by those who openly avow they are merely sugaring a moral lesson — that the wicked man suffers, not by mysterious accidents to life and limb which in fact do not inquire into the victim's moral character, but through agonies of remorse and shame, by making vain regret the inevitable result of folly or wrong-doing.

In others the tragedy is of a different sort. Lisa, for instance, is gloomy enough in its incidents, but there is in it the description of so much loveliness of life that the sadness is more than outweighed. It is the story of a man who when a boy in heart, although older in years, fell in love with the first pretty face he saw, and this happened to belong to a very frivolous young girl, who, after marrying him, proved false to him. Thereupon he left her and returned to his home, where he made the acquaintance of a young girl, Lisa, the heroine of the story. She, by her dignity and lofty nature, gets great influence over him, and when he hears of his wife's death, he asks her to marry him. She consents, but to their great surprise the news turns out to be false; the wife returns and asks for forgiveness. Lisa bids him to receive her again, and to forgive her; as for herself, she withdraws to a convent, and the unhappy husband has to put the heavy load on his shoulders. The reader's feeling is one of sympathy for those poor people who are defrauded of their happiness; and it is sympathy one need not be ashamed of, that is given them, for they bow to their fate without seeking to break higher laws for their selfish profit; the lofty resignation of Lisa, and her pathetic justice, which the husband of the other woman cannot help hoping will be less rigid, while they leave us sad, do yet console us by showing us how much better and higher it right-doing than happiness. We pity and approve at the same time.

On the Eve, again, is a novel which, though full of beauty, although is contains a love-story told with even more wonderful art than any other we know, — that is to say, even more wonderful in this respect than any of Turgénieff's, — is deeply tragic, but in a way that we cannot help feeling is more the result of the willful determination of the author, than of those conditions of life which inevitably bring misery in their train.

We hope our readers are already familiar with the story: with Ellen's preference for the young Bulgarian, and her impatience with her other lovers; with the way in which with mingled modesty and fearlessness she lets him know of her love for him; and with her sad fate. The very skill with which this is told us, the wonderful revelation of a young girl's heart, the appeal to our sympathy throughout, all combine to give us so tender a love for the heroine that we yield entirely to our feelings, and mourn her story without stopping to consider that the poor girl is more the victim of the gloomy nature of the author, than of any fault of her own. There would seem to be a needlessness about her sufferings; we feel almost as if a girl had been sacrificed for our intellectual entertainment. In life there is misery enough which strikes blindly right and left without bringing a satisfactory explanation for its existence; but in a work of art we have a right to ask, not necessarily for nothing but joyousness, for there may be a higher content to be derived from suffering, but for such an account of suffering as shall seem needful and necessary, and not the invention of mere wantonness; it should be the natural outgrowth of the circumstances of the case. In On the Eve, is Ellen punished for falling in love? is it for falling in love with a Bulgarian? No,

there is no proportion between the conduct of the girl and her sufferings; they are beautifully told, but this inconsequence mars what in some respects is the best of Turgénieff's novels. Nor is the heroine's affliction made use of as a means of amending her faults: she is not rendered less headstrong; she does not return to her feeble-brained, heart-broken mother; she determines to aid the Bulgarians as much as she can, and the novel ends leaving us to understand, apparently, that Ellen is lost at sea. At any rate, she is never heard of again.

But in spite of this serious drawback how delightfully is the story told! The different characters of Bersieneff and Shoubine, the one serious and timid, the other light-hearted and fascinating, and Ellen's pompous father with his hollow affections, — no novelist equals Turgénieff in setting people before us.

It is especially as a study of character that Dimitri Roudine is remarkable. It has for its subject a few incidents in the life of a Russian, a man who began life with attractive talents, but whose nature is poisoned by an insuperable desire to shine by words rather than by deeds. The whole novel is nothing but a study of this man and his effect on other and different characters. His ready tongue and apparent enthusiasm make him win the heart of a young girl, but his feebleness, when their love is discovered and she is ready to fly with him, makes her utterly despise him. Her mother, a self-willed, affected old lady, who is very fond of admiration, is pleased at getting a new man who is ready to listen to her, but she is very unwilling to let her daughter think of marrying him. Then there is his old fellow-student, who is at first ready to condemn Roudine, but who, after his disgrace, takes a more generous view of him; and his modest rival, who at last turns upon him; and the young tutor, with his boyish, enthusiastic admiration. The upshot of the whole book is a sort of recommendation to our mercy of those persons whom it would be the easiest to condemn, those, namely, who excite general envy by their brilliancy, or who disappoint our confidence by letting fine speeches stand for fine actions; indeed, more fairly, it is a sort of warning to be generous in our estimate of others. Not that it is written to convey that moral lesson; but that is what one learns from it, as one learns from his own experience.

Then, too, we ought to observe the life-like way in which the novel is written; we are never granted any side views of the hero which are denied the people in the story; we are deceived or put on guard just as they are; we have to study him just as they do; hence it is that a novel so barren of incident, and in a way so clumsily put together, succeeds so well in interesting the reader, who finds his curiosity aroused and his sagacity baffled in a way that is not overcommon about the heroes of fiction. Too often these gentlemen are beings whose characters stand out strongly marked with this or that quality, which we either admire or condemn at sight; but in this novel we are perplexed as we are in real life, and this it is which gives the story its great charm.

Fathers and Sons, which appeared in 1860, besides its particular interest for the account it contains of the wave of materialism which was then at its height in Russia, has a general interest from its representation of the frequent conflict between the older and younger generations, which is never to be felt more acutely than in times of intellectual change. Russia, with its uneasy yearning for civilization, seems to have shown the same eagerness to adopt a theory which was to solve the universe without the necessity of long preliminary training, that one can observe among the Japanese, for instance; and to have given it the devotion which is found only among those who have not had to blush frequently for misplaced enthusiasm. But with all its wonderful power the novel is yet not perfectly satisfactory; Bazaroff, the young student of advanced opinions, without mercy for the softer graces as represented by the nobleman Kirsanoff, comes to an un-

timely end, not in a way that is at all connected with his peculiar views, but merely at the will of the author. Still, there is much to outweigh this defect; we need only mention the other student, Arcadi, who models his life on that of his friend, but who is soon brought around to conventionalities by his love for Katia. All systems of philosophy are pretty much alike to her. We first see Bazaroff's views clashing with the world at large while he is staying with his friend, but it is later, when he reaches his own home, that the full force of the tragedy is felt. All families know more or less of it, but in this story it is peculiarly poignant, and there is little that even Turgénieff has written more touching than the confused efforts of the father to understand his son's new ideas, and the young man's vain efforts to convert his father. This it is which lifts up the novel from being a study of an exceptional phase of Russian society to being an account of something of wider interest through its truth, which rises above geographical distinction.

Such, in brief, are Turgénieff's novels. Of books which go so far towards setting before us pictures of life, it is impossible to give a thorough impression in the narrow limits of a magazine article; the novelist has taken so large a field of human nature for his subject, that only detached points can be touched upon, but we have endeavored to indicate some of the most noteworthy of his qualities, which may tempt more novel-readers to the perusal of his writings. The foregoing analyses may show the serious nature of the problems he discusses, as well as the poetical idealization of everything his pen touches. This quality it was that made the Récits d'un Chasseur a book so dangerous to the Russian government; and in everything he has written he has known how to touch the heart, not always, to be sure, with equal success, but in a way that no novelist of the time has excelled. We cannot be too grateful to an author who brings the world

"To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

To his skill in drawing character, in setting the *dramatis personæ* before us, it would be impossible to give too much praise. He always makes us acquainted with the people by what in life is the only effectual means, by letting us see them face to face, so to speak, and not by merely telling us about them. In a word, his method is picturesque, not analytical. We see the pictures and analyze them by ourselves. And what more need be asked of a novelist than that he draw men and women as they are, with their faults and virtues ever merging into one another, and that he put these people into such relations as arouse our sympathy for some of the most serious matters of human experience? To do this is the constant aim of all creative writers, who are ever aspiring to represent the infinite emotions of life. Those who touch genuine springs of feeling are few, but among the few of the present day Ivan Turgénieff is prominent.

Thomas S. Perry.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

V.

One town, one country, is very like another; . . . there are indeed minute discriminations both of places and manners, which, perhaps, are not wanting of curiosity, but which a traveler seldom stays long enough to investigate and compare. — Dr. Johnson.

There was no prospect of any excitement or of any adventure on the steamboat from Baddeck to West Bay, the southern point of the Bras d'Or. Judging from the appearance of the boat the dinner might have been an experiment, but we ran no risks. It was enough to sit on deck forward of the wheel-house, and absorb, by all the senses, the delicious day. With such weather perpetual and such scenery always present, sin in this world would soon become an impossibility. Even towards the passengers from Sidney, with their imitation English ways and little insular gossip, one could have only charity and the most kindly feeling.

The most electric American, heir of all the nervous diseases of all the ages, could not but find peace in this scene of tranquil beauty, and sail on into a great and deepening contentment. Would the voyage could last for an age, with the same sparkling but tranquil sea, and the same environment of hills, near and remote! The hills approached and fell away in lines of undulating grace, draped with a tender color which helped to carry the imagination beyond the earth. At this point the narrative needs to flow into verse, but my comrade did not feel like another attempt in poetry so soon after that on the Gut of Canso. A man cannot always be keyed up to the pitch of production, though his emotions may be highly creditable to him. But poetry-making in these days is a good deal like the use of profane language — often without the least provocation.

Twelve miles from Baddeck we passed through the Barra Strait, or the Grand Narrows, a picturesque feature in the Bras d'Or, and came into its widest expanse. At the Narrows is a small settlement with a flag-staff and a hotel, and roads leading to farm-houses on the hills. Here is a Catholic chapel; and on shore a fat padre was waiting in his wagon for the inevitable priest we always set ashore at such a place. The missionary we landed was the young father from Arichat, and in appearance the pleasing historical Jesuit. Slender is too corpulent a word to describe his thinness, and his stature was primeval. Enveloped in a black coat, the skirts of which reached his heels, and surmounted by a black hat with an enormous brim, he had the form of an elegant toadstool. The traveler is always grateful for such figures, and is not disposed to quarrel with the faith which preserves so much of the ugly picturesque. A peaceful farming country this, but an unremunerative field, one would say, for the colporteur and the book-agent; and winter must inclose it in a lonesome seclusion.

The only other thing of note the Bras d'Or offered us before we reached West Bay was the finest show of medusæ or jelly-fish that could be produced. At first there were dozens of these disk-shaped, transparent creatures, and then hundreds, starring the water like marguerites sprinkled on a meadow, and of all sizes from that of a tea-cup to a dinner-plate. We soon ran into a school of them, a convention, a herd as extensive as the vast buffalo droves on the plains, a collection as thick as clover blossoms in a field in June, miles of them apparently; and at length the boat had to push its way through a mass of them which covered the water like the leaves of the pond-lily, and filled the deeps far down with their beautiful contracting and expanding forms. I did not suppose there were so many jelly-fishes in all the world. What a repast they would have made for the Atlantic

whale we did not see, and what inward comfort it would have given him to have swum through them once or twice with open mouth! Our delight in this wondrous spectacle did not prevent this generous wish for the gratification of the whale. It is probably a natural human desire to see big corporations swallow up little ones.

At the West Bay landing, where there is nothing whatever attractive, we found a great concourse of country wagons and clamorous drivers, to transport the passengers over the rough and uninteresting nine miles to Port Hawksbury. Competition makes the fare low, but nothing makes the ride entertaining. The only settlement passed through has the promising name of River Inhabitants, but we could see little river and less inhabitants; country and people seem to belong to that commonplace order out of which the traveler can extract nothing amusing, instructive, or disagreeable; and it was a great relief when we came over the last hill and looked down upon the straggling village of Port Hawksbury and the winding Gut of Canso.

One cannot but feel a respect for this historical strait, on account of the protection it once gave our British ancestors. Smollett makes a certain Captain C—— tell this anecdote of George II. and his enlightened minister, the Duke of Newcastle: "In the beginning of the war this poor, half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thousand French had marched from Acadie to Cape Breton. 'Where did they find transports?' said I. 'Transports!' cried he; 'I tell you, they marched by land.' 'By land to the island of Cape Breton?' 'What! is Cape Breton an island?' 'Certainly.' 'Ha! are you sure of that?' When I pointed it out on the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles; then taking me in his arms, 'My dear C——!' cried he, 'you always bring us good news. I'll go directly and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island.'"

Port Hawksbury is not a modern settlement, and its public-house is one of the irregular, old-fashioned, snuffy taverns, with low rooms, chintz-covered lounges, and fat-cushioned rocking-chairs, the decay and untidiness of which is not offensive to the traveler. It has a low back porch looking towards the water and over a moldy garden, damp and unseemly. Time was, no doubt, before the rush of travel rubbed off the bloom of its ancient hospitality and set a vigilant man at the door of the dining-room to collect pay for meals, that this was an abode of comfort and the resort of merry-making and frolicsome provincials. On this now decaying porch no doubt lovers sat in the moonlight, and vowed by the Gut of Canso to be fond of each other forever. The traveler cannot help it if he comes upon the traces of such sentiment. There lingered yet in the house an air of the hospitable old time; the swift willingness of the waiting-maids at table, who were eager that we should miss none of the home-made dishes, spoke of it; and as we were not obliged to stay in the hotel and lodge in its six-by-four bedrooms, we could afford to make a little romance about its history.

While we were at supper the steamboat arrived from Pictou. We hastened on board, impatient for progress on our homeward journey. But haste was not called for. The steamboat would not sail on her return till morning. No one could tell why. It was not on account of freight to take in or discharge; it was not in hope of more passengers, for they were all on board. But if the boat had returned that night to Pictou, some of the passengers might have left her and gone west by rail, instead of wasting two or three days lounging through Northumberland Sound and idling in the harbors of Prince Edward Island. If the steamboat would leave at midnight we could catch the railway train at Pictou. Probably the officials were aware of this, and they preferred to have our company to Shediac. We mention this so that the tourist who comes this way may learn to possess his soul in patience, and know that steamboats are not run for his accommoda-

tion, but to give him repose and to familiarize him with the country. It is almost impossible to give the unscientific reader an idea of the slowness of travel by steamboat in these regions. Let him first fix his mind on the fact that the earth moves through space at a speed of more than sixty-six thousand miles an hour. This is a speed eleven hundred times greater than that of the most rapid express trains. If the distance traversed by a locomotive in an hour is represented by one tenth of an inch, it would need a line nine feet long to indicate the corresponding advance of the earth in the same time. But a tortoise, pursuing his ordinary gait without a wager, moves eleven hundred times slower than an express train. We have here a basis of comparison with the provincial steamboats. If we had seen a tortoise start that night from Port Hawksbury for the west, we should have desired to send letters by him.

In the early morning we stole out of the romantic strait, and by breakfast time we were over St. George's Bay and round his cape, and making for the harbor of Pictou. During the forenoon something in the nature of an excursion developed itself on the steamboat, but it had so few of the bustling features of an American excursion that I thought it might be a pilgrimage. Yet it doubtless was a highly developed provincial lark. For a certain portion of the passengers had the unmistakable excursion air: the half-jocular manner towards each other, the local facetiousness which is so offensive to uninterested fellow-travelers, that male obsequiousness about ladies' shawls and reticules, the clumsy pretense of gallantry with each other's wives, the anxiety about the company luggage and the company health. It became painfully evident presently that it was an excursion, for we heard singing of that concerted and determined kind that depresses the spirits of all except those who join in it. The excursion had assembled on the lee guards out of the wind, and was enjoying itself in an abandon of serious musical enthusiasm. We feared at first that there might be some levity in this performance, and that the unrestrained spirit of the excursion was working itself off in social and convivial songs. But it was not so. The singers were provided with hymn-and-tune books, and what they sang they rendered in long metre and with a most doleful earnestness. It is agreeable to the traveler to see that the provincials disport themselves within bounds, and that a hilarious spree here does not differ much in its exercises from a prayer-meeting elsewhere. But the excursion enjoyed its staid dissipation amazingly.

It is pleasant to sail into the long and broad harbor of Pictou on a sunny day. On the left is the Halifax railway terminus, and three rivers flow into the harbor from the south. On the right the town of Pictou, with its four thousand inhabitants, lies upon the side of the ridge that runs out towards the Sound. The most conspicuous building in it as we approach is the Roman Catholic church; advanced to the edge of the town and occupying the highest ground, it appears large, and its gilt cross is a beacon miles away. Its builders understood the value of a striking situation, a dominant position; it is a part of the universal policy of this church to secure the commanding places for its houses of worship. We may have had no prejudices in favor of the Papal temporality when we landed at Pictou, but this church was the only one which impressed us, and the only one we took the trouble to visit. We had ample time, for the steamboat after its arduous trip needed rest, and remained some hours in the harbor. Pictou is said to be a thriving place, and its streets have a cindery appearance, betokening the nearness of coal mines and the presence of furnaces. But the town has rather a cheap and rusty look. Its streets rise one above another on the hill-side, and, except a few comfortable cottages, we saw no evidences of wealth in the dwellings. The church, when we reached it, was a commonplace brick structure, with a raw, unfinished interior, and weedy and

untidy surroundings, so that our expectation of sitting on the inviting hill and enjoying the view was not realized; and we were obliged to descend to the hot wharf and wait for the ferry-boat to take us to the steamboat which lay at the railway terminus opposite. It is the most unfair thing in the world for the traveler, without an object or any interest in the development of the country, on a sleepy day in August, to express any opinion whatever about such a town as Pictou. But we may say of it, without offense, that it occupies a charming situation, and may have an interesting future; and that a person on a short acquaintance can leave it without regret.

By stopping here we had the misfortune to lose our "excursion," a loss that was soothed by no knowledge of its destination or hope of seeing it again, and a loss without a hope is nearly always painful. Going out of the harbor we encounter Pictou Island and Light, and presently see the low coast of Prince Edward Island, a coast indented and agreeable to those idly sailing along it, in weather that seemed let down out of heaven, and over a sea that sparkled but still slept in a summer quiet. When fate puts a man in such a position and relieves him of all responsibility, with a book and a good comrade, and liberty to make sarcastic remarks upon his fellow-travelers, or to doze, or to look over the tranquil sea, he may be pronounced happy. And I believe that my companion, except in the matter of the comrade, was happy. But I could not resist a worrying anxiety about the future of the British Provinces, which not even the remembrance of their hostility to us during our mortal strife with the rebellion could render agreeable. For I could not but feel that the ostentatious and unconcealable prosperity of "the States" overshadows this part of the continent. And it was for once in vain that I said, "Have we not a common language and a common literature, and no copyright, and a common pride in Shakespeare and Hannah More and Colonel Newcome and Pepys' Diary?" I never knew this sort of consolation to fail before; it does not seem to answer in the Provinces as well as it does in England.

New passengers had come on board at Pictou, new and hungry, and not all could get seats for dinner at the first table. Notwithstanding the supposed traditionary advantage of our birthplace, we were unable to dispatch this meal with the celerity of our fellow-voyagers, and consequently, while we lingered over our tea, we found ourselves at the second table. And we were rewarded by one of those pleasing sights that go to make up the entertainment of travel. There sat down opposite to us a fat man whose noble proportions occupied at the board the space of three ordinary men. His great face beamed delight the moment he came near the table. He had a low forehead and a wide mouth and small eyes, and an internal capacity that was a prophecy of famine to his fellow-men. But a more good-natured, pleased animal you may never see. Seating himself with unrepressed joy, he looked at us, and a great smile of satisfaction came over his face, that plainly said, "Now my time has come." Every part of his vast bulk said this. Most generously, by his friendly glances, he made us partners in his pleasure. With a Napoleonic grasp of his situation, he reached far and near, hauling this and that dish of fragments towards his plate, giving orders at the same time, and throwing into his cheerful mouth odd pieces of bread and pickles in an unstudied and preliminary manner. When he had secured everything within his reach, he heaped his plate and began an attack upon the contents, using both knife and fork with wonderful proficiency. The man's good-humor was contagious, and he did not regard our amusement as different in kind from his enjoyment. The spectacle was worth a journey to see. Indeed, its aspect of comicality almost overcame its grossness, and even when the hero loaded in faster than he could swallow, and was obliged to drop his knife for an instant to arrange matters in his mouth with his finger, it was done

with such a beaming smile that a pig would not take offense at it. The performance was not the merely vulgar thing it seems on paper, but an achievement unique and perfect, which one is not likely to see more than once in a life-time. It was only when the man left the table that his face became serious. We had seen him at his best.

Prince Edward Island, as we approached it, had a pleasing aspect, and nothing of that remote friendlessness which its appearance on the map conveys to one; a warm and sandy land, in a genial climate, without fogs, we are informed. In the winter it has ice communication with Nova Scotia, from Cape Traverse to Cape Tormentine — the route of the submarine cable. The island is as flat from end to end as a floor. When it surrendered its independent government and joined the Dominion, one of the conditions of the union was that the government should build a railway the whole length of it. This is in process of construction, and the portion that is built affords great satisfaction to the islanders, a railway being one of the necessary adjuncts of civilization; but that there was great need of it, or that it would pay, we were unable to learn.

We sailed through Hillsborough Bay and a narrow strait to Charlottetown, the capital, which lies on a sandy spit of land between two rivers. Our leisurely steamboat tied up here in the afternoon and spent the night, giving the passengers an opportunity to make thorough acquaintance with the town. It has the appearance of a place from which something has departed; a wooden town, with wide and vacant streets, and the air of waiting for something. Almost melancholy is the aspect of its freestone colonial building, where once the colonial legislature held its momentous sessions, and the colonial governor shed the delightful aroma of royalty. The mansion of the governor — now vacant of pomp, because that official does not exist — is a little withdrawn from the town, secluded among trees by the water-side. It is dignified with a winding approach, but is itself only a cheap and decaying house. On our way to it we passed the drill-shed of the local cavalry, which we mistook for a skating-rink, and thereby excited the contempt of an old lady of whom we inquired. Tasteful residences we did not find, nor that attention to flowers and gardens which the mild climate would suggest. Indeed, we should describe Charlottetown as a place where the hollyhock in the door yard is considered an ornament. A conspicuous building is a large market-house shingled all over (as many of the public buildings are), and this and other cheap public edifices stand in the midst of a large square, which is surrounded by shabby shops for the most part. The town is laid out on a generous scale, and it is to be regretted that we could not have seen it when it enjoyed the glory of a governor and court and ministers of state, and all the paraphernalia of a royal parliament. That the productive island, with its system of free schools, is about to enter upon a prosperous career, and that Charlottetown is soon to become a place of great activity, no one who converses with the natives can doubt; and I think that even now no traveler will regret spending an hour or two there; but it is necessary to say that the rosy inducements to tourists to spend the summer there exist only in the guide-books.

We congratulated ourselves that we should at least have a night of delightful sleep on the steamboat in the quiet of this secluded harbor. But it was wisely ordered otherwise, to the end that we should improve our time by an interesting study of human nature. Towards midnight, when the occupants of all the state-rooms were supposed to be in profound slumber, there was an invasion of the small cabin by a large and loquacious family, who had been making an excursion on the island railway. This family might remind an antiquated novel-reader of the delightful Brangtons in Evelina; they had all the vivacity of the pleasant cousins of the heroine of that story, and the same generosity towards the public in regard to their family af-

fairs. Before they had been in the cabin an hour, we felt as if we knew every one of them. There was a great squabble as to where and how they should sleep, and when this was over, the revelations of the nature of their beds and their peculiar habits of sleep continued to pierce the thin deal partitions of the adjoining state-rooms. When all the possible trivialities of vacant minds seemed to have been exhausted, there followed a half-hour of "Good night, pa; good night, ma;" "Good night, pet;" and "Are you asleep, ma?" "No." "Are you asleep, pa?" "No; go to sleep, pet." "I'm going. Good night, pa; good night, ma." "Good night, pet." "This bed is too short." "Why don't you take the other?" "I'm all fixed now." "Well, go to sleep; good night." "Good night, ma; good night, pa," — no answer. "Good night, *pa*." "Good night, pet." "Ma, are you asleep?" "Most." "This bed is all lumps; I wish I'd gone down-stairs." "Well, pa will get up." "Pa, are you asleep?" "Yes." "It's better now; good night, pa." "Good night, pet." "Good night, ma." "Good night, pet." And so on in an exasperating repetition until every passenger on the boat must have been thoroughly informed of the manner in which this interesting family habitually settled itself to repose.

Half an hour passes with only a languid exchange of family feeling, and then: "Pa?" "Well, pet." "Don't call us in the morning, we don't want any breakfast; we want to sleep." "I won't." "Good night, pa; good night, ma. Ma?" "What is it, dear?" "Good night, ma." "Good night, pet." Alas for youthful expectations! Pet shared her state-room with a young companion, and the two were carrying on a private dialogue during this public performance. Did these young ladies, after keeping all the passengers of the boat awake till near the summer dawn, imagine that it was in the power of pa and ma to insure them the coveted forenoon slumber or even the morning snooze? The travelers, tossing in their state-room under this domestic infliction, anticipated the morning with grim satisfaction. For they had a presentiment that it would be impossible for them to arise and make their toilet without waking up every one in their part of the boat, and aggravating them to such an extent that they would stay awake. And so it turned out. The family grumbling at the unexpected disturbance was sweeter to the travelers than all the exchange of family affection during the night.

No one, indeed, ought to sleep beyond breakfast time while sailing along the southern coast of Prince Edward Island. It was a sparkling morning. When we went on deck we were abreast Cape Traverse; the faint outline of Nova Scotia was marked on the horizon, and New Brunswick thrust out Cape Tormentine to greet us. On the still, sunny coasts and the placid sea, and in the serene, smiling sky, there was no sign of the coming tempest which was then raging from Hatteras to Cape Cod; nor could one imagine that this peaceful scene would, a few days later, be swept by a fearful tornado, which should raze to the ground trees and dwelling-houses, and strew all these now inviting shores with wrecked ships and drowning sailors — a storm which has passed into literature in The Lord's-Day Gale of Mr. Stedman.

Through this delicious weather why should the steamboat hasten, in order to discharge its passengers into the sweeping unrest of continental travel? Our eagerness to get on, indeed, almost melted away, and we were scarcely impatient at all when the boat lounged into Halifax Bay, past Salutation Point, and stopped at Summerside. This little sea-port is intended to be attractive, and it would give these travelers great pleasure to describe it if they could at all remember how it looks. But it is a place that, like some faces, makes no sort of impression on the memory. We went ashore there, and tried to take an interest in the ship-building, and in the little oysters which the harbor yields, but whether we did take an interest or

not has passed out of memory. A small, unpicturesque, wooden town, in the languor of a provincial summer; why should we pretend an interest in it which we did not feel? It did not disturb our reposeful frame of mind, nor much interfere with our enjoyment of the day.

On the forward deck, when we were under way again, amid a group reading and nodding in the sunshine, we found a pretty girl with a companion and a gentleman, whom we knew by intuition as the "pa" of the pretty girl and of our night of anguish. The pa might have been a clergyman in a small way, or the proprietor of a female boarding-school; at any rate, an excellent and improving person to travel with, whose willingness to impart information made even the travelers long for a pa. It was no part of his plan of this family summer excursion, upon which he had come against his wish, to have any hour of it wasted in idleness. He held an open volume in his hand, and was questioning his daughter on its contents. He spoke in a loud voice, and without heeding the timidity of the young lady, who shrank from this public examination and begged her father not to continue it. The parent was, however, either proud of his daughter's acquirements, or he thought it a good opportunity to shame her out of her ignorance. Doubtless, we said, he is instructing her upon the geography of the region we are passing through, its early settlement, the romantic incidents of its history, when French and English fought over it, and so is making this a tour of profit as well as pleasure. But the excellent and pottering father proved to be no disciple of the new education. Greece was his theme, and he got his questions, and his answers too, from the ancient school history in his hand. The lesson went on: —

"Who was Alcibiades?"

"A Greek."

"Yes. When did he flourish?"

"I can't think."

"Can't think? What was he noted for?"

"I don't remember."

"Don't remember? I don't believe you studied this."

"Yes, I did."

"Well, take it now, and study it hard, and then I 'll hear you again."

The young girl, who is put to shame by this open persecution, begins to study, while the peevish and small tyrant, her pa, is nagging her with such soothing remarks as, "I thought you 'd have more respect for your pride;" "Why don't you try to come up to the expectations of your teacher?" By and by the student thinks she has "got it," and the public exposition begins again. The date at which Alcibiades "flourished" was ascertained, but what he was "noted for" got hopelessly mixed with what Themistocles was "noted for." The momentary impression that the battle of Marathon was fought by Salamis was soon dissipated, and the questions continued.

"What did Pericles do to the Greeks?"

"I don't know."

"Elevated 'em, did n't he? Did n't he elevate 'em?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always remember that; you want to fix your mind on leading things. Remember that Pericles elevated the Greeks. Who was Pericles?"

"He was a" —

"Was he a philosopher?"

"Yes, sir."

"No, he was n't. Socrates was a philosopher. When did *he* flourish?" And so on, and so on.

Oh, my charming young country-women, let us never forget that Pericles elevated the Greeks; and that he did it by cultivating the national genius, the national spirit, by stimulating art and oratory and the pursuit of learning, and infusing into all society a higher intellectual and social life. Pa was this day sailing through seas and by shores that had witnessed some of the most stirring and romantic events in the early history of our continent. He might have had the eager attention of his bright daughter if he had unfolded these things to her in the midst of this

most living landscape, and given her an "object lesson" that she would not have forgotten all her days. Instead of this he was pottering over names and dates that were as dry and meaningless to him as they were uninteresting to his daughter. At least, O Pa, Educator of Youth, if you are insensible to the beauty of these summer isles and indifferent to their history, and your soul is wedded to ancient learning, why do you not teach your family to go to sleep when they go to bed, as the classic Greeks used to?

Before the travelers reached Shediac, they had leisure to ruminate upon the education of American girls in the schools set apart for them, and to conjecture how much they are taught of the geography and history of America, or of its social and literary growth; and whether, when they travel on a summer tour like this, these coasts have any historical light upon them, or gain any interest from the daring and chivalric adventurers who played their parts here so long ago. We did not hear pa ask when Madame de la Tour "flourished," though "flourish" that determined woman did, in Boston as well as in the French provinces. In the present woman revival may we not hope that the heroic women of our colonial history will have the prominence that is their right, and that woman's achievements will assume their proper place in affairs? When women write history, some of our popular men heroes will, we trust, be made to acknowledge the female sources of their wisdom and their courage. But at present women do not much affect history, and they are more indifferent to the careers of the noted of their own sex than men are.

We expected to approach Shediac with a great deal of interest. It had been, when we started, one of the most prominent points in our projected tour. It was the pivot upon which, so to speak, we expected to swing around the Provinces. Upon the map it was so attractive, that we once resolved to go no farther than there. It once seemed to us that if we ever reached it, we should be contented to abide there, in a place so remote, in a port so picturesque and foreign. But returning from the real east, our late interest in Shediac seemed unaccountable to us. Firmly resolved as I was to note our entrance into the harbor, I could not keep the place in mind, and while we were in our state-room and before we knew it, the steamboat lay at the wharf. Shediac appeared to be nothing but a wharf with a railway train on it, and a few shanty buildings, a part of them devoted to the sale of whisky and to cheap lodgings. This landing, however, is called Point du Chêne, and the village of Shediac is two or three miles distant from it; we had a pleasant glimpse of it from the car windows, and saw nothing in its situation to hinder its growth. The country about it is perfectly level, and stripped of its forests. At Painsec Junction we waited for the train from Halifax, and immediately found ourselves in the whirl of intercolonial travel. Why people should travel here or why they should be excited about it, we could not see; we could not overcome a feeling of the unreality of the whole thing; but yet we humbly knew that we had no right to be otherwise than awed by the extraordinary intercolonial railway enterprise and by the new life which it is infusing into the Provinces. We are free to say, however, that nothing can be less interesting than the line of this road until it strikes the Kennebeckasis River, when the traveler will be called upon to admire the Sussex Valley and a very fair farming region, which he would like to praise if it were not for exciting the jealousy of the "Garden of Nova Scotia." The whole land is in fact a garden, but differing somewhat from the Isle of Wight.

In all travel, however, people are more interesting than land, and so it was at this time. As twilight shut down upon the valley of the Kennebeckasis, we heard the strident voice of pa going on with the Grecian catechism. Pa was unmoved by the beauties of Sussex or by the colors of the sunset, which for

the moment made picturesque the scraggy evergreens on the horizon. His eyes were with his heart, and that was in Sparta. Above the roar of the car-wheels we heard his nagging inquiries.

"What did Lycurgus do *then?*"

Answer not audible.

"No. He made laws. Who did he make laws for?"

"For the Greeks."

"He made laws for the Lacedæmonians. Who was another great lawgiver?"

"It was — it was — Pericles."

"No, it was n't. It was Solon. Who was Solon?"

"Solon was one of the wise men of Greece."

"That 's right. When did he flourish?"

When the train stops at a station the classics continue, and the studious group attracts the attention of the passengers. Pa is well pleased, but not so the young lady, who beseechingly says,

"Pa, everybody can hear us."

"You would n't care how much they heard if you knew it," replies this accomplished devotee of learning.

In another lull of the car-wheels we find that pa has skipped over to Marathon; and this time it is the daughter who is asking a question.

"Pa, what *is* a phalanx?"

"Well, a phalanx — it 's a — it 's difficult to define a phalanx. It 's a stretch of men in one line — a stretch of anything in a line. When did Alexander flourish?"

This domestic tyrant had this in common with the rest of us, that he was much better at asking questions than at answering them. It certainly was not our fault that we were listeners to his instructive struggles with ancient history, nor that we heard his petulant complaining to his cowed family, whom he accused of dragging him away on this summer trip. We are only grateful to him, for a more entertaining person the traveler does not often see. It was with regret that we lost sight of him at St. John.

Night has settled upon New Brunswick and upon ancient Greece before we reach the Kennebeckasis Bay, and we only see from the car windows dimly a pleasant and fertile country, and the peaceful homes of thrifty people. While we are running along the valley and coming under the shadow of the hill whereon St. John sits, with a regal outlook upon a most variegated coast and upon the rising and falling of the great tides of Fundy, we feel a twinge of conscience at the injustice the passing traveler must perforce do any land he hurries over and does not study. Here is picturesque St. John, with its couple of centuries of history and tradition, its commerce, its enterprise felt all along the coast and through the settlements of the territory to the northeast, with its no doubt charming society and solid English culture; and the summer tourist, in an idle mood regarding it for a day, says it is nought! Behold what "travels" amount to! Are they not for the most part the records of the misapprehensions of the misinformed? Let us congratulate ourselves that in this flight through the Provinces we have not attempted to do any justice to them, geologically, economically, or historically, only trying to catch some of the salient points of the panorama as it unrolled itself. Will Halifax rise up in judgment against us? We look back upon it with softened memory, and already see it again in the light of history. It stands, indeed, overlooking a gate of the ocean, in a beautiful morning light; and we can hear now the repetition of that profane phrase, used for the misdirection of wayward mortals — "Go to Halifax!" — without a shudder.

We confess to some regret that our journey is so near its end. Perhaps it is the sentimental regret with which one always leaves the east, for we have been a thousand miles nearer Ireland than Boston is. Collecting in the mind the detached pictures given to our eyes in all these brilliant and inspiring days, we realize afresh the variety, the extent, the riches of these northeastern lands which the Gulf Stream pets and tempers. If it were not for attracting

speculators, we should delight to speak of the beds of coal, the quarries of marble, the mines of gold. Look on the map and follow the shores of these peninsulas and islands, the bays, the penetrating arms of the sea, the harbors filled with islands, the protected straits and sounds. All this is favorable to the highest commercial activity and enterprise. Greece itself and its islands are not more indented and inviting. Fish swarm about the shores and in all the streams. There are, I have no doubt, great forests which we did not see from the car windows, the inhabitants of which do not show themselves to the travelers at the railway stations. In the dining-room of a friend, who goes away every autumn into the wilds of Nova Scotia at the season when the snow falls, hang trophies — enormous branching antlers of the caribou and heads of the mighty moose — which I am assured came from there; and I have no reason to doubt that the noble creatures who once carried these superb horns were murdered by my friend at long range. Many people have an insatiate longing to kill, once in their life, a moose, — and would travel far and endure great hardships to gratify this ambition. In the present state of the world it is more difficult to do it than it is to be written down as one who loves his fellow-men.

We received everywhere in the Provinces courtesy and kindness, which were not based upon any expectation that we would invest in mines or railways, for the people are honest, kindly, and hearty by nature. What they will become when the railways are completed that are to bind St. John to Quebec, and make Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland only stepping-stones to Europe, we cannot say. Probably they will become like the rest of the world, and furnish no material for the kindly persiflage of the traveler.

Regretting that we could see no more of St. John, that we could scarcely see our way through its dimly lighted streets, we found the ferry to Carleton, and a sleeping-car for Bangor. It was in the heart of the negro porter to cause us alarm by the intelligence that the customs officer would search our baggage during the night. A search is a blow to one's self-respect, especially if one has anything dutiable. But as the porter might be an agent of our government in disguise, we preserved an appearance of philosophical indifference in his presence. It takes a sharp observer to tell innocence from assurance. During the night, awaking, I saw a great light. A man, crawling along the aisle of the car, and poking under the seats, had found my traveling-bag and was "going through" it.

I felt a thrill of pride as I recognized in this crouching figure an officer of our government, and knew that I was in my native land.

Charles Dudley Warner.

AGASSIZ.

Come
Dicesti *egli ebbe?* non viv' egli ancora?
Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome?

I. 1.

THE electric nerve, whose instantaneous thrill
Makes next-door gossips of the antipodes,
Confutes poor Hope's last fallacy of ease, —
The distance that divided her from ill:
Earth sentient seems again as when of old
The horny foot of Pan
Stamped, and the conscious horror ran
Beneath men's feet through all her fibres cold:
Space's blue walls are mined; we feel the throe
From underground of our night-mantled foe:
The flame-winged feet
Of Trade's new Mercury, that dry-shod run
Through briny abysses dreamless of the sun,
Are mercilessly fleet,
And at a bound annihilate
Ocean's prerogative of short reprieve;
Surely ill news might wait,
And man be patient of delay to grieve:
Letters have sympathies
And tell-tale faces that reveal,
To senses finer than the eyes,
Their errand's purport ere we break the seal;
They wind a sorrow round with circumstance
To stay its feet, nor all unwarned displace
The veil that darkened from our sidelong glance
The inexorable face:
But now Fate stuns as with a mace;
The savage of the skies, that men have caught
And some scant use of language taught,
Tells only what he must, —
The steel-cold fact in one laconic thrust.

2.

So thought I, as, with vague, mechanic eyes,
I scanned the festering news we half despise
Yet scramble for no less,
And read of public scandal, private fraud,
Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob applaud,
Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,
And all the unwholesome mess
The Land of Broken Promise serves of late
To teach the Old World how to wait,
When suddenly,

As happens if the brain, from overweight
Of blood, infect the eye,
Three tiny words grew lurid as I read,
And reeled commingling: *Agassiz is dead.*
As when, beneath the street's familiar jar,
An earthquake's alien omen rumbles far,
Men listen and forebode, I hung my head,
And strove the present to recall,
As if the blow that stunned were yet to fall.

3.

Uprooted is our mountain oak,
That promised long security of shade
And brooding-place for many a wingèd thought;
Not by Time's softly warning stroke
By pauses of relenting pity stayed,
But ere a root seemed sapt, a bough decayed,
From sudden ambush by the whirlwind caught
And in his broad maturity betrayed!

4.

Well might I, as of old, appeal to you,
O mountains, woods, and streams,
To help us mourn him, for ye loved him too;
But simpler moods befit our modern themes,
And no less perfect birth of nature can,
Though they yearn tow'rds him, sympathize with man,
Save as dumb fellow-prisoners through a wall;
Answer ye rather to my call,
Strong poets of a more outspoken day,
Too much for softer arts forgotten since
That teach our forthright tongue to lisp and mince,
Lead me some steps in your directer way,
Teach me those words that strike a solid root
Within the ears of men;
Ye chiefly, virile both to think and feel,
Deep-chested Chapman and firm-footed Ben, —
For he was masculine from head to heel.
Nay, let himself stand undiminished by
With those clear parts of him that will not die.
Himself from out the recent dark I claim
To hear, and, if I flatter him, to blame;
To show himself, as still I seem to see,
A mortal, built upon the antique plan,
Brimful of lusty blood as ever ran,
And taking life as simply as a tree!
To claim my foiled good-by let him appear,
Large-limbed and human as I saw him near,
Loosed from the stiffening uniform of fame:
And let me treat him largely: I should fear,
(If with too prying lens I chanced to err,
Mistaking catalogue for character,)
His wise forefinger raised in smiling blame.

Nor would I scant him with judicial breath
And turn mere critic in an epitaph;
I choose the wheat, incurious of the chaff
That swells fame living, chokes it after death,
And would but memorize the shining half
Of his large nature that was turned to me:
Fain had I joined with those that honored him
With eyes that darkened because his were dim,
And now been silent: but it might not be.

II. 1.

In some the genius is a thing apart,
A pillared hermit of the brain,
Hoarding with incommunicable art
Its intellectual gain;
Man's web of circumstance and fate
They from their perch of self observe,
Indifferent as the figures on a slate
Are to the planet's sun-swung curve
Whose bright returns they calculate;
Their nice adjustment, part to part,
Were shaken from its serviceable mood
By unpremeditated stirs of heart
Or jar of human neighborhood:
Some find their natural selves, and only then,
In furloughs of divine escape from men,
And when, by that brief ecstasy left bare,
Driven by some instinct of desire,
They wander worldward, 't is to blink and stare,
Like wild things of the wood about a fire,
Dazed by the social glow they cannot share;
His nature brooked no lonely lair,
But basked and bourgeoned in copartnery,
Companionship, and open-windowed glee:
He knew, for he had tried,
Those speculative heights that lure
The unpracticed foot, impatient of a guide,
Tow'rds ether too attenuately pure
For sweet unconscious breath, though dear to pride,
But better loved the foothold sure
Of paths that wind by old abodes of men
Who hope at last the churchyard's peace secure,
And follow time-worn rules, that them suffice,
Learned from their sires, traditionally wise,
Careful of honest custom's how and when;
His mind, too brave to look on Truth askance,
No more those habitudes of faith could share,
But, tinged with sweetness of the old Swiss manse,
Lingered around them still and fain would spare.
Patient to spy a sullen egg for weeks,
The enigma of creation to surprise,

His truer instinct sought the life that speaks
Without a mystery from kindly eyes;
In no self-woven silk of prudence wound,
He by the touch of men was best inspired,
And caught his native greatness at rebound
From generosities itself had fired;
Then how the heat through every fibre ran,
Felt in the gathering presence of the man,
While the apt word and gesture came unbid!
Virtues and faults it to one metal wrought,
Fined all his blood to thought,
And ran the molten man in all he said or did.
All Tully's rules and all Quintilian's too
He by the light of listening faces knew,
And his rapt audience all unconscious lent
Their own roused force to make him eloquent;
Persuasion fondled in his look and tone;
Our speech (with strangers prudish) he could bring
To find new charm in accents not her own;
Her coy constraints and icy hindrances
Melted upon his lips to natural ease,
As a brook's fetters swell the dance of spring.
Nor yet all sweetness: not in vain he wore,
Nor in the sheath of ceremony, controlled
By velvet courtesy or caution cold,
That sword of honest anger prized of old,
But, with two-handed wrath,
If baseness or pretension crossed his path,
Struck once nor needed to strike more.

2.

His magic was not far to seek, —
He was so human! whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.
How large an aspect! nobly unsevere,
With freshness round him of Olympian cheer,
Like visits of those earthly gods he came;
His look, wherever its good-fortune fell,
Doubled the feast without a miracle,
And on the hearthstone danced a happier flame;
Philemon's crabbed vintage grew benign;
Amphitryon's gold-juice humanized to wine.

III. 1.

The garrulous memories
Gather again from all their far-flown nooks,
Singly at first, and then by twos and threes,

Then in a throng innumerable, as the rooks
Thicken their twilight files
Tow'rds Tintern's gray repose of roofless aisles:
Once more I see him at the table's head
When Saturday her monthly banquet spread
To scholars, poets, wits,
All choice, some famous, loving things, not names,
And so without a twinge at others' fames,
Such company as wisest moods befits,
Yet with no pedant blindness to the worth
Of undeliberate mirth,
Natures benignly mixed of air and earth,
Now with the stars and now with equal zest
Tracing the eccentric orbit of a jest.

2.

I see in vision the warm-lighted hall,
The living and the dead I see again,
And but one chair is empty of them all; —
'T is I that seem the dead: they all remain
Immortal, changeless creatures of the brain:
Well-nigh I doubt which world is real most,
Of sense or spirit, to the truly sane;
In this abstraction it were light to deem
Myself the figment of some stronger dream;
They are the real things, and I the ghost
That glide unhindered through the solid door,
Vainly for recognition seek from chair to chair,
And strive to speak and am but futile air,
As truly most of us are little more.

3.

Him most I see whom we most dearly miss,
The latest parted thence,
His features poised in genial armistice
And armed neutrality of self-defense
Beneath the forehead's walled preëminence,
While Tyro, plucking facts with careless reach,
Settles off-hand our human how and whence;
The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing hears
The infallible strategy of volunteers
Making through Nature's walls its easy breach,
And seems to learn where he alone could teach.
Ample and ruddy, the room's end he fills
As he our fireside were, our light and heat,
Centre where minds diverse and various skills
Find their warm nook and stretch unhampered feet;
I see the firm benignity of face,
Wide-smiling champaign without tameness sweet,
The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,
The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips
While Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse,

And burst in seeds of fire that burst again
To drop in scintillating rain.

4.

There too the face half-rustic, half-divine,
Self-poised, sagacious, freaked with humor fine,
Of him who taught us not to mow and mope
About our fancied selves, but seek our scope
In Nature's world and Man's, nor fade to hollow trope;
Listening with eyes averse I see him sit
Pricked with the cider of the judge's wit
(Ripe-hearted homebrew, fresh and fresh again),
While the wise nose's firm-built aquiline
Curves sharper to restrain
The merriment whose most unruly moods
Pass not the dumb laugh learned in listening woods
Of silence-shedding pine:
Hard by is he whose art's consoling spell
Has given both worlds a whiff of asphodel,
His look still vernal 'mid the wintry ring
Of petals that remember, not foretell,
The paler primrose of a second spring.

5.

And more there are: but other forms arise
And seen as clear, albeit with dimmer eyes:
First he from sympathy still held apart
By shrinking over-eagerness of heart,
Cloud charged with searching fire, whose shadow's sweep
Heightened mean things with sense of brooding ill,
And steeped in doom familiar field and hill, —
New England's poet, soul reserved and deep,
November nature with a name of May,
Whom high o'er Concord plains we laid to sleep,
While the orchards mocked us in their white array
And building robins wondered at our tears,
Snatched in his prime, the shape august
That should have stood unbent 'neath fourscore years,
The noble head, the eyes of furtive trust,
All gone to speechless dust;
And he our passing guest,
Shy nature, too, and stung with life's unrest,
Whom we too briefly had but could not hold,
Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,
The Past's incalculable hoard,
Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in cloisters old,
Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements sweet
With immemorial lisp of musing feet;
Young head time-tonsured smoother than a friar's,
Boy face, but grave with answerless desires,
Poet in all that poets have of best,
But foiled with riddles dark and cloudy aims,
Who now hath found sure rest,

Not by still Isis or historic Thames,
Nor by the Charles he tried to love with me,
But, not misplaced, by Arno's hallowed brim,
Nor scorned by Santa Croce's neighboring fames,
Haply not mindless, wheresoe'er he be,
Of violets that to-day I scattered over him;
He, too, is there,
After the good centurion fitly named,
Whom learning dulled not, nor convention tamed,
Shaking with burly mirth his hyacinthine hair,
Our hearty Grecian of Homeric ways,
Still found the surer friend where least he hoped the praise.

6.

Yea truly, as the sallowing years
Fall from us faster, like frost-loosened leaves
Pushed by the misty touch of shortening days,
And that unwakened winter nears,
'T is the void chair our surest guests receives,
'T is lips long cold that give the warmest kiss,
'T is the lost voice comes oftenest to our ears;
We count our rosary by the beads we miss:
To me, at least, it seemeth so,
An exile in the land once found divine,
While my starved fire burns low,
And homeless winds at the loose casement whine
Shrill ditties of the snow-roofed Apennine.

IV. 1.

Now forth into the darkness all are gone,
But memory, still unsated, follows on,
Retracing step by step our homeward walk,
With many a laugh among our serious talk,
Across the bridge where, on the dimpling tide,
The long red streamers from the windows glide,
Or the dim western moon
Rocks her skiff's image on the broad lagoon,
And Boston shows a soft Venetian side
In that Arcadian light when roof and tree,
Hard prose by daylight, dream in Italy;
Or haply in the sky's cold chambers wide
Shivered the winter stars, while all below,
As if an end were come of human ill,
The world was wrapt in innocence of snow
And the cast-iron bay was blind and still;
These were our poetry; in him perhaps
Science had barred the gate that lets in dream,
And he would rather count the perch and bream
Than with the current's idle fancy lapse;
And yet he had the poet's open eye
That takes a frank delight in all it sees,
Nor was earth voiceless, nor the mystic sky,

To him the life-long friend of fields and trees:
Then came the prose of the suburban street,
Its silence deepened by our echoing feet,
And converse such as rambling hazard finds;
Then he who many cities knew and many minds,
And men once world-noised, now mere Ossian forms
Of misty memory, bade them live anew
As when they shared earth's manifold delight,
In shape, in gait, in voice, in gesture true,
And, with an accent heightening as he warms,
Would stop forgetful of the shortening night,
Drop my confining arm, and pour profuse
Much worldly wisdom kept for others' use,
Not for his own, for he was rash and free,
His purse or knowledge all men's, like the sea.
Still can I hear his voice's shrilling might
(With pauses broken, while the fitful spark
He blew more hotly rounded on the dark
To hint his features with a Rembrandt light)
Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or Lamarck,
Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more
Whom he had seen, or knew from others' sight,
And make them men to me as ne'er before:
Not seldom, as the undeadened fibre stirred
Of noble friendships knit beyond the sea,
German or French thrust by the lagging word,
For a good leash of mother-tongues had he.
At last, arrived at where our paths divide,
"Good night!" and, ere the distance grew too wide,
"Good night!" again; and now with cheated ear
I half hear his who mine shall never hear.

2.

Sometimes it seemed as if New England air
For his large lungs too parsimonious were,
As if those empty rooms of dogma drear
Where the ghost shivers of a faith austere
Counting the horns o'er of the Beast,
Still scaring those whose faith in it is least,
As if those snaps o' th' moral atmosphere
That sharpen all the needles of the East,
Had been to him like death,
Accustomed to draw Europe's freer breath
In a more stable element;
Nay, even our landscape, half the year morose,
Our practical horizon grimly pent,
Our air, sincere of ceremonious haze,
Forcing hard outlines mercilessly close,
Our social monotone of level days,
Might make our best seem banishment,
But it was nothing so;
Haply his instinct might divine,

Beneath our drift of puritanic snow,
The marvel sensitive and fine
Of sanguinaria overrash to blow
And warm its shyness in an air benign;
Well might he prize truth's warranty and pledge
In the grim outcrop of our granite edge,
The Hebrew fervor flashing forth at need
In the stiff sons of Calvin's iron breed,
As prompt to give as skilled to win and keep;
But, though such intuitions might not cheer,
Yet life was good to him, and, there or here,
With that sufficing joy, the day was never cheap;
Thereto his mind was its own ample sphere,
And, like those buildings great that through the year
Carry one temperature, his nature large
Made its own climate, nor could any marge
Traced by convention stay him from his bent:
He had a habitude of mountain air;
He brought wide outlook where he went,
And could on sunny uplands dwell
Of prospect sweeter than the pastures fair
High-hung of viny Neufchâtel,
Nor, surely, did he miss
Some pale, imaginary bliss
Of earlier sights whose inner landscape still was Swiss.

V. 1.

I cannot think he wished so soon to die
With all his senses full of eager heat,
And rosy years that stood expectant by
To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,
He that was friends with earth, and all her sweet
Took with both hands unsparingly:
Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot;
To lie in buttercups and clover-bloom,
Tenants in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb;
Only once more to feel the coming spring
As the birds feel it when it makes them sing,
Only once more to see the moon
Through leaf-fringed abbey-arches of the elms
Curve her mild sickle in the West
Sweet with the breath of hay-cocks, were a boon
Worth any promise of soothsayer realms
Or casual hope of being elsewhere blest;
To take December by the beard
And crush the creaking snow with springy foot,
While overhead the North's dumb streamers shoot,
Till Winter fawn upon the cheek endeared;
Then the long evening ends
Lingered by cozy chimney-nooks,

With high companionship of books
Or slippered talk of friends
And sweet habitual looks, —
Is better than to stop the ears with dust:
Too soon the spectre comes to say, "Thou must!"

2.

When toil-crooked hands are crost upon the breast,
They comfort us with sense of rest;
They must be glad to lie forever still;
Their work is ended with their day;
Another fills their room; 't is the World's ancient way,
Whether for good or ill;
But the deft spinners of the brain,
Who love each added day and find it gain,
Them overtakes the doom
To snap the half-grown flower upon the loom
(Trophy that was to be of life-long pain),
The thread no other skill can ever knit again.
'T was so with him, for he was glad to live,
'T was doubly so, for he left work begun;
Could not this eagerness of Fate forgive
Till all the allotted flax was spun?
It matters not; for, go at night or noon,
A friend, whene'er he dies, has died too soon,
And, once we hear the hopeless *He is dead*,
So far as flesh hath knowledge, all is said.

VI. 1.

I seem to see the black procession go:
That crawling prose of death too well I know,
The vulgar paraphrase of glorious woe;
I see it wind through that unsightly grove,
Once beautiful, but long defaced
With granite permanence of cockney taste
And all those grim disfigurements we love:
There, then, we leave him: Him? such costly waste
Nature rebels at: and it is not true
Of those most precious parts of him we knew:
Could we be conscious but as dreamers be,
'T were sweet to leave this shifting life of tents
Sunk in the changeless calm of Deity;
Nay, to be mingled with the elements,
The fellow-servant of creative powers,
Partaker in the solemn year's events,
To share the work of busy-fingered hours,
To be night's silent almoner of dew,
To rise again in plants and breathe and grow,
To stream as tides the ocean caverns through,
Or with the rapture of great winds to blow
About earth's shaken coignes, were not a fate
To leave us all-disconsolate;

Even endless slumber in the sweetening sod
Of charitable earth
That takes out all our mortal stains,
And makes us clearlier neighbors of the clod,
Methinks were better worth
Than the poor fruit of most men's wakeful pains,
The heart's insatiable ache:
But such was not his faith,
Nor mine: it may be he had trod
Outside the plain old path of *God thus spake*,
But God to him was very God,
And not a visionary wraith
Skulking in murky corners of the mind,
And he was sure to be
Somehow, somewhere, imperishable as He,
Not with His essence mystically combined,
As some high spirits long, but whole and free,
A perfected and conscious Agassiz.
And such I figure him: the wise of old
Welcome and own him of their peaceful fold,
Not truly with the guild enrolled
Of him who seeking inward guessed
Diviner riddles than the rest,
And groping in the darks of thought
Touched the Great Hand and knew it not;
He rather shares the daily light,
From reason's charier fountains won,
Of his great chief, the slow-paced Stagyrite,
And Cuvier clasps once more his long-lost son.

2.

The shape erect is prone: forever stilled
The winning tongue; the forehead's high-piled heap,
A cairn which every science helped to build,
Unvalued will its golden secrets keep:
He knows at last if Life or Death be best:
Wherever he be flown, whatever vest
The being hath put on which lately here
So many-friended was, so full of cheer
To make men feel the Seeker's noble zest,
We have not lost him all; he is not gone
To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire, in many an eye
He trained to Truth's exact severity;
He was a Teacher: why be grieved for him
Whose living word still stimulates the air?
In endless file shall loving scholars come
The glow of his transmitted touch to share,
And trace his features with an eye less dim
Than ours whose sense familiar wont makes numb.

James Russell Lowell.

FLORENCE, ITALY, *February*, 1874.

MOSE EVANS.

PART III.

I.

"You are quite poetical!" my wife remarked to me one day after we had reached Brownstown, for I was compelled by pressure of business to bid Evans good-by, at daylight, the morning after the interview with him just described. Perhaps there *is* some such scant streaking of gold through my quartz, for my dear mother up there in New England had once published a thin volume of poems. Helen's exclamation, I will explain, followed upon my saying that Agnes Throop was like a pearl set in ebony.

It was suggested to me by a doleful September day we had spent, Helen and myself, at the Throops, after our arrival from Bucksnort, and parting with Archer there, and Evans, the latter going East, the former to go — more rapidly, I supposed, if that were possible — to the bad. My wife and myself were to be in Brownstown but a short time, her presence as well as my own being needed there to certain signatures before a notary public; signatures, on her part, at least, effected just as well in Charleston; but come with me she would. "I want to be with you, Henry. They are so lonely, too, the Throops!" she said.

Lonely! Neither they nor we thought of it in all the first eager conversation after we arrived; but it was terrible, that last September Wednesday. We sat in their parlor, we tried the front porch, we wandered under the great trees of the yard, and we came back and gave up escaping what, I fear, was nothing but miasma, and so took to our big rocking-chairs upon the front porch, — piazza, rather, as it extended the entire length of the house. It was Mrs. Throop, however, who made the day and the scene positively weird!

"I sit here sometimes for hours," she said, "gazing upon the river, rolling along its liquid mud, like our turbid lives. Turning a little this way, now a bend toward the other side, now a little more and now a little less overhung by those great live-oaks with their trailing moss; only the muddier when there is a freshet" —

"A boat now and then, mamma," Agnes insists, in the quiet but continual protest I had observed in her from the first, against the gloom of the household. Helen said even Mary Martha Washington, their self-sacrificed slave, seemed darker than before. But as to Agnes, there was that in her which showed that something beyond all this had befallen her since we last met; some terrible blow had fallen, was expected to fall — I knew not what. I could not say in what respect, if any, it had affected her outer bearing. The calamity, whatever it was, had smitten deeper than that.

"Yes. A boat!" Mrs. Throop continued, in sentences singularly detached. "Loaded to the water's edge with cotton. A shower of sparks always falling upon the bales from the smoke-stacks! I often sit at my bedroom window, sometimes wrap myself up and come, while you are all sleeping, and sit for hours watching the steamboats as they pass. It is a striking but most mournful scene, especially at midnight. All the negro crew are then on the bow, singing and dancing, the boat so apt to strike a snag, or catch on fire, or blow up, the next moment! An emblem of the world!"

But it was the great, sad eyes, the wailing in the tones of her voice, which gave such sepulchral power to what Mrs. Throop said.

"I blame myself, madam," I interposed with some emphasis, "for induc-

ing you to leave Charleston. There at least" —

"Charleston! Charleston!" But how can I give the inflections of the poor lady's voice as she turned those eyes upon me! Dressed in black for Theodore, and everything else in the world, — emaciated until her eyes seemed all there was of her. "Charleston!"

"Mrs. Throop knows," the General here remarked with his peculiar courtesy of manner when any lady was in question, "that I have no sympathy with her religious views. While the Creator leaves us in this world I think he means we should care for and be interested in it, as he will desire us to be interested in the existence after this, when he has placed us there. I agree that an accursed military despotism has superseded American freedom; I know that universal corruption reigns in a Congress once adorned with the presence of a Hayne, a Randolph, a Calhoun; I know that free negroes and their baser white allies swarm" —

"Dear father!" It was with her hand upon his arm, with imploring eyes in his, that his daughter said it. My wife reminded me afterward how near to him the poor girl seemed to keep, all the time. As to the mother, I had observed her sitting off by herself in the parlor, or upon the porch, her eyes upon the flowing river, remaining for hours as motionless, as far as I could see, as though she were indeed dead. No trace of insanity except in the self-contained isolation of the poor lady from all the world, the lingering of a soul in the frail body long after it had drained to the dregs all the bitterness of death. Had she been indeed a disembodied spirit, she could hardly have been more separate from, as she was sacred to, her daughter. Her father was really all that daughter had left to her, beside her betrothed, on earth; in the absence of Mr. Clammeigh she clung exclusively to him. No wonder. He seemed even more portly of person than before, but there was an ashen something in his face, the whiter for the flushes of red to the very roots of his still whiter hair when he became excited, which he very often did, for he had grown very tremulous since I last saw him.

"I merely mention what all the world knows," the General continued. "It is inevitable to every other nation as it was to Greece and Rome. But to think of a nation living less than a hundred years! The South was the only conservative element. Had it pleased Heaven to spare the South" —

"You acknowledge the hand of Heaven, in spite of yourself, my dear!" Mrs. Throop said it in a manner, the deadly calm of which was worse than her husband's excitement. "I passed through it all so long, long ago, the lower stages. Agnes will tell you, Mr. Anderson, I have not attended service, have not sung a hymn, have not other than merely heard Scripture read at our family worship, since I came. I am as entirely done with all that as is our Theodore. I cannot plant my feet upon your world again, even with all my effort to do so. My husband is wiser than he thinks. I do not speak of political matters. So far, every nation of history has run its little career, and died, even as each of its people has lived his or her lesser life, and perished. This nation but ripens fast, in the hot summer of its wonderful prosperity, toward a rotting and a ruin more terrible and complete than the race has ever before known. It is the last nation of history. With it, Heaven's long experiment, under the eyes of a wondering universe, in reference to the human heart, will have been accomplished, and the world itself will end!"

"Dear mother!" her daughter attempted again.

"I rarely say so much, Agnes," Mrs. Throop continued, "and I desire merely to add this: God's purpose with the race before the flood ran through thousands of years; we well know the disaster in which that culminated and closed. So of the patriarchal period which followed. The disastrous ending of the Jewish dispensation I need not mention. The result with the Christian church cannot but be the repetition

of the invariable tragedy! Our Maker is eternally the same. From beginning to end of time the human heart, too, is the same."

"But that other life, dear mother?" Agnes says, in the silence which follows upon the calm certainties of this Cassandra.

"Yes, Agnes. Thank God! And that better life is eternal. Would God I were there!"

("It is with Mrs. Throop as it was with Cowper at Olney," my wife said to me afterward. "Poor, sick Cowper! As if all the blessed creation were really what it seemed to his sorrowful eyes!"

"How like Agnes Throop is to her poor mother," I replied to Helen, "and how superior! With all her delusion, I do believe the mother acknowledges to herself her own weakness as contrasted with the stronger, happier child,—the weakness, not only of sickness as contrasted with health, of soul, but of a feeble piety to a more vigorous and beautiful, because more genuine!")

"Mother — Helen!" Agnes Throop exclaimed, as her mother sank again into silence, and with the happy face of a child, her finger lifted, "listen! Did you ever hear such a concert!"

"Mocking-birds!" Mrs. Throop replied, for all the air was full of their noise. "*Mocking,* indeed! They are like so many scoffers! I do not blame you, Mr. Anderson, about our leaving Charleston. You had," her eyes on mine, and reading me through and through, "your own objects in making the bargain. But Charleston has no existence. *Our* Charleston! Our friends are killed, or removed, or bankrupt, or actually taking part in the negro rule. Worse there than here! Our frail bodies still live, Mr. Anderson; really, we are as dead as is Theodore in Sumter!"

But Agnes had stolen in to her piano, and, not to break too rudely upon the mood of her parents, was singing, in a low voice, the old, old war songs, My Maryland!—The Bonny Blue Flag.

"You Northern people must make allowance," she said to me standing beside her as she finished Dixie, with a curious twitching about the lips even while she smiled. I suppose it was because she had seen no one to whom she could talk for so long; possibly it was to interest and entertain me as she best could. I never knew her to speak so freely.

"We at the South had our enthusiasm, Mr. Anderson, too! You forget we believed in our side as much as you did in yours! Oh, the banners we ladies made, the music we practiced, the sewing of uniforms, the rush and hurry and pride! I remember all my life the drum beating every night when St. Michael struck nine, and the patrol marching the street to arrest any negroes without a pass; it was nothing but the roll of the drum and the march of soldiers now, to defend all we had ever known and loved! How it would thrill us, on Sunday, the calm, solemn, convincing, most eloquent sermon! My father would say afterward at dinner, 'Oh, yes, the doctor was able and eloquent, as usual, but it was like demonstrating the noonday sun.' How can a person be more positively certain of anything than we were of the righteousness of our cause, so clearly based upon the very Word of God! And, then, the prayers, deep, humble, confident, for the blessing of Heaven upon our efforts to defend our homes against the godless infidelity of agrarianism and abolitionism! We never could understand the North, Mr. Anderson; you ought to remember you never could understand us! To this very day — but I am wearying you so!"

"Not at all, I like to hear you; besides, I will want you to hear me about another matter after awhile," I said.

She looked at me and colored, seemed vexed, even. She continued, more eagerly because of that very thing, too absurd to think of for a moment.

"I cannot speak about the siege and fall of Charleston, it would take too much time. And I cannot speak of my brother, Theodore Throop, my only brother, my noble and brave brother, so full of promise! Ah, those days he would hurry in from duty, all brown

and dusty and hungry! He was in Sumter from the first, you know. He would kiss us all round, tell us how the Yankees kept pounding away in vain, assure us they could never take Sumter! And so he would laugh, cram his haversack with everything to eat he could lay his hands on, kiss us good-by, and run to catch his boat. And you people of the North never *did* take Sumter! Nor ever would, if the war had lasted till now! Nor ever would have taken Charleston, if there had been a South Carolinian at Atlanta! I could tell you the opinion we in Charleston *always* had of that poor Davis" —

"We won't differ about *him*," I said.

"I was speaking," she continued, "of my brother. We used to lie awake all night, it seems to me, until we got so used to it, all of every night listening to the storm breaking upon Sumter, remembering he was there! At first we would wince and shudder at every peal, knowing about whom the shot struck, never thinking, hardly, in comparison, of the shot and shell and crashing houses in the city. We *wore* into being used to it, Mr. Anderson. But never one moment would we have had him elsewhere! We were glad we had son and brother to be there! The cause is lost; I sometimes fear we may have been mistaken about it But we were not so sad as you may think, Mr. Anderson, that terrible Thursday when my brother's shattered body was laid in the sacred dust in Sumter. To this day there is a glory and a beauty about his gallant death which is to us a halo around his memory forever."

"You remember," I said, "the lines, —

> "'Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There comès a voice without reply,
> 'T is man's perdition to be safe
> When for the truth he ought to die!

although, of course, I am compelled" —

"To say," she finished my protest for me, "that you regard our cause as being, really, the reverse of the truth. Well, it was the truth to us!"

"I have sometimes given money to objects which I thought at the time were deserving," I said, "and I could not wish the same back again in my pocket even when I had learned that I was mistaken; the intent on my part was none the less sacred from recall or regret for that!"

"And we would not take back Theodore if we could!" she replied. "The truth is, I never took the interest in the Confederacy as a political question that most of our ladies did. It was Theodore, all Theodore to me. Oh, Mr. Anderson, if you had but known him, so beautiful, noble, full of enthusiasm! He cared for our independence, was ready to die for it; I cared only for him! He was but a little older than myself; we loved each other so much; besides my parents, he was all I had in the world! I cannot speak of him; but I will say, Mr. Anderson, never on earth, never, did men and women more thoroughly believe in the righteousness of their cause. Surely none have ever proved their belief more perfectly by struggle and suffering! One great republic *is* better, but it will never be at its greatest, sir, until it is not afraid to remember with regret, even with honor, the gallant youth who gave to their mistake, if it be mistake, their all of conscience and blood and soul! I have not talked of all this to any one," she added, "since we left Charleston. It is what was said on the porch that caused me to do so. Let us talk about something else. But I do think, Mr. Anderson, our country is a poor republic so long as it is afraid to weep for its Southern sons too; afraid to drop flowers even upon their dust. Yet what do I care for it all! I'm miserably selfish, and it is my dead brother I think about." With an instant alteration of manner, "It is our music has melted me so. Let us change the subject." Saying which she turned to her piano, and calling out, "Don't be angry with me, pa!" to her father seated outside, played and sang, a little mockingly, a verse or two of the Star Spangled Banner.

Helen had the excellent sense to help her to the utmost. They played together a duet of the old school days,

with plenty of breaking down and laughter. One or the other playing or singing, we had all the absurd, sentimental songs, grave and gay. Even Helen, who knew of other accomplishments of mine, but not at all of this, was electrified when I took my seat at the piano, and, to the jingle of its chords, gave them The Fine old German Gentleman! If Mrs. Throop did not laugh, the General certainly did, for I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he sat smoking without. When we had seated ourselves to supper, at last, we were all in better spirits than that cemetery of a home had known since it became a home at all.

"I do not object to being happy," Mrs. Throop explained from her seat at the table. "We will be happy in heaven forever. But not here. It will be very soon. If it were not that the idea was held by low people elsewhere, I would believe that this world not only ends, as I said, but is *soon* to end. We have nearly done with it!"

"I have not, mamma!" It was Agnes, with all of her old days in her face, who said it. "I love you and pa, as you are now, dearly. I love flowers," her eyes sparkling as she spoke. "The singing of a little bird exhilarates me like an opera; at the first burst of sunshine after days of darkness, I waltz around the room as if I was at a ball. I love music with all my soul!".

"No wonder," I interjected; "you would make your fortune in opera!" and felt, the instant I said it, how eternally I *did* think, as Helen says I do, about the money value of everything.

"I love — thank you, Mr. Anderson," she said — "horses and cows. A brilliant moonlight puts me beside myself. I love housekeeping and scolding. I don't care for company as I used to, but see how these friends being with us has set me talking. It is foolish, but I do love fine laces and cashmere shawls, beautiful dresses and diamonds. I love — love — everything and everybody!"

"*I* saw you looking at her, Mr. Anderson," my spouse remarked to me in the first instant of our being alone together afterward, "as if she was something wonderful."

And so she is! Beautiful as an angel, but not at all in the sense wherein the comparison is commonly used! I did not say this aloud, but Helen spoke for us both: —

"Could anything be more simple than her dress, manner, whole bearing? She is as transparent as a child, but such depths, too! She is saved by what there is in her of her father, from the excess of sensitiveness inherited from her mother; yet she is so utterly alone in the world, and thrown upon herself! It is almost a pity she has given herself to such a thing as music for recreation — music exclusively. And her long, long suffering since the war began, no wonder it has so intensified her. Do you not think, Henry" —

"Think what?" I ask, Helen pausing so long before saying more. She added at last, —

"I do not like to speak of such things. She never, of course, alludes to the subject with me. But do you not think a person can go to extremes in devotion, even? She is, never mind how I came to know, as simple, as earnest, as trustful in her religion as in all else. No one could be more silent as to such matters, yet I do know that Mary never sat, in her home at Bethany, more — can I say really? — at the feet of Christ! In these late years I am satisfied he is to her the most actual friend living. Is there no such thing as too much faith? Coleridge says there is as much danger of *other*-worldliness in some Christians as of *this*-worldliness in the case of people generally."

"Did he?" I reply. "Well, I know this. It is merely through a certain peculiar period she is passing. If she is to live, and live to be a wholesome wife and mother, Heaven will see to it that there shall be, in due time, enough of earth, enough of the purely human, to balance matters. This is merely, I say, a particular period, such as in some form we all pass through, although it leaves us the better for it forever!"

"My mother wrote no poems," Helen said with a smile, "but I will venture to say this: A diamond is no more self-luminous than any other clod. The difference lies, I suppose, in the transparency, that is, the power of receiving and transmitting light; *and* in the keeping one's self in connection — is it not so? — with the One who is the Light!"

II.

Helen and myself were, of course, the guests of the Throops during our stay in Brown County, and it was, as well as I can now remember, the morning after our music, that Mary Martha Washington had succeeded at last in getting my wife off to one side, to communicate something she had evidently been eager to say to her from the moment we came. Yielding to some pretext of the old woman in regard to a hatching out of thirty-six chickens by a guinea-fowl, Helen had gone with her after breakfast to a remote poultry yard, to find and admire — nothing of the kind.

"De best way is to wait in dis place till we hear dat old guinea's potrack!" the faithful servant said when they were safely out of sight and hearing from the house. "And oh, Miss Helen, I must talk to you! What *is* we goin' to do? Marster General he can't hold out much longer. Old missis is clean crossed over Jordan already, 'cept her poor body. I 'm mighty 'fraid somethin' gone wrong about dat Mars' Clammeigh. I nebber thought he was one of us born at de Souf anyhow. Dat Mr. Parkinson, he is in love so he 's lost flesh. He 's too flimsy like. He a minister an' dar's n't preach one sermon against dis fool freedom de debbil an' de abolitionists set up. Phew!" Strong contempt. "It 's a *man*, a strong, loving man, Miss Agnes needs. I thought Mars' Evans was too low down once, but bress your heart, Miss Helen, dey moved from de East, Car'line, I believe. How dat great, strong man loves her! At de first of his coming on de place he loved her so he could n't look her in de face, got pale, trembled when she spoke to him."

"I 'm sorry to hear it," Helen said.

"You wait, Miss Helen. I do wonder whar dat guinea-fowl gone; hear her potrack, potrack torectly. You see he overseed de hands. De *men* hands. You would n't believe it, Miss Helen, but dem fool women say dey *ain't* hands, dey is *ladies*, ladies ob color! Refuse to go into de field! O my hebbenly Marster, de folly ob dis freedom! What wid dem fool niggers, and what wid me after dem, Miss Agnes has had a time!"

"I thought Mr. Evans was overseer," Helen said.

"So he was, so he was, Miss Helen," the woman eagerly replied. "De men never worked better in dere lives. I mean till dose fool women broke off work, stayed at de quarter, breshin' dere heads all day wid dere wool-cards; de men did n't half work after dat. Even dat Mr. Evans was put out, it was so new to him. One night he was in de 'gret house' after supper, talkin' wid Mars' General about it, we was all so put out what to do.

"'You manage de men, Mr. Evans,' my Miss Agnes said, laughin' as she used to do in Charleston, 'I 'll manage de *ladies*.' Ladies! You see, Miss Helen, de crop *had* to be picked, right away, heaviest crop of cotton I ever see. Well, Mars' Evans he was at de quarters when she come. It was de berry next mornin'. See? Bell just rung to go to de field. Dat young missis of mine! she had put on an ole straw hat, had a woolsey dress on, all gathered up in de skirt, cotton basket, an' her dinner in it! All de fool women came out to see. 'Now, women,' she said, laughin', 'we 's all free, free as de air, but dat cotton 's got to be picked. *I 'm* goin'. Who 'll go with me?' You see, Miss Helen, it was de *way* she said it! Lor' bress you, I shook both fists at dose niggers, snatched basket out ob de hand ob de foreman ob de crop, an' followed my young missis. Better believe *dey* did! Dat Mars' Evans, I thought de man

would hab — would hab! He took off his coat, folded it up carefully, laid it on de top rail ob de fence — an' picked? I should t'ink so! But he kept wid de men on dere side ob de field, he dar's n't come near us. And dose women picked as Hebben made um to pick! I 'clare before Hebben, Miss Helen, what wid her talkin' and laughin' an' pickin' ahead of de field, an' bettin' me she 'd hab de heaviest pick! — I 've fixed her up for many a ball, say nothin' of church, in Charleston, but she nebber looked so hebbenly pretty! An' she slipped me off home to hab extra supper for dose niggers! No trouble after dat! Whar can be dat guinea? *You* hear a potrack? "

"If I was in your Miss Agnes' place, I would be very angry at you if you thought I could love a Brown County overseer!" Helen said. "I 'm ashamed of you, aunty!"

The old woman had reference to a power superior to that of General Throop, when she replied solemnly, "Ole Marster has fixed who she shall marry! I don't know anything about it, more dan you, honey. When dis world was made dere was no woman for Adam, de first man you remember, an' so He had to make a woman for Adam. I nebber saw de man yet was good enough for my Miss Agnes; my young Mars' Theodore said dat a thousand times before he was killed. But God can make somebody 'pressly for her! I nebber 'low myself to t'ink it can be dis Mr. Evans, 'cept dat he is bein' made out ob de berry dust ob de ground for somethin'. You can't tell how he has changed under Miss Agnes, like linen bleaches in de sun. Ebbery-body respects an' loves him. An'," continued the woman, "dat man is *marster*, if *she* is mistress! Lor', Miss Helen, we broke down in de deep mud, Miss Agnes and I, drivin' back in de ole buggy one day, long ago, from Brownstown. In de deepest part ob de cypress swamp. Mars' Mose Evans he come along on his horse, — he nebber was near her, but then he nebber was very far away from her, somehow, — jumped down, an' begged her to let him take her out. She got angry, tossed her head *dis* way, turned as red! Refused, said I could help her, she could wait till her pa could come. 'Mr. Evans, remember your place, sir; you shall not do it!' she said, proud as could be! She was drippin' wet, night was fallin'. Mars' Evans never said one word, put his strong arms around her like a baby, carried her to de side ob de road where his horse was, put her on behind de saddle on his overcoat, managed some way to get on before her, she had to hold on him; left me to follow after dem on de buggy horse. Bress your soul, Miss Helen, she 's mistress, but he 's *marster*, sure!"

Helen told me all this, in substance, out at the front fence, as I was mending a martingale before mounting my horse, the same day, to ride over to Harry Peters', now living, as I believe I have said, at Mrs. Evans' old place near by, and acting as General Throop's overseer.

"Did you ever know such a lonely house, Captain Anderson?" he asked me after we had finished business that day. "I go over and am as funny as *I* know how to be. Miss Agnes laughs, but it is a terrible strain upon her, the situation. Puss — I mean my wife — makes butter expressly to take over. Mrs. Throop is a ghost. Actually a ghost, sir, lingering out of the grave a little; but my wife, afraid of her mother, loves Miss Agnes as if she was her own child! Oh, I know Evans is out of the question, perfectly ridiculous of course. Not even may be so; May bees of that sort don't fly any month of the year. But I do wish! You know he boarded with us. Why, sir, he was at it from before day to breakfast, soon as supper was over till I don't know when, for my wife and I go to bed at dark almost."

"At what?" I demand; "you were speaking of Miss Throop."

"And so I am now!" Harry Peters continues, with as much heat as a man who was always "in fun" could feel. "At it? At all of it. Studying, Major Anderson, studying! He kept himself

supplied by mail, I suppose, through old New Hampshire in some way, with books. It was like feeding wheat into a threshing machine, — kept the mail busy! I've heard of school-marms before, but Miss Throop's the most powerful one I ever came up with. You see how crazy these poor, deluded negroes are to learn to read; and what freedom is to them, that lady is to him. None of us ever joke him about her; Job tried that. He never mentions her, nor speaks to her, hardly, so far as I know. But she is to him like a bright spring day to a planted field; the soil 's deep, you can *hear* the corn grow!" And thereupon Harry Peters gives me the story of the revolt of the women, not at all as a joke, for it was the great trouble of the day over the entire South.

I rode over the General's plantation with Harry, the General too feeble to accompany us, that day. I was glad to do so. The fact is, I was becoming seriously uneasy as to matters. One thing I resolved upon, and that was to see Mr. Clammeigh upon the subject, delicate as it was, the day I reached Charleston. But I was glad to learn all I could from the overseer. Distrusting Miss Throop's betrothed as I did, I confess I derived some comfort from what Harry Peters told me about Mr. Parkinson. "He comes to see me every few days," that gentleman said, while we were having a smoke upon his front porch after a good dinner. "I had supposed Mose Evans was the most desperately in love of any man I ever knew, until I came to see how Mr. Parkinson suffered. It is worse for the minister, because he sees her every few days; besides, they are nearer to each other, Miss Throop and himself, than poor Evans can ever dream of being. He is her minister, too, and has her respect and confidence, as he has that of us all. I suppose it is because of his being slight-built and high-strung that he loves her so. My wife — you know how full women are of their mischief — always brings in her name when he is here, just to see how pale he gets, and how eager he is. But I don't think," my host adds, as he fills another pipe, "that *he* is her equal, either!"

"Why not?" I demand.

"I like Mr. Parkinson as a man and as a minister," Harry Peters adds, "and nothing is more important than religion. But, the fault of his training, I suppose, the man runs too much in that; knows nothing, cares nothing for politics, farming, country gossip, men, women, and children. He 's too narrow, too one-sided. It makes his religion *too* spiritual. He 'd have more practical influence upon every-day people if he ate more pork and corn bread, and talked more about cotton and cattle. And then he is too much like Miss Throop!"

"Like Miss Throop?" I ask.

"I mean he is too nice and slight, too fine and lady-like. A woman likes a man to be a man, just as a man likes a woman the more she *is* a woman. For a man of his make pretty Molly Robinson is the very wife. Plenty of land, too, and it 's just what he has n't got. If he owned a thousand acres or so of good bottom land, he would light down on it out of the air, don't you see! But he would no more look at little Molly Robinson, than Miss Agnes would think of Mose Evans; he 's determined to have her or die. They say she is to marry a gentleman from Charleston, or he will get her yet; see if he does n't."

At this juncture, my host branched off into one of his funniest stories, his nice wife seated knitting, and, I had almost said, purring in her little rocking-chair close to his side, she was so gentle and kitten-like and loving — "Puss" being her name, and continually used. I liked Harry Peters, thoroughly enjoyed the oxygen of the man, if I may so speak, but I forget what it was we all laughed so heartily about that day. I want to add here, however out of place, what Mr. Parkinson said to me when he was East soliciting funds for their church, afterward. Circumstances had thrown us into very confidential intimacy then, or he never could have said, as he did, "It seems a singular remark to make, sir, but I have come to believe that a man can cast himself too

passively upon the bosom even of his God! Our Creator wants a man to be manly! Of course you will understand. One thing I do know, there are cases where he refuses to answer importunate prayer by anything in return, outer or inner, — repels, casts off the suppliant. Not only because that suppliant is selfish in his seeking, but whining and whimpering and indulging in a sickly sort of dependence, when he ought to stand up like a man, bear terrible trouble silently, and do known duty stoutly, whatever the duty may be!"

But I never dreamed of mentioning that remark a moment ago; certainly the maker thereof had improved into a sturdier and far more happy and effective man than he had promised to be before, when he thus opened his heart to me; *that* being itself, however, a lingering of his former weakness. For my part, I am perfectly willing to be the friend confided in: but not the friend, of the two, who confides, not if I can help it. I know the world, unfortunately, too well!

It was hard work to get away from Harry Peters' fun, and, more pleasant to me still, his wife's perfect enjoyment of it. I was just in time for supper at General Throop's, and went to bed as soon after as I politely could. Not that I was unusually fatigued after my ride about the plantation, talking with the hands here and there over the same all day, as well as with Peters; the fact is, I was seriously perplexed. You observe, I had a hundred other matters besides, pressing upon me for decision; many thousands of dollars involved. I was glad to get to bed.

It was as natural, under the circumstances, that Helen and Agnes should have sat far into the night, all the rest of the household wrapped in sleep.

"My heart yearns over her as if she were my own and my only sister," my wife said to me when at last she came into our room. "My knowledge of the world, as compared with hers at least, makes me feel much older. I do so desire to help her; and how can I, unless I know how matters stand in regard to that — Clammeigh? I heard many hints before I left Charleston of a new flame of his, a certain Cuban heiress. One thing I know: his handsome mansion there is being remodeled and made ready for — something. Agnes well knows it is my sincere affection for her, not mere curiosity, which makes me anxious to find out when we are to have her in Charleston as Mrs. Clammeigh, or whether there is any possibility of her becoming — the idea! — Mrs. Parkinson, instead."

"Or whether," I interposed, "there is any chance for poor Evans."

"Nonsense!" my wife replied, with such energy that I will stand aside and let her take my place as narrator of all that occurred between Agnes and herself. Understand distinctly, it is not myself, but Mrs. Anderson, who thus proceeds: —

"I would so dearly love to see you married, Agnes," I said at last. "In certain senses of the word your betrothed — may I speak of him, dear? — is a superior man" —

"There is the most singular weakness in me, Helen dear," she replied. "That word 'superior' brings it to mind. I never told a soul before; it is a species of hallucination. Do you know, I cannot remember when I did not consider myself, I am ashamed to say it, somehow a being superior to those around me. It is an odd deficiency in me, but I have always felt as I suppose a princess born to a throne does. It is in my blood. Except towards my parents, dearly as I love every one, conscious as I am of my folly, even when I feel most humble I have an absurd sense of condescension! I dare say I am to be empress of a star in the other world. If I were married to a king today, I would wear crown and robe and hold my court as if I were, for the first time, in my true place. A singular fancy, is n't it?"

"And you would make a most gracious majesty, dear," I said. "But to be a queen there must be — unless you are of the vixenish sort, like Elizabeth — a king. Your parents, Agnes, are not

as strong as they were, Theodore is gone, and they may be taken, dear. Persons of your sensitive nature, so tenderly shielded all your life from the world, need a protector. And, Agnes dear, we will be so glad to see you married."

"I suppose suffering has made me too sensitive," she replied. "And, at last, it lies so much in the individual who suffers, Helen, not in the sort or degree of the trouble. There is Mr. Harry Peters, our overseer," she said, evading me still, and she seemed resolved to keep as far off as she could from not only speaking but thinking upon the subject. I was the more resolved to know certainly if I could. And therefore I listened but in part to her as she continued about Mr. Peters. "The funniest man I ever knew," she said. "Papa and I dined there one day by special invitation, and it was all very grand. They had soup and fish first. As their girl was bringing in afterward an enormous turkey, she tripped and fell, and dashed it full in Mr. Peters' face. I thought — suppose it had been papa at the head of *his* table! how I trembled! But Mr. Peters only laughed; laughed and made us laugh by his funny ways, till it seemed the best joke in the world! His dear little wife thinks it is all *so* amusing, and you could n't help enjoying their enjoyment. He has done papa good like medicine; I never knew him to laugh so since secession. When we were threatened with cotton worms, Mr. Peters turned that into a joke. When his children were lost in the swamp, he was, his wife told me, certain of finding them, keeping the household and all the searchers in high spirits till they were found, and then he cried like a woman, even while he was laughing more than before. He is the brightest, most joyous person I ever knew, and nothing but a poor, lame, sickly overseer! That Mr. Archer is so happy because he drinks, but Mr. Peters is" —

"What kind of a person, Agnes, was that Mr. Moses Evans?" I began.

"In a moment, Helen. I think I am exactly like Mr. Peters. By nature. But, Helen dear, God alone knows how I have suffered. It was not merely our long and terrible time in Charleston through the siege. I do not believe we had one night of sound sleep during all those terrible — centuries they seem to me now. Nor was it the loss of property and the breaking up of the largest, certainly the most refined, at least the dearest, circle of friends heart could desire. It is such a strange feeling, too, to have lost your country. Papa feels that everything one calls country is as utterly lost as if it had been swallowed up in the sea; he is the resident to-day — not citizen — of that nation in all the world which he likes least. There is our removing, too, to such a region as this! And then, do I not know, my father and mother must soon go, and leave me alone in the world! So far as this life is concerned there never was a person more entirely without a future! Oh, Helen, if God had but spared Theodore! Did you know him, Helen? It was my being his own sister made me fancy myself a princess; I worshiped him as my king, for he was a king. The most beautiful, the noblest! — and, oh how glad I am, for his dear sake, that he is dead! I wake, dear, and lie and listen to the great river flowing by, and the heavy breathing of the wind rising and falling, as in sleep, among the live-oaks, lifting and letting fall their long gray moss; so far away, alone, alone!"

After some silence she added, "I saw a lovely little flower by the roadside as I got out of the buggy at our gate, coming back from church last Sunday, and I put a stick of wood on either side of it to protect it. When I went on Monday to transplant it, I found the poor little flower, crushed down in the print of a mule's hoof! Oh, Helen, does n't it seem sometimes as if God did n't care what trod upon you! I am tempted at times to think I 'm no more to him than a jamestown weed, any vile thing that chance wheel or hoof may trample into the mire! It does me good, Helen, to know it is a Father who strikes me so hard. But when I know

that God is also a man, who allowed himself to be trodden down under wicked feet, his greatest glory and happiness afterward and forever because of *that*, I have only to feel that *he* is with me in all that happens, and I am singing again like a bird!"

As I kiss her cheek, down which the tears are silently flowing, I whisper, "I asked you about Mr. Evans, dear, because we met him as we came here," and, drawing her closer to me as we sat in the dimly lighted room, trying to put her in my place when at the hotel, I told her the whole story of our meeting Mose Evans on that occasion. I did not leave out one thing! I do not know how I worded it, but I told her that there was no saying what such a person as Evans might become. And I told her of the quiet, silent, desperate determination of that foolish, foolish man! Once or twice she tried to turn the conversation, but I can be as self-willed as anybody, when I exert myself. I left nothing unsaid. When there was nothing more to *be* said, she only kissed me and replied, "You must be so tired, Helen dear. It is after midnight. What a shame in me to keep you up so! You will find a lighted candle and a cross husband in your room. Good night, dear. May you have pleasant dreams, — during the *night*, too!"

I could but return her good-night kiss and leave her. What else could I do, Henry? She is the most complete combination of opposites I ever knew. She is more dependent upon others, yet more self-reliant, than any other person I ever met; so impulsive and unreserved in temperament, yet so silent where her inmost heart is concerned. These years of bitter trouble have intensified all that is beautiful in her nature. Her passion for music, too, — spending whole days at her piano, Aunty Washington tells me, — has had the same effect. Perhaps, too, if I had her child-like temperament and her terrible trouble, I might have the same simple faith. I do believe her deepest wants are so entirely satisfied by it that she feels far less than she otherwise would the need of any other, but trusts Him as an actual, living, real Friend, the wisest, strongest, most sympathizing Person in the universe, — all the world, all her future, completely in his hands!

III.

Many a month had passed since the visit of Helen and myself to the Throops in their home out West. I was engrossed, meanwhile, in business so extensive, increasing, and pressing, as to keep me almost continually upon the wing between Charleston, New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Even during my periods of rest in Charleston, it was rarely I could get home from our office to Helen until near midnight. Very often my wife would wake up only enough to say, "And here you are at last, are you! You are killing yourself, Henry. But I have not been thinking about you. Oh, Henry, how lonely, how very lonely Agnes must be!" Generally I was too tired to do more than assent to this, and go to sleep. Even when Helen read to me, as I ate at table, Agnes Throop's letters, I did not listen as I should, especially as some letter in reference to land was sure to be pressing upon me for an answer just then. The fact is, I was making hay while the sun shone, knowing that the market was sure to slacken; and slacken it did, or I never could have found time for these pages, I assure you. It was the same with my correspondence so far as Evans was concerned. All these days he was studying at a certain venerable college at the East. Every time I saw the tops of its buildings from the car windows, when journeying in that region, I would say to myself, "The next time I come this way I will certainly stop!" Yet I never did. Because I never could. Perhaps it was because I was compelled to write such telegrammic letters in reply, that his were so brief. About all I could get from them was, that what time he was not upon horseback there, or in the gymnasium, he was in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. I had a sense of keen regret at this, until we

got as clerk a graduate from the institution, perfectly unfitted, I am obliged to say, by his books and dyspepsia, for business, who explained matters. It was only the exercise Evans took, coupled, I suppose, with his power of profound sleep, which enabled him to master his amazing amount of study, and keep up, in all, I had almost written, its splendor, his vigorous constitution. "I had no personal acquaintance with him," Parker, our clerk, told me. "He is a man of fine presence, but somewhat reserved, and he was simply one among several hundreds of us there." Parker added that he, Parker himself, was, — and I feel satisfied it was so much the worse for him in a business point of view, — a student taking the regular course, while Evans took an optional and irregular one, Parker being a "Clio" too, whatever that means, while my friend was a "Whig." Very soon I turned over, not the letters merely, but the entire correspondence with Evans, to my wife, whose interest in him seemed to have wonderfully increased of late. Although she gave me items now and then from his letters while he was at the college mentioned, and after he went to Europe, she never had one at hand when I did have time to read it. My general impression was that she slipped them into the envelope conveying her own epistles to Agnes Throop. To this day I do not know whether Evans made allusions in them to Agnes or not. My wife was quite silent upon the subject. And so months, and months upon months, fled away; it is impossible for me, without referring to memoranda, to say how many. Which prepares my way to tell of what comes next in order among the events of this statement of facts.

It is very singular! — I mean how persons come upon each other, compelled unconsciously the one toward the other by some secret magnetism. The first time I was in New York, for instance, the one man, of all the million there, who knew me, slapped me upon the shoulder as I stood at the window of a broker's office in Nassau Street. Since I became superintendent of a Sabbath-school in Charleston, I have never entered a theatre but once. I was in Boston, and I dropped in to see the Black Crook, solely to be able intelligently to warn our young people against such things. Only one person was North from our school, a young man, and I had not taken my seat before he rose from the next chair, exclaiming, "Why, Mr. Anderson, how did you know I was here?" I merely took his arm and led him sorrowfully out, and he cannot understand it to this day.

It was such an accident in regard to the Scotia. I happened to be spending three days at our office on Wall Street. Our treasurer had remarked casually, "I see the Scotia is signaled," and his remark came back to me as, many hours later, I was crossing to Jersey City. Our ferry-boat was passing under the stern of the great steamship; I was envying the passengers clustered along the railing, saying to myself, Please Heaven, a little more money made, and Helen and I will take the children with us and see how the Old World looks these days!

At the instant one of the gentlemen on board, standing with a lady beside him apart from the rest, leaned over the railing, lifted his traveling cap to me, calling down at the same time, "Good evening, sir. All well?" and pointed me out to the lady, doubtless his wife, as he replaced his cap. I knew immediately that it was some officer in the Confederate service who had known me during the war. As many of them as could do so had gone across the Atlantic. I have no time to talk about that just now, but certainly their mistaken rebellion was the most magnificent mistake in point of dimension, desperation, and utterness of disaster, history has ever known, and I have a hearty liking for the men, greatly as I rejoice in their defeat. So I said to myself of this instance, Glad enough you are to get back, I'll be bound; glad and proud by this time in your inmost soul, that your foolish swords failed to hew this continent into miserable fragments!

I suppose I had the eternal instinct — surely it is of God in us all — toward the returning prodigal as the crowd rushed ashore pell-mell from the ferry-boat. I acknowledge it did occur to me that my friend, whoever it was, might want a home upon some of our lands, like General Throop, for instance. But my chief reason, thank Heaven, was to have again in my own one of those cordial hands! There is Helen, too, and Agnes Throop, they may know his wife; at least there will be an item for to-night's letter home. I need not, however, have made such short work, on my way to the Scotia's dock, of the business that brought me over from New York. When I got to the picket paling, I had no card of admittance and had to wait without while the steamer was slowly warped ashore by cable and capstan. But my friend was as eager, if less demonstrative. His wife still beside him, he stood upon a coil of rope on the quarter-deck, searching for me with his eyes among the struggling crowd outside the pickets. It took him but a few moments to succeed in that. Now, I firmly believe if you were to see an inhabitant of Mars through a telescope, you could tell his culture and breeding on the instant. Certainly you would have had no trouble as to decision in this case, — something in the very gesture and bearing of the person, Heaven knows what! As he sees me he lifts his cap and waves it, which I acknowledge by lifting my hat upon the end of my umbrella and bobbing it to him above the heads of the crowd about me.

And now followed the deliberate bringing ashore of the trunks and the ranging of them on the floor within the pickets, in lines and by the hundreds, for the inspection of the custom-house people. I was diverted from all this, however, by a party of well-dressed Frenchmen waiting within the inclosure, near the fence dividing me from them, for a passenger aboard. Before their friend could come ashore they laughed, gesticulated, chattered, as I had previously supposed impossible to man; but when that friend climbed down to them in some wholly impossible way from the vessel, freshly charged with the peculiar electricity of Paris, the kissing, shrugging of shoulders, chattering all at once, indescribable to-do, was painfully suggestive of Darwin!

My attention, however, was called off by my Confederate officer, whom I had forgotten, but who had come ashore unseen and now very quietly put his hand through the pickets.

"Mr. Anderson, glad to see you!"

The words were spoken with genial warmth, yet as quietly as if we had parted only the day before.

"How are you, general — colonel" — I actually stammered and hesitated, blushed I dare say, as I gave my hand through the bars. A large man, military bearing, plaid cap, gray overcoat, magnificent beard of golden hair, glad to see me, with all his soul in his noble eyes, yet so entirely self-possessed, in contrast, at least, with those Frenchmen making such fools of themselves!

"Why, I never dreamed" — I began.

"And you had my letters from Germany?" So cordial, yet so quiet!

Mose Evans! But why should I have been so completely taken aback? Possibly because I had not the least idea of meeting him. It was so sudden. The man was so utterly changed, yet so entirely the same! But, I demand of myself, even then, why should I have that instant sense of being so many inches shorter, so many pounds lighter, than my friend? Such a queer fancy of being quicksilver in contrast with bullion? I am so frank with Helen, I told her even this, weeks after. "You are of wholly different build and birth, Henry," she said. "You certainly had the part of mercury toward him, if you say so, separating him from his dirt!" Married people grow to think together, and I had made the same reflection. Only it was not true. It was Miss Agnes Throop. I have made Helen a Yankee girl, and Helen says she has made me into a Southerner. Why, the power of the Founder of our faith is but the influence upon you, sir or madam, of one

person upon another; only that his is infinite influence!

I had spent so much time of late among the hurried inhabitants of Wall Street, that the contrast of Mose Evans to them was the more refreshing, the immediate comparison of my friend with those effervescing Frenchmen making his quiet of manner, I suppose, the more striking. His trunk was entangled among hundreds of others nearly, yet, conversing with me meanwhile almost as undisturbedly as if we were alone together in some secluded spot, he stood like a statue amid the hurry and fuss and confusion until his turn came, and nothing more easy and smooth than his management of matters during the search of his trunk by the officials. I think it was by reason of his steady mastery of himself. Besides, he was so perfectly well, so exceedingly strong and happy! "And, now, if you please, this one; it is a lady's," he said to the custom-house officer, producing the key of a very cathedral of a trunk, next his, as he spoke, avoiding casting his eyes for a moment in that direction as the lid was being lifted.

"I saw her beside you on deck, Mrs. Evans, I suppose. Allow me to congrat— " but I think he could not have heard me, those Frenchmen were so noisy, as he merely paused in mid act from stroking his beard with the palm of his left hand, and looked at me. Under sudden impulse I appointed to meet him that evening at a hotel in the city, and, elbowing my way out of the crowd, I left; my feeling was exactly as when great Confederate news arrived where I was in the South during the war, and I kept from knowing it as long as I could.

"I am so very glad," he said, "to see you," and he took my hand in both of his, yet once more, when we met again in the parlor of the hotel. It was unnatural or natural in me, as you please; I suppose my business has made it my instinct; but how sharply I watched him as he took off his orange peel of a cap, for he had just come in, laid off his gray coat, passed his hands over his head, face, voluminous beard, and then took my palm in his own again.

"Oh, over Germany, the Alps, Italy, France, England, of course, Scotland, Ireland," he answered to a question of mine about his travels. If there had been the least affectation in him! The smallest beginning of boastfulness, even the shade of an uneasy feeling! There was disquiet on my part. I am satisfied he must have observed it; even that did not disturb his childlike calm. He was so entirely certain, so profoundly happy! At least, if one's outer man is any reliable evidence thereof.

"Now for a bath," he said, after we had chattered for some time about everything the world around except what I was mainly interested to know, "and then, dinner."

I almost blushed at myself in my mirror in the act of dressing with unusual care. Why should I not keep on my business suit of Scotch gray, since it was merely with Mose Evans I was to dine? He was not in the parlor of the hotel when I came down, for there is something of the slowness of General Throop in every Southerner I ever knew, and I was glad that I had no demoralizing suspicion of being ill dressed, when I found in my corner of the parlor several of the passengers by the steamer, evidently from among the best people! What a transforming power in leisure and money, clothing, education, travel, freedom from consuming care, I said to myself of the gentlemen and ladies present, recalling to mind that I had never seen in the House of Lords when in London, or out of it, a superior if equal type of people. My attention was, however, immediately fastened upon the person who was, as naturally as Victoria in her drawing-room, the queen of this assembly. And it was a lady so much of the English style of beauty, such impressiveness of size, contour, bearing, as that it was impossible to say whether she was matron or maid; little over twenty in either case. There was something in her perfect repose as she sat upon the sofa amid her volumes of silk — lavender color, I believe it was — and lace, her

hands lying in mutual embrace upon her lap, the cool gray of her singularly open eyes, the motionless poise of her erect head, — something that reminded one of an Egyptian statue. Impressive is the word, and a more impressive woman I never saw in my life. Had he been Prince Albert in the queen's drawing-room, my friend could not have been more completely at home with all when he entered, well dressed, but without the least reminder of courtier or fop. Were it not that there was no least intention of the sort on his part, there was the graciousness of blood in the cordial way in which he came first to me to shake hands and then turned with me, as I rose, to her Majesty, the queen upon the sofa.

"I have often spoken of you to her. It is at her request," he whispered, as he led me forward. "Allow me" —

It was the sudden and insufferable nuisance of the gong in the corridor, and not any embarrassment upon my part, which prevented my catching one syllable of what followed. "If you will accept Mr. Anderson's arm," he was saying, as the gastronomic thunder rolled away down the valleys, so to speak, of the hotel, "I will assist your father; he is used to me, you know," and I observed that the old gentleman upon the sofa beside her seemed a confirmed invalid.

"You cannot think how kind he has been to my father," my companion said, as we took our seats at the table set apart in the dining-hall for our company, to whom, as we were seating ourselves, Mr. Evans introduced me. "We met in Egypt. My father had a passion to ascend the pyramids," the lady continued. "Mr. Evans would hardly suffer the Arabs to touch him; he almost carried him up in his arms. Mr. Evans is very strong." And well I knew she intended to say "large," but was withheld by her social tact, although I am not considered what is usually styled a small man, I hope. A higher instance of social poise, yet power, I never met in a woman; besides, I was wondering, as we sat, if the diamond ring upon her finger meant marriage or not. Just then her father said, in a querulous way, from the other side of her, "Edith, my dear!" and my companion had to listen to certain remarks from a spectacled, and, I dare say, quite distinguished German across the table, and translate them, not worth uttering in the first place, to her father. When that father interrupted us in the parlor after dinner, in the same way, in reference to a French and copiously moustached politician present, I began to fear it was a weakness of the old gentleman, the more so as he seized speedy occasion to tell me that his daughter was equally conversant with Spanish and Italian. Certainly she was as unconscious of possessing any special accomplishment in the matter as she seemed to be during the music she favored us with that night. I am not myself fond of brilliant performance either with the piano keys or the voice, yet I do admire all along the subtle and exquisite mechanism of the effort, not the result at all; it is the marvelous machinery producing the result which I encore.

"You cannot think how embarrassed I was all the evening," I said to Evans when he was in my room next day.

"At what?" my friend demanded in his even way. Now I was not afraid of Mose Evans at all; preposterous indeed if I should be! "Because the gong," I said, "drowned somewhat my introduction to the lady. I could not well ask her if she was your wife. To this moment I do not know" —

I was surprised at the sudden and strong color suffusing my friend's whole face as I rattled on; less of modesty it seemed than of anger. He sat looking at me, as the color died away from his face, almost curiously, as if he doubted his ears or my sanity; at last he replied,

"I had hardly expected it of you, Mr. Anderson. Of *you*, — knowing the facts of my history as you do!"

There was quite a silence. I was nettled by the tone and manner of the man; angry, I suppose, chiefly at myself. "The lady, Miss Edith Livingstone,"

he said after a while, "lives near this city. We met in Cairo, afterward at St. Petersburg. She was traveling with her invalid father, and I had the opportunity of being of some small service in Paris and London. She has no more idea of anything of the kind," color rising again, "than myself." I hardly thought it wise to tell him so, but if that thoroughly accomplished woman of the world did not have some thought of the kind, I am mistaken. Nothing in the least unmaidenly, of course; but there was a certain something in the cool gray eyes and in the movement of those clasped hands, when my friend came and went during our few days at that hotel! I have mentioned the matter to Helen, yet we may both, it is true, be mistaken.

Strange to say, my new friend, so thoroughly my old friend, also, was far more at ease with me than I was with him. I rejoiced in and yet resented the culture of the man. There was, in comparison with myself, a size, a steadiness, an absolute confidence, a measure of youth yet seniority, which amazed, at least impressed me almost to irritation. Yet, as we sat late into the night over our dessert that day, dining together in my parlor at the hotel, he was, for all his perfectly cut broadcloth and snowy linen, and easy use of napkin and fork and waiter, merely — Mose Evans! When I say that he was utterly changed, and was not altered in the least degree, I suppose the explanation lies in his being a simple development of the inner man along the lines of his nature, which I knew before. I do wonder if it was because he was born South? — such a singular reminder he was of General Throop. Our waiter, colored, took for granted that he was the chief of the two; certainly from no assumption upon my friend's side. It is a trifling thing to mention, but, as we sat down to dinner, he had glanced inquiringly at me, and, as I was about to ask what he wished, he bowed his head and said grace. Up to that moment I think our waiter had regarded him as a person of distinction, a millionaire most likely; not so certain of it after that, I fear.

My having been over the same ground myself made it more easy and interesting, — our talk of his travels, — but he had taken Europe more slowly and thoroughly than I; every edifice, picture, opera, king, queen, peasant almost. And all along he had asked me after but one person by name, — my wife. I suppose he rested upon my assurance at the outset that "all are well."

I like chess, — that is, I like to make moves in matters generally, so I ventured to ask, as we conversed, about the beauty of women over the water; in Italy, for instance.

"I had letters of introduction from Boston, partly through our old friend the postmaster, partly from acquaintance made while studying," he told me, "to people in London, and one or two in Paris. I was fortunate in making friends. I liked the ladies, but the men more; it merely happened so, I suppose."

"You do not ask about Miss Throop," I said, almost irritated; abruptly, in fact.

"No. Because I know already. Perfectly," he said immediately, with the face of a child. "I always knew. At least, after the first moment in that old barn of a church." Was this — insolence? I have to do some singular things in land matters — so, I dared it.

"Have you heard of Mr. Clammeigh's marriage?" I asked, in a low, sympathizing, impressive manner, very seriously indeed.

"No! And he is married, is he? But you know I never knew much of him." Entire unconcern. I looked at my friend with pain and surprise in every lineament of my face. "You knew Mr. Clammeigh was engaged to Miss Throop. I had supposed the news of his marriage would — would" — and how keenly I watched him!

"Ah, yes!" he answered on the instant, the gladness all over his face only brightening as he spoke, and with a motion of his right hand to his inner breast pocket. "It reminds me, I want to show you, Mr. Anderson! I could not find it in Paris; found it, at last, in

Vienna; the very thing I knew must be somewhere. Our ring. But it is going through the custom-house."

"And you think I deceive you!" I hesitated at the familiarity, but went on. "My poor, poor fellow!" The exclamation jarred us both a little, and Mr. Evans colored, but added, not the shadow of a fleeting doubt on his face, "Oh, excuse me! I did not catch your meaning. I was thinking of that ring. You did it very well. What a comedian you would make. But, not exactly! It is with me about that as it is, if you will excuse me, about smuggling. I am no better than other people, but it is so thoroughly against one's self to try to cheat and lie — I mean with those officials. They would have seen it in my eyes, all over me! And a something for *her*. I would as soon have dipped the diamond in mire."

"And you do — not — believe — that — Miss Throop — is married!" I gazed pityingly upon my friend as I said it. If there had been but a doubt, merely the least questioning in his eyes whether I was jesting! Not a bit of it! Nothing but sunny and entire certainty there! And so we left the question; *he* was not interested in it. "You seem to be so happy," I said in a turn of our conversation, and with ominous accent.

"Am I? I never thought of it. It is my thorough health, I suppose," he replied, "caused by perpetual change of scene and air. I think, too, I have more faith and the repose of faith than some persons."

"Faith?"

"I hesitate to speak of it even to you. But, over there," with a gesture toward the Atlantic, "they are chattering, in all languages, about there being nothing at last but law and force. Now I believe," he added with the candor of a child, "there is a Person to match this universe. He was a revelation as wholly new to me as was Miss Throop; and I rest in her as I do in him."

"It was a vast change for you, from your cabin to — the whole world!" I remarked, I remember, during the evening.

"Not so much as you would think," he replied. "Certainly, not so very great a change as I had anticipated; and really it is but a small globe at last, is it not, Mr. Anderson? You can sail about it in three months, can flash your telegram around it in a minute. Smaller than I thought. Apart from their houses and clothing, people, too, are very much alike; don't you think so?"

"There is something singular in the matter of inheritance," my companion remarked after a turn in the conversation. "My poor father was a very bookish man, I was told, as well as a person of great refinement. Now I do believe that intuition is merely inherited experience. I have been reading a great deal, very rapidly because every volume seemed oddly familiar from the first, as if I had certainly read it before. So of painting, music, science, even, as far, at least, as my limited knowledge of them extends. It is as if it all was already lying dormant in me, easily wakened. Singular, is n't it?"

And so we drifted this way and that; talked Brownstown thoroughly over. Hah, — I think of it only as I now write, — the Confederate officer of my imagination *did* want land at last! "What I fully hope she will consent to," he had casually observed, "is to leave Brown County. I do not care to live there because I think she will prefer to go where I was not known before. I have thought of the northwest, of our spending our new life in a new world. What do you think, Mr. Anderson?"

There is nothing in luck, nothing outside of experience and readiness to handle whatever material you have. I am sure nothing could have been more natural in this case. I represented large bodies of land in California, and Mr. Evans owned land like a Texan *Empressario*, in Brown County. Affairs were put in train then that resulted in exchanges of lands with which we are not dissatisfied so far. All this has slipped from me without my intending it, but if the reader imagines that he can now anticipate all that is to follow, let him not be too sure; events do not

befall in sober narration like this as they do in fiction.

"You know what a long infancy I had," my friend said in connection with our land talk that night. "And I have been reading, seeing, hearing, growing, I hope, of late. Well, I am young, strong, eager for work. I will find what I can do, so that it is work and plenty of it!" And I can say this, at least, that Mr. Evans is to-day second to no man in our land company. Frankly, as a "man of affairs" I never met his superior; and why not say so?

I had him down on Wall Street next day. Our people thought, at first, he was an English capitalist. I was a little annoyed, amused, gratified, and perplexed at it, but my being his friend was considered as a sort of feather in my cap. Mose Evans! As I used to know him in Brown County! Miss Throop's influence, of course, — I heartily assent to that, knowing her so well, even though failing so painfully in making her known to the reader. Yet I ask of the reader, even if a lady, could anything have been made of this man if it was not in him from the first? It is not out of a cockle-burr that an oak grows; now does it? I wish somebody, not a divine, would write an argument, as I have said before, for the resurrection, based upon a man's capacity for the same, illustrated by facts, on *this* side death!

We had some singular talk together that night, which I would like to detail, but I feel it is not proper. My friend assumed all along the influence upon himself, modest as he was in speaking about it, of two persons, the one being as real to him as the other. The first was simply a man, who, he heartily believed, is also God. The other was a woman. Say he mistook actual facts as to the one and the other, — if I do not add that they were living persons, both, to him, I fail of the truth. Certainly, real or unreal, they made him all he was!

I suppose it is sheer force of association, but this reminds me — I am glad I did not forget it — of a letter my friend found waiting him in New York. He read it to me the day he went West, a week after his arrival from Europe, compelled sorely against his will to remain as long as that arranging exchange of land. In looking over it then I inadvertently, from force of habit when a document was in my hand, put it into my breast pocket. It was memoranda rather than letter from old New Hampshire, the Brown County postmaster. I found it yesterday among my papers, looking for a deed. I transcribe only the last part.

"You will have heard of Mrs. Throop's death. Her husband always sends for his mail, is very feeble and broken. Wife's death, I suppose. Miss Throop in deep mourning as usual at church, looks very worn, yet helps our singing.

"Dick Frazier is dead of drink, which reminds me that you ask after Mr. Archer. I infer that Mr. Anderson when here had serious conversation with him, as at Bucksnort. Also, Mr. Parkinson. From the fact that he took to drink more desperately afterwards. He was in my store since then, upon New Year's Eve. Bought a box of caps. 'Hunting?' I asked. He never uses a gun except when he is expecting a difficulty. 'Would you like to know?' he asked. His manner was unlike what I ever saw before. Pale. Haggard. Desperate. I told him I would. His manner of cursing me was singular. There was no one else in the store, it was so very late. I attempted to reason with him. He renewed his profanity, including his Maker and his parents in the same. I am but a small man, quite old and feeble since we parted. I placed myself between Mr. Archer and the door. He attempted to force his way by. Struck me violently. I grappled with him. He is not strong. Had the door locked and him in my back room. He blasphemed and broke down in an agony of weeping. He had intended to shoot himself, as I supposed. Had he intimated it I knew he would not. I am satisfied that the residence here of General Throop and family has

had much influence on him. I will not detail our conversation. I did not speak of his father or mother. Nor of church. I spoke, as well as I could, of another Person. I am satisfied that other Person was in the room and helped me. And helped him. He spent the night with me. We have had much conversation since. He has ceased from evil courses. Seems changed. I do not know. Has never even pretended to stop before. He intends to study for the ministry. I suggested Andover. He said the grace of God might enable him to endure the Yankees since the war. He feared not, however. Thought it safest not to risk it! He studies instead at Columbia. If he holds fast to his Helper he will stand. If he does not he will not. I have great fears as to the result, but cannot tell. Good-by."

As to myself I had not sufficient belief in the possibility of the lawyer's reformation to give it a second thought, and hasten to record my parting with Evans at the office of the hotel.

"You are exposing yourself, my friend," I said with all sincerity as we shook hands, "to a terrible disappointment. Your very certainty of success will make it more disastrous!"

"I will take the risk," he added with hearty assurance as he held my hand.

Could there have been, I asked myself as I stood there, any engagement before he left Brown County? Could anything have resulted from his correspondence with my wife while away? Nothing of the kind so far as I knew, nothing whatever! I was seriously offended on Miss Throop's behalf. "Unless she has pledged herself, do you think your confidence of success wholly respectful to Miss Throop?" I began.

"You could not doubt my deepest respect for her, to save your life," he replied. "As to my confidence, as I told you the other night, it rests in her as it does in my Maker. *She* will understand me, perfectly!" And, with another cordial shake of the hand, he was gone. Upon the whole, I would have said nothing of all this to him, had I known he was such a — what *is* the word!

William M. Baker.

ATALANTA.

When spring grows old, and sleepy winds
  Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
  Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
  In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
  And at the end, I know, is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
  Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew run
  The vigor of Hippomenes.

Oh race of love! we all have run
  Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
  For life or death or anything!

James Maurice Thompson.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

THERE is a class of writers whom, extravagantly admiring in early life, we are apt to treat later with injustice; and Bulwer, who is the greatest of this class, has not only met this fate with individual readers, but from the whole body of contemporary criticism. It is not so many years since Blackwood's Magazine deliberately, and no doubt sincerely, rated him above all the English novelists of our time, — and much above them. It is now almost one of the insignia of rank in the republic of letters to slight him; and the literary snobs are quick to the easy distinction of doing so.

This is a droll destiny for a lord; it is a pathetic one for such an honest and painstaking worker, and it is an unfair one for a writer who has entertained the world so long and so well. The situation is so odious that it is doubly hard to have Bulwer himself join his adversaries, and as it were officially announce, in his last book, The Parisians, that he is not a man of genius. It is not exactly a vulgar book, but it is hopelessly common — the final throe of cleverness, the ultimate act of mere talent. It casts its derogatory light back upon his former works, and mercilessly defines and ranges them. Yet what shall we make of the fact that he has been one of the greatest figures in modern English literature, and what shall become of his fame?

The fame of all novelists is very perishable; the fashion changes, they are not read, they pass into the English Classics at the best, and continue on with the enduring deadness of mummies; and most of them die and cease to be, even in name. Is this the case with novelists of genius? We suppose that Scott was undoubtedly a novelist of genius, but though the Waverley novels are still largely bought and considerably talked of, we doubt if since the fall of the Confederacy — in which region they were regarded as current literature — they are any longer even generally read. Occasionally a novel universalizes and bids fair to survive, as The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quijote, Gil Blas, and in less degree I Promessi Sposi and Wilhelm Meister; but in such cases the perpetuity of the work seems conditioned upon the author's concentration of his force chiefly in a single effort of the kind. Is immortality then determined by quantity? Would Scott now be read as much as ever if he had written no romance save The Bride of Lammermoor, say? What rank would Bulwer hold if he had given us only The Caxtons? Does mankind forget good books in sheer despair at their number?

The question is always a curious one; but it is a little apart from the business of considering The Parisians, which we were saying was so commonly conceived and commonly written. It is not so common in material; and it is full of the less delicate sort of skill. It has been called a picture

1 *The Parisians.* By EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON. With Illustrations by Sydney Hall. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Phineas Redux. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

The Wooing o't. A Novel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1873.

Diamond cut Diamond. A Story of Tuscan Life. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Life and Correspondence of Samuel Johnson, D. D. By E. EDWARD BEARDSLEY, D. D. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By JOHN FORSTER. Vol. III. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

The Life of Edwin Forrest, with Reminiscences and Personal Recollections. By JAMES REES. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The New Chemistry. By JOSIAH P. COOKE, JR. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

The Borderland of Science: a Series of Familiar Dissertations on Stars, Planets and Meteors; Sun and Moon; Earthquakes; Flying Machines; Coal; Gambling; Coincidences, Ghosts, etc. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

Diamonds and Precious Stones. A popular Account of Gems, containing their History, their distinctive Properties, and a Description of the most famous Gems; Gem Cutting and Engraving, and the artificial Production of real and counterfeit Gems. Translated from the French of LOUIS DIEULAFAIT, Professor of Physics, Doctor of Sciences, by FANCHON SANFORD. Illustrated by 126 Engravings on Wood. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company. 1874.

Diamonds and Precious Stones. Their History, Value, and distinguishing Characteristics; with simple Tests for their Identification. By HARRY EMANUEL, F. R G. S. 2d Edition, with a new Table of the present Value of Diamonds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1873.

The Ancient City: a Study of the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome. By FUSTEL DE COULANGES. Translated from the last French Edition by WILLARD SMALL. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1874.

A Tour through the Pyrenees. By HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE. Translated by J. SAFFORD FISKE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

of life in Paris just before the fall of the empire and during the siege; but it is rather a map; a very accurate map, we should think. All the lines and limits of action are carefully put down there. We have the imperial court, with its *parvenu* society and its financial speculation; we have the legitimist aristocracy, with their gentle manners, their religiousness, their exclusiveness which the emperor himself never overcame, and their insuperable pride; we have the republic full grown and ready at any moment to assert itself under the empire, with all its following of journalists, artists, speculators, and adventurers, and apparently unconscious of the commune within it. The vast design leaves out scarcely a characteristic type of the native Parisian or alien Parisian life; and it is not wanting in representatives of the English and American residents who so largely helped to form society under Louis Napoleon; but it is here, in his management of the Americans, that the author rouses in his American reader's mind a very serious doubt whether he is able to paint Parisian life truly. If the speech, behavior, and character of his different Parisians are as grotesquely impossible as those of Colonel Frank Morley, the American, then it is a pity that we are so ignorant of Parisians as not to be able to enjoy all the author's amusing mistakenness. Colonel Morley is not meant to be offensive to us; he is elaborately set down a very fine fellow; and he and his countrymen are said to get on better than Englishmen in French society because they speak better French — from which we can imagine what the English French must be; but anything farther from the American humorist than Colonel Morley could not well be conceived — even by an Englishman. His talk is so preciously unlike the sort of American talk which it is supposed to represent, that it deserves to be got by heart like the colloquies of the famous Portuguese phrase-book. We report also that women so pretty, so rich, and so fashionable as Mrs. Colonel Morley are not attached in their own country to the Cause of Woman; and that cause, thank Providence! needs no such meretricious charms to commend it to our hearts.

But doubtless it would be unfair to judge Lord Lytton's Parisians by his Americans; for doubtless he knew Parisians a great deal better. In spite of Colonel Morley, we shall believe that we have had a very fair glimpse of the society of the French decadence. The characters are oddly disproportionate to their motives, and the effects out of keeping with the causes; but the conditions of people and of things are, we should think, extremely well stated. There is a curiously dull and sluggish love-story creeping through the book, of which really we do not believe it worth while to speak particularly. It may be said scarcely to arrive at any climax, it simply ends in the marriage of the lovers; but something of its ineffectuality may be due to the fact that a great part of the book, toward the close, is fragmentary. One may read The Parisians without excitement, and with a very fair degree of both instruction and entertainment.

— Many novel-readers will recall with pleasure Mr. Trollope's Phineas Finn, which in some ways is among the best of his stories, and they will very gladly welcome a continuation of the adventures of the young Irishman who made a great many friends in his struggle with life, as depicted in the earlier volume, and by his disappointed hopes of success as he approached middle age. We left him then returning to Ireland to marry the simple girl whom he had first loved, and in Phineas Redux we have him returning to London, a widower, after two years' absence, and once more taking part in the politics of the time. He is still a young man, and, as they say in advertisements, "without incumbrances." Almost all of his old friends are introduced with their well-known peculiarities; the story runs on in the quiet, uniform way Mr. Trollope is so fond of, giving us good examples of the author's merits as well as of his faults, or rather of his deficiencies.

One of the most noticeable qualities of the novel is its resemblance to life: the people come and go, and think and talk, very much as do our neighbors and friends; in some places the conversation is remarkably clever; the little hits people give one another, and the way each person follows his own thread of thought, in short, the individuality of every character, is admirably given. We might ourselves be overhearing the talk and watching the little ways of the people. It is with the women especially that Mr. Trollope's cleverness is most noteworthy. Madame Goesler and Lady Glencora understand one another without the need of bringing their inmost hearts to utterance; Miss Adelaide Palisser is very capable of defending herself when hard pressed by a friend, without any outward and visible signs of the faintest grain of

malice, as at the top of page 16, when the conversation has come round to her lover, Mr. Maule; and so in countless other cases. Lady Glencora's enthusiastic defense of Phineas at the time of his trial is amusing and natural. The talk of the men together is also entertaining and life-like.

There is the same sort of exactness in the political part of the novel. It reads like an account of what has actually happened. It is like looking through a glass which alters the absolute but not the relative position of the objects. Mr. Trollope's philosophy of politics is a cheap one, but he manages to give his readers very much the impression they would receive if they were to watch the doings of political parties in England with great indifference as to what work was accomplished, and what principles were involved. It is the same indifference which is to be noticed in all his views of human beings. He never sees far beneath the words and gestures of his characters. He has a keen eye for the little social by-play, but there he stops. In reading his novels we have the enjoyment that is so great with audiences at the theatre who only want a real locomotive and a real fire-engine to come on the stage, to be perfectly satisfied with the play. Imagination is killed; we have in its place the recognition of familiar objects. We look at a mirror instead of at a picture.

This lack of invention is further exemplified by the author's account of the hero's love-affairs. There is something very unromantic in his fickleness, and something far from dignified in the way every one of the women is obliged to take the active part in courtship. Even Miss Palisser, who is represented as a young woman of some spirit, makes very meek and inefficient demands of her cool lover, and considers the fortune which drops into her lap as sufficient to outweigh his short-comings. He consents to marry her when she is rich, but is remarkably resigned to his ill-success so long as she is as poor as he.

There is nothing but amusement to be got from Mr. Trollope; he draws a hero who is but a dawdling lover and a whimsical politician; the women in the book are bright and natural in many ways, and the upshot of it all is that Phineas marries the rich widow and, we may suppose, settles down to middle-aged comfort. Great novelists may tell the same story, but they let the reader see how petty such a conclusion is; they put a meaning between the lines where Mr. Trollope only leaves a blank. They teach as well as describe. Mr. Trollope seems to catch everything but the deeper meaning.

To our grandchildren we dare say these novels will be of great service on account of their photographic accuracy, but if they are trusted to too much they will give a very meagre comprehension of a time which is not all sordidness and hunger for wealth and power. We should be harshly judged on such testimony.

— The Wooing o't is the best possible antidote we could prescribe to sensational novels in general, and in particular, to the works, say, of Miss Rhoda Broughton, — whose beautiful, sensuous, lazy, untaught, ill-tempered, bad-mannered, selfish, and idiotically wayward heroines are no doubt sowing a rank harvest of evil in the fallow minds of the girl patrons of circulating libraries all over England and our own country. We know nothing of Miss Broughton, but she wonderfully belies herself if she is any other than a Celt, and most of her heroines are Celts also, whom her undeniable originality makes interesting, it is true, but who are *au fond* but "wild Irish girls," with native caprice as their only law.

In The Wooing o't, on the contrary, we have the Anglo-Saxon feminine ideal with all its frank surrender to duty and cheerful acceptance of untoward circumstances, yet with an indestructible individuality that keeps it free and self-respecting and self-improving throughout; in short, the English diamond with all its faces cut — the product of the long discipline of ages.

The plot of the novel is that old, old one of lover and beloved in unequal stations, and of love triumphing at last over all the barriers of mere worldly wisdom and conventionality. The heroine, Maggie Grey, is an unpretending little creature, whose charm consists in her sweet and perfect womanliness, and the interest of the story lies in the way in which the rare balancing of many qualities, which this implies, wins its quiet way against every more brilliant advantage. In the opening chapters, Maggie appears as a sort of Cinderella to the odious wife and children of her uncle, a struggling London apothecary. From this dismal situation she is rescued by the keen-sightedness of a rich and vulgar but good-natured widow, their lodger, who sees what a treasure poor Maggie might be to her as companion, accountant, and lady's maid, all in one. She secures her services for a small salary and

takes her to the Continent, and finally to Paris; Maggie meantime making the most of every opportunity that comes in her way, in order to qualify herself to earn her living eventually as a governess. In Paris, the widow, Mrs. Berry, keeps open *salon* in the evening for a real count who has turned her head with his title, but who has designs upon her fortune, and is also a gambler. He brings there his friends and his victims, among the latter a stiff and stolid young English earl, just escaped from a tender but evangelical mother, and from whom the count expects to win large sums of money. Maggie, in tasteful costume, presides at the tea-urn, and first surprises and then captivates the earl by the ease and the friendliness, without presumption, of her manner. His cousin, Geoffrey Trafford, however, a fascinating man of thirty-two, is sent over by the anxious mamma to prevent the *mésalliance* she sees impending for her darling. The danger is warded off, and both the gentlemen leave Paris, but not without Maggie's having converted Trafford into a friend and perhaps something more. Soon after this enchanted episode, the infatuated widow marries the count, and Maggie is obliged to return to her uncle in London. She answers an advertisement and finds a situation as the secretary of a rich beauty who has just come into her inheritance, and who, to while away the months of her mourning at her country-seat, has chosen the original amusement of writing a novel. This lady turns out to be, of course, the cousin of Maggie's Paris friends, who therefore are much startled at finding the latter at Grantham Park, when they go down for the holidays. The heiress herself is in love with one of them, and hence no end of delicate and tantalizing situations. The end is highly satisfactory, even to the *bonne bouche* so often withheld from the novel-reader, of a well-managed declaration scene, and one closes the volume marveling that a work unmarked by original genius should please one so deeply. A century ago such a story would have been a prodigy — nay, an impossibility. Now, amid a hundred others nearly as good, it tells itself with the utmost taste and skill, and scarcely excites a remark. This only shows to what a pitch of perfection the art of novel-writing — *i. e.*, of painting the manners of the day — has been brought by that long and surprising array of clever English women who belong to the school created by Miss Austen. But when such good work as this becomes a mere matter of course, the beginning of the decline of the art is probably not far off.

— Mr. T. A. Trollope's tale, Diamond cut Diamond, is a story of priestly interference in the domestic affairs of a family of country people in Tuscany. There is a burly, good-natured *fattore* — or manager of a nobleman's estate — who outwits a crafty, proud, self-devoted priest of the high ecclesiastical type, and his own wife, the virulently devout *fattoressa*, and succeeds in marrying his pretty daughter, whom they had meant for the convent, to the man of her heart. Another daughter, her mother's and her confessor's favorite, comes to a somewhat disproportionally tragic end — doubtless because that was her fate in the fact on which our author tells us that he builds. The country life in Tuscany, and the country people, as well as their Florentine cousins, are set before us with an honest clearness and knowableness most refreshing — we are glad to find those habitual victims of romance so much of our own every-day paste. But the people are all better than their performance: that is, they are wonderfully life-like studies each one, but their drama moves roughly and reluctantly; the workmanship of the book is not so much simple as it is often rude. Yet it is to be praised in the highest degree for the virtues we have named; one might live many years in Italy without learning to know Italian characters and conditions so well as by reading this story.

— To literary men, the Life and Correspondence of Samuel Johnson, D. D., by the Rev. E. Edward Beardsley, will be of more than ordinary value as supplying many gaps in the early history of literary institutions, thus far little known; and throwing quite new light upon some portions hitherto erroneously conceived. Dr. Beardsley has done a good work in getting together the materials for this interesting volume, and shown admirable judgment, as well as experience, in selecting and putting together what he has used. As the life of a clergyman and one prominent in his denomination, to his co-religionists the biography would in any case have proved satisfactory; but the work has a far wider claim than this; and the life of Johnson merits the attention of all professing to be familiar with either history, science, philosophy, or education. A friend of the renowned Berkeley; a correspondent of Benjamin Franklin; in colonial matters the confidential adviser of

the Archbishop of Canterbury (Secker); in science an associate with Cadwallader Colden, Lieutenant-Governor of New York: such a man, it is evident, must leave in his correspondence much of the most interesting matter. This, however, is by no means the limit. In the history of Connecticut, the name of Dr. Johnson is inseparable from the first impulses of learning and education manifested in that State, and we may say also in Massachusetts. A thorough and eager scholar; a skillful exponent of the modern systems of philosophy; a fine linguist, having been the best Hebraist in America; a successful teacher; a molder of the early existence of two of our most noted seats of learning, Yale and Columbia: he evidently rises in himself to a level worthy of general observation.

There are probably very few who are aware how much the Congregational college (Yale) owes to the care and kindness of the Church of England ministry; most especially to the watchful interest of him whose life we now read. To him the early Yale was indebted for wise guidance and government; the first judicious start in progress toward modern science and modern philosophy. To him she owes the benefaction of many valuable volumes, bestowed by Dean Berkeley; and to him she owes the solid possession of the valuable property also bestowed by the dean as an endowment for learning; although unwise leasing has made that gift, for ages to come, of little profit. All this is shown in the life of Johnson. His own experiences in the germ form of the college as a school at Saybrook are given us. The squabbles, arising from local jealousies, respecting the establishment of the college buildings, and the protracted splits between two portions of the teachers and pupils, are also portrayed. Hartford even in these days was pulling caps with New Haven for the good things, and struggled for the dignity and emoluments of a university. Wethersfield likewise disputed the privilege, and the unhappy school — not yet dignified as a college — was a battle-ground of factional feeling. The struggle, however, had not begun until after young Johnson had finished his collegiate course and got his degree at the original Saybrook division of the field, and it was not until the fight was over, and through the influence of the legislature the location of the college finally settled at New Haven (where a gift of eight acres for the necessary buildings had afforded abundant room), that his official connection with the institution took place. He, together with a friend of his, Brown, was elected to the tutorship, and they were the first professors in the college. The president — then called rector — did not reside at New Haven, but at Milford, so that Johnson was practically the head. The rector was also a warm personal friend of Johnson, and the three seem to have worked in entire harmony; though it is quite evident that Johnson was the leading mind, as were also his attainments apparently superior.

About this time occurred the transition era of philosophical thought. The wave of discovery in natural science and speculative thought in moral science had long before in England begun the upheaval of old systems of philosophy, and scholastic and theological opinions. This wave had now touched the shore of the Western Hemisphere and begun to lift the ponderous axioms of the mediæval schoolmen, which had until then constituted the established mode of thought and teaching in the collegiate school. Phineas Fisk had been the tutor in mathematics, and mental and moral philosophy in the school until Johnson's charge; and he had never got out of the beaten track of traditional axioms or established formulas. Indeed, it was not safe, bread-and-butter-wise, to do more, considering what our author tells us, namely: "At the outset the trustees made a fundamental rule that especial care should be taken to ground the students in theoretical divinity, and the rector was forbidden to teach or allow any other to teach systems contrary to their orders."

However, the wave of progress began to be felt, and Johnson and Brown, being of one mind, insensibly elevated the standard of philosophical thought among the young men. They must have done it very prudently, for it does not seem to have aroused any opposition, nor can we find any token of question concerning the soundness of their teaching. After a time, the rapid growth of the college compelled the presence and residence of the rector, not only to direct and govern, but also to aid in instruction. Mr. Andrew, who had been previously acting as rector, was unwilling to leave his parish at Milford, and too advanced in years to be willing to assume the care. Hence the trustees elected another, Mr. Cutler, in his stead, and on his coming to assume the duties that Johnson had evidently been filling, the latter retired from

his tutorship. He had long desired to devote himself entirely to ministerial life, and now being called to do so he gave up his charge. A warm personal friendship for Cutler brought Johnson still in contact with the college life; and a noble benefaction of Governor Yale in a large number of books sent from England, the works of the ablest and most learned English divines, gave opportunity to the three men, Rector Cutler, Tutor Brown, and ex-Tutor Johnson, to study the writings of the most celebrated thinkers in the Church of England. The result was a curious conjuncture. These three (and other clergymen) became dissatisfied with their position in the Presbyterian Church, and doubted the validity of their ministerial commission. In other words, they were evidently inclined to embrace that horror of the rightly constituted Puritan mind, prelatical government. It is amusing to trace the result of the startling development. Had a thunderbolt fallen on all three walking in the academical grove, greater consternation could hardly have been awakened. As President Woolsey said in his historical discourse delivered upon the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Yale: "I suppose that greater alarm would scarcely be awakened now if the Theological Faculty of the college were to declare for the Church of Rome, avow their belief in transubstantiation, and pray to the Virgin Mary."

The work itself alone can give satisfactory information upon all the after history of Dr. Johnson. His personal intercourse with Dean, afterward Bishop Berkeley; the interesting correspondence between them upon philosophical topics; his intercession with the dean, when that learned man was about to return to England, that Yale should not be forgotten; and the result, in the noble gift of over a thousand volumes, and his own personal farm in Rhode Island, presented by Dr. Johnson's instrumentality to Yale; the ludicrous quandary of the faculty concerning the gift, whether to accept or refuse; fearing to accept, lest these books might, like the Trojan horse, be only an insidious pouring in of prelacy upon their citadel; fearing to refuse lest the loss should be seriously felt: all these points come out with delightful distinctness. Then, too, Dr. Johnson's extended influence throughout Connecticut and New York; his constant intercourse with literary men; pleasant selections from letters between these and him; his connection with Dr. Franklin, when the latter was printing his work on philosophy, and the philosophical and educational discussions between them; the invitation to New York to found King's College and give it shape; his life there, and the successful result of his labors in the building up of Columbia: all these topics, so general, so historic in their bearing, while so personal and direct in their relations, contribute to the interest and value of this excellent biography.

— The third volume of Mr. Forster's Life of Dickens awakens comparatively little interest, though it covers a period of greater events perhaps than either of the former volumes. In this period — from 1852 to 1870 — David Copperfield was finished, Hard Times, Little Dorrit, A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations, and Our Mutual Friend were written, and The Mystery of Edwin Drood was left a fragment; Dickens separated himself from his wife and began his career as a public reader, visited America a second time, returned home, and died. These occurrences afford material which a deeper and finer man than Mr. Forster would have turned to better account, but which in his handling is still impressive. His criticisms and analyses of the successive works noticed in this volume are of the same character as those which by their extreme cheapness and obviousness excited the mild surprise of readers of the preceding volumes; but the comments upon Dickens's own traits show a somewhat greater penetration.

We permit ourselves to doubt, however, whether Mr. Forster ever quite understood his illustrious friend, or entered thoroughly into the spirit of his extravagant humor. The biographer has profited by the criticism he had received so far as somewhat to abate the arrogance of his narrative, but he remains to the last apparently in an attitude of open-mouthed credulity, while his friend bubbles him with one wild exaggeration after another. This good Mr. Forster really seems to believe that people in Brooklyn turned out, each with his mattress and his loaf of bread, and slept and ate in the street, the mercury standing below zero, in order not to lose their places in the queue to the doors at which tickets to the Dickens readings were sold. Such is the story that the humorist wrote home to his trusting familiar; and so many are the droll fables with which Mr. Forster suffers his innocence to be abused, that one's longing to "examine his bumps" becomes intolerable. It is pos-

sible, of course, that Dickens himself may have been the victim of misrepresentations on the part of his "own people," as he calls his manager and agents; he always saw and heard the things he desired, and it is said that on his first visit to this country, this tendency of his was once amusingly flattered; the person who realized his ideal of the question-asking American on the Pennsylvania canal-boat, — and who (as recorded in American Notes), when he had exhausted his curiosity concerning the price of Boz's clothes, followed him about stroking his fur coat the wrong way, — being an ingenious young gentleman of Pittsburgh, who did it all on a wager. But for the most part it is plainly Mr. Forster alone who is taken in.

The matter of the separation is blamelessly treated, upon the good principle that the least said is the soonest mended. The simple truth is that Dickens was tired of his wife, and put her away for that reason and for no other. No other is alleged or hinted at by the biographer, who, as far as consulted, steadfastly opposed Dickens's course.

He also opposed his entering upon the career of a public reader, to which Dickens seems to have turned in restless and desperate longing for the excitement which he no longer found in his books, and which, as he had no inward quietness of soul, no "refuge of the mind," his nature imperatively demanded. It is a solemn lesson that the exercise of genius is in itself only a momentary escape from the *ennui* that torments all of us who have not provided ourselves with some secure retreat from the world within the world. Religion used to be highly recommended for this purpose; we suppose that nowadays Evolution is to console and support us — not with the hope of heavenly peace somewhere, but with the elevating consciousness of primordial jelly.

It is an interesting book, this last volume of the Life of Dickens, only less interesting than the first volumes; but, as we have before said, it is as far from satisfactory as can be. It shows us Dickens as Forster and Dickens alone knew him, and the recollections and impressions and knowledge of his associated world are almost untouched. Whether it will be thought hereafter worth while for any one to write another Life of Dickens, it is not easy to say; but it would be his misfortune if only this were to remain. To be sure, we can always escape from his life to his works, when we want to like him.

— Mr. James Rees, who seems to have been known also as "Colley Cibber," has written, in his Life of Edwin Forrest, such a book as will meet the wants of that large public which admired the late tragedian's columnar legs, and frown, and folded arms, and hissed defiances of the villain and tyrant. But there were people who tried to ignore these qualities and powers in Edwin Forrest for the sake of the real genius which he had, and which all his bad school could not conceal; and these people would not ask so big a book as Mr. Rees has made, nor at all the same kind of book.

— The New Chemistry, of the International Series, by Prof. J. P. Cooke, Jr., of Harvard College, is the fruit of much study, and of long experience in teaching the science of chemistry as a liberal study in the college curriculum.

The progress in the philosophy of chemistry has been largely due to the strong desire of mathematical minds to bring order out of apparent chaos; and to state some simple laws upon which processes of philosophical and mathematical analysis could be built. The attention of physicists is naturally directed to the question of the ultimate constituents of matter. One of the fruits of this attention is the law of Avogadro, which is thus stated: "Equal volumes of all substances, when in the state of gas, and under like conditions, contain the same number of molecules." This law, taken in connection with that of Mariotte, "The volume of a confined mass of gas is inversely proportional to the pressure to which it is exposed;" and that of Charles, "The volume of a given mass of gas, under a constant pressure, varies directly as the absolute temperature," are the great pillars in the structure of the modern philosophy of chemistry. The investigations of physicists upon the energy developed by the motion of the ultimate constituents of matter, the measurement of infinitesimal wave lengths of light and heat, the determination of the size of molecules, and the sphere and limits of electrical action, have led the chemist to apply the reasoning and the facts deduced in physics to the more recondite phenomena of chemical action.

The new chemistry can therefore be characterized as a new growth from an old stock, which has sprung from germs which have borne large fruit in the sister science of physics. Indeed, Professor Cooke in his work on the subject epitomizes this truth in the following manner: —

"In the early part of this course, I stated that all modern chemistry rests on the great truth that *matter is indestructible and is measured by weight.* This evening we have seen glimpses of another great central truth, which, although more recently discovered, is not less far-reaching, or important, namely, *energy is indestructible and is measured by work.*" The attention of modern chemists is directed to the questions of the structure of molecules and the grouping of atoms. In the old chemistry the structure of a compound, and the energy required to rend it apart or to build it anew, was not considered; great stress was laid upon the influence of simple radicals, as expounded in the electro-chemical theory. On the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, which showed that matter could be endowed with two opposite conditions, an analogy was founded; and the dualistic system characterized the old chemistry. The law of Avogadro and the law of quantivalence — a law which assumes that every elementary atom has a certain number of bonds or poles by which alone it could be united to other atoms — state two principles upon which the new chemistry is largely founded. Professor Cooke, in the first four lectures of the course (originally delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston), which are embodied in the present work, lucidly explains the recent progress in definite conceptions of molecules and molecular action. These chapters bear evidence of much thought in arrangement and in illustration. As an evidence of the manner of illustration we quote the following in regard to the medium ether: "Here is a glass cylinder filled with air, and here is a piston which just fits it; the area of the piston is about a square inch. We will assume that it is exactly that. If we put a weight of fifteen pounds on the top of the piston, it will descend just half-way in the tube, and the air will be condensed to twice its normal density. Now if we had a cylinder and piston, ether-tight as this is air-tight, and of sufficient strength, and if we put on top of it a cubic mile of granite rock, it would only condense the ether to about the same density as that of the atmosphere at the surface of the earth. Of course, the supposition is an absurdity, for it is assumed that the ether pervades the densest solids as readily as water does a sponge, and could not, therefore, be confined; but the illustration will give you an idea of the nature of the medium which the undulatory theory assumes. It is a medium so thin that the earth, moving in its orbit 1100 miles a minute, suffers no perceptible retardation, and yet with an elasticity in proportion to its density a million million times greater than air."

Words and space do not allow Professor Cooke to do full justice to the brilliancy of his experiments. The improved methods of projection of objects and experiments, which could not be seen by a large audience, upon a screen — largely used now in popular expositions of scientific subjects — are due to him; and the descriptions of the shooting of crystalline rays under the play of colors produced by polarized light, the hues of thin films, the growth of magnetic curves, and the decomposition of water, experiments which delighted the audience who heard the lectures, make the reader regret that the printed page must necessarily convey but a poor idea of the brilliancy of the actual experiments.

In regard to the atomic theory Professor Cooke thus states his ground: "Although in the present state of the science it gives absolutely essential aid both to investigation and study, I have the conviction that it is a temporary scaffolding around the imperfect building, which will be removed as soon as its usefulness is past. I have been called a blind partisan of the atomic theory; but after this disclaimer you will understand me when during the remainder of this course of lectures I shall endeavor to present its principles as forcibly as I can." From Lecture X. to the concluding one — Quantivalence — metathesis and atomic bonds are explained with great clearness and aptness of illustration. The remarks on the electro-chemical theory and electrical analogies bear the evidence of much new thought on the subject. We commend the lectures to those students of the new philosophy who have been lost amid terms such as quantivalent, hydroxyl, monatomic, artiads, perissads, etc. The lecture on the Synthesis of Organic Compounds presents the subject, necessarily a complex one, to a popular audience in a clear and philosophical manner.

— The title of Mr. Proctor's book is a very taking one; for there *is* a Borderland of Science, and a very fascinating one it is to spend a short time in, if one is not too light-headed, and if one has the requisite tact to avoid that part of the frontier where dwell the men "with their heads beneath their shoulders" — the circle-squarers, the trisectors of the angle, the perpetual-motion vendors — in one word the paradoxers and foolometers of De Morgan. Then again

there is another boundary where a wise man may not stay long; this joins the land which is full of the disputers over sun-spots, quarreling about the "up-rush" or "down-rush" of gases. This is indeed a dangerous country.

There is a true borderland, however, which is a fascinating but a lonely land, where it is given to few to dwell, and where most never penetrate. The world at large knows very little of the great men there, and that little only incompletely. Gauss, Abel, Jacobi, the Herschels *have* lived there; and we might expect in this book some mention of the men who have taken their places in this generation. Mr. Proctor's preface, too, excites and stimulates curiosity; he says, "Such essays as appear . . . may be regarded as the selected works of the author."

When we take up the book itself we must flatly confess that we are disappointed. If we judge it by the high criterion which we have but just set up, it is surely faulty, for it contains no original suggestion of any note, except a reiteration of Mr. Proctor's theory of Jupiter.

Judging of it by the standard of Mr. Proctor's previous books it still falls far short. Here, in point of fact, we have to deal not with the borderland of science, but with the fag-end of Mr. Proctor's scrap-book.

"Gambling Superstitions" are not on the borderland of science at all; the theory of probabilities, of which the author would consider this essay an exemplification, covers in its most *elementary* portion the whole ground, and more than the whole ground, of this essay. Its borderland is far away from school-boy problems. "Ghosts and Goblins" is not scientific; it is simply a narrative, and an inextensive compilation.

William Howitt did his work better, and had the good taste to keep things which were personal and should be sacred out of sight. We easily see that the book is not scientific. Is it then a work of fancy? Jules Verne has done this kind of literary work much better, and in a light and graceful style to which Mr. Proctor's rather heavy and mechanical plod is ludicrous in comparison. Would Verne have described the inhabitants of the small satellite of Saturn as short persons whose ears were "large and quite round, somewhat resembling conch-shells, and capable of changing in shape"? Their "sixth-sense," their "heat eyes," the "three moons" without "inhabitants" which attend Titan (itself a satellite of Saturn) are not fanciful; these things are not funny — they are simply "bien Anglais" — the sportive pranks of the Behemoth.

— The two books on our list called Diamonds and Precious Stones are likely to be mistaken for one another, on account of their similarity in titles, subject, and size; but their merit is very unequal. The treatise of Mr. Emanuel (which seems to be an American edition from English plates of a work published by Hotten in 1865) is a valuable handbook to ordinary purchasers as well as professional collectors of precious stones. M. Dieulafait seems to have composed his book, on the contrary, in some such way as his countryman wrote about the camel: "Away goes the Frenchman to the *Jardin des Plantes*, spends an hour there in rapid investigation, returns, and writes a *feuilleton*, in which there is no phrase the Academy can blame, but also no phrase which adds to the general knowledge. He is perfectly satisfied, however, and says, *Le voilà, le chameau.*" It is profusely ornamented with wood-cuts, but we observe none which have a substantial superiority over the few but well-chosen illustrations of Mr. Emanuel's book, except the pictures of machinery for cutting and polishing gems, and apparatus for modern experiments in their artificial production. Its only superiority to that book consists in a brief and interesting account of those experiments. In the pictures of cutting and polishing machinery, the most recent improvements are not represented, and the author seems to be ignorant even of the inventions of the Boston jeweler, Mr. Henry D. Morse. Mr. Emanuel, with English precision, furnishes his readers with a copious index, and devotes twenty-seven pages to the bibliography of precious stones. M. Dieulafait neglects to do either of these things; and his translator has not supplied the deficiency, nor corrected at least a score of glaring errors and inconsistencies, of which the following are random specimens: "All precious stones are transparent, or at least translucent." "Precious stones are opaque, when not a ray of light can penetrate them; example, the jasper." "The precious stone called the carbuncle by the ancients is the same as the modern ruby." "At the same time that it is averred that the carbuncle of the ancients included our oriental ruby, it is equally certain that this name was applied to all red stones." For the present, then, we must retain Mr. Emanuel as our most trustworthy popular author-

ity on the subject of gems. But it will be easy for an ingenious compiler to prepare a work which shall supersede both of these hand-books in public favor, by combining portions of them with fragments of such works as Madame de Barrera's Ana of Gems and Jewels, and Mr. King's Antique Gems and Rings. The need of fuller information on the subject than most American wearers of precious stones possess is very great. Numerous causes join to keep, as they have made us the most extravagant people of the age. We are very much such a compound of luxury and hardihood as a nation, as Alexander was as a hero. And though no assembly of our fine ladies has yet, we venture to believe, afforded such a spectacle as M. Babinet (in the preface of Madame de Barrera's book) says he witnessed in the Tuileries under Louis Napoleon, where he declares that he "had occasion to see" not less than two thousand women "clothed" with diamonds, like birds with feathers, or beasts with fur, and wearing them as naturally, yet we know not what awaits us in the future. The *parure* of the New York belle may yet become as proverbial as the costume of the Arkansas gentleman.

— In spite of some venturesome speculation as to prehistoric data, M. de Coulanges' work on The Ancient City contains a tolerably accurate delineation of the influence of varying religious beliefs on the social, legal, and political customs of Greece and Rome from the earliest period to that of Christianity. The title of the book is unfortunate. The real topic is, The Religious Beliefs considered as the Source of the Customs of Greece and Rome. The worst fault of the treatment is that it makes these beliefs very nearly the only, and not simply a chief source of the customs. We are not undiscriminating disciples of Mr. Buckle; but race, climate, and *Zeit-Geist* certainly exercised upon Greece and Rome more than the almost inappreciable influence grudgingly assigned to them by De Coulanges. Always making allowance for a thin vein of extravagance in the discussion, the reader will find this work a suggestive, if not a thoroughly scholarly treatment of a theme which is certainly very important and interesting.

In regard to the Aryan religion, to which M. de Coulanges assigns in prehistoric ages an influence greater than the Olympic afterwards acquired over Greece and Italy, his somewhat diffuse reasoning may be epitomized by five propositions: 1. Before the rise of the Olympic religion, each family worshiped its own ancestors. 2. The sacred fire in each Greek and Roman house represented the ancestors. 3. Every fire protected its own and repulsed the stranger; was worshiped by ceremonies kept strictly secret; was the providence of a family and had nothing in common with the fire of a neighboring family, which was another providence. 4. The domestic religion required that the hearth should be fixed to the soil, and that the tomb should be neither destroyed nor displaced. 5. This religion could be propagated only by generation. In giving life to the son, the father gave to him at the same time the family creed and worship, and the right to continue the sacred fire, to offer the funeral meal, and to pronounce the formulas of prayer.

By these traits of the Aryan religion, De Coulanges explains the origin of the peculiar early Roman and Greek ideas of the continuity of the family, the profound significance of Penates, Lares, Vesta, and especially of Gens and Tribus, of kinship, agnation, and adoption, and the rise of the law of property, the inequality of son and daughter, and the right of primogeniture.

One of the obscurest chapters in history is that concerning the origin of the Olympic religion, and we are not surprised that M. de Coulanges can do no more than say that it arose from a personification of the powers of nature. This new religion, in what way soever it originated, gradually widened the circle of human associations; families united into the phratries and the phratries into the tribes of which we hear so much in Greek and Roman history; the older religion was absorbed into the new; and as the private house had arisen around the sacred fire of the private hearth, so the city rose around the sacred fire of the common altar established by the founder. From the point where M. de Coulanges begins to give dates and to cite authorities from ancient authors, we have only occasional reluctance in admitting his conclusions, and we commend as eminently worthy of study his views of the relations of the transformed Aryan, and of the Olympic religion, to the gods of the city, the public meals, the festivals, and the calendar, the triumphs, rituals, and annals, the sacred and secular authority of the king, the distinction between citizen and stranger, the alliance of cities and gods, and the omnipotence of the state.

Even after revolution and philosophy had done their utmost, Christianity brought a

change so radical that it marked the end of ancient society. It replaced the fear of the gods by the love of God. It belonged to no caste, corporation, city, or nation, but called to itself the whole human race. The principle implied in the command to preach the gospel to "every creature," M. de Coulanges justly calls new, extraordinary, and unexpected. So, too, was the principle of the separation of religion from its immemorial dependence on the state. The spirit of propagandism took the place of the law of exclusion. While the state was for the first time free, one complete half of man had been rescued from its control. The soul no longer has a country.

We congratulate Mr. Small on the studious success with which his translation of this work preserves the clearness and vivacity of the original French, without injury to the idiomatic grace of the English.

— Messrs. Holt & Co. have published an edition of Taine's Tour through the Pyrenees, without the illustrations of Doré, which rendered their holiday edition of the same work altogether the most desirable book of the season. It is, as many readers must know, a sauntering notice of large and little watering-places in the Pyrenees, of some non-watering-places of the region, and of many and many spectacular phases of nature there. When the author comes to a famous city or scene of history, he sits down and tells some story characteristic of it, either out of the old chroniclers direct, or out of his own vast general reading. Sometimes this is a mere picture of local life or manners at a certain epoch; sometimes it is a marvelous legend; but it is always done with grace and point. So are all the watering-place characters and tourists, the invalids, bores, beggars, peasants, charmingly touched. In the illustrated edition, where Doré's wonderful pencil helps out the descriptions of nature, you do not feel how tedious they are; but in the later edition this fully appears. It seems as if this bright M. Taine had said to himself that he would paint a series of pictures which should appeal to the literary perception as landscape paintings do to the eye; and he has produced a whole gallery in proof of the impossibility of doing anything of the kind. We could not well give an idea of the deliberation and cold-bloodedness with which the attempt is incessantly made; but we may impress some readers with a sense of the delightfulness of the book when we say it is delightful, in spite of the word-paintings. You are not obliged to read them, — you can skip every one.

Other Publications.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Ivan de Biron; or, The Russian Court in the Middle of Last Century. By Sir Arthur Helps. — Sex *and* Education. A Reply to Dr. E. H. Clarke's Sex in Education. Edited, with an Introduction, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. — The Old Masters and their Pictures. For the Use of Schools and Learners in Art. By Sarah Tytler. — Modern Painters and their Paintings. For the Use of Schools and Learners in Art. By Sarah Tytler. — The Trust and The Remittance. Two Love Stories in Metred Prose. By Mary Cowden Clarke.

Harper and Brothers, New York: The Land of the White Elephant: Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia. A Personal Narrative of Travel and Adventure in Farther India, embracing the Countries of Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China (1871-2). By Frank Vincent, Jun. With Maps, Plans, and numerous Illustrations. — No Name. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. — The Blue Ribbon. A Novel. By the Author of St. Olave's, etc. — Ninety-Three. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Frank Lee Benedict.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Desperate Remedies. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. — Essays on Military Biography. By Charles Cornwallis Chesney, Colonel in the British Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Engineers.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Theodore Parker: A Biography. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. — The Life of Thomas Jefferson. By James Parton.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice. By Sir George Stephens. — Famous Cases of Circumstantial Evidence. With an Introduction on the Theory of Presumptive Proof. By S. N. Phillips, Author of Phillips on Evidence.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: The Circuit Rider: A Tale of the Heroic Age. By Edward Eggleston, Author of The Hoosier Schoolmaster, etc.

J. M. Stoddart & Co., Philadelphia: No Sex in Education; or, An Equal Chance for both Girls and Boys. Being a Review of Dr. E. H. Clarke's Sex in Education. By Mrs. E. B. Duffy, Author of What Women should Know, etc.

Orange Judd & Co., New York: Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and other Stories. By John Esten Cooke. Illustrated.

Asa K. Butts & Co., New York: The Martyrdom of Man. By Winwood Reade.

Dodd and Mead, New York: Cassy. By Hesba Stretton.

French and German.[1]

No one has ever accused Victor Hugo of ignorance of his powers; he may have lacked a thorough comprehension of their limits, but he has always had the art of bringing every scrap and shred of information and feeling to the adornment of his various writings. He has never worked with the unconsciousness of some writers who drop gems by the way in their haste for better business; he prefers to beat his gold very thin, to hang his tinsel in a favorable light, to make glass do good service when diamonds are wanting. Everything seems arranged for an artificial illumination; one can read even the best of his novels as one goes to the theatre to see a melodrama. You enter a world where the people are sharply defined as saints and villains, and where an incident happens in the novel you know it is the sign for the curtain to fall, while you have a little time to wonder what explanation will be given in the next act. Any claim of resemblance to life must be given up at once; you simply ask to be thrilled with horrors and amused by impossibilities.

No better background for such a plan could be found than the hideous nightmare of the French Revolution; there is this distinction to be made, however, that extravagance of style and straining after effect are less successful here than would be a plain narration of events; even a disordered imagination is cold in comparison with the terrible facts. This first division of the novel is called *La Guerre Civile*, and it treats of the war in La Vendée. The story runs as follows: A Breton nobleman, the Marquis de Lantenac, is first introduced to us on board of a ship in the English Channel; he is trying to make a landing on the French coast in order to take command of the peasants, who are still staunch royalists, and who are fighting with the republican bands from Paris. On their way, by the carelessness of some officer, one of the ship's guns in the lower deck breaks loose from its fastenings and begins to roll about with the motion of the ship, carrying destruction with every lurch. The horrors of the scene are described by Victor Hugo in a very epigrammatic chapter called *Vis et vir*. The cannon is compared to the living chariot of the Apocalypse. It kills four or five men and then rolls over them again and again. "How fight against an inclined plane that has caprices?" The officer whose fault it was steps into the place. "The contest began. Contest unheard of. The fragile struggling with the invulnerable. The warrior of flesh attacking the beast of brass. On one side a force, on the other a soul. All that was taking place in a penumbra. It was like the indistinct vision of a prodigy. A soul; strange, one would have said the cannon had one, it too; but a soul of hate and rage. This blindness seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to be lying in wait for the man. . . . It was some gigantic insect of iron, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon," etc., etc., etc.

The nobleman manages to interfere just in time to secure the gun and save the life of the officer, whom he at once condemns to death and has shot and thrown overboard. The ship is now in a wretched plight, all the guns are useless with the exception of nine, and at that moment the republican fleet, carrying three hundred and eighty guns, comes in sight. We confess to a feeling of disappointment here; we had hoped for a glorious description of a naval fight, with the maimed ship victorious over all its foes; but, far from it: Lantenac puts away in a little boat, with one man to row him ashore, while the ship, after a short but vain struggle, sinks without surrendering, like the ever-memorable Vengeur. This sailor who is carrying the marquis away is a brother of the officer who was shot; the relationship he takes occasion to mention when they have reached a lonely inlet, and at the same time he declares his desire for vengeance. This is one of the thrilling moments, but no one has any real dread that the hero is going to be made away with so early in the first volume. The sailor is won over by a few sagacious words, and lands the marquis uninjured on French soil. A beggar, a mysterious creature, entertains him overnight. He has, too, the pleasure of seeing placards, with a full description of his personal appearance, on

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Quatrevingt-treize. Par Victor Hugo. Premier Récit. La Guerre Civile. 3 vols. Paris. 1874.

the walls, with a large reward for his capture and the promise of a speedy and violent death for him when caught, signed by his grand-nephew, Gauvain, a young viscount, who is an ardent republican. The next morning he is straying in the woods; he hears loud cries, guns, and uproar; he approaches; guns are leveled at him; they call him by name, he bares his breast, — Tableau Number Two, — when they fall to the ground before him, kissing his hand; they are his friends!

He is soon in command of a large force of peasants, and there is very bitter war between them and the forces from Paris commanded by Gauvain. At last Lantenac is badly beaten, and with only nineteen men he takes refuge in an old castle in which Gauvain had passed his infancy. The enemy to the number of some thousands is outside. The castle is described very thoroughly, and everything indicates the great agony of the fifth act. Fully to understand it, the reader of the novel will recall, what we have omitted, three little children who are introduced to us at the very beginning of the book, and who now are in the castle; their mother, half crazy from wounds, fevers, hardships, and the loss of her children, has been wandering about in search of them. The assault begins; the nineteen men die hard; their ammunition gives out; their countless foes press them very close; they retreat with diminished numbers from story to story; they are certain to perish, when — immense excitement — a stone in the wall rolls from its place, and there appears the once murderous but speedily converted sailor, who thus mysteriously opens a hidden path to the forest. One man is left to keep back the army which is rattling at the door of the room below, and Lantenac makes his way out. The one man is overcome by numbers, and dies; first, however, setting fire to the stone castle. At that moment, the mother of the three children appears in the path in front of Lantenac, and explains her case; he returns, and at the risk of his life makes his way to the room where the children are, rescues them before the admiring eyes of his recent foes, but — as he is climbing down he is tapped on the shoulder and made a prisoner by a very savage republican, formerly a priest, now a leader in the revolution, Cimourdain by name. All the others, struck by his gallantry as a fireman, were about to let him go, but Cimourdain, whose relentlessness has been described at great length, now justifies his reputation. This is a grand tableau, and matters begin to look serious. Lantenac is put into a cell, where Gauvain comes to visit him. The uncle at first treats him with disdain, but when his nephew says that he has come to let him out, his tone changes. Lantenac walks out; Gauvain is found there and is brought to trial before Cimourdain for aiding an enemy of the republic to escape. He is found guilty and sentenced to death; when this point is reached in a play, people begin to grope about under the seats for their overshoes, and to button up their great coats.

Cimourdain, the former tutor of Gauvain, loves Gauvain most tenderly, but he loves the republic more. So he has the guillotine, which had been brought all the way from Paris for Lantenac, put together; Gauvain is led out, thoroughly satisfied with the course affairs are taking; he puts his head to the block after crying "Vive la République!" and as the ax descends the report of a pistol is heard, and Cimourdain drops lifeless, having shot himself through the heart. With that the curtain falls, and we must wait for the second part of the novel, in which, it is to be supposed, the three children are to appear once more.

Such is the groundwork of this extraordinary novel, to the full force of which we can do but scanty justice. The neat epigrams in which all the people talk, the smoothness with which all the incidents happen just at the last moment, when even the experienced novel-reader finds his heart beating with excitement, show the art of a master of melodrama. As for the study of character, there is, of course, nothing of the sort; we have in its place the study of situations. The whole method of such writing is to make the most violent contrasts, to invent something more unexpected than even a tolerably fertile imagination could devise — in telling fairy-stories.

As to the merits of the melodrama in fiction it is well to be clear; it may be admired, but care should be taken to distinguish the admiration from that which we give to the more serious work which has some other aim than making us hold our breath for a moment, as we do at a circus when the rope-climber pretends to fall. As for Victor Hugo himself, in his moralizing on the tight places he gets his heroes into, it shows a sort of sincere confidence in the value of his work, which might be diminished if nature could enable him to get a view at the humorous side of his mock thun-

der and harmless lightning. He walks behind the scenes, now turning down the gas, now letting the calcium-light blaze on the prominent character, or opening the mysterious trap-door, but with a most sublime certainty that he is one of the great writers of the earth. He is the cleverest of decorators; but he has this fault, that, like the heathen, after building himself an idol and polishing its eyes to make it look angry, and inserting the dreadful claws, and arranging the machinery to make it roar, he then is overcome with terror at its naturalness, and bows down and does reverence before it.

ART.

We had occasion last month to notice the predominating influence of English art on our own in architecture, and the paradox that this should be the result where the foreign training, so far as it came in the way, was mainly French. In painting, however, at least among Boston artists, the result is quite opposite, and the English influence almost nothing. Two exhibitions and sales held lately in Boston have been very significant of this, both in the character of the works offered, and in the interest of purchasers. The first was the sale several weeks ago of paintings by Messrs. William M. Hunt, F. H. Smith, Robinson, and one or two others; the second, the sale on March 12th and 13th of the works of Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole. In both of these exhibitions the French influence was not merely dominant but supreme, all the artists we have mentioned having studied in Paris, and the pictures being virtually French pictures painted in America; and the two sales were, we believe, far the most profitable, in money, that have ever been in Boston. And the most ardently American art-lover among us who has noted the general passion of our people for vivid effect, and who remembers the kind of trophies which our travelers abroad are apt to gather up, especially in Italy, may be thankful for the tempering influence of an art so well studied and balanced as that of the French landscape painters, even though for the moment it is the cause of some one-sidedness and mannerism.

We incline to believe that the former of these two exhibitions was on the whole the best exhibition of works of our own painters which we have ever had here. Our readers' recollections, however, are likely, as well as our own, to be too much dimmed by this time for any special consideration of the pictures in it. Two or three of Mr. Hunt's pictures are not easily forgotten, it is true, as, for example, the singularly vital, pathetic picture entitled Elaine, — a misnomer, by the way, to our thinking, — and a landscape with a strip of yellow sand-beach beside a bit of water, the middle distance filled with solemn woods, a wonderful suggestion of depth of space and mystery. Mystery, we may stop to say, is an effect in nature of which our painters rarely seem to have any conception or even perception. It is utterly antagonistic, in fact, to the practical American mind (except sometimes in the form of spiritualism), which wishes to realize with biting distinctness whatever it notes at all. Kensett had a great feeling for mystery in his landscapes, and Inness has shown the same, but they are exceptions. We recall also, among the pictures we were speaking of, a fine, serious, richly toned composition of Mr. Robinson, a large cattle piece, the largest in the room, with a curious effect of repetition between the cattle in light and in shadow, and a small group of French horses painted with great force and spirit; also a charming Twilight at Auxerre by Mr. Smith, and by him too a large water picture with Venice in the distance, full of the damp freshness of the Venetian morning, the color-play and quiet heaving of the lagoon.

The occasion of the sale of Mr. Cole's pictures is his return to France, a return at which the observer of his painting will hardly be surprised, so French is it in style and feeling. He is thoroughly a pastoral painter, not of the Strephon and Chloe kind, — his figures are rarely prominent and always of the homeliest types, — but fond of sheep and cattle, and of the simplest country landscapes, quiet, meditative, and tender. His pictures are rarely cheerful, and never gay; commonly rather melancholy, and even sombre. Hence he never expresses the bright

exhilarations of an American scene in its most characteristic phases. He paints no clear, bracing northwesterly weather, if we may judge by the pictures we have seen in this exhibition and elsewhere, and shuns the smallest approach to wildness; but confines himself to roadside nooks, still ponds, or slow rivers, or hides in the corners of orchards and gives us the most subdued moods of nature. We have seen him compared in some newspapers to Cuyp, but we hardly know why, unless that he paints cattle. There is in his painting none of the brightness of Cuyp, none of the dewy freshness, the luminousness of Cuyp's morning pictures. Mr. Cole's light is always subdued and seldom broad; the utmost he allows himself is a few square inches of white wall, to "focus" the sunlight on a stretch of green turf; and he never paints the morning or the evening, but the subdued light of a cloudy day, and the sultry languor of a summer noon. If he paints a mist, it is not the luminous mist of Turner or Cuyp, but a brooding, dog-day mist, full of heaviness. Evidently he does not enjoy a brilliant American or Italian atmosphere, but turns gladly to the softened air of France.

The making up of Mr. Cole's pictures is in accord with his choice of subject. He is careful to bring everything into keeping and balance, to avoid anything like glare or even brilliancy. The fastidious adjustment of values in his pictures gives a very pleasant feeling of harmony and repose, though it is carried so far as to banish any great vigor of effect. The greatest breadth is generally in shadow or in half tint, and the shadows are often deficient, it has seemed to us, in accentuation. Among the best examples in point of light, as we remember, were a picture called the Boardman Pasture, the Farm of St. Simeon, Harfleurs, and a small view near Providence. This last, and especially one of the Boardman Farm in Saugus, were charming instances of Mr. Cole's peculiar low-toned treatment of American landscape and sky. The ever-pleasant contrast of warm lights and cool shadows was nicely rendered in an Interior of Woods, numbered 7 in the catalogue.

Mr. Cole's color is always good, though low in tone. One of the very best of his pictures, in this as in other respects, was the lovely Distant View of Melrose. The light was well concentrated, balanced by breadth of shadow, the coloring rich and true, the handling more graphic than in many of his works, — the whole more than usually vigorous in effect. In some of the larger pictures the handling seemed too slight for the size of the canvas, as particularly in one called Under the Willows, where everything that was told could have been better given on a quarter of the surface, and the picture looked weak.

As a painter of cattle and sheep Mr. Cole is remarkably clever. The work is apt to be rather thinly done, so that the anatomy is but indistinctly suggested and the texture not very characteristic. But the attitudes and general forms of his animals he usually gives with skill, as well as their groupings. An admirable cattle picture in these respects was No. 50, Cattle Drinking at the Mouth of the Seine. Anxiety to preserve the breadth and relation of his masses sometimes leads Mr. Cole to an unfortunate sacrifice of relief and modeling, as notably in a picture called Norman Cattle, where an ox (or cow) in the foreground shadow seemed fairly imbedded in the turf he should be standing upon. In some of Mr. Cole's larger sheep also, we noticed a lack of modeling and of texture which we ascribed to the same cause; but as far as they go they are well done; if he lacks the vigor of Troyon, he is equally far removed from the smug smoothness of the popular Verbockhoven. In sheep, again, there is a nervous sensitiveness and a quickness which are very characteristic of their movements, and to which we think Mr. Cole hardly does justice. We ought to except the somewhat large picture, one of the most excellent in all respects, called an Ancient Sheepfold. Here a flock folded in the vaulted cellars of an old castle is feeding from a cart, with a struggling eagerness that is altogether admirable.

In speaking of the landscapes, we should have mentioned a Street Scene in Picquigny which is one of the most characteristic in the exhibition — solidly painted, very true to the color and feeling of an old northern French town.

— The Corcoran Gallery at Washington is now fairly opened, and a beginning made of an art-exhibition which, in the almost utter absence of anything of man's making worth looking at in the national capital, may be called respectable. It would be a mistake every way, to suppose that the Corcoran Gallery in its present condition is a thing for Washington to crow too much over. In fact, that it is crowed over at all is an unfortunate evidence of our national poverty in galleries, museums, and collections of art. Even the Metropolitan Mu-

seum of New York city, or the smaller collection of the Boston Athenæum, — in neither of which is there much rubbish, while there is in both a deal that is valuable, — might serve as hints that all opportunity for laying the foundation of a public museum of art was not lost when Mr. Corcoran had once established his. In justice to the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery, it ought to be understood that they have had nothing to do with the foolish, fulsome praise that has been lavished upon the collection. It was not their wish to have the gallery opened to the public until all its contents were in place, whereas they were obliged, by the pressure of so-called public opinion, to open the rooms, while many things of interest and value, that had been bought in Europe for the collection, were still packed up on the other side, and waiting shipment.

It would not be gracious to dilate upon the character of the works of art that form the nucleus of the gallery, — Mr. Corcoran's original gift. No doubt the gift was kindly and generously meant, nor is there any doubt that the giver believed it to be valuable. Yet it is enough to say of it, — too much, perhaps, — that its chief treasure was the late Mr. Hiram Powers' Greek Slave, and from the Pygmy's foot the value of the whole collection, as art, may be known. What has been added to the original gift thus far is simply material that can be bought in open market, and whatever its use may be, or whatever the value or beauty of the individual objects, the want of relation between these objects, and their want of relation to any common end, must long give the collection a motley, aimless air. There is, of course, the staple of all such collections in our country: casts from the antique and the Elgin marbles, things which no gentleman's library can be without, but the possession of which no longer implies any love of art, more than the possession of The Decline and Fall implies a love of learning.

Frankly, we think the purchase of these casts might have been adjourned, or, if casts there must be, we wish some others than those with which we have so many opportunities to become familiar could have taken their place. Early Italian sculpture and the sculpture of the Renaissance in Italy and France are nowhere represented in this country, yet casts of the best works are easily procured. The gallery does indeed possess a copy of the Ghiberti Gates; we wish it could show us all three gates of the Baptistery. Our minister to Italy, the Hon. George P. Marsh, a gentleman toward whom the Italian government is never weary of showing its sense of his attainments as a scholar, and his worth as a man, would no doubt use his influence to get us casts both of Ghiberti's earlier gate and of the Southern Gate executed by Andrea Pisano. When we think of all the fine things there are in Italy, which the income of the Corcoran Gallery could, by degrees, enable it to have cast or copied, we grudge the room and money given to these stale Greek and Roman casts, which are now to be found in every large city in America, — even in San Francisco.

Next to the casts from the antique, the gallery seems proudest of its bronzes by Barye, and certainly it is good to have these; only, to our thinking their value is lessened by the fact that they can be bought in open market, at least as long as the artist lives and continues to make them for sale. The newspaper writers seem bent on throwing an air of exclusiveness and mystery over the contents of the Corcoran Gallery, though we believe that there is neither exclusiveness nor mystery connected with a single thing in it. The casts of the Ghiberti Gates, we are told, are a great treasure; there are only two or three other copies in existence, and there can never be any more, because the Italian government is afraid the gates will be hurt if any more casts are taken! We suppose there was never but one cast made of these gates, and from that matrix, which is in the possession of the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, the few copies that have been sold have been taken; but there is the matrix, and copies may be made at will, without much hurting the gates themselves! But, supposing it were true that no more were to be had, would that so much increase the value of a copy in plaster of a famous work still existing in perfection in the very place for which it was designed, and of which we have at least one other copy in the country — at Yale College, namely? Then, again, for Gérome's large study for the *Mort de César*, we are told that this, too, is a great treasure; that Gérome was hardly persuaded to part with it; that he wanted it to belong to some national collection somewhere, and that it was only when the Corcoran Gallery had been duly magnified to him, that he was brought to consent, etc., etc. Now it does not detract a whit from the merit of the study for the Death of Cæsar that while it is true it was bought

for the Corcoran Gallery from Gérome, and true that he had desired it should be purchased for the Luxembourg by the French government, yet it is also true that the picture was a long time in this country seeking for a purchaser, and that until it was sent back to Paris because it could not find one, there was nothing heard of Gérome's unwillingness to part with it. The Dead Cæsar is a picture that does not need this flavor of humbuggery to give it value. So, too, with Ary Scheffer's Count Eberhard of Würtemberg mourning over his Dead Son. This picture would seem to have as many originals as the Greek Slave, for there is one in the Luxembourg, this one in the Corcoran Gallery, and every Bostonian is familiar with the one that has so long been in the Athenæum. It is to know very little of the current estimate of Ary Scheffer's art, in any country, to plume one's self upon the possession of a picture by him, especially when that picture is one the artist copied and re-copied. To conclude, the Corcoran Gallery can boast nothing remarkable as yet, or anything particularly useful. But there is certainly a beginning, and as the institution has a good income and a body of trustees who know its wants, and the best way to supply them, we have reason to hope that when the crude period of hobbledehoyhood shall have passed, the manly age of the collection will be something worth contemplating.

MUSIC.

Somebody has said, in comparing the musical classicists of to-day with the bolder radicals of the Liszt-Wagner school, — as was indeed said some centuries ago in comparing the eclectic school of painting of Guido, Guercino, Domenichino, and others of the same stamp, with the bolder Neapolitan *Naturalisti*, the Caravaggios, the Riberas, and Giordanos, — that the eclectics were in the right in their pious adherence to the high traditional principles of art, but that the radicals had all the genius. An uncomfortable admission for prosperous criticism, which, after all, only lives and has its being in traditional formulas, to make in favor of an unrecognized, most questionable brood of upstarts, whose whole striving in art mainly tended towards destroying and "swallowing" those very formulas which had ever been the corner-stone of its own prosperity. The remark has nevertheless much truth in it, for has not eclecticism by its very nature one prime quality, — the furthest removed from any attributes of genius, whose essence is spontaneous originality, — the quality of imitation? Proud of the heritage of the greatest master-works in its art, admiring eclecticism has ever been eager to clothe its own pygmy shoulders in the cast-off mantle of departed heroes and demi-gods, unconcerned as to whether it fitted them or not; the fashion of the mantle was at least respectable, even if there were some who might jeer at it in this Titanic attire. The fundamental mistake of eclecticism is and has ever been an admiration almost to idolatry of the heroes and demi-gods of art, for what they did rather than for what they were. What the great masters did is the world's common property, to be imitated with more or less profit by whomsoever finds himself disposed; but what they were was wholly and inalienably their own, inimitable by other mortals. What they did is of the high value that the world accounts it, simply because it was the natural, spontaneous outgrowth of what they were; what eclecticism does is, on the other hand, the forced, hot-house after-growth, not of what the eclectics themselves are, but of what their great predecessors did.

The Naturalisti or naturalists (which term can as well be applied to the modern musicians of the Liszt-Wagner school as to the old Neapolitan school of painters) take an attitude towards the classic masters of their art which is no whit less admiring or even reverential than that held by the eclectics. Naturalism says to classicism: Since I can in no way be thou, inasmuch as I exist under different conditions in this ever-changing world, I will with my whole strength and soul be myself, as thou wert thyself! It is not surprising that starting

from this point, the naturalists have never yet given anything to the world of equal value with the works of the great classic masters. *They* were the ripened fruit of the long, gradual growth of a whole era; the naturalists are ever the groping explorers in a new field; they have become transcendental, stepping out of the old formulas and rules of order, holding only to the one primary formula of "I will be myself;" and let no one despise these naturalists for the many blunders they make. They have a hard path to travel, and like all explorers, must travel it without guidance. They may often raise a huge cry of joy at newly discovered gold, which after all only turns out glistening pyrites, but they are ever respectable for their self-reliant sincerity of purpose. Nay, they are even the most respectable of striving mortals, in spite of all their apparent failures. They might often say with Browning's Cleon, —

> "Marvel not.
> We of these latter days, with greater mind
> Than our forerunners, since more composite,
> Look not so great (beside their simple way)
> To a judge who only sees one way at once,
> One mind-point, and no other at a time, —
> Compares the small part of a man of us
> With some whole man of the heroic age,
> Great in his way, — not ours, nor meant for ours,
> And ours is greater, had we skill to know."

And in any case, where true sincerity is not wanting, their apparent utter failure to realize the larger object of their striving is more admirable than the puny apparent success of the eclectics.

> That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it;
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.
> That low man goes on adding one to one,
> His hundreds soon hit;
> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit."

But upon the whole, in our age, when the large majority of artists must either take rank with prosperous eclecticism, or else step forth as pioneers under the flag of hard-striving, little-earning naturalism, how thrice fortunate is the man who can be wholly himself and yet easily great in the old, well-proved way, as to the manner born! Such a man may be looked upon as the true posthumous child of royal classicism, in no way differing from the heroes and demi-gods themselves save in the date of his birth.

Among the host of contemporary composers, two men have steadily, yet quietly, and without flourish of trumpets, been making good their title to this high distinction: Robert Franz and A. Saran. Of the latter we would say a few words here. Something over twelve years ago, Saran, who was then known to but a very few music lovers as a promising pupil of Franz, gave to the world his Opus 1 in the shape of a set of variations on an original theme for piano-forte.[1] Since then some other compositions in various forms have come from his pen, all good, but not quite fulfilling the high expectations which the first variations had led people to form of the composer. The exceedingly small number of these compositions spread over a considerable space of time, while it showed that the composer evidently composed only for the love of art itself and never strove to force the divine afflatus, might well have favored the opinion that he had very little to say, however much worth saying that little was. Saran has certainly been a most unprolific composer; four opus numbers in more than double the number of years is a very short list. The fact that he (having indeed been educated for the church) had taken charge of a parish in the far northeast of Prussia, and had given up music as an ostensible profession, gave additional semblance of truth to the idea entertained by some people that his musical career was after all but a flash in the pan. But last year has brought us at last his Opus 5, which more than fulfills the most sanguine hopes of his admirers. His last *Fantasie* in B flat minor [2] indubitably places him in the very foremost rank among the composers of to-day. To attempt an exhaustive analysis of this last great work in the sonata form that has been offered to the world, — a work that so royally overtops all other compositions of the sort that contemporary composers have given us, — would lead us too much into the mere technicalities of the art to be in place here. We can only say that true genius makes itself felt in every bar of the four long movements. Brilliant as is the first impression of the work, we find that it wears well, and we feel new beauties at every hearing. Since Robert Schumann passed away, we have seen nothing so evenly strong in piano-forte music.

— As the Triennial Festival of our excellent Händel and Haydn Society draws

[1] *Fantasie-Variationen* für das Piano-forte. Von A. Saran, Op. 1. Leipzig: F. Whistling.

[2] *Fantasie in Form einer Sonate.* Von A. Saran, Op. 5. Leipzig: Verlag von F. E. C. Leuckart (Constantin Sander).

near, with its promised performance of Bach's St. Matthew-Passion, we would earnestly recommend to all those who are willing themselves to explore the beauties of this colossal work, a piano-forte arrangement made by Selmar Bagge.[1] The advantages of this arrangement are so well, and withal so modestly, set forth by the editor, that we will quote from his preface:

"The arrangement for piano-solo of a great work for chorus, solo, and orchestra, especially of one by S. Bach, seems at the first glance a bit of temerity; the arranger hopes, nevertheless, to earn the thanks of the public and of all Bach-lovers. Years before he was able to hear the work fully performed, he had found enjoyment and a presentiment of the full effect, by playing from the score, and also by the same means interested others in the work. Why then should he not so prepare it for the more general public, that it too might in part get acquainted with, in part look for and find, a reminder of what it had already heard in the original work? For it is probably unquestionable that piano-forte *scores* are only comprehensible to the score-reader, and that difficulties beset the amateur on every side from the variety of clefs, and a want of dexterity in reading music or in improvising piano transcriptions.

"The arranger knows well that much in the Passion-music cannot be fully rendered by two hands. Thus an arrangement for four hands might perhaps have been preferable; but four-handed playing of Bach's music presents peculiar difficulties. Bach's constantly overlapping leading of the voices causes the hands constantly to interfere with each other, which is practicable with a *single* performer, but is on the other hand very inconvenient with two performers. Transposing the voices to a higher octave, where the piano-forte has but a feeble resonance, would injure the proper, dignified acoustic effect of this music. . . .

"The original position of the voices has upon the whole been faithfully adhered to; but in some cases the figured accompaniment had to be put an octave higher or lower, and some of the bass passages transposed entire, as the tone of the piano-forte does not endure close intervals in a low register. These alterations are everywhere particularly indicated."

We can add that the arrangement is most excellently done, as far as is compatible with making it reasonably easy. The clear typography and convenient octavo form go still further to recommend this edition of a work whose position as the greatest of choral compositions is only disputed by Händel's mighty Israel in Egypt.

— From Bach and Saran to Gottschalk is rather a wide leap, and the mood that we find ourselves in, after turning from the Passion-music and the B flat minor Fantasie to Gottschalk's *Rayons d'Azur* polka, is not of the very sunniest. Whatever charm the polka in question may possess must be attributed to its similarity in general style to many of Gottschalk's more fascinating works. To say that as a bit of musical composition it is utterly worthless, were perhaps taking too much pains to criticise what is by its intrinsic insignificance serenely outside the pale of criticism; but that it has some few very faint hints in it of Gottschalk's peculiar charm is none the less undeniable.

De Grau's *Les Clochettes* galop is simply a piece of cheaply manufactured dance music, and, as such, is well calculated to attain its intended end, namely, to make people dance furiously and ever more furiously. What end Mr. Gottschalk's polka, which presents itself in the guise of a composition for the piano-forte, is calculated to attain, does not upon the whole seem quite so clear.

G. D. Wilson's four-hand arrangement of *The Shepherd Boy* (we must unwillingly confess to ignorance of what the Shepherd Boy in his original form is) is well and sonorously put upon the instrument, and is not unpleasing, if insignificant, in melody. Persons who are forced to play only exceedingly easy music will find it quite agreeable

Berthold Tours's song, *The Angel at the*

[1] *Passions-musik nach dem Evangelisten Matthäus.* Von JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. Bearbeitet für Pianoforte allein mit Beifügung der Textesworte von SELMAR BAGGE. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Hartel.

Rayons d'Azur. Polka de salon. Par L. M. GOTTSCHALK. Œuvre posthume, publié sur manuscrits originaux avec autorisation de sa famille, par CLARA GOTTSCHALK. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Les Clochettes. Galop brillant. Par DURAND DE GRAU. Op. 18. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Shepherd Boy. Arranged for four hands. By G. D. WILSON. Op. 14. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Angel at the Window. Song. Words by Miss WILHELMINA BAINES. Music by BERTHOLD TOURS. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Child's Vision. Composed by JAMES L. MOLLOY. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Night has a Thousand Eyes. Words by F. W. BOURDILLON. Music by F. BOOTT. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

In Shadowland. Song. Words by REA. Music by CIRO PINSUTI. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Window, is written with considerable appreciation of what is effective in the modern *salon*, Blumenthal style, and may take rank with the writer's best productions. Its real musical value is slight at best, but there are some points in it that an effective singer could easily turn to good account. At any rate the music is much better than the words deserve.

Molloy's *The Child's Vision* shows much more intrinsic musicianship, although not quite so much routine in composing. It is evidently written with much care, and is built upon better models, with an apparently higher artistic aim. There is still some rather poor harmony in it; for instance, in the four bars of instrumental introduction the generally dissonant effect can only be called unpleasant. In some places the musical rhythm does not quite agree with the prosodical metre, resulting in the accent falling upon wrong words; as where the iambic metre of

"It is not earthly music, that fills me with delight,"

is, in the second hemistich, forced by the music to a sort of halting dactylic metre, making the accent fall thus, : —

that' fills mĕ wĭth' dē-lĭght'

We cannot see that the musical rhythm would be at all injured by a closer adherence to the metre and sense of the text.

Francis Boott's *The Night has a Thousand Eyes* is well written, and marked by a certain refined poetical flavor which the composer often succeeds in giving to his songs. What is most grateful to us in the song is the total absence of straining after effect, and the simple, easy flow of the melody and harmony. Had the composer not been over-anxious to make the piano-forte accompaniment, as we think, unnecessarily easy, the contrapuntal leading of the voices and the mere sonorous effect on the instrument would have been better in some places. Apart from this we can see no technical defect in the song (a rare thing nowadays), the fifths in the fourth measure of the fourth page having abundant authority in the best of modern composers, and being withal quite a happy effect when taken in connection with the spirit of the text.

Ciro Pinsuti's *In Shadowland* is not by any means without merit, though inferior to the foregoing songs. The technical part of the composition is very good, as songs of this class go, but there is a hopeless air of weak sentimentality about the song that makes the second and third verses rather tiresome.

EDUCATION.

Nothing in England has of late been more the object of attack than the most striking and distinctive feature of the English colleges — their endowed fellowships. Our readers are of course aware that in each of the twenty colleges, more or less, that constitute an English university, there exist from a dozen to sixty foundation fellowships filled year by year, as vacancies occur in them, from the ranks of the ablest and most learned of the recent graduates. No duties are required of the successful candidates; they are supposed in the original theory of the foundation to devote themselves to study and the instruction of their juniors, suppositions which in a very large number of cases in these days are fully true. Those who prefer a more active life than can be led at the university find the income of their fellowship, always something more than £300 a year, a most comfortable support during the early years of the hard struggle to obtain a foothold in the crowded ranks of professional life. One great end that the fellowships have always served has been to assist young men of brains in their rise from poverty to the highest positions in law, the church, and the schools.

But of late years a sect has arisen, devoted more to physical science than anything else, though recruited also from the historians and the classical scholars, which holds that £300 or £400 a year for at least seven years, and often much longer, is a heavy price to pay for the kind and amount of learning that a young fellow of four-and-twenty can be credited with possessing, and

which preaches the necessity of cutting down very largely the rewards paid for past youthful acquisitions, and of devoting the greater part of the revenues of the colleges to the support of mature learning and original research. This movement has found its most complete expression in Mr. Mark Pattison's Suggestions on Academical Reorganization — a book full of interest and vigor. The present arrangements, however, are too essential to the existing higher education in England, and have too strong a support in tradition, usefulness, and reason, to allow the reformers to hope for much immediate success in their endeavors.

We desire, however, most of all, at the present time not so much to discuss the condition and prospects of the English institution as to notice how in this, our Tudor age of endowment of colleges and schools, the recurrence of the same causes produces the same effects, and how year by year our colleges are welcoming the addition of fellowships and graduate scholarships to their hitherto meagre provision for higher instruction. Until the last few years the American college was made up wholly of two classes, mutually exclusive, the professors and the under-graduate students. The very sharpness of the distinction between them accentuated all their differences: the business of the one body was to teach and govern, too often to govern and teach; the business of the other was to receive so much instruction as would enable them to satisfy the daily recitation and the annual examination; the very salt of the under-graduate world almost never thought of the possibility or usefulness of mastering subjects in their entirety, or of pursuing any independent study; by far the greatest part of the better under-graduates was chasing that *ignis fatuus* of the student world, improvement by "general reading." It was almost unknown that any student remained at the seat of learning after attaining his first degree; the ambitious youth who aspired for new worlds to conquer was forced to exile himself to European universities, where, unless the lucky man could spend several years, a large amount of valuable time was necessarily lost in adjusting himself to his new relations.

The first signs of a better state of things in the higher education appeared, we believe, at New Haven, where distinguished professors, such as Professor Whitney and the late Professor Hadley, collected about them, in connection with the Sheffield School, a small but yearly increasing number of graduate students in philological and scientific studies. With the lapse of years and the completer development of the system of education, the number of professors and students has so greatly increased, that already the graduate students in the Department of Philosophy and Arts number as many as sixty, who are instructed by a faculty of nearly thirty professors. Nor while Yale College has been growing so strong in the higher studies, has Harvard College been backward in this cause; although, as is right with what is development from within more than imitation, the forms into which education has been cast are dissimilar, being determined by the different traditions and circumstances of the two colleges. At Yale, as all know, the old mixed education is retained, and the under-graduate course serves as a foundation for the higher instruction, which is conveyed in regulated courses of study. Harvard, on the contrary, cutting down the common education to a low limit, has admitted the studies which at Yale are post-graduate into the liberty of under-graduate selection. Each system has its merits, and we esteem it no misfortune for the future of education that our leading colleges, with the same end in view, pursue widely different paths to attain it.

At Harvard College, with the enormous extension of the elective system in the last two or three years, and the proportionate increase in the amount of instruction offered the students (at the present time, we believe, three or four times as much as any one student can avail himself of in his under-graduate course), we find that even in this the second year of the new regulation with regard to the second degree, more than thirty graduates have remained at Cambridge to enjoy more fully the generous provision that the college makes in all departments of higher study; and most of them indeed are registered as candidates for the newly established doctorate, which requires two full years of post-graduate study.

It is especially noteworthy that by recent endowment the English system of fellowships in a modified form has been introduced into Harvard College, and the opportunities for higher education extended to those young men of ability whose means are otherwise too narrow to allow them to make their training complete. First were founded the Harris Fellowship and the Graduates' Scholarship; then Mr. Bancroft set a noble example to other men of letters, by establish-

ing a fellowship for foreign study; last and best the legacy of Mr. Parker has given the college three fellowships of the annual value of one thousand dollars each. We do not dwell on the opportunity for prolonged education given to those who enjoy these foundations, and desire only to express the hope that by this organization of advanced study something may be done to take away our national reproach — the absence of instructed special students in the various branches of knowledge. Perhaps, however, we may be allowed to call attention to another consequence, in our eyes almost as important as the immediate advantage, but not quite so apparent to those who live apart from a college community. We have already noticed the fact that our colleges are distinguished from the English by marking off the whole body of members into two groups separated by a hard and fast line. The teachers and those under direct instruction make up together the whole college. In England there is no such division possible; there are under-graduates held to a strict responsibility for the use of their time; there are older under-graduates who are almost and even sometimes quite freed from obligation; there are bachelors of arts studying for the fellowships, and often giving instruction to under-graduates; there are finally the fellows, tutors, and professors, some of whom are completely occupied in the work of instruction, some of whom are wholly given to study and research, the whole constituting, in truth, a building fitly framed together. To break down the wall of partition that unfortunately now exists in our colleges would do as much perhaps as any one thing to bring our students out of the delusion that their work has no permanent value, no relation to life beyond the lecture-room and the examination. The existence of an intermediate class of young students who are yet independent of control, who study in their own way and at their own time for an end they recognize as peculiarly their own, would help strongly to improve the attitude towards study among the under-graduates, and by establishing a medium of connection between the professorial class and the under-graduate, would make impossible that antagonism between the teachers and the taught which is the permanently impending danger in every American college.

— The catalogue of Harvard University for this year informs us of important changes in the requisitions for admission, by which, while the amount to be read in the Latin and Greek authors remains about the same as before, a greater variety is introduced, and a real knowledge of Latin is to be secured by requiring the candidate to translate at sight a passage of easy Latin prose, not previously read by him; by which, too, the history of Rome is added, and an elementary training in English composition demanded, together with an acquaintance with a few selections from English standard authors. Next year candidates for admission will also be required to translate at sight either easy French or German prose; and the year following they will be examined in either elementary botany, the rudiments of physics and chemistry, or the rudiments of physics and of descriptive astronomy, not only a knowledge of a good elementary text-book being required, but an ability in botany to analyze simple specimens, and in physics or chemistry to perform simple experiments.

Harvard College thus wisely, we think, demands additional knowledge and still more additional training. It is very desirable that a young man should be able to read some modern language besides his own, certainly desirable that he should be able to express himself properly in his own, and that he should have read a few of the best works in English as well as in Latin; important, too, that he should have early paid such attention to some branch of science, as to have trained his faculties in a way other than that given by his other studies.

There may be, however, some question whether the schools are yet prepared to give the education thus demanded of them, but Harvard College by requiring this offers them the most powerful incentive. It must be seen that these studies, added to the previous requisitions of Latin and Greek grammar, Latin and Greek composition, four books of Cæsar's Gallic War, Sallust's Catiline, four thousand lines of Ovid, the Eclogues and six books of the Æneid, eight orations of Cicero, the De Senectute, the Greek Reader, three books of Homer, arithmetic (including the metric system of weights and measures, and logarithms), algebra, plane geometry, Greek history, ancient, modern, and physical geography, require an extended preparatory course.

In large extents of our country, at least outside of the great cities and the preparatory schools attached to many of the Western colleges, there are no schools that

afford good instruction in preparation for college. Harvard College is peculiarly situated. She has always been able to rely on having a considerable proportion of her students well prepared according to the standard that she has from time to time demanded. The Phillips Academy at Exeter, the Boston Latin School, the private classical schools in Boston, and some high schools in eastern Massachusetts have together sent her every year what would be considered a large class in many of our colleges. Not that these have been the only well-prepared young men, nor indeed that all of these have been well prepared, — many of her highest scholars have not come from these schools or this section, — but she has had from these schools an important part of every class, who have passed successfully and without conditions the examinations that she has set. We believe that these schools will be compelled to meet her requirements, whatever they may be, and that new schools will arise in the richer and more thickly settled parts of our country and in the large cities, the chief aim of which will be to prepare boys for the most advanced college education. But if Harvard College holds her candidates to a full knowledge of all these subjects, she will either receive a smaller number at first than she has for a few years past, or a comparatively few schools will, for the present, fit the greater part of her pupils. Many of the schools have been taxed to their utmost already in meeting her demands. None the less do we believe that she is thus doing a good service to education. Every year the schools will increase the quantity and quality of their work, and as her standard is met, the students at the other colleges will be also better prepared.

But this is not all that Harvard College is doing for the advancement of the standard of education in the upper schools. By her scheme of additional examinations in both the classics and mathematics, which those who wish to attain distinction "are advised to pass on entering," she offers to the schools an opportunity of extending for their best pupils very materially the course of preparatory studies, and to the students more advanced and additional studies in the college itself.

Now, we think that the hopes of the friends of university education, and the ambition of Harvard, as manifested in these requisitions, can be realized only on the condition that no part of the time allotted in boyhood to education is wasted. A young man of ability can, by seventeen or eighteen years of age, reach up to the full requirements of even the additional examinations on entering college, provided his education has been thorough, systematic, and continuous. But we fear that just here will be found the chief obstacle in the way of this attempt.

Hitherto the course of instruction at the academies has been short — at Exeter, Andover, and elsewhere, only three years. To meet the required examinations heretofore has compelled hard work during these years, and quite a large percentage of the pupils have been found unable or unwilling to apply themselves with sufficient energy to remain during the academic course. Indeed, the academy at Exeter, which has been of so much service to liberal education in our country, and whose record in scholarship has been so brilliant, has had the credit of producing the result in part by somewhat remorselessly cutting off its idlers and drones. Now this course of study must be lengthened — certainly, if the additional examinations are to be met, must be materially lengthened; but the time should be added to the beginning rather than to the end of the course; in other words, the special preparation for college must begin at an earlier age than is now usual, or there must be some way by which the course of study in the lower schools can be a systematic preparation for the higher. It is not desirable that the time of entering college should be any later. If the boy can be at the age of thirteen or fourteen thoroughly prepared in his arithmetic, geography, and spelling, if in addition to these he has been taught, as he very well may be, the elements of botany, and is already able to read easy French, he can be fitted in four years' additional time, if of good ability and industry, for the most advanced examination that any college is likely to propose. But it is in every teacher's experience that boys of thirteen or fourteen are in general very far from being prepared in these branches of study. The Dean of Harvard College, in this year's report, thinks that as soon as the leading colleges "unite in demanding of candidates for admission a thoroughly good training in English no less than in classical subjects, the schools which feed the colleges will in turn be able to exact from lower schools an efficiency which they now greatly lack." What the probabilities are that the schools

which feed the colleges will be able to exact this efficiency from the lower schools, we may hereafter consider. It would be, however, leaving our present words incomplete, should we not say that it must be borne in mind that very few of the pupils of these lower schools ever enter those of a higher grade, and that the object of the grammar or district schools is quite different from that of forming one of a series of steps of which the highest shall be the university.

We should deem it probable that those schools whose special work is that of immediate preparation for college would find it serviceable to in some way attach to them schools preparatory to their own work. Indeed, this process seems to have already begun. The Boston Latin School, whose course was a few years ago greatly enlarged, has added, or is about to add, what will be substantially a preparatory class. Exeter prefixes to her course this year such a class. This enables her to add French and the new requirements in English to her list of studies. The new Adams Academy at Quincy, that opened a year and a half ago with a four years' course intended to prepare her ablest pupils for the advanced examination at Cambridge, but without the study of French, has this year found it expedient to form a class "in studies preparatory to the academy, comprising a thorough training in the elementary English branches, together with French, botany, and drawing," and adds French also to the regular course in the academy. We do not know whether Andover has adopted the same method, but she has already her English department, long established and successful, and would only find it necessary to require study there before entering upon the classical side.

There are disadvantages connected with this plan, the most obvious of which is the necessity of sending boys away from home at so early an age. It would be better for the home schools to do this part of the work if they could. The full course at the German gymnasia is nine years, and we may be sure that we cannot, any more than the Germans, complete a full and extended course of study — cannot reach high attainments — without systematic and long attention, nor without being willing to make for ourselves and our children the needful sacrifices.

— Very important educational improvements have been in progress in several European countries during the past five-and-twenty years, of which little seems to be known in this country. Thirty years ago or more, Horace Mann, and Professors Stowe and Bache, in their reports on foreign education, described the Prussian schools, and thereby did much to stimulate educational progress in America. But those publications, which did not aim at completeness, are now quite obsolete. Mr. Mann, for instance, set forth in imposing array, with much rhetorical embellishment, the provisions which had been made in different countries, especially in Prussia, for training teachers in normal schools. But his glowing enumeration is insignificant by the side of the present normal-school statistics of the same countries.

A small pamphlet in German, now before us, affords fresh and authentic information, of the most interesting and valuable description, about Prussian common-school education as it exists at the present time. It comprises the revised and improved programme of studies prescribed by the government, together with the detailed requirements for the normal training and the examination of teachers. What makes this little *brochure* extremely noteworthy is the fact *that it is the last word on the subject, from the most competent pedagogists or schoolmen in the world.* It is evidently a complete whole, a harmonious *system*, where each perfect detail is blended in the general excellence. It contains a clear and precise statement of the aims and requirements in respect to each subject of instruction. The time to be devoted to each branch is also prescribed. The following studies are obligatory for all children: religion, the mother-tongue including writing and grammar, arithmetic, practical elementary geometry, *realien* (comprising geography, history, the elements of natural history, and the rudiments of physics), drawing, singing, gymnastics, and, for girls, needlework. To each of the last four branches the pupils of the upper classes are required to give two hours weekly. In giving the gymnastic exercises, the teachers must follow the course laid down in the official manual prepared for the purpose.

To the average American teacher, the above schedule of studies will probably appear rather formidable; and most likely it will not be apparent to him how *time* is to be found to teach them all to any purpose, in the period allotted for the course of instruction in the common school. But the Prussian teachers, it is said, do find time for this, without subjecting their pupils to the "cramming" process, or to what we call

"high pressure." Nor is it very difficult to discover how the Prussian teachers are enabled to do what seems to most American teachers impracticable. This programme throws much light on the subject. In the first place, it distinctly indicates what is to be accomplished, and puts just and reasonable limitations upon the requirements. And so the Prusssian teacher does not fritter away the time of his pupils in attempting to teach them a great mass of useless details which book makers have seen fit to print in text-books. But this is just what most American teachers are doing to an immense extent, greatly to the profit of book makers and book publishers, and at the same time to the great detriment of their pupils. And how can they be expected to do otherwise? No such a teacher's guide as this before us has been furnished by any American State. In the Massachusetts school-law the subjects to be taught are named, and nothing more. It is so in all the States, or in nearly all. The consequence is, the teachers are very generally left by the local authorities to teach what there is in the prescribed text-books. There are exceptions to this state of things, we are aware, in many of the city schools where there is an efficient superintendence exercised by the school boards and their experienced officers. In New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and some other cities, programmes have been adopted which are intended to secure a rational and economical handling of the subjects to be taught. But nowhere is this intention satisfactorily realized. And speaking generally, it is substantially correct to say that the American teacher has for his guide, instead of a carefully prepared, rational programme, a list of prescribed text-books, too numerous and too voluminous by half, the contents of which he is expected to teach his pupils as best he can. He knows very well, from experience, that whatever else his pupils may be expected to know, they must not fail to answer any questions on the text of the prescribed books, so far as they have been studied. Hence of necessity his chief business must consist in giving out lessons and in hearing recitations. In fact, the characteristic of American teaching, in all its grades, is that it consists mainly of the hearing of recitations from text-books. The Prussian method is totally different. The Prussian teacher *teaches his pupils and works with them.* The text-book is used only for reference, and as an aid to the pupils in preparing reviews. In this way the Prussian teacher makes very short work of geography, on which our American teachers feel compelled to waste a great amount of time, and so must crowd out drawing or singing.

But this pamphlet not only indicates the right way of handling the subjects of instruction; it shows also how the teachers are prepared for this sort of work. A perfect programme is a most useful instrument in skilled hands, but it is only so much waste paper in unskilled hands. The Prussian ministry of instruction is by no means content simply to put forth a well-contrived course of study, and then tell the local authorities to carry it out. It prescribes, at the same time, the course of culture and technical training for the teachers, to enable them to handle the programme according to its letter and spirit. And what is more to the point, it provides in abundance the institutions in which this culture is imparted. Prussia was the first country in the world to set the example of establishing normal schools, the earliest of these institutions dating back as far as 1701. In 1819 it was decreed that ten should be established, one in each province. Now there are *eighty-eight.* In the whole German Empire there are one hundred and forty-three. And the course of training in these professional schools varies from three to six years.

If this pamphlet which we have taken as our topic could be translated and printed, and distributed largely throughout America, it could not fail to render an important service to the cause of popular education.

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VOLUME XXXIII.—NUMBER 200

JUNE, 1874

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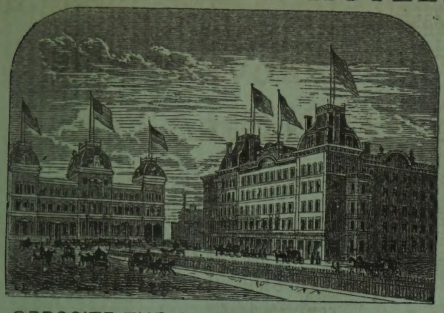

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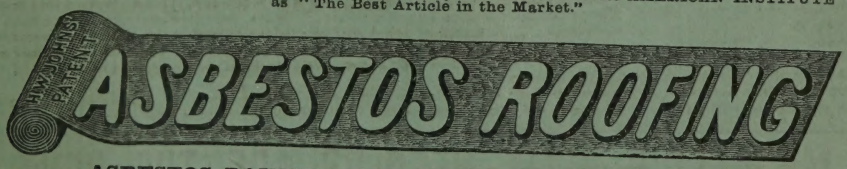

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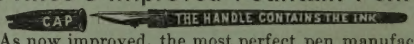

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VOL. XXXIII.—JUNE, 1874.—No. CC.

NAPLES: HER VOLCANO, HER PEOPLE, AND HER KING.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE stories which relate to earthquakes and the cognate volcanic phenomena have ever been strangely exciting to the imagination. We feel that we are brought face to face with the Inexorable; that we are dealing with potencies utterly beyond human sway. Fire, water, when either bursts its allotted bound, are indeed terrible agencies, wrecking human property, destroying human life; after a certain time, however, we can resume wonted control, again governing and repressing them. But when the earth, heaving from beneath, prostrates cities, projects mountains from the plain, or from under the sea; or again, when it swallows up entire districts, or vomits forth, from some lofty, gigantic outlet, rivers of liquid rock that hold their desolating course for miles: then, in the presence of these stupendous elements of destruction, dealing death, at times, to tens of thousands on a single spot and in a few brief minutes of time, man can but gaze and suffer and submit.

Living where Nature is comparatively quiet and inaggressive, we but dimly realize the portents and calamities that visit more perturbed regions. Perhaps we may remember that, in 1783, Hecla poured forth, from a lateral crevice, a stream of lava which reached a distance of fifty miles in forty-two days, and which is said to have been upwards of six hundred feet deep and to have spread out, at one place, into a lake fifteen miles wide. But it has probably slipped our memory that, in 1835, the ashes from a Nicaraguan volcano, Conseguina, rising but a few miles from the Pacific, swept across the Isthmus and the Caribbean Sea, and fell in the streets of Kingston, Jamaica, seven hundred miles off; while at a distance of thirty miles the fine pumice dust covered the ground to the depth of ten feet, destroying woods and dwellings, and shrouding man, beast, and bird.

Earthquakes count their victims by more than hundreds of thousands. The story of the great earthquake of Lisbon, where sixty thousand lives were lost, is comparatively familiar: but it is not so well known that in Calabria, in 1783, an earthquake destroyed nearly forty thousand persons; nor that, in 1772, great part of Papandayang, a mountain in that island of volcanoes, Java, was swallowed up, carrying with it the inhabitants on its declivities, warned too late, by terrific subterranean noises, of their danger, — the area thus sunk being fifteen miles long by six miles wide. It

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is usually estimated that, throughout the ages, thirteen millions of human beings (more than the entire population of the United States fifty years ago) have perished by these earth-convulsions.

The tragic has its own attractions. When I read in a morning paper, twenty years ago, my appointment to Naples, one of my first feelings was of gladness that I was about to reside in a country where I might chance to witness some of these prodigies of nature. I called to mind, indeed, that there had been but four eruptions of Vesuvius in the present century, the last in 1850; I knew that, since the first great outbreak on record, eighteen hundred years since, — when a quiet mountain that had been covered, all but the flat summit, with flowery meadows,[1] suddenly revealed all its destructive grandeur, — the capricious volcano had sometimes slumbered, undisturbed, for centuries. Yet still I hoped that mine might be the exceptional good fortune to be present when the torpid monster should again awake to action. Nor was I to be disappointed.

I have, indeed, no incidents to tell that will match the phenomena witnessed by the Neapolitans in 1631, when rocks weighing twenty or thirty tons were flung to a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, and when the dead were counted by thousands, yet I saw what I shall recollect to my dying day.

On the first of May, 1855, I was awoke by the startling tidings, "Vesuvius in eruption!" Soon all Naples was astir. From the dense mass of cloud that veiled the cone of the mountain, occasional flames had begun to flash out. After a time a slender line of fire crept from beneath the dark covering. Toward evening, though the flames could scarcely penetrate the gloomy mass, their effect was visible in reflection from cloud to cloud, till the whole sky was ablaze with light.

Nor was it to be a mere passing exhibition, however gorgeous, of a few hours, or a day or two. For twenty-eight successive days did the lava pour forth in a continuous stream. During twenty-eight successive nights was the country illuminated for miles around. The fire-stream came not from the summit-crater, but from several small supplemental craters — *bocchi di fuoca*, "fire-mouths," as they were called — that burst out about a third of the way up the cone.

It was a little after midnight, in fine, summer weather, that I first reached the spot, in company with several American friends. The lava had then been flowing for several days. Five craters were visible, the uppermost, however, only occasionally to be seen, when it lightened through dense clouds. We moved slowly upward as near to the largest of these as the guide deemed safe. No words can depict the strange and solemn grandeur that surrounded us. We stood amid a crowd looking like spectres in the preternatural light, and hushed out of their natural garrulousness by the solemnity of the scene. In front was a dark-gray mass of what had been liquid lava thirty-six hours before; hardened on the surface but hot still, and showing, in the fissures which seamed it, the red gleam of the yet uncooled liquid beneath. The lava-stream then flowing was just beyond it, some forty yards distant, glowing like fused metal, the warmth from it reaching us where we stood. Though it flowed down a steep descent, its current was sluggish, not exceeding, I think, two or three miles an hour. The grating sound caused by the countless thousands of tons of molten rock, as they ground their way down the rough hill-side, was peculiar; somewhat resembling the dull murmur of some mountain torrent rushing over a shingly bed. This was drowned every few minutes by a moaning noise, like distant subterranean thunder, succeeded each time by a huge tongue of flame that shot up from one or other of the craters into the air, carrying with it masses of stones and cin-

[1] Strabo, writing about the Christian era, described Vesuvius, then not known to be a volcano, as covered with beautiful meadows, all but the summit, which was a sterile level.

ders and scoriæ that were thrown up to a considerable height, and which, but for the death-like stillness of the air which suffered them to drop back perpendicularly, might have fallen so close to where we stood as to be perilous; for one "fire-mouth" was less than a hundred and fifty yards from the spot. Over all was a sulphurous canopy of heavy clouds, lurid with the reflection of the red lava-stream, and occasionally lighted up more brilliantly by the fire-gleams from the craters, rolling its heavy masses against the mountain, and shrouding in impenetrable darkness the summit of Vesuvius. Beneath, around, above, every sound and sight was weird, unearthly, portentous. I still remember that, as I looked up with a strange longing to ascend into the gloom and penetrate its mysteries, there came to me the lines in Schiller's Diver, with the change of a single word: —

"Da oben aber ist's fürchterlich;
Und der Mensch versuche die Götter nicht,
Und begehre nimmer und nimmer zu schauen
Was sie gnädig bedecken mit Nacht und mit Grauen."[1]

I was awakened from my dream by a lady's voice, addressing me a question. Colonel Van Buren, son of our deceased President, and his wife were of our party, and it was Mrs. Van Buren who spoke: —

"Do you think there would be any danger in crossing this old lava and getting to the edge of that magnificent stream beyond it?"

I appealed to our guide, and as he replied that the lady incurred no danger if her boots were thick-soled and her dress not too long, I gave her my arm and we ventured. The heat struck even through our thick boots; and when we had proceeded half-way across, my companion stopped: "Don't you think there 's some risk in going farther?"

"Let us return, then," I said.

But curiosity proved stronger than fear; the lady pressed forward till we were some ten yards only from the stream. Another pause, with the remark that perhaps that *was* near enough. But Eve's daughter was not yet satisfied. I felt a forward pressure on my arm, and in a few seconds we stood within two feet of the moving lava. For a minute or more we remained speechless; then Mrs. Van Buren said, "Mr. Owen, before we go, tell me, so that we may not forget it, just what you think that resembles."

Perhaps I should never have carried away so exact an idea of the moment's impression but for this opportune question. "I could imagine," I replied, "that the interior of this vast cone was filled with melted gold to the brim, and that a portion of it had escaped from some fissure and was flowing at our feet."

"Precisely; that is my impression also. I wondered if it seemed the same to you."

In effect the stream, some forty or fifty feet wide, appeared divided, in its width, into three parts; the central belt perfectly fused, exactly resembling a moving surface of burnished gold; while on each side the shallower stream, coming into contact with the shore, was already a little cooled and ruffled, so that it seemed more like what we call *frosted* gold.

The heat from the boiling mass was intense; but, for the moment, so great was the excitement, neither my companion nor I was fully aware of it. Though we did not linger more than a minute or two on the edge of this Plutonian stream, our faces did not recover from the scorching for more than two days, the skin slightly and partially peeling off.

Following the course of the lava we found that, half a mile farther down, it had reached a perpendicular descent of some thirty or forty feet. Over this poured the cataract of fire, probably seventy or eighty feet wide, but divided near the centre by a projecting rock. By this time large blocks of lava, somewhat hardened by cooling, came float-

[1] Literally: "Up yonder it is fearful; and never more let man, tempting the gods, seek to explore what they, in mercy, have covered with night and with horrors." The original applies to Charybdis, and begins "Da unten aber," etc.: "Down yonder," etc.

ing along like huge rocks and toppled over, not swiftly or suddenly, as heavy bodies drop over a waterfall, but quietly and lazily, in part arrested by sinking somewhat into the thick, viscous mass.

Some days afterward I visited, from the lower valley, the bed of the lava-stream in its last descent from the mountain. We had arranged to reach the spot as soon as it was quite dark. What a spectacle presented itself, far exceeding in magnificence all we had yet seen! The descent was a wide and nearly perpendicular pitch of full one thousand feet. Down this vast precipice the lava was descending in several streams, so as to illumine the whole face of the rock. Conceive one of the wildest and loftiest of Swiss waterfalls, with every accessory of mountain scenery; then imagine the ice-water from the Alps suddenly converted, by some magician's wand, into liquid gold, and you may faintly realize what here we saw.

A week or two later, the lava-stream, accumulating in the valley and spreading out, here and there, to a great width, had reached a point seven miles distant from its source, and within a third of a mile of a village on the road to Naples, named La Cercola, the village being only three or four miles from the city. It advanced, an inevitable Fate. Field, orchard, olive-grove disappeared beneath it, never again to be seen while the world endures. Cottages were swept away and buried. Trees were surrounded, scorched, and withered by the fiery mass — the charred tops of the largest still projecting, like masts of vessels that had gone down in a tempest.

Learning that the hamlet was threatened, and the inhabitants fleeing for their lives, I drove out to the spot, where crowds had gathered. The lava presented a nearly perpendicular front full a hundred feet wide and some fifteen feet high, cooled down to a dark gray color, and beginning to harden into rock. The vast mass, however, still moved on, inch by inch. From time to time, too, the top crust was pressed forward and toppled over, each time gaining a few feet. Human attempt to arrest or divert its progress was as unavailing as would have been an effort to check a planet in its course.

I remember to have seen but two earthly phenomena that impressed me with the idea of omnipotent power. One was the central portion of the principal fall at Niagara; the other was this gigantic lava-wall moving — a doom! — toward the affrighted village.

As I gazed, my attention was attracted by a strange, distant sound, as of persons in distress. Turning, I saw a religious procession just issuing from La Cercola, quarter of a mile away. In front was borne, on men's shoulders, an image of the patron saint of the village, brought there as an intercessor, to arrest the advancing destruction. Next came a number of priests in their robes of ceremony, and behind, a crowd, chiefly of women. In the intervals of the prayers that the priests intoned, these women burst forth in a simultaneous wail, which, coming from hundreds of voices, produced the most lugubrious chorus it was ever my lot to hear. It gave one a vivid idea of the weeping of a multitude, and of a multitude readily stirred to frantic expressions either of joy or grief. But for the absorbed earnestness of the mourners, and the terrible reality of the approaching danger, it might have seemed grotesque. As it was, the spectacle was equally impressive and unique. The lava advanced but a rod or two farther; and the hamlet was saved.

Portici, so frequent a sufferer by former eruptions, was threatened by this, but escaped. I heard of no fatal accident. During a previous eruption (in 1850), an American gentleman lost his life. Without engaging a guide, he had ascended to the summit when Vesuvius was casting forth rocks and scoriæ. Not noticing that there was a slight breeze, he passed incautiously to leeward of the crater. A fragment of rock, diverted by the wind from the perpendicular, dropped on his arm, crushing it; and before aid came, losing much blood, he sank and died.

The story came to my knowledge

through a guide, riding with me on my first journey to the mountain. Tragical though it was, I could not help smiling at the professional moral with which he closed his narration. "Ecco!" he exclaimed, turning toward me, rising in his stirrups and throwing out his right arm with a theatrical air, "behold the effects of ascending Vesuvius without a guide!"

I witnessed also, albeit at some distance from its ravages, an earthquake. It was one evening about ten o'clock, in the year 1857.

The walls of the house in which we lived, fronting on the Chiaja, were nearly seven feet thick; yet we felt the massive building shake and roll. The first shock lasted, I think, eight or ten seconds. We sprang to our feet; and after a brief interval there followed a second shock, more violent than the first, so that our footing seemed to fail beneath us. A chandelier suspended in the room swung about a foot out of the perpendicular, and continued to vibrate for several minutes. The bells in the house rang, and three or four doors opened.

We were startled, of course; but Mrs. Owen, not readily alarmed, took it quietly. I reminded her that, as throughout two or three thousand years there had been no record of any substantial building being thrown down, or any lives lost by an earthquake in the city, it was the most unlikely thing in the world that we should be the first sufferers. So she merely laid the children's clothes to be ready at a moment's warning, and we retired to rest, sleeping tranquilly till morning.

But others had less faith. The common people rushed by thousands into the street and spent the night imploring the intercession of the Holy Virgin; for Naples addresses her prayers to Mary, not to God: while hundreds of the nobility, getting into their carriages, drove for refuge to the southern side of the Chiaja, out of reach of any houses if they had fallen; and we saw a line of these equipages early next morning, still strung along in front of our windows, just outside of the Villa Reale.

But the night, so quietly spent by us, was to be one of death or of torture to tens of thousands. The centre of this terrific earth perturbation was about ninety miles southeast of Naples, in the interior of the kingdom, nearly half-way to the Adriatic; namely, in and around Potenza, capital of the province of Basilicata, a city of sixteen thousand souls. Two thirds of the place were laid in ruins, whole rows of buildings falling flat into the streets. Thirty or forty neighboring villages met a similar, or worse fate; ten or twelve of these being utterly destroyed. The most moderate calculation put the deaths at twenty-five thousand, and ten thousand people were maimed or injured, most of them for life: all this frightful destruction occurring within a single minute of time. Several thousands remained for days under the ruins in misery which it is horrible to think of. Some died almost at the moment of release; many more came out dreadfully mutilated; there were four thousand amputations performed in Potenza alone.

I was sorely tempted to visit the terrible scenes. But professional duties prevented me. Several English and American travelers brought me heart-rending accounts of what they saw.

That Naples herself has ever escaped similar tragedies is probably due to the close vicinity of a safety-valve — in Vesuvius.

It has sometimes occurred to me that the devotional sentiment of this nation may have owed both its earnestness and its superstitious phase, in a measure, to such startling phenomena as these; phenomena that, by an excited and uncultured people, might easily be set down as acts of retribution direct from God. It is certain that, from the King to the lowest of the lazzaroni, religion among them was, as a general rule, more of an ever-present sentiment than it usually is among us.

In the autumn of 1855, being about to negotiate a treaty of amity, commerce,

and navigation with the Neapolitan Government, I had instructions from our State Department to have inserted therein, if possible, a provision permitting the erection, in Naples, of a church for Protestant worship. I replied that I should strictly obey instructions, though hopeless of success. I met the three Neapolitan plenipotentiaries, Don Luigi Carafa, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Cometini, an officer of the King's household, and Don Giuseppe Arpino, Advocate General, and when I brought up this proposal, they received it in complete silence. After the session closed the Minister begged me to remain a few minutes.

"Signor Ministro," he said, "I think you cannot doubt the extreme desire of his Majesty to do whatever may be agreeable to your President and to the great country you represent, so far as national honor and our sacred religion permit."

I assented.

"There is one proposition," he went on, "and I think only one, among those you are likely to propose, that we are not permitted freely to discuss with you: that which regards a Protestant church. The King prefers to lose the treaty and all its advantages rather than concede that to which his conscience, all the traditions of his government, and the rules of the Holy Catholic church are alike opposed. I am frank with you, so that your time and ours may not be lost."

I was prepared for this; for we were in the habit, in the diplomatic corps, of talking the King over very freely. So I gave up the point, and the treaty was concluded October 1, 1855.

The superstition of the people differed in phase from the bigotry of their king. I detected but little intolerance of heretics in it. It had its reverential and its grotesque side. There are niches in the front walls of many houses in the old part of Naples, with small figures of saints, or more usually of the Virgin and Child. When I hired a *carrozzella* — the cab of that city, much used there — I found the driver in the habit of stopping his horse without apparent cause, in the street. Looking out for an explanation, I observed that, on such occasions, he took off his hat and turned toward one of these images, his lips moving silently; after a few moments he put his wiry little horse in motion again. It was image-worship, no doubt; yet I felt more disposed to respect the man for the sentiment, than to smile at the delusion.

The grotesque phase might be seen at the street corners any Saturday afternoon, while the drawing of lotteries was going on. The Neapolitans, though every one of them who can at all afford it drinks wine, are, like the Spaniards, a specially temperate people. I think that during five years I saw scarcely half a dozen of them intoxicated. Their substitute in the way of excitement is gambling; "playing in the lottery," as they call it. I think that I had not a servant in my house who failed to spend five, ten, twenty cents a week, or more, for a lottery ticket. At the close of the week, when the result was announced, crowds gathered round the lottery offices, which were almost as common in Naples as grog-shops in New York. Five numbers, drawn from the wheel, were exhibited, at considerable intervals of time, above each office door; if one of these appeared on a ticket, it gave the holder a very small prize, probably repaying him his venture; if two, a larger proportion, and so on; the ticket containing all these lucky numbers winning the capital prize.

The excitement of the crowd, as each successive number appeared, may be imagined. On such an occasion I remember singling out one of the many lazzaroni present — a stalworth, embrowned, half-clad fellow — and watching his acts and emotions. He held before his face a leaden image of his patron saint, to which, while awaiting the drawing, he addressed his entreaties, as devoutly, I dare say, as ever Louis XI. of France did, for good luck. When the exhibition of the first number caused a rustle among the anxious waiters, he looked up, and I read disappointment

on his face, but he was submissive; there were four chances yet, and he went on with his prayers. So, when the second came out. As the third was shown, I saw his weather-beaten face darken and the black eyes flash, but he resorted to his saint again. When a fourth came, evidently with the same result, he shook the image with an oath; but then, recollecting himself, he calmed down, and his half-uttered, imploring tones indicated a last, fervent intercession. Then, trembling with agitation, he waited the final chance. It came; and, with a heart-spoken "Maladetto!" he flung the image on the ground, and trampled it under foot.

During the chief festival of Naples, celebrated yearly in the vast cathedral,[1] I witnessed a still more striking example of the familiarity — unchecked, it seems, by the church — with which these people are wont to treat what they call their spiritual protectors.

San Gennaro (St. Januarius) is held to be the guardian saint of Naples. The alleged miracle by which the blood of this holy person (contained in a closed phial or glass tube) changes from a solid to a liquid state, is well known. Admitted by special favor, with five or six others, into the sanctuary of the cathedral, and seated within a few feet of the officiating priest, I had an excellent opportunity to observe the ceremony and its effect upon the assembled thousands who came to await the result.

In the front rank of the audience, some ten feet from us, were seated twenty or thirty women, some very old, the reputed descendants of the saint. At their head, and evidently chief of this favored corps, was a tall, masculine woman, of middle age, — a very Meg Merrilies in appearance, — with the flashing eye and the bold port of a popular ring-leader. Like most matrons in the rank of small but well-to-do Neapolitan shopkeepers, her fingers were covered with massive silver rings, and her neck was adorned with a heavy chain and other ornaments of the same metal. This Amazon seemed, for the nonce, to have assumed the lead in the devotional exercises of her neighbors.

These, when the priest first held up the sacred phial with its clotted contents, were quiet and reverential; uttered in low tones, but audible where we sat, "Holy Gennaro! Save, protect us! Bless the city of Naples and keep it from plagues and earthquakes and all other ills. Do this miracle, so we may see that thy power and thy favor are still with us. Blessed San Gennaro, pray for us," and so on.

After each installment of prayer there was an interval of some ten minutes; then the supplications recommenced, patiently enough for an hour or more, during which the still refractory blood was, from time to time, displayed. Then, gradually, the tone became querulous, and supplication changed to remonstrance. "How long, O holy man of God! how long! Art thou resolved to weary out our patience? Come quickly! Hasten to show thy power!" then usually dropping back into the refrain, "Blessed San Gennaro, pray for us!"

When nearly two hours had elapsed, the patience of this Amazonian leader evidently failed. It was a sultry day toward the end of May, the crowd was densely packed, and I saw drops of perspiration standing out on her swarthy forehead.

"San Gennaro," she exclaimed, "are you going to keep us here, sweating in this accursed crowd, all day long? Who 's to attend to that little shop of mine, I wonder, while I 'm gone? Do you want it to be entered and robbed? You know I can't afford to be away from it all this time." Then, as if the thought crossed her that she had gone a little too far, "Blessed Saint! Holy Gennaro! Pray for us."

Half an hour more elapsed, and still, as the venerated relic was held on high before the congregation, the obdurate

[1] Here there is a chapel dedicated to St. Januarius, which was erected, in pursuance of a vow made during the plague of 1527, at a cost of nearly a million dollars, and which is enriched with valuable paintings by Guido and other masters.

blood remained unliquefied. At the sight, our dame of the silver chain and rings, unable longer to stand such treatment from her canonized ancestor, broke forth. Pointing her long, lank finger at the silver-gilt bust of the saint (which had been brought from his chapel and set on a pedestal near us), "Faccia gialla!" she cried. "Yellow face! You! It 's past all bearing! Have you no mercy? Hurry up! Be about it! Come, set that blood a-flowing in God's name, at once; and let us depart in peace!"

Her face all aflame and the nervous agitation of her whole person, as she rose to her feet and tossed her arms excitedly, attested the vehement reality of her emotion. Had I been inclined to laugh, which I was not, I think any such exhibition of levity might have endangered my life, at the hands of that exasperated multitude.

It was some ten minutes after this objurgation that the priest, stepping to the front, — this time with a complacent smile lighting up his face, — showed the miracle wrought, and the blood flowing freely in the tube.

Then there went up from the assembled thousands such a wild shout of exultation as one hears only in Southern climes; and there only when fear and expectation, wound up to highest pitch and endured for hours, burst forth in triumphant congratulation at last.

While all this was passing, the priest who officiated had very politely brought to us, for examination, the vessel containing the blood; affording us satisfactory evidence that it *was* at first coagulated and that it *had* liquefied at the close. It may readily be imagined that we did not moot the question with him how this result was produced.

It would be an error to suppose that the Neapolitans are a fiercely quarrelsome people; though such an impression might be made by perusing the above narrative, or by a sight of the daily scenes that occur in Santa Lucia or other crowded thoroughfares. One may witness there, at any hour of the day, street squabbles which, to judge by the intensity of tone and gesture in the wranglers, seem likely to terminate in blows or blood. Nothing of the sort! I saw or heard no evidence of the stiletto, commonly associated with the Italian; and cases of assault and battery I found to be of rarest occurrence. The excitement of this people, real for the moment, seems to evaporate harmlessly in words and gesticulation. Among themselves, and with strangers if decently treated, they are essentially a good-natured race, with more of the genial element about them than falls to the Anglo-Saxon's share.

I had little trouble with my servants. In each household of any importance there is a *maggiordomo*, through whom one manages all the rest. Andrea was the name of mine; a staid, grave, respectful man of fifty, always neatly dressed in black with white cravat. At first he quietly took the upper hand with me. This I tolerated for a few months, lacking experience in my new position, and willing to adopt some of his ways. Finally I sent for him. "Andrea," said I, "this is a comfortable place of yours, is it not?"

"Your Excellency surely knows what an honor I esteem it to serve the American Minister."

"I think you had been out of a situation some time when I engaged you; and if you lost this place you might not be able soon to find one that suited you as well."

"Dio mio! who has been maligning me to your Excellency?"

"No one. And, in many respects, you are an excellent servant. You are always respectable-looking; you receive my guests admirably; you are attentive and obliging, and you keep good order in the house. But you have one fault which does not suit me at all."

"In the name of the Virgin, what is that, Signor?"

"You are as obstinate as the old devil himself. You insist on having your own way. I have let this pass so far. But now take your choice. Either you must do just what I bid you for the

future, or else it will be a month's wages — and dismissal."

I never had occasion, throughout the succeeding years, to say a word more on that point. Andrea did all the marketing, and he was an excellent caterer. I had been warned by an English friend, long a resident of Naples, that a major-domo expects to clear ten per cent. on his purchases; it was the custom of the place, he said, and I must not object if he kept to that. As Andrea's wages were low, I was content. But I found, by comparing prices, that he was gradually running up his percentage till it was nearly double.

"Look here," I said to him one day; "ten per cent. on the market bills for yourself I 'm willing to allow; but it must n't be more."

"Oh, Signor, surely you don't think that I ever charge you one *grano* above the price I pay?"

"It 's no use pretending, Andrea. I tell you I 'm willing to pay ten; but remember, I won't stand fifteen or twenty."

He looked me full in the face and saw I was in earnest; then, quite unblushingly, and with a sly smile, the rogue replied, "I did n't think your Excellency was so well informed in these matters."

Andrea was wont to spend his spare wages, not exactly in "riotous living," but in giving to his friends occasional evening parties, with supper, — and wine, of course, — in a hall adjoining the servants' offices. As he always asked permission and kept his guests quiet, I assented for a time. But he had a daughter of eighteen or nineteen, a modest, nice girl; good-looking, with a neat, small figure, and the oval face, light olive complexion, and handsome black eyes and hair of her country. Adelaide was her name, contracted, however, to Delaïta. She had been with us upwards of two years as chambermaid, when I heard that a handsome young fellow, a manufacturer of artificial flowers, who usually made one at her father's supper-table, was likely to be a suitor for his daughter's hand. Thereupon I sent for Andrea.

"It is not my business how you spend your money," I said to him; "but you will want to marry that pretty daughter of yours one of these days, and there will be the *dota* — you will be asked to furnish a bedroom; is it not true?"

"That is the custom, Signor; but do not fear; I shall be prepared."

A year later, however, he came to me, downhearted. "I am very unhappy," he said. "That good young fellow seeks my girl in marriage, and here I have but twenty-five ducats in the world."

"Ah! those suppers! I warned you, Andrea."

"Yes, Signor; but one must be a little hospitable; and then perhaps Tommaso" —

"Might not have taken a fancy to Delaïta if they had not sat side by side now and then at supper, you think?"

"Sicuro! It is so. But if the Signor Ministro would only lend me the sum, and deduct it from my wages; three hundred ducats,[1] with what little I have, will suffice."

"Well, Delaïta has been an excellent girl, diligent and faithful. She is a great favorite of Mrs. Owen's, and we always intended to give her something when she married. She shall have a hundred and fifty ducats. I 'll advance the rest, and you shall repay it, ten ducats a month. You need a little lesson in economy."

"Dio glielo renda,[2] Eccellenza!"

The girl was married; our children, to their delight and the gratification of all concerned, being present at the wedding; she did well, and came to see us from time to time. Two days before I left Naples, there was a knock at my library door, and Delaïta — her trim little figure nicely dressed, and, dropping over her head, the graceful black lace veil, which in women of her station replaces, throughout Southern Italy, the hat or bonnet — entered and walked, with a smile, and evidently

[1] About two hundred and fifty dollars.

[2] "God repay it to you!"

much moved, up to the desk at which I was writing.

"I could not let your Excellency go," she said, "without coming to tell you how I feel about your goodness to me. I owe to you all I have — my pleasant home and the good husband who takes care of me. There is only one thing I can do for you, but that I 'll never, never neglect. When I kneel before the Blessed Virgin in church, I shall always pray that she will guide and protect you, and give you many happy days."

By this time tears had gathered in the large, dark eyes, and her voice trembled with emotion as, after a moment's hesitation, she went on: "And now there 's one thing I 'm so very sorry for — that — that you 're not a woman, so that I might kiss you before you go."

"But as I happen unfortunately to be a man, Delaïta, don't you think it might do just as well for me to kiss you?"

A bright blush for answer, and I kissed her as I would my own daughter, the tears dropping from her cheeks the while.

There are many countries where a girl might feel gratitude just as warmly as good Delaïta did; but out of Italy the gratitude would scarcely assume such frank expression. And who knows but that the dear girl's prayers may, since then, have been to me, in strictest sense, far more than a return for the little service I had been able to render her?

When I was about to leave Naples there was quite a dramatic scene. The servants gathered round me, lamenting as if they were losing a life-long benefactor. Most of them in tears, they kissed my hands, called down upon my head all manner of blessings expressed in some of the various superlatives with which their language abounds; and several of them accompanied me to the steamer in which I embarked.[1]

In all ranks of this people, from the King down, I found much habitual kindness; in small things, if you will, but small things may smooth and brighten life. One marked example of courtesy in Ferdinand himself here occurs to me.

When I was first appointed to Naples, it was as *chargé d'affaires*, being accredited by our Secretary of State to the Neapolitan Minister of Foreign Affairs. Two years later the grade was raised to that of minister; and I had to deliver letters of credence from the President to the King. To a letter announcing this and asking an audience of the King, I got no reply for ten days. Then came the principal secretary of the Foreign Office, who asked me if I had not received a letter from them a week before.

"No, but I expected one. What did your letter contain?"

"An appointment by his Majesty to receive you yesterday as minister."

"And what happened?"

"He came with his chief officers, waited half an hour, and then, as you failed to appear, he dismissed them and returned to his apartments."

An awkward dilemma, it will be admitted! Under ordinary circumstances a reasonable apology suffices in case of failure to keep an appointment, but I was not at all sure how it would be received on such an occasion. There was nothing for it, however, except to send a letter to the Foreign Minister, with an explanation,[2] an expression of sorrow, and a request for another audience. I did not suppose this request would be refused; but I did expect a cold reception, of which I should certainly not have complained.

When I met the King, there was first, from me, the stereotyped protestation about our President's desire to maintain and strengthen amicable relations; then, from Ferdinand, the equally stereotyped response that the President could not have given more agreeable assurance of

[1] A somewhat similar scene took place when Mrs. Owen and the children, some weeks before, departed, accompanied by a lady friend, for the United States. I went to London, called thither to attend my father during the last months of his life.

[2] Namely, that my servant had carelessly deposited the letter under a copy of the government paper (*Giornale Uffiziale delle due Sicilie*), which, as it was the dullest paper I ever subscribed for (but this opinion was not included in my explanation to the minister), it chanced that I had failed to read or open.

this than by sending to Naples a gentleman so eminent, etc., etc. This over, I said that it was my duty to express to his Majesty my deep regret that, by an unfortunate accident, I had been prevented —

There he interrupted me, extending his hand and heartily shaking mine. "Mr. Owen," he said, "I beg that you will not say a word more on that subject. I am quite certain the mistake would not have happened if you could have prevented it; and the only regret I have in the matter is, that I have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing you sooner."

Handsomely said and very gracefully turned, let us admit — if it was "King Bomba" who said it.

So, on another occasion. When Mr. Buchanan became President I sent in my resignation, as is usual on a change of administration; but I was requested to remain at least another year, and agreed to do so. This fact I communicated to the King at Gaeta, whither the diplomatic corps had been summoned, to condole with him on the death of his favorite sister; a good woman, unassuming, benevolent, and greatly regretted by the poor. I had previously told the King of my resignation, and when I informed him of the change of plan, he said, "Mr. Owen, when your President requested you to prolong your stay among us, he did me a personal favor."

This was overheard and commented on by my colleagues. My own inference from it was, that, if an American minister shows but common justice in his dealings even with a despotic power, he will hardly fail to secure for himself the good-will of its government, and for his own country the friendship of that to which he is accredited. There was no reasonable demand of mine made, on behalf of American citizens, to the King of Naples or his ministers, that was not ultimately granted.

When one has been kindly treated, there is temptation to extenuate guilt, in view of the kindness. Yet I found evidence sufficient, I think, to prove that the proverb touching his satanic majesty, and the tendency to overdarken his portrait, might apply to Ferdinand II. also. With his submissiveness to the Catholic church was combined another wide-reaching fallacy. He not only believed, as stubbornly as Henry VIII. ever did, in the right divine of a king to dispose, at his will, of his subjects, their lives, and their properties, but also in his further right, derived from God's grace, to break faith with them, if they rebelled against his legitimate sway. Violating, like Charles I., solemn pledges given to his people,[1] like Charles he was an affectionate husband and father; giving, as his enemies alleged, more time and thought to his family than to his kingdom. He was clement, too, on occasion, as I had opportunities to know. I think the worn-out system, sustainable only by force, which he persisted in maintaining, had more to do than innate cruelty of disposition with those heinous barbarities toward political offenders which stained the annals of his reign;[2] and which, as I myself witnessed, nearly cost him his life. It happened thus: —

The King was wont to review some thirty or forty thousand of his troops annually on the anniversary of that victory at Velletri, by which the reigning dynasty acquired the throne of Naples. On one of these occasions (it was in 1856) I was present with my family, and — the carriages of foreign ministers having the *entrée* to the inner circle — we were some fifty or sixty yards only from where the King and his aids sat on horseback. Suddenly a slight tumult and tussle in the royal group attracted our attention; and soon after we saw a private soldier led off by one officer, while another carried a musket with its bayonet much bent. As the King remained seated and the troops continued to file past, I did not learn the full particulars till next day, when, at a levee,

1 During the political agitation of 1848, Ferdinand took a public oath to support a constitution modeled after the French Charter of 1830; yet, within a year, he dissolved the Chambers and restored the ancient despotism.

2 Exposed, perhaps exaggerated, by Gladstone, in 1857.

I heard them from Ferdinand himself. A soldier had suddenly rushed from the ranks and struck at him with fixed bayonet; but the blow was dealt too low, and the weapon, grazing the saddle and piercing the holster with such violence as to bend the steel, glanced thence against his breast and caused, he said, but a trifling wound. One of his staff officers who was present told me afterwards, however, that when the King put his hand to the spot, the kid glove he wore came away stained with blood, but that he would not allow any attention to be paid to it, saying only, in a quiet tone, "Take him away, but don't hurt him. Let the review go on!" Such equanimity betokens a certain force of character, which Ferdinand undoubtedly possessed.

The man who committed this assault proved to be a monk from a distant province, two of whose brothers had been executed for political offenses, real or suspected. Seeking opportunity to avenge their deaths (and no doubt concealing his vocation), he had enlisted a year before as a soldier. I was not at his trial, but I heard its details from the Marchese Sant' Angelo, a young man of generous impulse, but loyal to the King.

Counsel was assigned to Milano, so the monk was called; and the defense was — indeed could only be — a plea of insanity. The prisoner maintained complete equanimity throughout the trial; and when, at its close, he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him, he replied, —

"I desire to thank the gentleman who has defended me, for the zeal he has shown in seeking to prove that I was out of my right mind when I committed the act. I trust he will pardon me when I say that he is quite mistaken. The deed was premeditated, thought over for more than a year past, though the secret was never intrusted to any one; and at the moment I carried it out, I was as sane as any person who now hears me. According to your laws I must suffer death, and I have not a word to say in extenuation. Nay, if I were at liberty to-morrow, I should renew the attempt, believing it to be for the interest of the country that the King" —

Here he was interrupted by the court and told that they could not listen to any remarks derogatory to his Majesty. The prisoner resumed, in the same dispassionate and respectful tone he had used throughout: —

"Then I refrain from saying anything more on that subject. But if I thought that my feeble voice could reach the King and move him to compassion, I would implore him to make the tour of the kingdom, so that he might see, with his own eyes, the condition of his miserable subjects!"

He sat down quietly amid profound silence; and the young marquis told me he thought the court itself was impressed with respect for the man. For himself, he confessed to me that, though he abhorred Milano's attempted crime, he could not help thinking that his demeanor and his defense, frank, calm, dignified, would bear comparison with some of the historical incidents we most admire, dating back to the best days of Greece or Rome.

He was hanged — some of the English and Piedmontese papers said, after being tortured; but I found, on strict search, no evidence to sustain such a report.

There is a sequel to this — fanciful, some will call it. For nine months previous to December, 1856, I had been devoting my leisure hours to the study of pneumatological phenomena; having found several "mediums" or "psychics" in the circle of our acquaintances. On the sixteenth of that month, during our hundred and thirty-fifth sitting, the (alleged) spirit of Milano announced itself, the name being spelt out. There were present, besides the medium, Mrs. Owen and the Countess d'A——, wife of one of the King's favorite general officers. Among other questions, we asked, "Do you wish to return here alive again?"

Answer (very decided). "Yes."[1]

Q. "Why?"

A. "To kill Ferdinand."

Q. "Why do you wish to kill him?"

A. "Is wretch."

The Countess (speaking in French). "I tell you, no! He is not!"

[1] The very first time in our experience that any (alleged) spirit had answered that question in the affirmative

The Table (with a bounding, emphatic motion). "Oui!" adding, after a pause, "mon idole est la Liberté."

But this leads to another subject. I propose to inform the readers of The Atlantic how I came to investigate such phenomena; prefacing what I have to say in that matter by a statement of my views, forty years ago, on so-called "Free Religion," and the efforts I made to propagate them.

Robert Dale Owen.

CROWNED AND DISCROWNED.

"HERE is the place," speaks a fresh, strong voice,
"Thrown open yesterday. Now, Cecile,
Come and be critical of high art;
I 'd have rubbed up my Ruskin, but I feel

"The cares this change of condition brings."
The little bride's cheek has a sudden flush,
And her hand forsakes her husband's arm
Because of appearances: "Leonard, hush! —

"The door-keeper heard you." "What if he did?
I am willing. Just for the sake of art,
I take a catalogue; but, my dear,
Down in the very heart of my heart

"I feel that I care not for picture, bust,
Statue, or carving; I came away
For a week with my wife." A sweet, low laugh:
"What a pair of heathens we are to-day!

"I am tired of sight-seeing too; but still
We must do our duty." A comical groan
From the blithe young bridegroom. "Surely we might —
For the honey-moon only — let duty alone."

"No," from the sweet, firm, rose-bud mouth;
"We should be sorry." "How? where? and when?"
"When it could not be helped." "For the matter of that,
It is worse to be sorry now than then!"

They start on their pilgrimage through the rooms,
Armed with a catalogue; everywhere
Stand knots of the dilettante set
Who patronize sunsets: "Very fair!"

Seeing or not seeing, on they go
To the gallery's end, where a sudden thrill
Of tremulous silence holds the crowd,
And the chattering tongues for the nonce are still

At the beauty before them. Broad, low brows,
Dark eyes half-veiled by the lashes' fall,
Quivering nostrils, and scarlet lips,
And the kingly stature of kingly Saul

Win beholders' hearts, as of old they won
The heart of the Seer. Samuel stands,
His welcoming eyes on the noble face,
Reaching forth gracious, anointing hands

To the chosen monarch. All the tale
Is there. "On whom is the whole desire
Of Israel's house? is it not on thee?
Thou art the king that their prayers require!"

But another canvas the painter filled
Ere his pencil rested. Saul the King
Cometh to Samuel, long at rest;
His coming an evil, unholy thing.

The stately figure all prostrate lies;
The beautiful, spirited, gracious face
Is seamed with the lines that a crooked will
And a haughty temper know how to trace.

He crouches in fear at the gloomy shade
Darkling above him. Well may he,
The Seer whose word has blessed and banned,
Full sternly ask, "Wherefore call'st thou me?

"The kingdom out of thy hand is rent,
And given to David; Jehovah's word
Thou heard'st nor heededst; to-morrow thou
And thy sons come to me: thus saith the Lord!"

The first — the beginning by God's good grace;
The second — the ending by man's wrong will:
So the painter interpreted Holy Writ;
Read he the meaning well or ill?

The blithe young couple have lingered long
Before the crowned and the discrowned Saul;
Departing they pray, "Where the Lord begins,
May he too finish, for us — for all!"

B. W.

LARCOM'S LITTLE CHAP.

THE military prison at Finchley was very much like the rest, I suppose. Larcom was one of a lot of twenty or thirty who had come in together more than a year before. He was a big, common-looking fellow, not very clever, and pretty rough. Brown was from the same neighborhood, and he and Larcom were mates all through. He was a sharp little fellow, this Brown, quick-tempered and wiry, and might have been anywhere between twenty-five and forty. He would have been free or dead long before that, but for sticking by his hulking comrade, — Larcom rather anchored him. Luce was a sergeant in the twenty-third, when taken; he had been a mere boy two years before, but he was not a boy now, and he looked as though a little more of the same sort would make him neither boy nor man.

Larcom had been married to a German woman a short time before his second enlistment, and just before their capture he had received news of the birth of a child. Everybody knew about his Katy and the boy, and by this time there was not much left of the letter that had brought the news. He liked to talk about them, and the men liked to hear him in that dismal place; laughed at him, and poked weak fun at him. He had plenty of leisure to think about his wife and child, and he thought and talked so constantly of them that he gradually built up a kind of romance about both, but principally about the child, perhaps from there being less troublesome ground-work of fact to clear away and accommodate. He knew no more about it than his audience, but he came to more than half believe in the description and history he gave of the little one he had never seen. The fellows made a standing joke of asking after the baby's health, his weight, and the number of his teeth, and absorbing interest and sympathy were manifested in critical periods of measles and whooping-cough.

The fun was weak, no doubt, and not too fine-drawn. That was in the first months of their imprisonment. By and by they ceased to quiz Larcom, partly because he took it less and less kindly, and partly because they came to have small stomach for pleasantry themselves. There was only one thing that made the life tolerable at all, and that was the hope of escape. And they never ceased to plot and plan for that. Some got away, by dexterous and instant use of fortunate chance, by desperate defiance of risk and reason, by stratagem devised and worked out with incredible means and success. But most of the plots were discovered at Finchley, by the cunning of one of the guards. He was a low, brutal fellow, with a retreating chin and forehead, and a peculiar leer for his ordinary expression. This fellow had a habit of snapping his jaws convulsively when he laughed, and from that and his ferret keenness of scent and success in unearthing tunneling plots and the like, he had got the nickname of "Steel-trap," and was known by no other. The hatred of the prisoners for this man was simply murderous, and the best of the guards themselves despised him. His ingenuity in thwarting attempts at escape were beyond belief, and his enjoyment of success quite inhuman. During the progress of the great tunnel of July, which was dug with infinite patience and skill and with the most elaborate caution and secrecy, he was watched by a regular system of espionage, and when the men lay down on the night of the twentieth of July to wait with fear and trembling for the signal, not a man of them believed Trap had any suspicion, and twenty-one men passed through that hundred feet of burrow that night. The twenty-second was Baker, who had sworn he would never come back alive. He

thought he heard some strange noise when Whitelaw went out just ahead of him, and when he emerged and saw the hated leering face and more armed men behind, he leaped on the guard with a terrible curse, and the next minute lay dying on the grass. The rest were all taken quietly as they came out, and passed back in at the gates, with what bitterness may be imagined.

Larcom ceased altogether to talk of the child and its mother after a while, and got to be very quiet indeed, and towards the end of the year he brooded a good deal. One Thursday morning very early, those lying near him who were awake heard him swearing to himself. Then he turned over to Brown, who lay next him, and said:—

"Browny, I want to see her and the little chap."

Then he turned away his face and lay there a long while quite still. That afternoon, as Satan would have it, Luce, Brown, and Larcom were detailed upon parole to bring water from a spring outside the walls. Wells were low from the long drought. They had a barrel upon a hand-cart, and a pail apiece, and went in and out several times. The spring was out of sight of the gates, about a quarter of a mile to the west. It ran out of a trough at the roadside in a bend of the fence and behind a clump of bushes. They were neither of them too strong, and water is not so light as some things. It was nearly sunset when they came to the spring the last time. Larcom filled his pail and then stood up and poured it out on the ground.

"Boys," he said, "I ain't going to carry any more. I'm going home." The quiet words fired Brown like a match to powder. He sprang up and flung away the pail he was filling.

"Come on," he cried fiercely, "I'm —— if I'll go back to that hell!"

Luce sat on the edge of the cart, and looked down at his toes working in and out of his shoes. Like enough he did not see either just then; talking of home made a baby of him.

"Are you coming, Luce?" Larcom asked. And Luce looked up and answered,—

"No."

"That's right, Luce," Larcom said; "I'm glad you ain't. But I can't stand it any longer. Tell the boys I could n't, Luce. Take care of yourself. Good-by."

He gave a quick, hard grip of the hand, and Luce said,—

"Good-by, boys. I hope you'll get through."

He turned his back and put down his head, where he heard nothing but the splash of the water in the pail. It had run three or four times full before he got up, and then there was no one in sight. He filled the barrel alone. Then he sat down and waited for some one to come. When some of the guard came running after a while and demanded where were his companions, and which way they had gone, he answered that he did n't know.

The feeling in the prison toward the two fugitives, when it was known that they had broken parole and run, was no kind one. It was an additional straw upon backs already bowed to breaking; it put a taunt into every look and word of their hated keepers, and made more intolerable and hopeless the life of every man within the loathed walls, and removed further from each the light of the hope of escape.

A week or two after that the news was passed through the wards one afternoon that Larcom had been brought back, and was then in the hospital across the yard. A day or two later, Doctor Farmer came up into Larcom's old ward on the third floor. Farmer was one of the prisoners; being a doctor of skill and experience, and doctors being scarce, the commander had put him in charge of the hospital in the place. He sat down and beckoned to some of the men, and they came round to hear what he had to say, but without any quickness or eagerness, and in a stolid, silent, dogged way that had become the dismal habit of the place.

"Boys," the grave doctor began, perhaps a little graver than usual, "you

know who we 've got in the hospital now?" Nobody answered, and some of them turned away and muttered.

"Look here, boys," he went on, "I 'm as sick of this as you are; I want to get away as bad as any of you. Storrs and I could have had a good deal of liberty, and gone out and in about as we pleased these last six months, if we 'd given our word not to run, but we would n't do it. I know how you feel about this. He 'll be back with you in a few days; he 's nearly starved to death and has a cut on his head. He was quite crazed when they brought him in, and maybe he was a little wrong before he went, with thinking so much about his wife and the little fellow he has never seen. You must n't be rough on him when he comes up."

Larcom came up one morning, and back to his old bunk. They meant not to be unfriendly with him, and Dexter met him and gave his hand and said, —

"Come in, old man. How d' do, Lark? We 're glad you 've come back."

The double meaning of the words was no less evident for being unintentional, and the welcome on the whole was not a pleasant one. They meant to make allowance for him, but they were too low. They were so close to the wall that they could not see more than their own side, and not much of that. He was ghastly to look at, his face white, fallen in, his eyes a little wild yet, his clothes hanging shapelessly over his bones, and his head bound with a cloth. He crept away to his old bunk and lay there most of the next three days. That crowded room was more terribly lonely to him than any wilderness. At the end of three days he went and begged the officers of the guard to put him in some other place, and they had mercy on him and put him below. And though it was a far worse place, and the old one was by no means pleasant, he was thankful to creep away and hide his head anywhere out of sight. He had turned his hand against every man of them, and every man's hand and heart was against him, whether they smiled or looked black. He had thought his lot and theirs too hard to be borne before; now he envied them. The common sympathy and confidence in one another, of which he had never thought before, seemed inestimable things now, as he slunk away to his dungeon. His was a prison within a prison. He kept apart from all, was shut up within himself; in that dreadful loneliness he devoured his soul with brooding and yearnings that had no escape in spoken words. He went back to the hospital after a while and brooded there, and the doctors knew that he must soon die or go mad.

One afternoon in October, a short, thick, sturdy little German woman came to the gate of the prison, carrying a year-old child in her arms. She looked worn, and her dress was soiled and ragged, and she walked in her slow, flat, Dutch way, like one who had come a long distance. She asked in her broken English if that was Finchley military prison, and if John Larcom was there confined.

"I reckon he is," was the answer. "You 've come to the right number."

And to her demand to see him, the answer was bluntly given that it was contrary to rules, and could by no means be done.

The guard was a lank, straddling fellow, and he ambled his six steps back and forth across the gate with an attempt at a soldierly carriage.

"I haf drafel nigh tousand mile," the woman said in her slow, stolid way. "I haf walk, unt mit garry mein papy, more as dree hoontret mile. He is mein mon. I must to see him."

"It ain't no use, ma'am," the guard said. "Nobody gets in or out of here. Don't say no more. Go along now, that 's a good woman." And the big sentinel straddled on back and forth.

Katy looked after him a minute or two, and then sat down on a stone and waited. She did not despair; that was her journey's end; she never thought of going back. As she sat there, Trap came out. He stopped when he saw her, and quizzed the long-legged guard.

"This your youngest, Staples? Nice cub; looks like you."

There was plainly no love lost on its way from Staples to Trap; the guard scowled and turned away his head, and marched back and forth, forgetting to be awkward in the dignity of scorn. Trap turned to the woman then, and she stood up and told him the same story. Trap seemed not to notice what she said, much; he was bending forward grinning to the child, and he chucked him under the chin, and said, —

"Chucky, chucky! Larcom's kid, hey? Bow wow, gobble, gobble!" snapping his jaws and grinding his teeth in mock fierceness. "First young son of a Yank I ever see." And he leered close to the child, and made hideous grimaces in his face. The mother clasped the child tighter, and drew back a step. But he was a bold little fellow; he scowled back, and glanced at his mother as much as to say, Don't be afraid, and struck the grinning face with his clenched little fist, and gripped his little fingers in the man's beard.

"The little devil!" cried Trap. "Lord, ain't he spunky, though!"

Katy looked a little alarmed, and the guard stopped and put in, —

"Say, now, you Trap, let up on that now. You better mosy now; you had."

"Oh, you choke, Staples," Trap answered; and more that was not of the kind that turns away wrath, and need not be repeated here; but he moved out of reach of the long guard's bayonet.

Woman and child were dusty and hot-looking. Trap turned and asked her abruptly if she did n't want some cold water. Staples knew Trap was upon some trick with her then, and he warned her against him bluntly enough.

"If you want to drink, and wash the young one," Trap said, "I 'll show you the place." He stood facing her, with his back to the guard, as he spoke, and she looked at him a minute, then turned and went with him. They turned the angle of the prison-walls, and walked along the road to the west a quarter of a mile, turned out through a fringe of bushes that hid the road, and found a spring splashing out of a bank through a trough. He did not speak all the way. She took a tin cup from her pocket, and Trap lay down on the grass and watched her washing the child's and her own hands and face, and the little fellow drinking with his face in the cup, and his two hands gripping it hard. Trap moved round and held his head under the spout, and let the cool water dash upon his head, shaking it like a dog at first, and then lying still and grimacing out of the shower-bath at the child. Katy paid no heed, but stolidly mopped the water from the little neck and face. The baby stared fixedly at Trap a while, after the solemn manner of his kind, and then broke into one broad smile, at which the fellow grimaced and snapped his teeth more hideously than ever. Then he came out of the waterfall, and shook the water from his eyes.

"Now then," he said to Katy, "tell us all about it."

In her grave, even, stolid way, she told him her little story. Larcom had bought her a poor little shanty and a good bit of garden ground with his bounty and what he had saved, by a northern country roadside. There she had lived, and there her little boy was born. She had not wanted; she raised a good many vegetables on the bit of ground, and the towns-people did not forget the soldiers' wives. She was hoeing among her cabbages one morning, when a ragged, hungry-looking stranger came to the fence and asked if her name was Katy. He said his name was Brown, and he told her how her John had broken away, and tried to come to her.

"It was py der spring, wasser like das, he say to me, dot mein Chon say he can not longer to wait," she said, and looked up at Trap, inquiring. The child had slid down from his mother's lap and sat in the grass bolt upright, his baby eyes staring unwinkingly in Trap's face. Trap was holding down a branch of a bush over the little fellow s head, to keep off the sun, look-

ing at him and listening to the woman's quiet talk. He looked up and answered then, —

"Jes so, ma'am. This yere's the spot."

The child's staring eyes shut down after a little, and he lay over and fell fast asleep with his head on the soldier's arm. Trap curled down beside him, without moving his arm, and held the branch lower so that it hid the two faces that were so very far apart.

Katy went on with her story. Brown told her how he had escaped and her husband had been wounded, taken, and fetched back. She took Brown in when he had done and gave him some food, and ate herself, and fed the child. When Brown was rested and started out, she came out too, and locked the door. Brown asked her what she was going to do.

"I go to Chon," she answered. With her child in her arms, without money or friends, calmly and undoubtingly, this stolid, slow-witted German woman set out to go a thousand miles. He had tried to come to her and his child and could not; then they must go to him. That was all. She did not hurry or fret; if she went wrong, she turned back as calmly as she had come. She had infinite patience and endurance, unwavering purpose and the faith that removes mountains. Almost everywhere she got help for the asking. They gave her a free ride on the railroads most of the way to the scene of war. By the same untiring persistence she got herself passed beyond the lines and into the enemy's country. It made no difference to her whose ground it was; it was to be got over, that was all. She used no artifice whatever; everywhere she had the one story to tell, —

"I go to mein mon. He is in milidaire chail. He was dry to me come, he is cut on de het, he will die und not to see his papy. I must to him come."

Her simplicity was better than any art; she had nothing to hide, no part to play, no disguise to maintain. They asked her if she was this and that.

"I know not de bolidick, vas es is," she answered. "I am not dis und someding else, I only poor Detch woman, und I go to mein mon in milidaire chail. You will not to me stop?"

No one did stop her long; almost no men and very few women gave her hard looks or words. She walked on day after day with a patience and pertinacity almost sublime. She carried nothing with her but a tin cup and maybe a cake or a slice for the child. They never lay down hungry but twice or thrice, and then they were lost in the wild country, away from any house. The two won hearts wherever they came; they were doubly armed. Men were kind to the woman; women were kind to the child.

Heat, cold, dust, rain, hunger, weariness, kindness, and cruelty; hard, bare, and desolate lodging; these were the daily incidents through which she went sturdily, stolidly trudging southward by the week together. They made little figure in her narrative to Trap, but he knew them all, nevertheless. And all the while she talked, the child lay placidly sleeping in the shadow on the grass, with his cheek on the soldier's arm. Trap let the branch swing up then, and showed himself coiled ungainly by the boy and chewing a great cud of leaves and grass.

"I had a chap like him once," he said, without any special expression in his face, and putting one finger on the child's cheek. "He 's dead, and I 'm glad of it. His mother would n't walk ten rods to keep me from being hung."

He got up and went away without another word. A few minutes later he came slouching in at the prison gate, leering savagely at long Staples with his tongue in the corner of his mouth, and the sentry turned away his head and would have liked to run him through with his bayonet on the spot. Trap crossed the prison yard and entered the rickety out-building which had been made the hospital. There were plenty in the place, desperate and desolate enough; but Trap saw at a glance that his usual luck was with him. There were none of the guards within. Storrs, the dis-

penser of medicines, and one or two other attendants from the prisoners, were all beside the sick. He pushed through to the far end where Larcom lay, alone in that crowded house of misery. His face was turned to the wall, and he did not look or move. Trap took him by the shoulder and shook him roughly.

"Now then, you dam Yank," he said, "do you want to see your Dutch Kate and her young one?"

The prisoner turned over with a single motion as if an electric shock had struck him.

"She 's walked from home to see you. She 's the biggest fool God ever made," the fellow went on. And he sneered. "If I let you out to see her, you 'll come back again, won't you?"

"I will," was the low reply. "God help you, if you 're hoaxing me!"

"Speak for yourself," Trap snarled. "I don't want no help." He threw off his cap and coat. "Get up and put them on," he commanded. Larcom did not stop to think whether he was able or not. He got up and put on the hat and coat. Trap fished out a pair of boots and trousers from under the rude bed, and bade him put them on. He did not care much who saw or heard him; if he had taken a prisoner's arm and walked him out of the gate in broad day, it would have been an even chance whether the guards would have stopped them or said Trap was up to some new deviltry, and the Yanks had best lie low. Now it was dusk and he knew there was no one there who would interfere. The boots had fitted Larcom once; he put his feet into what was left of them without any need of pulling.

"They 're at Kirby's spring; you ought to know it," the brutal guard sneered again. "Now git!"

Larcom marched out and across the yard. Staples was still on guard at the gate. He recognized Trap's coat and cap as they came near, and turned his back. The uniforms of the guards had reached that degree of tatters and patches that they had acquired an individuality easily recognized. Larcom walked out at the gate and round the angle of the walls, and was a free man once more. You and I must have the like experience (and I pray God that neither we nor any ever may again), before I can tell or you understand what those words mean. In five minutes more the battered fellow is where we will not follow him. But we may picture him lying among the bushes, the stolid woman whose love and faith have conquered all things for his sake mourning and rejoicing brokenly over him. And he has the little chap at last, pressed ever so close to his heart.

Night settled down upon Finchley prison one evening after its desolate fashion. Just at dusk there came walking up the stairs and into the old ward a man in the uniform of the guards. He crossed the room to Brown's and Larcom's old bunk and sat down. The places were vacant, and had been since the two men left. The prisoners drew away from the stranger, talking together sullenly and looking over their shoulders at him with no friendly faces. Then Dexter strode up to him and spoke.

"Now then, you Reb, what do you want here? Move on now, or you 'll get hove out."

The stranger took off his cap and showed his face, about as ghastly and deathlike as ever walked on feet. He smiled in their angry faces, and said, —

"It 's only me, it ain't no Reb. Don't you know me, Billy?"

And Dexter cried out, "By Judas, it 's old Lark. How are you, Lark?" and he offered his hand.

But Larcom put it away weakly. "Thank y', Billy; not just yet. Wait till I tell y' how 't is. Come around, boys, and give me a chance; I 'm about played out. Boys, I went back on to you that time, and you was pretty heavy on me, and I don't know as I can blame you. But I calculate I 've made it even now. I 've seen my little chap, boys; I 've been out with him and his mother for more 'n a week. She come all the way to see me, and lugged the

boy. It 's hard to believe it, boys, but it 's true, and I seen them a good ways towards home, and I bid them good-by and came back." Here he stopped a minute and made Trap's cap do service as a handkerchief, though the weather was not warm and the cap none too clean. "I thought I should never get here, boys; y' see, there 's plenty 'll lend a hand goin' away, but nobody won't help you to come back. It 's been pretty hard on me, and I guess I shan't have much further to travel. But I come back, and here I am; and I guess that 's about all."

He looked round at their dusky forms and faces, sitting before them in the dark corner, and then he added, —

"And now, mates, as you and me has been sort of 'stranged, and I not saying not by rights, but yet taking it uncommon rough of you; and how that God A'mighty 's give me another try, and I come back free and unbeholden and says to you such as I have; and being about played, as I was saying, and not going much further than this here bunk of me and Browny's, and wanting to come round to you all and shake hands on it; if there 's any present as would like to come up and say bygones and call it square, why, here 's what 's left o' mine, and thankful to be able." And he hung his skeleton hand over his knees like a raveled and knotted bell-rope.

"Boys," said Dexter, facing round, "if there 's any now present has anything to say agin the propersition made, he ain't no mate o' mine. How are you, Lark, old boy! Here 's both o' mine, if they 'll do you any good; only don't go to talking of pegging out. It 's agin the rules o' the camp."

One after another they followed Dexter's lead, and came and shook hands with him, and each said his rough word of greeting and reconciliation. All but one. Dan Garman lay all the while in his bunk, a dark, low, thick-set fellow, whom nobody liked, and who had been found guilty of robbing his mates and had received rough justice at their hands. Larcom missed him and Kepler, with others; Kepler had been taken out dead the day before. Some of them tried to get Garman out, but he swore at them and said no, he 'd see him in fire and brimstone first. So they bade Lark not mind him.

"I 'm glad that 's gone, boys," Lark said. "I 'm one of you now, and I thank you."

Larcom talked to Dexter apart for a minute, and then Dexter got a handful of straw and began breaking off pieces two or three inches long, and the word was passed under the breath that they were to draw lots for the soldier's cap and coat that had passed Larcom out and in again unsuspected. For one man of those sixty there was a pretty fair chance of liberty and home, and not one of them all but was profoundly moved and anxious. Not a man spoke while Dexter sat and counted and broke the straws, nor was his own hand too steady. Doubtless his thoughts were far away as he finished the number and gnawed off the last, and prayed that it might be his, making it full twice as long as the rest, so that there should be no mistake. He came then and put them into Larcom's hand.

"How many is there?" Larcom asked.

"Sixty-three, without Dan. I don't count him."

"Give me one more, Billy," Larcom said; "I don't bear no grudge."

Dexter muttered something like cursing, but he brought another straw.

"It 's your deal, Lark," he said. "But he has n't got no right."

"Did you count me, Billy?"

"Yes, Lark; sixty-four 's all told."

"Then here 's mine," Larcom said, taking out a short straw. "Come on, now, boys."

Orderly and silently they filed round, and sixty-two nervous hands drew an unspeakably bitter pang out of Larcom's hand. Dexter was the last. Larcom looked up in his face as he reached and drew. There were only two straws, and he drew a short one. Larcom opened his hand and the long straw lay

across his bony fingers. Dexter stood and stared at his own hand and at Larcom's. It was so near, no wonder it shook him.

"I wanted you to have it, Billy," Larcom said; "I'm devilish sorry."

Dexter never answered a word, but turned straight about and went and hid himself in his dark corner. Larcom turned his eyes toward Garman's bunk; the fellow was leaning out of it, with eager, fox eyes staring through the dusk. Larcom reached the straw at him, and he came sliding out and took it, gathered up the cap and coat, and went back with them into his bunk without a word. Then Larcom laid himself down in the bunk as wearily as ever man went to his rest, and those who were next him thought it was true, as he said, that he would not go much further on this side the impenetrable wall.

The night was pretty sharp, and some of the well ones shivered in the dismal place; Larcom was too tired to sleep and suffered severely with cold. It seemed to him near morning, but was not yet very late, when some one came and laid a blanket over him cautiously, and was creeping away again, but stopped and crouched down close by on the floor. Larcom was going to speak, but his voice failed, through faintness and cold.

"Lark," said a low, coarse, cautious voice. He knew it was Garman's, but had never heard it quite like that. "Lark," the voice repeated, "are you cold now?"

"No, Dan, not now," Larcom answered. And a long shiver, half-sob, like a child's, ran through the words. The fellow went and brought all his outer clothing and spread it over him, and Trap's coat on top of that, and tucked them round him. Then he crouched down awhile again by the bed in the darkness.

"Lark," he said finally, in the same hoarse, low voice.

And the querulous voice answered weakly, "Well, Dan?"

"You said you did n't bear no grudge?"

"No, Dan."

Then there was silence a while, and they heard Dexter across the room talking in his sleep: —

"You might 'a' waited, Susie. You knew I 'd 'a' come if I could."

Then he whimpered a little and muttered incoherently. Snoring Chauncey woke himself with a fiercer snort, turned over, and then all was still again. Garman's low voice spoke again presently, with something like awe in it now: —

"Are you goin' to croak, Lark?"

"I guess so, Dan," shivering and a little fretfully. "It 's rough, Dan. Dan," after a minute, "do you know anything you could say?"

Dan knew nothing appropriate to such occasions except "When little Samuel woke, and heard his breakfast cookin'!" He asked Lark if he thought it would do any good to say that.

"No, I 'm afraid not," Larcom answered. "Never mind, Dan!"

"Well, I 'm sorry, Lark. I ain't no good, and I don't know nothin'. And I ain't got nobody to learn me. Lark," he added after a pause, "what I was goin' to say to you, don't you go to have your woman and her young one a-layin' on your mind. If you give me leaf and tell me where, I been blacksmithin' twenty year now, and a money-makin' business, and ain't afraid of no man, give me hammer and rasp, — and what I say to you, Lark, is I 'll see to 'em, such as it is."

Larcom lifted himself on his arm and tried to look over the side into the shadowed, crouching fellow's face.

"There 's matches in Trap's coat. Get them," he said.

Garman groped about the bunk and got them.

"Light it," Larcom said. "Get up."

Garman rose on his knees, scratched a match, and held up the flickering flame. By its light Larcom saw the cowering, half-naked figure of the man, and stared hard into his ugly face. Half-revealed faces rose and looked at them out of the gloom.

"Dan Garman," he said, his white lips trembling, "lookin' in a dyin'

man's face and sayin' as you have, do you mean true and on the square?"

And Garman prayed for fearful and eternal retribution on his soul if he did not.

"So help you, Dan?"

"So help me God!"

The match was out, and Larcom fell back in the bunk. "Thank y', Dan. I believe you," he said out of the black corner. "I don't mind so much now."

He told him the place where they lived. Garman felt for his hand and his fingers recoiled when they found it, it was so fleshless, clammy, and cold. He fumbled with it awkwardly a minute, and then stowed it away under the clothes.

"Don't mind me, go to bed now," Larcom said. "Good night, Dan."

"Good night, Lark. I 'll be right here if you want me. I 'll lay by you till mornin'."

He cuddled himself down in a ball on the floor, for cold; and after a while he forgot cold and all and lay gently snoring. When he rose in the dawn and dressed himself, stiff and sore, Larcom was fast asleep, and he did not wake him, but watched his chance, put on the enemy's coat and cap, and marched out boldly and got safely away.

It was pretty late when Dexter came over and looked into Larcom's face, turned partly away; and he said to Chauncey near by, —

"He 's sleeping sweet and smiling to himself. You bet he 's dreaming of the little chap."

He would not have waked him for the world, but he could not help leaning over and laying his finger on his cheek. He stood up then and turned to those near him with an altered face.

"Lark 's got the start of us, boys," he said. "Lark 's gone home!"

James T. McKay.

THE LONG DAYS.

YES! they are here again, the long, long days,
After the days of winter, pinched and white:
Soon, with a thousand minstrels comes the light,
Late, the sweet robin-haunted dusk delays.

But the long days that bring us back the flowers,
The sunshine, and the quiet-dripping rain,
And all the things we knew of spring, again,
The long days bring not the long-lost long hours.

The hours that now seem to have been each one
A summer in itself, a whole life's bound,
Filled full of deathless joy — where, in his round,
Have these forever faded from the sun?

The fret, the fever, the unrest endures,
But the time flies. . . . . Oh, try, my little lad,
Coming so hot and play-worn, to be glad
And patient of the long hours that are yours!

W. D. Howells

SIENA.

SIENA, *October* 15.

FLORENCE being oppressively hot and delivered over to the mosquitoes, the occasion seemed excellent to pay that visit to Siena which I had more than once planned and missed. I arrived late in the evening, by the light of a magnificent moon, and while a couple of benignantly mumbling old crones were making up my bed at the inn, I strolled forth in quest of a first impression. Five minutes brought me to where I might gather it unhindered, as it bloomed in the white moonshine. The great Piazza in Siena is famous, and though in this day of photographs none of the world's wonders can pretend, like Wordsworth's phantom of delight, really "to startle and waylay," yet as I suddenly stepped into this Piazza from under a dark archway, it seemed a vivid enough revelation of the picturesque. It is in the shape of a shallow horseshoe, the untraveled reader who has turned over his traveled friend's portfolio will remember; or better, of a bow, in which the high façade of the Palazzo Pubblico forms the chord and everything else the arc. It was void of any human presence which could recall me to the current year, and, the moonshine assisting, I had half an hour's fantastic vision of mediæval Italy. The Piazza being built on the side of a hill, — or rather, as I believe science affirms, in the cup of a volcanic crater, — the vast pavement converges downward in slanting radiations of stone, like the spokes of a great wheel, to a point directly in front of the Palazzo, which may figure the hub, though it is nothing more ornamental than the mouth of a drain. The Palazzo stands on the lower side and might seem, in spite of its goodly mass and its embattled cornice, to be rather defiantly out-countenanced by the huge private dwellings which occupy the opposite eminence. This *might* be — if it were not that the Palazzo asserts itself with an architectural gesture, as one may say, of extraordinary dignity.

On the firm edge of the edifice, from bracketed base to gray-capped summit against the sky, there grows a slender tower which soars and soars till it has given notice of the city's greatness over the blue mountains which define the horizon. It rises straight and slim as a pennoned lance, planted on the steel-shod toe of a mounted knight, and retains unperturbed in the blue air, far above the changing fashions of the market-place, an indefinable expression of plain mediæval rectitude and pure chivalric honor. This beautiful tower is the finest thing in Siena, and, in its simple fashion, one of the finest in the world. As it stood silvered by the moonlight during my traveler's reverie, it seemed to say with peculiar distinctness that it survived from an order of things which the march of history had trampled out, but which had had an epoch of intense vitality. The gigantic houses inclosing the rest of the Piazza took up the tale, and seemed to murmur, "We are very old and a trifle weary, but we were built strong and piled high, and we shall last for many a year. The present is cold and heedless, but we keep ourselves in heart by brooding over our treasure of memories and traditions. We are haunted houses in every creaking timber and crumbling stone." In the moonshine, one may fancy a group of Sienese *palazzi* dropping a few dusky hints, in this manner, to a well-disposed American traveler.

Since that night I have been having a week's daylight knowledge of this ancient city, and I don't know that I can present it as anything more than a vague amplification of those fantastic principles of the various Italian towns I have seen. Siena has kept, to the eye, her historic physiognomy most unchanged. Other places, perhaps, may treat you to as drowsy a perfume of

antiquity, but few of them exhale it from so large a surface. Lying massed within her walls upon a dozen clustered hill-tops, Siena still looks like a place which once lived in a large way; and if much of her old life is extinct, her moldering ashes form a very goodly pile. This general impression of the past is the main thing that she has to offer the casual observer. The casual observer is generally not very learned nor much of an historical specialist; his impression is necessarily vague, and many of the chords of his imagination respond with a rather muffled sound. But such as it is, his impression keeps him faithful company and reminds him from time to time that even the lore of German doctors is but the shadow of satisfied curiosity. I have been living at the inn and walking about the streets; these are the simple terms of my experience. But inns and streets in Italy are the vehicles of half one's knowledge; if one has no fancy for their lessons, one may burn one's note-book. In Siena everything is Sienese. The inn has an English sign over the door — a little battered plate with a rusty representation of the lion and the unicorn; but advance hopefully into the moldy stone alley which serves as vestibule, and you will find local color enough. The landlord, I was told, had been servant in an English family, and I was curious to see how he met the frown of the casual Anglo-Saxon after the latter's first twelve hours in his establishment. As he failed to appear, I asked the waiter if he was not at home. "Oh," said the latter, "he 's a *piccolo vecchiotto grasso* who does n't like to move." I 'm afraid this little fat old man has simply a bad conscience. It 's no small burden for one who likes the Italians — as who does n't, under this restriction? — to have this matter of the neglected, the proscribed scrubbing-brush to dispose of. What is the real philosophy of dirty habits, and are foul surfaces merely superficial? If unclean manners have in truth the moral meaning which I suspect in them, we must love Italy better than consistency. This a number of us are prepared to do, but while we are making the sacrifice it is as well we should know it.

We may plead, moreover, for these impecunious heirs of the past, that even if it were easy to be clean in the midst of their moldering heritage, it would be difficult to appear so. At the risk of seeming a shamefully sordid Yankee, I feel tempted to say that the prime result of my contemplative strolls in the dusky alleys of Siena is an ineffable sense of *disrepair*. Everything is cracking, peeling, fading, crumbling, rotting. No young Sienese eyes rest upon anything youthful; they open into a world battered and befouled with long use. Everything has passed its meridian except the brilliant façade of the cathedral, which is being diligently retouched and restored, and a few private palaces whose broad fronts seem to have been lately furbished and polished. Siena was long ago mellowed to the pictorial tone; the operation of time, now, is to deposit shabbiness upon shabbiness. But it is for the most part a patient, sturdy, sympathetic shabbiness, which soothes rather than irritates the nerves, and has in most cases, doubtless, as long a career to run as most of our brittle New-World freshness. It projects at all events a deeper shadow into the constant twilight of the narrow streets — that vague, historic dusk, as I may call it, in which one walks and wonders. These streets are hardly more than sinuous flagged alleys, into which the huge black houses, between their almost meeting cornices, suffer a meagre light to filter down over rough-hewn stone, past windows often of graceful Gothic form, and great pendent iron rings and twisted sockets for torches. Scattered over their many-headed hill, they are often quite grotesquely steep, and so impracticable for carriages that the sound of wheels is only a trifle less anomalous than it would be in Venice. But all day long there comes up to my window an incessant shuffling of feet and clangor of voices. The weather is very warm for the season, all the world is out of doors, and the Tuscan tongue (which

in Siena is reputed to have a classic purity) is wagging in every imaginable key. It does n't rest even at night, and I am often an uninvited guest at concerts and *conversazioni* at two o'clock in the morning. The concerts are sometimes charming. I not only don't curse my wakefulness, but I go to my window to listen. Three men come caroling by, trolling and quavering with voices of delightful sweetness, or a lonely troubadour in his shirt-sleeves draws such artful love-notes from his clear, fresh tenor, that I seem for the moment to be behind the scenes at the opera, watching some Rubini or Mario go "on," and waiting for the round of applause. In the intervals, a couple of friends or enemies stop — Italians always make their points in conversation by stopping, letting you walk on a few paces, to turn and find them standing with finger on nose, and engaging your interrogative eye — they pause, by a happy instinct, directly under my window, and dispute their point or tell their story or make their confidence. I can hardly tell which it is, everything has such an explosive promptness, such a redundancy of inflection and action. Whatever it is, it 's a story, compared with our meagre Anglo-Saxon colloquies, or rather it 's a drama, improvised, mimicked, shaped and rounded, carried bravely to its *dénouement*. The speaker seems actually to establish his stage and face his footlights, to create by a gesture a little scenic circumscription about him; he rushes to and fro and shouts and stamps and postures and ranges through every phase of his inspiration. I observed the other evening a striking instance of the spontaneity of Italian gesture, in the person of a little Sienese of I hardly know what exact age — the age of inarticulate sounds and the experimental use of a spoon. It was a Sunday evening, and this little man had accompanied his parents to the *café*. The Caffè Greco at Siena is a most delightful institution; you get a capital *demi-tasse* for three sous, and an excellent ice for eight, and while you consume these easy luxuries you may buy from a little hunchback the local weekly periodical, the Vita Nuova, for three centimes (the two centimes left from your sou, if you are under the spell of this magical frugality, will do to give the waiter). My young friend was sitting on his father's knee, and helping himself to the half of a strawberry-ice with which his mamma had presented him. He had so many misadventures with his spoon that this lady at length confiscated it, there being nothing left of his ice but a little crimson liquid which he might dispose of as other little boys had done before him. But he was no friend, it appeared, to such irregular methods; he was a perfect little gentleman, and he resented the imputation of indelicacy. He protested, therefore, and it was the manner of his protest that struck me. He did not cry audibly, though he made a very wry face. It was no stupid squall, and yet he was too young to speak. It was a penetrating concord of inarticulably pleading, accusing sounds, accompanied with the most exquisitely modulated gestures. The gestures were perfectly mature; he did everything that a man of forty would have done if he had been pouring out a flood of sonorous eloquence. He shrugged his shoulders and wrinkled his eyebrows, tossed out his hands and folded his arms, obtruded his chin and bobbed about his head — and at last, I am happy to say, recovered his spoon. If I had had a solid little silver one I would have presented it to him as a testimonial to a perfect, though as yet unconscious, artist.

My artistic baby, however, has diverted me from what I had in mind, — a much weightier matter, — the great private palaces which are so powerful a feature in the physiognomy of the city. They are extraordinarily spacious and numerous, and one wonders what part they can play in the meagre economy of the Siena of to-day. The Siena of to-day is a mere shrunken semblance of the vigorous little republic which in the thirteenth century waged triumphant war with Florence, cultivated the arts with splendor, planned a cathedral (though it had ultimately to curtail

the design) of proportions almost unequaled, and contained a population of two hundred thousand souls. Many of these dusky piles still bear the names of the old mediæval magnates, whose descendants occupy them in a much more irresponsible fashion. Half a dozen of them are as high as the Strozzi and Riccardi palaces in Florence; they could n't well be higher. There is to an American something richly artificial and scenic, as it were, in the way these colossal dwellings are packed together in their steep streets, in the depths of their little inclosed, agglomerated city. When we, in our day and country, raise a structure of half the mass and stateliness, we leave a great space about it in the manner of a pause after an effective piece of talking. But when a Sienese countess, as things are here, is doing her hair near the window, she is a wonderfully near neighbor to the *cavaliere* opposite, who is being shaved by his valet. Possibly the countess does not object to a certain chosen publicity at her toilet: an Italian gentleman tells me the aristocracy are very "corrupt." Some of the palaces are shown, but only when the occupants are at home, and now they are in *villeggiatura*. Their villeggiatura lasts eight months of the year, the waiter at the inn informs me, and they spend little more than the carnival in the city. The gossip of an inn-waiter ought, perhaps, to be beneath the dignity of even such meagre history as this, but I confess that when I have come in from my strolls with a kind of irritated sense of the dumbness of stones and mortar, I have listened with a certain avidity, over my dinner, to the proffered confidences of the worthy man who stands by with a napkin. His talk is really very fine, and he prides himself greatly on his cultivated tone. He called my attention to it. He has very little good to say about the Sienese nobility. They are "proprio d'origine egoista" — whatever that may be — and there are many who can't write their names. This may be calumny; but I doubt whether the biggest coronet of them all could have spoken more delicately of a lady of peculiar personal appearance, who had been dining near me. "She 's too fat," I said grossly, when she had left the room. The waiter shook his head, with a little sniff: "È troppo materiale." This lady and her companion were the party whom, thinking I would relish a little company (I had been dining alone for a week), he gleefully announced to me as newly-arrived Americans. They were Americans, I found, who wore black lace veils pinned on their heads, conveyed their beans to their mouths with a knife, and spoke a strange, raucous Spanish. They were from Montevideo. The genius of old Siena, however, would be certainly rather amused at the stress I lay on the distinction; for one American is about as much in order as another, as he stands before the great *loggia* of the Casino dei Nobili. The nobility, which is very numerous and very rich, is still, said the Italian gentleman whom I just now quoted, perfectly feudal. Morally, intellectually, behind the walls of its palaces, you 'll find the fourteenth century. There is no *bourgeoisie* to speak of; immediately after the aristocracy come the poor people, who are very poor indeed. My friend's account of this domiciliary mediævalism made me wish more than ever, as an amateur of the picturesque, that your really appreciative tourist was not reduced to simply staring at black stones and peeping up stately staircases; but that when he has examined the façade of the palace, Murray in hand, he might march up to the great drawing-room, make his bow to the master and mistress, the old *abbé* and the young count, and invite them to favor him with a little sketch of their social philosophy, or a few first-rate family anecdotes.

The dusky labyrinth of the streets of Siena is interrupted by two great sunny spaces: the fan-shaped Piazza, of which I just now said a word, and the little square in which the cathedral erects its shining walls of marble. Of course since paying the great Piazza my compliments by moonlight, I have strolled through it often both at sunnier and shadier hours.

The market is held there, and where Italians are buying and selling you may count upon lively entertainment. It has been held there, I suppose, for the last five hundred years, and during that time the cost of eggs and earthen pots has been gradually but vigorously increasing. The buyers, nevertheless, wrestle over their purchases as lustily as if they were fourteenth century burghers suddenly waking up in horror to current prices. You have but to walk aside, however, into the Palazzo Pubblico, to feel yourself very much like a thrifty old mediævalist. The state affairs of the republic were formerly transacted here, but it now gives shelter to modern law-courts and other prosy business. I was marched through a number of vaulted halls and chambers, which, in the intervals of the administrative sessions held in them, are peopled only with the presence of the great, moldering, archaic frescoes on the walls and ceilings. The chief painters of the Sienese school lent a hand in decorating them, and you may complete here the connoisseurship in which, possibly, you embarked at the Academy. I say "possibly," in order to be very judicial, for my own observation has led me no great length. I have been taking an idle satisfaction in the thought that the Sienese school has suffered my enthusiasm peacefully to slumber, and benignantly abstained from adding to my intellectual responsibilities. "A formidable rival to the Florentine," says some book — I forget what — into which I recently glanced. Not a bit of it, say I; the Florentines may rest on their laurels all along the line. The early painters of the two groups have indeed much in common; but the Florentines had the good fortune of seeing their efforts gathered up and applied by a few preëminent spirits, such as never came to the rescue of the groping Sienese. Fra Angelico and Ghirlandaio said all their feebler *confrères* dreamt of, and a great deal more beside, but the inspiration of Simone Memmi and Ambrogio Lorenzetti and Sano di Pietro has a painful air of never efflorescing into a maximum. Soddoma and Beccafumi are to my taste a rather abortive maximum. But one should speak of them all gently — and I do, from my soul; for their earnest labors have wrought a truly picturesque heritage of color and rich, figure-peopled shadow for the echoing chambers of their old civic fortress. The faded frescoes cover the walls like quaintly-storied tapestries; in one way or another, they please. If one owes a large debt of pleasure to painting, one gets to think of the whole history of art tenderly, on the conscious experience of a single mysterious spirit, and one shrinks from saying rude things about any particular phase of it, just as one would from touching brusquely upon an erratic episode in the life of a person one esteemed. You don't care to remind a grizzled veteran of his defeats, and why should we linger in Siena to talk about Beccafumi? I don't indeed go so far as to say, with an amateur with whom I have just been discussing the matter, that "Soddoma is a precious poor painter, and Beccafumi no painter at all;" but opportunity being limited, I am willing to let the remark about Beccafumi pass for true. With regard to Soddoma, I remember seeing four years ago in the choir of the Cathedral of Pisa a certain little dusky specimen of the painter — an Abraham and Isaac, if I 'm not mistaken — which was full of a kind of gloomy grace. One rarely meets him in general collections, and I had never done so till the other day. He was not prolific, apparently; he had elegance, and his rarity is a part of it.

Here in Siena are a couple of dozen scattered frescoes, and three or four canvases; his masterpiece among others, a very impressive Descent from the Cross. I would not give a fig for the equilibrium of the figures or the ladders; but while it lasts the scene is all very solemn and graceful and sweet — too sweet for so bitter a subject. Soddoma's women are strangely sweet; a certain ingenious, fanciful trick of posturing seems to me the highest point the author touches. His frescoes have all the same vague softness, and a kind of mild mel-

ancholy, which I am inclined to think the sincerest part of them, for it strikes me as being simply the artist's depressed suspicion of his own want of force. Once he determined, however, that if he could not be strong, he would make capital of his weakness, and painted the Christ bound to the Column, of the Academy. It is resolutely pathetic, and I have no doubt the painter mixed his colors with his tears; but I cannot describe it better than by saying that it is, pictorially, the first of the modern Christs. Unfortunately, it is not the last.

The main strength of Sienese art went, possibly, into the erection of the cathedral, and yet even here the strength is not of the greatest strain. If, however, there are more interesting churches in Italy, there are few more richly and variously picturesque; the comparative meagreness of the architectural idea is overlaid by a marvelous wealth of ingenious detail. Opposite the church — with the dull old archbishop's palace on one side and a dismantled residence of the late Grand Duke of Tuscany on the other — is an ancient hospital with a big stone bench running all along its front. Here I have sat a while every morning for a week, like a philosophic convalescent, watching the florid façade of the cathedral glitter against the deep blue sky. It has been lavishly restored of late years, and the fresh white marble of the densely clustered pinnacles and statues and beasts and flowers seems to flash in the sunshine like a mosaic of jewels. There is more of this goldsmith's work in stone than I can remember or describe; it is piled up over three great doors with immense margins of exquisite decorative sculpture — still in the ancient cream-colored marble — and beneath three sharp pediments embossed with images relieved against red marble and tipped with golden mosaics. It is in the highest degree fantastic and luxuriant, and, on the whole, very lovely. As an affair of color it prepares you for the interior, which is supremely rich in mellow tones and clustering shadows. The greater part of its surface is wrought in alternate courses of black and white marble, but as the latter has been dimmed by the centuries to a fine mild brown, the place seems all a rich harmony of grave colors. There are no pictures to speak of, but the pavement is covered with certain elaborate designs in black and white mosaic after cartoons by Beccafumi. The patient skill of these compositions makes them a really superb piece of decoration; but even here my friend whom I lately quoted refused to relish this over-ripe fruit of the Sienese school. The designs are nonsensical, he declares, and all his admiration is for the cunning artisans who have imitated the hatchings and shadings and hair-strokes of the pencil by the finest curves of inserted black stone. But the true romance of handiwork at Siena is to be seen in the superb stalls of the choir, under the colored light of the great wheel window. Wood carving is an historic specialty of the city, and the best masters of the art during the fifteenth century bestowed their skill on this exquisite enterprise. It is like the frost-work on one's window-panes interpreted in polished oak. I have rarely seen a more vivid and touching embodiment of the peculiar patience of mediæval craftsmanship. Into such artistry as this the author seems to put more of his personal substance than into any other; he has not only to wrestle with his subject, but with his material. He is richly fortunate when his subject is charming — when his devices, inventions, and fantasies spring lightly to his hand; for in the material itself, when age and use have ripened and polished and darkened it to the richness of ebony and to a greater warmth, there is something surpassingly delectable and venerable. Wander behind the altar at Siena when the chanting is over and the incense has faded, and look at the stalls of the Barile.

H. James, Jr.

THE RAVENS OF ODIN.[1]

TALL, serene, stood mighty Odin
On the lofty Valhal's crest,
Gazed upon the deep untrodden
In the tempest-boding west;
And the murmured prayers of mortals,
Upward borne to heaven's portals,
Wave-like beat upon his breast.

On his ample shoulder perching
Sat a raven black as night;
And its eyes were shrewd and searching:
While another, snowy white,
Screaming round his helmet fluttered;
Deep-hid oracles it uttered,
Cloudward rising in its flight.

Where the glacier peaks of Norway
O'er the sunny valleys loom,
Like huge Trolls who guard the doorway
To the silent land of doom,
Sits a blue-eyed Northland maiden,
Heavy-hearted, sorrow-laden,
Fairer far than spring-time's bloom.

Lo, he comes, the fair-haired Viking,
Whom she pledged her love and faith;
He the proud and valiant sea-king, —
Southland trembles at his wrath.
Round his banner warriors rally,
As he steers his daring galley
O'er the billow's stormy path.

Lo, he comes! What happy tremblings
Through the maiden's bosom dart!
And how sweet those coy dissemblings
Of the grief that fills her heart!
For the sea hides many a danger,
Hurricane and blood-avenger;
And young love is loath to part.

In his loving arms he holds her —
All her sorrow is forgot;
To his bosom close he folds her,
Where his heart beats fast and hot:
"Stay thy tears, and hush thy yearning;

[1] The old Norse mythology often represents Odin as sitting upon the pinnacle of heaven, looking down upon the world. Two ravens, perching upon his shoulder, bring him tidings of all that takes place upon the earth.

Loving, parting, and returning
Is the Northland warrior's lot."

Like the mists that veil the brimming
Splendor of the glacier lake
Rose the tears, her bright eyes dimming,
As to him she gently spake:
"May the mighty Odin speed thee,
Balder safe to haven lead thee,
For thy loving maiden's sake."

Quoth the Viking: "Maiden fairer
Than the lily on the lea,
May the wrathful Thunder-bearer
Plunge me deep into the sea,
If to thee, my love's sweet haven" —
From the copse a coal-black raven
Rose and screamed full bodingly.

Tall, serene, stood mighty Odin
On the lofty Valhal's crest,
Gazed upon the deep untrodden
In the tempest-boding west;
Saw a gallant Northland vessel
With the fierce-voiced storm-winds wrestle,
Rudderless and sore distressed.

In the prow, with head uplifted,
Stood the chief, like wrathful Thor;
Through his locks the snow-flakes drifted,
Bleached their hue from gold to hoar.
'Mid the crash of mast and rafter
Norsemen leapt through death, with laughter,
Up to Valhal's wide-flung door.

And anon on Odin's shoulder
Perched the bird of sorrow's hue;
And the dark'ning air grew colder
All around him, as he flew.
Woe, ah woe, the pledge is broken!
Two black feathers, death's sad token,
To the wanton winds he threw.

In the silvery birch-trees' shadow
Sat the blue-eyed Northland maid,
And the breeze that skimmed the meadow
With her golden tresses played;
Sang to her its thrilling story
Of her Viking's love and glory,
As it danced along the glade.

And the maid with tender yearning
Rose and wandered down the lea,

Pulled a daisy flower, and turning,
Plucked its petals musingly;
Murmuring, as she saw them falling
On the wind and past recalling,
"Will he e'er come back to me?"

Ah, but o'er the meadow cheery
Straight a dismal silence spread,
And as answer to her query
Came a croaking, hoarse and dread.
Two black feathers slowly lighted
On her breast, and there united.
"Ah," she whispered, "he is dead!"

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

PRUDENCE PALFREY.

XVII.

HOW MR. DILLINGHAM LOOKED OUT OF A WINDOW.

It was a blustery, frosty morning; the sensitive twigs of trees snapped with the cold; the brass knockers on old-fashioned doors here and there had a sullen, vindictive look, daring you to take hold of them; the sky was slate-color. There was no snow on the ground, but the wind, sweeping up the street, now and then blew the white dust into blinding clouds, which, bursting in the air and sifting lazily downward, seemed to Mr. Dillingham, as he leaned against the casement of a window in the Old Bell Tavern, quite like falling snow.

The window at which the young minister stood was directly over the front door, and commanded a prospect of the entire length of the street that ran at right angles with the main thoroughfare and terminated at the steps of the hotel. At the other end of this street was the long bridge — hidden from time to time that morning by the swirls of dust — leading to Willowbrook.

Mr. Dillingham had his eyes fixed upon a distant object approaching from that direction. It was a mere speck when he first descried it on the bridge, tossed and blown hither and thither by the gale; but as it struggled onward, he was not slow to detect in this atom the person of Mr. Dent's coachman, Wingate. Not an especially interesting atom, Wingate, as a general thing, to the rest of the human family; but he interested Mr. Dillingham very deeply this morning.

As the coachman drew nearer, the young minister saw that he held something white clutched in his hand, which the marauding winds, now and then swooping down on him from around the corners, attempted to wrest from his grasp. That it was a note from Miss Palfrey, that it was for him, Mr. Dillingham, and that it contained the death-warrant of his hopes, were the conclusions at which he arrived before Wingate gained the stone-crossing opposite the hotel.

As Wingate reached this point, and was backing up against the wind which just then swept furiously around the paint-shop on the corner, a hack stopped suddenly on the crossway. A man leaned from the window and called to Wingate, who stared at him stupidly for a moment, then rushed to the side of the carriage and grasped the hand of the occupant; then the two entered into an animated dialogue, if one might judge by the energetic pantomime that ensued.

Mr. Dillingham watched this encounter — evidently unexpected by both parties — with a feverish restlessness not characteristic of him. His breath came and went quickly, and his impatience seemed to take shape and become crystallized in eccentric zigzag lines on the pane of glass nearest his lips. It was rapidly growing bitter cold without, and the frost was stretching its silvery antennæ over all the windows.

Finally the carriage drove off, and Wingate, as if possessed to prolong the tantalizing suspense of the young clergyman, stood motionless on the curbstone several minutes, looking after the retreating vehicle. Then it appeared to occur to Wingate that he was freezing to death, and he crossed over briskly to the Old Bell Tavern.

Mr. Dillingham hurried into the hall and snatched the note from the benumbed fingers of the astonished coachman, who was accustomed to much suavity and frequent fifty-cent pieces from the parson.

"All right, Wingate; thank you!" and the door was closed unceremoniously upon the messenger.

Mr. Dillingham broke the seal of the envelope, and read the note at a glance, for it was very brief. Directly after reading it he tore the paper into minute fragments, which he threw into the grate. The gesture with which he accompanied the action, rather than his face, betrayed strong emotion; for his face was composed now, and something almost like a smile played about his lips.

He stood for a few seconds irresolute in the middle of the apartment; then he went into the adjoining room, his sleeping-chamber, and took down his overcoat from a shelf in the black-walnut wardrobe.

This was the morning after Prue's musical failure. She had dispatched the note to Mr. Dillingham as soon as breakfast was over, but it had been written long before. She had written it in the early gray of the morning, — sitting in a ghostly way at her desk, wrapped in a white cashmere shawl, with her feet thrust into a pair of satin slippers of the Cinderella family, while the house slept. It was one of four letters. The first was six pages, this was sixteen lines, — a lesson for scribblers.

While Wingate was on his way to town with the missive, Prudence was in her room summoning up the resolution to tell Mr. Dent what she had done. It was not a cheerful task to contemplate, remembering how unreasonable and angry he had been when she opposed his wishes before. She had an unclouded perception of the disappointment she was going to give him this time. It was pretty clear to her that he had set his heart on the marriage.

Mr. Dent was trying to read the morning paper, when the library door opened gently; he did not look up at once, supposing it was Bodge, the house-boy, bringing in the coals, or Prudence coming to tell him what he dreaded to know positively.

When he did look up he saw John Dent standing on the threshold and smiling upon him apologetically.

"Good God, Jack! is that you?" cried Mr. Dent, letting the paper slip in a heap to his knees.

"Yes, I — I have come back."

Mr. Dent was not a superstitious person, but he felt for maybe ten seconds that that was an apparition standing over there in the doorway. And there was much in John Dent's aspect calculated to strengthen the impression.

He was worn and pale, as if he had just recovered from a long illness, or died of it; his cheeks were sunken, his eyes brilliant, and his unkempt black hair was blacker than midnight against his pallor. A shabby overcoat was thrown across one shoulder, concealing the left arm, which he carried stiffly at his side. There was a squalor and a misery about him, heightened by his smile, that would have touched the compassion of a stranger. Mr. Dent was in a depressed mood that morning, and this woeful figure of his nephew, standing there and smiling upon him like a

thing out of the church-yard, nearly brought the tears to his eyes.

"Why, Jack, boy, how ill you are!"

"I am only tired," said John Dent, dropping into a chair; "that and the slight hurt I 've got."

"Yes, I heard about that."

"You heard about it?"

"To be sure I did."

"How could you have heard of it?"

"Colonel Todhunter brought the news. Gad! I 've done the colonel something of an injustice."

"Colonel Todhunter?"

"I did n't believe a word he said; but then, he declared you were dead."

"Colonel Todhunter did?"

"Yes."

"I do not want to contradict Colonel Todhunter, for that would n't be polite," said John Dent, with one of his old smiles, "but I regret to state that I am not dead. Who *is* Colonel Todhunter, any way?"

Mr. Dent stared at him.

"What! you don't know the colonel? the colonel knows you very well. He told us all about it — the skirmish, you know, in which you were wounded and taken prisoner, and" — Here Mr. Dent paused, seeing by the vacuous expression of his nephew's face that the words were meaningless to him. "Dear me," he thought, "how very much broken up he is; his memory is wholly gone!"

"Uncle Ralph," said John Dent, "I never heard of Colonel Todhunter until this moment; I have not been in the army; I have not been in any skirmish; and I have not been taken prisoner."

This was too calm and categorical a statement not to shake Mr. Dent a little in his suspicion that the speaker was laboring under some mental derangement.

"I have been wounded, to be sure," continued John Dent. "I was shot in Western Virginia, in the woods, on my way to join the army, — shot by George Nevins," he added between his teeth. "I imagine he got tired of me at last, and concluded to kill me. He failed this time; but he will do it, if that is his purpose."

In reading John Dent's letter to Joseph Twombly, Mr. Dent had smiled at what he considered Jack's hallucination touching the watch which he supposed Nevins was keeping over him night and day; but this attempt on Jack's life, if there had really been one, at a spot so remote from the scene of the robbery three years before, gave a hue of probability to the idea.

Mr. Dent looked out of the corner of his eye at his nephew. Perhaps Jack *was* insane. Mr. Dent's faith in the general correctness of the colonel's statements was coming back to him. Sitting with his arms hanging at his side and his head resting on his chest broodingly, Jack seemed like a person not quite right in his mind.

"Where is this Colonel Todhunter?" he exclaimed, starting to his feet.

"Good heavens! don't be so violent!"

"Where is he, I say?"

"How can I tell? The man 's gone."

"How long since?"

"A fortnight ago."

"Was he here, — in this house?"

"He came here one afternoon, representing himself as your friend; he stayed in the town four or five days after that, I believe."

"It is three weeks since I was shot," said John Dent, reflecting. "Did Twombly see him?"

"I really can't say whether the deacon saw him or not."

"I don't mean the deacon; I mean Joe."

"Joseph was in Chicago; been there these six months."

"Uncle, what kind of person was this Colonel Todhunter? Describe him to me."

"He was something of a character, I should say; a cool customer; he made himself very much at home — with my sherry."

"Very gentlemanly, and rather pale?"

"Well, the sherry was pale," returned Mr. Dent, laughing, "but the

colonel was rather florid and not at all gentlemanly; that is to say, he carried it with a high hand in the town, though he behaved decently enough when he called on me."

"What was he like?"

"A tall man, taller than you, for instance; strongly built, with blue eyes and sandy beard."

"George Nevins!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Dent.

"It was George Nevins, I tell you!"

"Pooh! you're mad. What would bring him here, of all the places in the world?"

"I don't know; there are many things I cannot fathom; but this I do know, you have stood face to face with the most daring and accomplished scoundrel that lives. There is n't his match in California or Nevada."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Dent, uneasily, with a sensation of having two or three bullet-holes in the small of his back. "You don't really believe that that man was the fellow Nevins?"

"I do, assuredly. He thought he had disposed of me, and he came here prospecting. It was like his impudence. He told you I was dead? Well, he had good reason to suppose so."

"I can't believe it. Gad, I don't believe it! If it had been he, I think I should have turned desperado instinctively, and brought him down with the old shot-gun." And Mr. Dent was making a motion to that nearly harmless weapon, which had hung for years unloaded over the library mantel-piece, when Prudence walked into the room.

"Drop Colonel Todhunter," whispered Mr. Dent hastily.

In romances and on the stage, the meeting between two people who, happily or unhappily, have been long separated, is made the occasion of much sensational business; but I have observed that people in real life, who have loved or hated each other, are not apt, when they meet after a lapse of years, either to swoon or scowl or do anything strikingly dramatic.

Prudence neither started nor fainted when she found John Dent with her uncle; she had seen John Dent descend from the hack at the gate ten or fifteen minutes previously, — perhaps it gave her a turn at the instant, — and she had now come to welcome him home. Nothing could have been more simple or natural than the meeting between them. If Prudence's hand was a trifle cold, her hands were habitually cold; if John Dent's hand was hot, he had a gunshot-wound, and was feverish.

"I am glad to see you, Cousin John," said Prudence simply, as if she had parted with him yesterday, and had not eaten three thousand two hundred and eighty-five meals since that day when he failed to come back to dinner.

This is shockingly commonplace and realistic, I know, and will cost me a great many sentimental readers; but I must stand or fall by the facts.

Prudence was unaffectedly glad to see John Dent; and the sincere friendliness of her greeting placed him at his ease. He had much to tell of his wanderings, and much to be told of Rivermouth affairs; and very soon the conversation flowed on between these three with only the slightest under-current of constraint. Indeed, it seemed to Prudence like that first day, long ago, when John Dent came to Rivermouth and surprised her by being a frank, light-hearted young fellow, instead of the mousing Dryasdust she expected. As in that time also, he had come to remain only a brief period; there were dragons still at large and giants yet unslain. As soon as his arm was well, he would bid good-by again to Rivermouth. The gold he was going in quest of now was that small quantity of bullion which is to be found in a lieutenant's shoulder-straps.

The parallel between his two visits occurred to John Dent himself, as he sat there chatting; and so far as his impecuniosity went, the parallel was too close to be agreeable. Before, he had had only a slender outfit and a few hundred dollars; and now he was the possessor of a navy revolver, and a suit of clothes which his uncle eyed thoughtfully from time to time, and resolved to have

buried in the back-garden at no remote period.

But in spite of this, a blissful serenity, born of the home-like atmosphere he was breathing, took possession of John Dent. His misfortunes were visions and chimeras; he was as a man who, awaking from a nightmare, finds himself in a comfortable warm room with the daylight pouring through the windows, and strives in vain to recollect the dream that a moment ago appalled him.

He looked so shabby, and uncared-for, and happy, that Prudence was touched. In speaking of Parson Wibird, she was obliged to exert all her self-control not to tell John Dent of the legacy. Whatever he did, he should not go away until he was informed of that. She lingered on the subject of the parson's death, and came back to it at intervals, with the hope that her guardian would be tempted to break through the now slightly binding condition of the will. But the old parson recalled to Mr. Dent's mind the new parson, and he broke out, with that fine tact which characterized him, "By the way, Jack, you must know Dillingham; he 's a capital fellow."

John Dent had learned from Wingate, in their hurried conference at the street corner, that Prudence was still unmarried; and for the moment he had forgotten everything save the delicious fact that he and Prue were sitting and talking together as of old. But now his countenance fell.

"I shall be glad to know him," he contrived to say, with more or less enthusiasm.

With this, Mr. Dillingham passed out of the conversation, and did not drift into it again. No other unfortunate word or allusion ruffled the tranquillity of that morning, which made way with itself so quickly that Fanny caused a sensation when she announced dinner.

The afternoon showed a similar suicidal tendency; and shortly after tea, John Dent, who began to feel the reaction of the excitement he had undergone, went to bed in the same room where he had slept three years before.

Apparently, not a piece of the ancient mahogany furniture, which resolved itself, wherever it was practicable, into carven claws grasping tarnished gilt balls, had been moved since he was last there. It struck him, while undressing, that it would be only the proper thing for him to go around the chamber and shake hands with all the friendly, old-fashioned paws, — they stretched themselves out from tables and chairs and wardrobes with such a faithful, brute-like air of welcome.

The castellated four-post bedstead, with its snowy dimity battlements, seemed an incredible thing to John Dent as he stood and looked at it in the weird winter moonlight. It was many a month since he had lain in such a sumptuous affair.

A sensuous calm stole over his limbs when he stretched himself on the pliant springs of the mattress; then the impossible blue canaries, pecking at the green roses on the wall-paper, lulled him to sleep, and would have hopped down from the twigs and covered him with leaves, as the robins covered the babes in the wood, if he had not been amply protected by a great silk patch-quilt, deftly done into variegated squares and triangles by Prue's own fingers.

He slept the sleep of the just that night; he was a failure, but he slept the sleep of success; and his uncle, in the next room, dropped off with the soothing reflection that events had proved his wisdom in not telling Prue anything about Colonel Peyton Todhunter; but Prudence scarcely slept at all.

John Dent's wound was of the slightest, and the stiffness had nearly gone out of his shoulder when he awoke the next morning. He awoke in the same state of beatitude in which he had fallen asleep.

"I know I don't amount to much when I 'm added up," he said, smiling at himself in the glass as if he enjoyed representing a very small vulgar fraction in the sum of human happiness; "but I am not going to trouble myself about it any more. I 'll go down to Virginia, and come back presently with one leg

and a pension, and spend the rest of my days telling stories to Prue's little ones." And John Dent sighed cheerfully as he pictured himself a gray-haired, dilapidated captain, or maybe colonel, with two or three small Dillinghams clinging to his coat-skirts.

It was a singular coincidence that both uncle and nephew should have reached that philosophical stage when they could look calmly on the prospect of playing grandfather and godfather respectively to Prue's children.

John Dent descended, and found Prudence and his uncle in the library, making a pretty domestic picture, with the wood-fire blazing cheerily on the hearth, lighting up the red damask curtains, and the snow outside dashing itself silently in great feathery flakes against the windows. It was like an interior by Boughton, with that glimpse of bleak winter at the casements.

"Good morning," said John Dent, enveloping the pair in one voluminous smile.

"Good morning, Jack," returned Mr. Dent, and "Good morning, Cousin John," said Prudence, who hurried off to see to breakfast, for the Prodigal was to have a plate of those sublimated waffles of which only Prudence knew the secret. The art of their composition was guarded at Willowbrook as the monks in the Old-World convents guard the distillation of their famous cordials.

The young man saw that he had interrupted a conversation between his uncle and Prudence, and experienced that uncomfortable glow about the ears which comes over one when the dialogue stops instantly at one's appearance.

However, as Prudence departed to superintend the serving up of the fatted waffle, John Dent drew a chair towards the fire-place and was about to seat himself, when his eyes fell upon a small cabinet photograph which rested against a vase at one end of the mantel-piece.

The back of the chair slipped from John Dent's fingers, and he stood transfixed for a moment, looking at the picture; then he approached the mantelshelf and took the photograph in his hand.

"Who is this?" he asked quickly; and he pointed a quivering finger at the face.

"That? why, that's my friend Dillingham, a cap— "

"Dillingham be ——!" cried John Dent. "That is George Nevins!"

Mr. Dent leaned back in his chair and suppressed himself.

"Quiet yourself," he said soothingly. "You have n't slept well, you " —

"Do you suppose I don't know that face!"

"That is just precisely what I suppose," cried Mr. Dent, giving way to his irritation, "and I could n't have expressed it better."

"Not know it! Have n't I thought of it every day for two years, fallen asleep thinking of it every night, dreamed of it a thousand times? He has cut his mustache and beard," said John Dent slowly and to himself, "and wears no collar to his coat. What — what is this doing *here?*" he cried, with sudden fury.

"Why, Jack, my boy, I tell you that that is the Rev. James Dillingham, the pastor of the Old Brick Church, Prue's friend and mine."

"You can't mean it!"

"Don't be an idiot. If you discover any resemblance to Colonel Todhunter in that picture, you 've a fine eye for resemblance."

"Todhunter was not the man," cried John Dent. "*This* is the man!"

It was patent now to Mr. Dent that his nephew was a monomaniac on the subject of George Nevins. First it had been Colonel Todhunter, now it was Dillingham, and by and by it would be somebody else, Prue or himself possibly. Mr. Dent coughed, and restrained the impatient words that rose to his lips. The boy's mind was turned by his misfortunes, and yet he seemed rational enough on other topics.

"You think I am crazy?" said the young man, reading his uncle's open countenance as if it were a book. "Well, I am not. I am as sane as you

are, and as clear in the head as a bell. How long has your friend Mr. Dillingham been settled over the Brick Church?" And John Dent seated himself, crossing his legs comfortably, with the aspect of a man who is going to take things philosophically and not fret himself about trifles.

"Since last June," returned Mr. Dent, relieved to see his nephew calm again. "Dillingham came here in the latter part of May, and it is now December. Consequently he has been here a little over six months."

"While I was at Shasta," muttered the young man. "But who fired on me in Virginia, if it was n't Nevins?" Then in a negligent way to his uncle, "Where does your friend Dillingham live?"

"In Rivermouth, of course."

"Where?"

"At the Old Bell Tavern."

John Dent went out of the room like a flash.

After an instant of panic, Mr. Dent dashed after him. The hall door was locked and bolted; there was a complicated bolt with a chain, and the young man was tugging at the chain when his uncle seized him by the arm.

"What are you trying to do?"

"I must see this man Dillingham, Uncle Ralph."

"Certainly, so you shall see Dillingham. Ten to one he will ride out here before the morning is over, in spite of the storm; and then you will discover how absurd you are."

"Granting I am wrong," said John Dent as composedly as he could, "I cannot wait to have proof of it. If he is the man I think he is, he knows where I am by this time, and will not show his face here. I must go to him."

"Before breakfast?"

"This instant!"

Mr. Dent reflected that perhaps the only cure for his nephew's delusion was to bring him face to face with the young minister, whom, by the way, Mr. Dent himself was anxious to see; he was still ignorant of what had passed in the drawing-room two nights previously, for Prudence had found no fitting moment since John Dent's arrival to inform her guardian of her decision and the letter she had written to Mr. Dillingham.

So one of the carriage horses was ordered to be harnessed to the buggy and driven around to the side door. Meanwhile John Dent paced the hall, chafing; and Prudence, with her eyebrows raised into interrogation-points, stood behind the coffee-urn in the breakfast-room, wondering what it all meant.

When the buggy was ready, Mr. Dent proposed to go to town alone and bring the young minister back with him; but John Dent would not listen to the suggestion, and the two drove off together in the storm.

The snow beat so persistently in their faces all the way, that there was no chance for conversation, if either had been disposed to talk. Mr. Dent stole a glance now and then at the young man, whose eyes glowed wickedly over a huge white mustache which he had got riding in the teeth of the wind. "I've half a mind to tip the pair of us over the next bank," muttered Mr. Dent; "he 's as crazy as a loon!"

On driving up to the door of the Old Bell Tavern, Mr. Dent begged his nephew to control himself and do nothing rash. John Dent promised this, but with set teeth and in a manner not reassuring.

"You are making a dreadful mistake; and if you involve me in any absurdity I 'll never forgive you. Dillingham is my friend, and one of the noblest fellows in the world. It is rather early for a call; I 'll go up first, Jack."

"And I 'll go with you," said John Dent with disgusting promptness.

Mr. Dillingham's suite of rooms was on the second floor, and the door of his parlor or study gave upon the main staircase. Mr. Dent, inwardly consigning his nephew to the shades below, knocked two or three times without awakening the well-known voice which always said "Come in" to his recognized knock; then he turned the handle of the door, which was not fastened.

"He 's in bed at this hour, of course," he remarked. The town clock was striking eight. "We 'll step into his parlor and wait for him."

The room was in the greatest disorder; the drawers of a large escritoire between the windows were standing wide open, the grate was full of dead ashes, and over the carpet everywhere were scattered half-torn letters and papers. John Dent cast one glance around the apartment, and then rushed into the small bed-chamber adjoining. The bed was unrumpled.

"Gone!" moaned John Dent, dropping into a chair.

"Gone? nonsense! Gone to breakfast," said Mr. Dent.

"It 's no use," said the young man, settling himself gloomily in the chair; "he is hundreds of miles away by this time. While we were sitting in the chimney-corner over yonder, fire and steam and all infernal powers were whisking him off beyond my reach."

Mr. Dent pulled at the bell-cord as if he had suddenly had a bite, and jerked in Larkin the waiter. Where was Mr. Dillingham? Larkin did not know where Mr. Dillingham was. He would inquire at the office.

He returned shortly with the information that Mr. Dillingham had gone out quite early the day before, and had not been in since. The young minister was in the habit of absenting himself for several days together without notifying the office-clerk, who supposed in this instance, as in the others, that Mr. Dillingham was visiting his friend Mr. Dent at Willowbrook.

"That 'll do, Larkin," said Mr. Dent. "Nothing particular. We 'll look in again."

Exit Larkin, lined with profanity.

Mr. Dent, with a feeble smile on his lips, stood looking at his nephew.

"It is too late," said the young man, "but I would like to send a telegram to Boston and one to New York."

"To whom?"

"To the chief of police."

Mr. Dent started. "Don't you do it! I know you are wrong, though I acknowledge that the thing has a strange look. You would feel rather flat if, after you had sent off a couple of libelous messages, Dillingham should turn up and explain it all in a dozen words, as I am positive he will. I could never look him in the face again."

"You won't, any way," said John Dent. "However, I don't want to use the name of Dillingham in the matter. I shall simply give a description of the person of George Nevins. That will not inconvenience any one, I 'm afraid. See how he slips through my fingers! I should call the man an eel, if he was n't a devil."

Mr. Dent made no further objection; the two descended to the street and drove to the telegraph-office.

In the midst of writing a dispatch, young Dent paused and nibbled the top of the penholder. "I wonder I did n't think of that before," he said to himself; and then in a low voice to his uncle, "Ask the operator if Dillingham has sent or received anything over the wires lately."

Mr. Dillingham had sent two telegrams the day before.

"Will you allow me to look at them a moment?"

Knowing Mr. Dent to be the intimate friend of the young pastor, the clerk obligingly took the copies of the two dispatches from a clip on his desk, and handed them to the elderly gentleman.

Dropping the date, the telegrams read as follows: —

I.

To Rawlings & Son, Bankers,
Chicago, Illinois:

Place the balance due me on account, and the six U. S. bonds you hold for me, to the credit and subject to the order of Colonel Peyton Todhunter.

JAMES DILLINGHAM.

II.

To Colonel Peyton Todhunter,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

Go to Chicago instantly. Draw funds from Rawlings. Will join you at 6666. You have failed. He is here. J. D.

"Are you convinced now?" whispered John Dent, having with breathless interest read these documents over his uncle's shoulder. "It appears, though I don't understand the last telegram at all, that your friend Colonel Peyton Todhunter is the friend of your worthy friend the Rev. James Dillingham; and a precious pair they are, if I may say so without hurting your feelings. 'He is here' means me, of course; but what is meant by 'You have failed'? '6666' evidently designates some point of rendezvous."

"Jack," whispered Mr. Dent thickly, "I can't believe my eyes!"

"I would n't," said Jack. "I'd stand it out. In the mean time I will send off this description, and then we 'll go back to the hotel. He decamped in haste, and may have left behind him something in the way of letters or papers that will be useful to me."

The young man seated himself at a desk, and, after a moment's reflection, wrote the following message, which he handed to his uncle: —

Messrs. Rawlings & Son,
Chicago, Ill.:

Has Colonel Todhunter drawn the funds described in the dispatch of yesterday? If not, stop payment until further advices. J. D.

"That 's a clever idea," said Mr. Dent, awaking from the stupor that had fallen upon him. "We will have an injunction on them, if it is not too late; but, Jack, is n't it a sort of forgery to use Dillingham's name this way?"

"I have n't used his name," answered Jack, laughing; "I have put my own initials to the document, like a man. Are you working through?" he asked, turning to the clerk. "Then send this along."

He resumed his seat at the desk, and fell to work on a personal description of George Nevins. This was a task of some difficulty, requiring a conciseness and clearness of diction which cost him considerable trouble. More than half an hour elapsed before John Dent had completed the portrait to his satisfaction. He was in the midst of his second dispatch, when the operator received from Rawlings & Son a telegram that seemed to puzzle him somewhat.

"This appears to be an answer to your dispatch, sir, but it is addressed to Mr. Dillingham."

"A mistake at the other end," said Mr. Dent, quickly.

"What do they say?" asked John Dent, reaching forward to take the long narrow strip of paper from the clerk's hand.

Colonel Todhunter had drawn out the funds in full. The Messrs. Rawlings & Son trusted there was nothing wrong in the matter; they had acted strictly according to instructions.

"Just as I expected," said Jack, tossing the paper to his uncle, "luck is dead against me." Then he went on with his writing: "Five feet eight or nine inches; blue eyes; light hair, probably cut close; no beard or mustache," etc., etc.

"This is simply horrible," murmured Mr. Dent; and as he walked nervously up and down the office, he recalled the afternoon when he introduced Dillingham to Colonel Todhunter, and how they had saluted each other as strangers, and seemed to dislike each other, being such different men; then he reflected that it was chiefly through his own means that this scandal had been brought upon Rivermouth; then he thought of Prue, and he turned cold and hot, and pale and flushed, by turns; and the rapid scratching of John Dent's pen over the paper, and the monotonous clicking of the satanic little telegraph instrument behind the wire screen drove him nearly distracted.

"And now, if you please, we will inspect the sanctum sanctorum of the late incumbent," said John Dent gayly.

It was only human that he should relish the consternation of his uncle. But as they were passing out into the street, John Dent's face underwent a change; he halted on the last of the three steps leading to the sidewalk, and, grasping

the iron railing, seemed unable to move farther.

"What is it now?" asked Mr. Dent, nervously.

"Uncle Ralph, was Prue engaged to that man?—did she love him?"

"No!" cried Mr. Dent; "I believe she hated him instinctively,—thank God!"

"Amen!" said John Dent, drawing a long breath. "He has got my money, he has blighted two years of my life, but if he has n't got at the pure gold of Prue's heart, I forgive him!"

XVIII.

A RIVERMOUTH MYSTERY.

THE two Dents returned in silence to the Old Bell Tavern, and went up directly to the deserted study.

"First of all," said John Dent, closing the door and turning the key, "I want to know how he came here, how he managed to step into Parson Hawkins's shoes, and all the details. Tell me slowly, for I feel I shall not comprehend this thing, unless it is put in the simplest way."

The story of Mr. Dent's acquaintance with Dillingham in New York, and the chain of commonplace events that had ended in his coming to Rivermouth as the pastor of the Old Brick Church, was told in a few words. It was not a strange story, taking it link by link; it was only as a whole that it appeared incredible.

"He was an artist, that man," said Mr. Dent, with an involuntary pang of admiration, as he recalled the cleverness with which Dillingham had put Joseph Twombly out of the way. He recollected now that Dillingham had withheld his consent to come to Rivermouth until the very day Twombly started for Chicago. "Ah, Jack, if good people, as a class, were one half as intelligent and energetic as rogues, what a world this would be!"

"Knowing Nevins as I do," said John Dent when his uncle had finished, "his adroitness and cunning, I can understand what a tempting thing it was to him to play at this masquerade; but he must have had a deeper motive than a mere whim to keep him here seven months."

"He fell in love with Prue, of course," said Mr. Dent, with a twinge; "and then—I see it all, Jack! you were right. He *did* have a watch set on you; he meant to marry Prue, and keep you out of the parson's money, even if he had to kill you to do it!—it was Todhunter who made the attempt on your life when they saw you were coming East; it was Todhunter who dogged your steps all the time!"

"The parson's money?" said John Dent.

The words had escaped Mr. Dent in his excitement, as the whole of the desperate game which Dillingham had probably been playing flashed upon him. It will be remembered that on the morning when Parson Hawkins's later will was found, Mr. Dent went to Boston to meet Mr. Dillingham and conduct him to Rivermouth. Mr. Dent was full of the matter, and that night, at the Revere House, he had spoken freely to his friend of the old parson's whimsical testament. Perhaps it was in that same hour Dillingham formed the purpose to possess himself of the money,—admitting, for the moment, that Dillingham was George Nevins.

John Dent stood looking inquiringly at his uncle. It was too late to recall the words; the circumstances seemed to warrant Mr. Dent now in disregarding the restriction of the will, and he told his nephew of the legacy.

At another moment, this undreamed-of fortune would have filled John Dent's heart with both joy and sadness; but the day, scarcely begun, had been too crowded with other emotions, for him to give way to either now. He walked to the window and, rubbing a clear space on one of the panes, looked out into the snowy street for several minutes; then he turned to Mr. Dent and said quietly, "Let us look through these things."

A closer examination of the study and sleeping-room afforded indubitable evidence that the late occupant had abandoned them in desperate haste, but also that he had left behind him no letters or written memoranda giving any clew to his intended movements. A quantity of papers had been burnt in the grate; an undecipherable fragment of the note Prudence had written him lay on the hearth-rug, and near it the back of a delicate pink envelope with which no one would have thought of associating the fair Veronica, if it had not borne her pretty monogram.

Mr. Dillingham had, so to speak, spiked his guns; but a company of embroidered worsted slippers, — as gay as a company of Zouaves, — and a number of highly mounted dressing-gowns sufficient properly to officer this metaphorical detachment, fell into the hands of the enemy.

The younger man, on his side, conducted the investigation with relentless scrutiny; but Mr. Dent only cursorily, for the place in his heart which Dillingham had occupied was yet warm with the late presence.

Two discoveries were made, unimportant in themselves, but one of which interested the nephew, and the other startled the uncle, who, in the progress of the search, appeared to be receiving a series of shocks from an invisible galvanic battery.

"Here 's a photograph which was lost some time since with a certain pocket-book containing a small sum of money." And John Dent held out at arm's length a faded vignette head of Prudence, gazing at it thoughtfully. "The finder would have been liberally rewarded if I had got hold of him. Hullo! what 's this? Somebody's bracelet," he added, fishing up a piece of jewelry from the depths of the traveling-trunk over which he was stooping.

"Dear, dear!" groaned Mr. Dent. It was Veronica Blydenburgh's bracelet. He knew of its loss; everybody knew of it. You could no more lose a bracelet in Rivermouth without 'verybody knowing it than you could lose your head.

This affair seemed blacker to Mr. Dent than all the rest, — blacker than the attempt on Jack's life, inasmuch as petty larceny lacks the dignity of assassination. But I fancy Mr. Dent was a trifle uncharitable here. As a reminiscence of a lovely white wrist, the trinket may have had a value to Mr. Dillingham which Mr. Dent did not suspect.

"What a finished rogue he was! It is only when a man adds hypocrisy to his rascality, that he becomes a perfect knave."

"Yes," said John Dent, "that little lamb's-skin does aggravate the offense."

Mr. Dent walked off to the other end of the room and began turning over a lot of books and pamphlets piled in one corner. "Look here, Jack!" he cried presently, "here is where he got his sermons from, — South's Sermons, Robertson's Sermons, Hooker's Sermons, Cumming's Great Tribulation, Peabody's Discourses. Gad! he mixed them up, old and young. By heaven! here 's the very passage Prue thought so affecting Fast Day. See where he 's changed 'London' into *Rivermouth*, and 'our Gracious Queen' into *our honored Chief Executive*. Jack," said Mr. Dent, solemnly, "let us go home!"

"Uncle Ralph, that is almost the only rational suggestion you have made to-day. I am famished."

"And I am frozen," said Mr. Dent with a shiver, picking up his overcoat. He drew on one sleeve, and paused.

"Well?" said his nephew.

"Jack, this thing must be hushed up for Prue's sake. The deacons will have to know the truth, and maybe one or two outsiders; but the towns-people must never be allowed to suspect the real character of that man. Some plausible explanation of his flight must be circulated. If he has left any bills, I shall pay them. I cannot eat a mouthful until this is settled. I must see Blydenburgh and Twombly and Wendell without wasting a moment, and I want you to come with me."

"For Prue's sake, and for your sake," said John Dent, laughing.

"Yes, for my sake, too. Don't be hard on a fallen brother. You can't afford to, Jack. If Dillingham deceived me, George Nevins was too many for you."

"That 's a fact," said John Dent.

In the course of an hour the deacons and trustees of the Old Brick Church assembled together mysteriously in Deacon Twombry's parlor, — five or six honest, elderly, bald-headed gentlemen, who now had the air of dark-browed conspirators on the eve of touching off innumerable barrels of gunpowder. Deacon Zeb Twombly might have been taken for Guy Fawkes himself.

The next day it was known that the Rev. Mr. Dillingham had quitted Rivermouth; it was understood in the parish and in the town that family matters, involving the jeopardy of large estates, had called Mr. Dillingham away so suddenly that he had had time to advise only his immediate friends of his departure. It was also understood that his return was problematical. There were dark hints and whispers and rumors and speculations, to be sure; but for once a secret was kept in Rivermouth, — though one woman knew it!

Prudence had to be told, of course, and she nearly died with desire one afternoon, six months afterwards, to tell Veronica Blydenburgh everything, — the afternoon Veronica came to her and said, "Only think, Prue! papa found my opal bracelet under the flooring of the old summer-house."

Veronica sat silent for a moment, dreamily weaving the bright coil in and out her slender fingers; then suddenly lifting her head, she cried, "Prue, will you swear never to breathe it to a living soul if I tell you something?"

"Yes," said Prudence, with a start.

"Well, then, the afternoon before he went away so strangely" —

"Who went away?"

"Mr. Dillingham."

"Oh!"

"The afternoon before he went away, he — he offered himself to me!"

"What!" cried Prudence, turning white and red. It was beginning to appear that Cupid had had two strings to his bow.

"I say," repeated Veronica, "that Mr. Dillingham offered himself to me."

"And you refused him!"

"O Prue! that 's the bitterness of it! — I accepted him!"

I have not said — though I have let John Dent say it — that the Rev. James Dillingham was George Nevins. Is it improbable? As I come to the close of my story, I have a feeling that the career of James Dillingham in Rivermouth, supposing him to be identical with George Nevins, will strike the reader as improbable, and it *is* improbable — as the things that happen every day. But such as it is, the chronicle ends here.

And Prudence Palfrey?

The reader shall become my collaborator at this point and finish the romance to his own liking. It is only fair for me to inform him, however, that one morning last spring as I was passing, portmanteau in hand, from the station at Rivermouth to the old gambrel-roofed house in a neighboring street where I always find welcome, I saw a little man swinging on a gate.

I had never seen this small personage before, but there was something absurdly familiar in the dark hair and alert black eyes, something absurdly familiar in the lithe, wiry figure (it was as if John Dent had been cut down from five feet eight to three feet four); and when he returned my salutation with that cavalier air which stamps your six-year-old man of the world, there was an intonation in his voice so curiously like Prue's, that I laughed all to myself!

T. B. Aldrich.

GROWTH OF THE NOVEL.

CRITICISM has not kept pace with the novel in its more recent manifestations. A remarkable indolence prevails, not only with the greater number of novel-readers, but also on the part of too many among those industrious journalists under whose inspection works of this class fall, in regard to the inquiry by what principles the variously modified forms of the novel now extant are to be judged, and relegated each to its proper place. A large proportion of the criticisms upon new novels contain only vague and fragmentary allusions to novelty of incident, verisimilitude of the picture, theories of life involved in the story, or the freshness and "piquancy" —terms which these jaded reviewers apparently hold to be synonymous — of the whole, without an attempt to draw comprehensive conclusions; in short, these criticisms present whatever issues from the chance critic's chance taste, rather than a ray thrown out from the strong, central light of systematic meditation. The impression exists, too, that anybody, without having subjected himself to artistic discipline, can write a novel. We see men turning aside from the course of regular and professed activities, to spin some slight web of fiction that shall attract a few admirers, and something of that spendthrift praise which it apparently becomes every day easier to obtain. Even the most unlikely persons are subject, at any moment, to infection with the prevalent disorder, and the facility with which mediocre and inferior work, in this branch of literature, attains to an exaggerated prominence, makes it necessary that skilled judgment should be more generally applied in such matters than at present; that a thoughtful endeavor should be made to penetrate the significance of the novel, and to determine some of the principles by which its further progress should be guided.

The exigencies of an epoch cause poetical forms to undergo certain modifications; and by watching the influence of these exigencies, we shall discover the relative importance of particular forms at different periods, determining also the rate and direction of their progress. The novel deals perforce most prominently with the surface of life, the appearances of things; yet it has rendered no small service if it succeed in rescuing from nothingness these ephemeral appearances, the beautiful or amusing trivialities through which we daily take our way. Moreover, the great ideas and great deeds of this world come upon us unawares, whether it be to-day or to-morrow; and for their sake also the processes of each unfolding day are worth observing. But we do not commonly remember, in taking up our volumes of modern every-day romance or comedy, that the hasty stitches at the back are in reality attached to a thread leading into a very remote past, and furnishing a clew to the real, historically accretive nature of these volumes. We forget that the novel comes to us with the marks of a long and laborious culture upon it.

Perhaps the earliest remaining productions which bear any distinguishable likeness to the more complex and more highly inflected novels of our own time are the Greek romances of Heliodorus and his followers, in the opening centuries of the Christian era. The Theagenes and Chariclea may, I suppose, be regarded as the immediate progenitor of that long line of fiction which has held enduring sway over the human mind from the time of Heliodorus's writing up to the present. But this work is on a very low plane. It is utterly deficient in true dramatic method, and not so much a breathing and speaking image of life, as a tiresome piece of carpentry. For us, it is like an obsolete plaything, and furnishes hardly more delight than may be had in the taking apart of one

of those Japanese toys, made to resemble an egg, which is found to consist of a surprising number of thin wooden tissues, revealing, when stripped off, a tiny kernel at the centre. In like manner, the small seed of circumstance from which the Thessalian romancer's story springs is hidden away under numerous thin shells of implicate adventure, each very similar to all the rest; and the entertainment consists in the leisurely removal of these husks. The whole interest rests upon surprise, and surprise of the cheapest kind. "What have been your adventures?" is the first question one character puts to another, on meeting, all the way through. It is not necessary to pass in review consecutively the gradual advances made in the art of fiction, from the time of this blunt-edged beginning — if, indeed, we may assume that fiction can be traced to a beginning at all — up to that of the brilliant achievements of Fielding and Sir Walter Scott. We have only to look so far into them, as to recognize that the tendency of those advances was distinctly toward the increase of a dramatic spirit and dramatic methods in novel-writing.

The Renaissance breathed a fresh life into the dry works of the Greek romancers, and they put forth new and sprightlier shoots. Boccaccio and Bandello engaged in the composition of short tales so new to the time that they were called simply *novels;* and these contained the germ of that intricate organism which we now recognize under the same generic name. But in the hands of Boccaccio and his school, the novel did not get beyond the first pulpy and amorphous stage of its growth. Boccaccio cared little, or not at all, for that subtle differentiation of human character which constitutes the underlying science of our modern novel-art. He was content with a witty anecdote, recounted in a polished style, within the limits of a few folds of paper. Nevertheless, his legacy was an invaluable one. The heirs of his invention laid out their riches to rare advantage. The Elizabethan dramatists caught these stories, and expanded them to a fuller stature of imaginative existence, Shakespeare, above all, rounding the contour, and completing the figures with infinite variety of proportioned power, such as made his plays adequate to the representation of life both entire and particular. In the mean time, Rabelais and Cervantes had introduced a new element into fiction, namely, that of satire and artistically managed symbolism. Of the two, Cervantes exercised the most influence upon the subsequent development of the novel, for he understood the genuine and simple delineation of individual character. In this, though writing a century earlier than Le Sage, he far outstripped the author of Gil Blas. Heading the reaction against those exaggerated romances of chivalry, which had sprung from the metrical romances of the twelfth century, he made a greater advance in Don Quijote than he himself was aware of, perhaps. That he hardly estimated its bearing upon the subsequent history of fiction; regarded it simply as an amusing satire on the abuse of romance-reading, — a romance ridiculing romances, — we are disposed to conclude, from his composing immediately afterward a serious romance modeled on that of Heliodorus. He had previously written a pastoral romance, Galatea, and his Exemplary Novels. As yet, the term novel was restricted to short stories which might be introduced episodically in the course of a ponderous romance, like the novel of The Curious Impertinent, in Don Quijote. It was not surprising that the extent of Cervantes's advances in the direction of the modern novel should not be at once appreciated, either by his public or himself. But we may safely assign to him a considerable influence in the century which elapsed before the production of Gil Blas.

Wearied with preposterous fables and languid pastorals, a series of reactionary writers took the field, in the seventeenth century, and foremost among them was Le Sage, with his epic of luck and loose living, Gil Blas, — an attempted panorama of life, in which, however, the

persons were rather typical than individual, and again *figurative*, if one may so describe it, rather than typical. A second reaction had come, but this time there was no Cervantes to take the lead. In England, however, the use to which the masters of the Elizabethan stage had put the Italian novels of the fourteenth century, had insured that accelerated dramatic tendency of the novel which here demands our attention. In the century immediately ensuing upon that in which Shakespeare died, Fielding, more than any other before him, threw light upon the course which fiction was thereafter to pursue. Beginning, before his majority, as a writer of plays, he spent a good deal of time in getting out hasty adaptations from the French, as well as numerous comedies of his own; but though these comedies are still extant, they are hardly less entirely forgotten than the poles and canvas of the flimsy booth itself in Smithfield, wherein they first strutted before the world, in the days of Bartholomew Fair. But it is not unreasonable to suppose, that his practice in this kind of writing had its effect upon the romances which at a later period he made the basis of his only real celebrity. In the production of these he declared himself, and with some reason, to be founding "a new province of writing." For, although he in fact only filled out and enlivened a form which had been some hundreds of years constructing for him, the result was something substantially new. Richardson had begun to write novels, chiefly for the sake of his epistolary style. A story indicated in letters always contains something of dramatic management; but, if it be at all extended, it involves more of repetition and improbability. Richardson's people seem first of all to be concerned that their various troubles and experiences, with the accompanying sentiments, should be transferred in full to note-paper, so as to make up a good, readable book, afterward. And previously to Richardson's writing, the stage had usurped the attention of genius; the novels of Lodge and Greene were not progressive. But when the theatre had lost its masters, and suffered a long decline, Fielding, as if conscious that a lively genius could appear to advantage only in some new guise, threw himself into the novel — or, as he called it, the romance — with all the fervor of his really gifted mind. The artistic impulse which sustained him, as it found expression in his last and perhaps most finished work, Amelia, was this: "To observe minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence these incidents are produced." Here we have the root of dramatic development; and it was the application of this method that brought the novel into a familiar and affectionate relation to life, which no form of imaginative writing had up to that time enjoyed. Looking at his persons in this way, it was necessary that Fielding should pay the closest attention to their utterances and actions, from first to last, and calculate with some nicety the interaction of individuals one upon another. Conversation, instead of being thrown in here and there, as heretofore, simply to delay bringing to a close some little train of incident, or with a view to making the story real enough to be read with comfort, became in his hands a just expression of every participator in it, and a light reflected upon the speakers, as well as a subtle cause of subsequent conduct, in a manner approaching that of its operation in real life. But, although Fielding was dramatic, in so far as conversation and incident led the story on from point to point with a certain degree of system, combined with spontaneity, he did not carry the dramatic movement far enough. When all was over, his tale would remain but a rambling, aimless concatenation, terminating in nothing but an end of the adventures. His great power lay in the observation of manners and natures; but he was content to offer the results of this observation in a crude, digressive form, somewhat lacking — if it may be said — in principle. He was fond of whipping in and out among his charac-

ters, in person, and did so with a sufficiently cheery and pleasant defiance of all criticism; but the practice injured his art, nevertheless. In a word, he seems to have written as much for his own amusement as for that of his reader; and although he sedulously endeavored to identify these two interests, he did not hesitate, when he felt like discharging a little dissertation on love, or classical learning, or what not, to do this at any cost, either of artistic propriety or the reader's patience. And, worst of all, he frequently dissected his *dramatis personæ* in full view of the audience, giving an epitome of their characters off-hand, or chatting garrulously about them, when the mood took him. These shortcomings withheld from him the possibility of grouping his keen observations firmly about some centre of steady and assimilative thought. With Fielding, nothing crystallized, but all was put together in a somewhat hastily gathered bundle; and the parts have a semi-detached relation. He hardly dreamed of that suggestive and deeply significant order of novel which our own day has seen almost perfected in the hands of George Eliot. And yet, what a brilliant retinue has Fielding had! Scott, Dickens, Thackeray — George Eliot herself — and many more besides, have followed in the path which he opened. He had an alert and energetic mind, and heartily and impartially enjoyed life, wherever and whatever it might be found; and this capacity for a healthy participation in the business of the people who surround him remains now, as it then was, an indispensable qualification in the novelist. But the best allegiance to Fielding must move men to further explorations in that province which he, in his day, so despotically governed. His greatest successors in empire have done this; but in what degrees, it will be interesting to consider. If, too, we find their efforts crowned by a constant though gradual progress, we shall perhaps think the conclusion justified, that new avenues to new goals of art remain yet to be adventured on.

It was only a dozen years after Fielding had ceased to write, that The Vicar of Wakefield suddenly took its place among those calm perpetuities which from time to time stand forth out of the dissolving cloud of ephemeral fiction. Nothing more exquisite of its kind than this novel of Goldsmith's has ever been given to us. The objective rendering of good Doctor Primrose is perfect. Goldsmith seems here to have reached an eminence in novel-art hitherto attained by no one, and to which few have since aspired. Only Thackeray's Henry Esmond presents itself as worthy of comparison with it, and even this perhaps falls short, in point of simple humor and native sweetness. But the sober richness with which Goldsmith's chief personage is elaborated is not of the showy style calculated to make headway with the many. And it is true that the range of a novel conceived as this is must be somewhat limited; variety of characterization being not so much the aim, as a complete study and full objective presentation of the hero. Nevertheless it is certain that, in this book, Goldsmith secured some of the purest dramatic results attainable through the novel; and that it will accordingly always remain a source of the most wholesome inspiration.

It was reserved for Scott to enlarge the mechanical apparatus, and extend the sympathies of the novel, beyond all precedent. The brilliancy of his advent into the field of fiction was in great measure due to his wider appreciation of character, as compared with that of the writers who had gone before. He treated all sorts of persons with the same genuine enjoyment of personality, whatever it might be; and if his heroes were sometimes rather colorless, and his women molded too exclusively by generalized conceptions of femininity, he still succeeded in showing that human nature remains fundamentally the same, beneath all the shifting and superimposed conditions of history, and demonstrated the applicability of the novel to life in past periods. As for mechanism, he contrived many clever little devices for moving stories on to an end; he dis-

pensed with those long, introduced narratives which Heliodorus employed, and which Fielding relied upon too willingly —sometimes carrying them on from one chapter to another by means of a pumping question from the listener, not inappropriately followed by a gush of tears from the narrator. In his conversations, Scott sometimes seems, by his nice discriminations, to give the slightest shades of meaning, and the very accent of the voice; though he is as often melodramatic and unreal. But, with all his merits, and overlooking his rather musty antiquarian devotions to costume, Scott remains much too conscious, it strikes me, in his characterization. Frequently, having effected some ingenious stroke of delineation, he is so well pleased that he instantly repeats it in more diffuse terms. This at once dulls the edge of his wit, and makes us aware of an obtrusive presence among the fictitious personages. The author cannot restrain himself from jovial participation in his reader's amusement; he must ever peep out from behind the side-scenes, to exchange a sly Caledonian wink with us. To avoid this subtle error, a writer should seek always to lose *himself* more and more, in giving life to his imaginary persons. Dramatic effect of the highest and most sterling quality cannot be obtained without a resolute act of self-renunciation on the part of the author. And in proportion as the novelist intervenes, visibly, between the reader and the characters of his story, he detracts from the realness of the latter. For example, it is a prominent defect in Dickens that he is antic in the extreme. He appears to have been conscious of the necessity which existed for curbing himself, as in one of his letters he alludes to the "preposterous sense of the ridiculous" which he was obliged to contend with, in order that he should not write extravagantly.

Not less injurious, in its way, to dramatic perfection is the system of minute and deliberate analysis pursued by George Eliot. It makes us look to her books rather for instances of her remarkable acumen, and the terse statement of her perceptions, than for a sympathetic rendition of human nature that shall charm and soothe us, at the same time that it instructs or educates. Her writing does not soothe, because she keeps so constantly before us the stern effort she is making, not to swerve from strict analysis. The authoress presides too watchfully over the progress of our acquaintance with the imaginary beings to whom she has introduced us; and we should be more at ease, if she would omit some of the more wordy of her examinations into their mental status at each new turn of the story. There are instances of fine dramatic handling in her books, from which we may cite those culminating scenes between Stephen Guest and Maggie Tulliver, in The Mill on the Floss. But these superior passages only throw forward upon our notice the too frequent consciousness and restraint which disturb her work. The novelist, it is true, must observe a certain economy, holding back the more telling dramatic effects for particular passages. But the difference should be in the degree, rather than in the quality, of dramatic force; a kind of difference well exemplified in Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter. George Eliot's open analysis, too, has a tendency to lead her insensibly into partiality, a thing which she is by this very means strenuously trying to avoid. That tendency she has almost wholly overcome in Middlemarch, which is distinguished for a fine impartiality. But it is in this same crowning work that we find, perhaps more strongly exemplified than in any other of her books, the final defect of her system. In a book of this kind all that can be said about the characters *is* said; but, after all, the result is not so good as if something had been withheld, for our imaginations to reach after. Despite the vigorous bloom, the insistent life of Middlemarch, do we not feel that there is an overwrought completion about it? The persons of the story are elaborated almost to exhaustion; there appears to be a lack of proportion in the prominence so fully accorded to each

individual in his or her turn, for minor characters are dwelt upon too much in detail; and there is little or no mystery of distance about any of the figures, at any time. We have struck bottom, with these people, beyond hope of recalling that thought of illimitably profound humanity which indicates the unknown quantity in character, and which gives Shakespeare's personages their lasting title to our love or consideration. The secret of dramatic effect is simply this, that in real life ultimate truth seldom finds a pure utterance. In drama, therefore, we have a situation presented as nearly as possible (subject to æsthetic laws) in the way in which it would present itself in the fact; the involved truths of the whole proceeding being illustrated by the partial expressions of each individual, on his own behalf or in estimating his fellows; so that the final, fleeting essence of the matter lies within the scope of inference only. And in proportion as dramatic skill is successful, it stimulates in us the disposition and ability to make such inference. But George Eliot would cut us off from this last spiritual, intangible result, by reducing everything to absolute statement, and endeavoring to fix the final issues in penetrating and permanent phrases. I would not underrate the magnificent obligations which George Eliot has laid upon the race; my admiration of her brave and noble genius is in no way lessened by the opinion that her method restricts the range and power of the novel unnecessarily. As an effort of clear intellectual penetration into life, we could hardly demand anything better than Middlemarch. But it is still too much an effort, and not enough an accomplished insight; it remains, as the author has called it, a study, rather than a finished dramatic representation.

Turning from George Eliot to Dickens again, we observe that his faults of undue personal prominence range themselves on a far lower intellectual plane. He is not troubled by analysis, because he hardly enters upon that function, even in the deliberations which have preceded his writing; if we are to judge from the character of that writing, and from what has been made public as to his state of mind during composition, and the confidences which he imparted in the mid-fervor of creation. But, on the other hand, he is not truly dramatic. Indeed, this follows from his want of analysis. Without having analyzed, he could have nothing to unfold by the dramatic method. His imagination was strong in the grotesque, but it never seems to have taken the direction of clearly outlined truth of character. His characters may be true to nature, but for all that he does not imagine them for the sake of truth, but for the sake of their grotesque or other *effect*. And there is a wide difference between truth and effect. That it is effect he aims for is proved by the conclusions of his books, which are never profound or sublime, but unimportant and commonplace. His results are not results in a satisfactory sense, because they consist merely in a settlement and pensioning for life of the characters, as it were; everything is "*wound up*," but we are left at the end without any vital impulse from that winding. He does not carry our eyes above the level of a very superficial justice. Ah, it was his wit that charmed us, and not the human nature with which he dealt! This human nature was to him only a sort of indispensable stage-property; and he was the actor whom it served to set off. Dickens possessed, in addition to his nimble fancy (which was often exquisitely graceful), a surprisingly rapid and multifarious observation; but he contented himself with only a flying shot at the truth. He had a fertile genius, and perhaps he felt that he could afford to take at a discount the riches with which nature had supplied him; for the rapidity of his labors necessitated constant advances; but he lost unspeakably by this system. He was confused and carried away by the idiosyncrasies which took his fancy, and so lost sight of the true artistic aim; seldom, if ever, taking the pains to abstract himself from himself, and enter again into the life of others, so that he might faith-

fully reproduce it, — the good and the bad alike, — leaving us to draw our conclusions somewhere near the truth. In Martin Chuzzlewit, he complained that the American people would never tolerate a satirist. But the essence of good satire lies in the strictest and most sensitive adherence to truth. Irony should be so mingled with an unprejudiced veracity of representation, as to make the reader half uncertain whether that which he is reading be a mere unwitting record of laughable fact, or a piece of conscious, though guarded, ridicule. Exaggeration is by no means the chief nor the most powerful element of satire. If we ridicule a man by calling him worse than he is, we may wound and anger him, but we shall not cut so to the quick, as if we pierce with our ridicule some really vulnerable point in his constitution. But Dickens seems to have trusted wholly to first impressions and strong feelings. There is a curious, and, if true, a sad story extant, as to the unmerited injury which his Nicholas Nickleby inflicted upon an innocent Yorkshire schoolmaster. But, wholly apart from any consideration of practical injustice of this kind, is it not alarming, to say the least, that the eminent novelist should take sides, as he does, with the characters in his stories? It is pitiable to see the cases in which those creature of his imagination stand, who have had the misfortune to fall under his displeasure. He has them at his mercy, and he at once abandons them, body and soul; will not even let them be funny; and leaves them standing in the field, as Ralph Nickleby, or Jonas Chuzzlewit, or Merdle, or Chadband, or Heep, mere grinning or frowning or insanely smiling scarecrows, who are to be pelted and maligned on every convenient occasion. This kind of writing merely strengthens prejudice; and however well founded the prejudice may be which it is intended to confirm, it does not aid people in ascertaining subtle truths, or in attaining anything like serenity or justness of view. It is very different from the witty or gentle hitting off of foibles, and the quiet, sympathetic, but inflexibly just penetration of sin and weakness, which always distinguish the genuine, nature-loving truth-seeker and teacher. Taine has rightly defined Dickens as a lyrical-minded genius. Lyrically, we describe people and things by a record of the impressions they leave upon us personally; dramatically, we endeavor to render them both as they exist to their own appreciation and that of others, — using our own impressions, of course, but trying also to imagine the impressions of other observers. Dickens, not being hampered by these endeavors, has no hesitation in labeling his characters "good" or "bad" at the outset. But he is then forced to fall back upon melodramatic incident, which gradually, as his book advances, usurps our attention, — the amusing or grotesque peculiarities of the persons soon losing their novelty, — and carries us to the close in a blinding whirl of excitement; so that we shall not dwell upon the frequently glaring crudity of the work and its deficiency in real character-study. The most bepraised feature of Dickens's genius, and that behind which its artistic short-comings are most frequently sheltered, is but a pyrotechnic sort of humanitarianism, wanting as it does the element of a painstaking and long-suffering charity. If we discuss Dickens's spirit, we must confess him to be altogether too knowing. He goes about picking up characters as curiosities; then holding them up, he makes fun of them, and expects us to laugh in company with him. This does well enough, in a burlesque like Pickwick; but as an abiding principle in art it is heartless, and can lead to no real elevation in either writer or reader. If the novel is to advance, we must look for something finer and more earnest than this.

Thackeray, whose books form a sort of irreproachable gossip about life (except for the superfluous sneer), is far more dramatic, in the truest sense, than Dickens. He brings before us a variety of people nearly as great as that which Dickens handles, and all of them

more profoundly individual than the persons of the latter, though less strikingly marked on the surface. And his crowds of individuals illustrate and explain each other remarkably. Thackeray has been called by a recent magazine critic eminently subjective, but this dictum will mislead, if accepted without question. His personal utterances are, on the whole, much the weakest portion of his work, and they are often quite unimportant, — the result of a lax habit of garrulity. It is a mistake to suppose, because he made these utterances to satiety, that they indicate the vital and distinguishing quality of his genius. With a style so easy and refined as his, it is not surprising that he could give to his short interspersed dissertations a charm which we sometimes find it difficult to believe was not his chief attraction. And even when we are forced to see that they are often mistimed, we can bear with them, in recognizing that they furnished an escape for the tendency to personal expression, which he so rigorously repressed when his actors had come upon the stage and were fairly about their business. The custom of digression was one which he rather unwisely borrowed from Fielding; but it will not do to let his indulgence in this particular blind us to the masterly exhibitions of his skill in bringing characters before us with the least possible interference, when he chooses to do so. More than one scene might be cited, in which his personages conduct themselves through various complications aided by hardly a word of explanation from the writer to the reader, and yet with such an admirable choice of what should be told of action and gesture and expression, that it is impossible not to receive the detailed and delicate impression of their mutual countermining operations which the author intended to convey. But the most complete and convincing instance of his objective power is supplied by his History of Henry Esmond. In this book, he throws himself with entire success into the position of a man living in the reign of Queen Anne, who relates the circumstances of his personal history; and in such a manner, that not only everything takes shape just as it presented itself to the mind of this man (aside from what we are led to see is its intrinsic character), but that the way in which he brings forward the other persons of his tale throws light upon himself, also. Here is no superfluous dissertation; but the author is at the acme of his power. The characterization is nice, completed with a bold and correct hand, masterly; the slow unfolding of their natures in Beatrix and Esmond, and Lady Castlewood and her son, as well as the episodical introduction of other persons, is dramatic in the last degree. It is true, Thackeray did not reach after all attainable sources of sensation, as Dickens did; he confesses, in the preface to Pendennis, that he could not successfully draw a rascal such as it had been intended to introduce into that novel. "I found that I failed," he says, "from want of experience of my subject. Never having been intimate with any convict in my life, and the manners of ruffians and jail-birds being quite unfamiliar to me . . . . the idea was abandoned." But this is only saying that he was content to limit his gallery of pictures to subjects which came easily in his way, and which suited his disposition to kindly and wholesome satire. He has done enough to show that, had he chosen, he could have exercised his versatile power upon matters such as that for which he here announced his incapacity. But he preferred to carry his empire only into those regions with which experience had made him familiar. "To describe a real rascal," he continues, "you must make him so horrible that he would be too hideous to show; and unless the painter paints him fairly, I hold he has no right to show him at all." And here he was in great part right. It is a proof of the fineness of his spirit, that he shrunk from exhibitions which, like the murder of Nancy in Oliver Twist, cannot escape the taint of the merely horrible. Dickens had two ways of dealing with the human dregs which lie at the bottom of most of

his intoxicating draughts. One was, to make them objects of fun; and the other was, to treat them with melodramatic appliances, which, in almost every instance, betrayed him into scenes that were baldly horrible, and that sinned against the highest laws of art. In either case, the *sort* of familiarity he gave us with the lowest and most vicious of human beings was hardly beneficial. Even by the melodramatic treatment, which he no doubt designed to be beneficial, he only succeeds in exciting the reader's instinctive repugnance for uncovered vice and crime to a pitch of unhealthy and ecstatic activity; but he could never arouse in this way a deep, clear, and purifying moral perception. It is possible that Thackeray felt himself so strongly inclined to the literal and unsparing style of representation, as to make it unsafe for him to venture among murders and vagabondage with the same freedom Dickens used. But at least we may be thankful that he saw his limitations in this respect, and that he accordingly avoided falling into the errors which his more popular contemporary so rashly courted.

It will have been observed that, of the three writers just discussed, the strongest praise for dramatic qualities has been given to that one who is most distinguished among them for the personal relation which springs up between him and his readers. But we may venture to believe that if all the interspersed essays were extracted from all his books, this personal relation would remain as strong as ever. And, indeed, this is the case in Thackeray's Philip, where the rambling tendency is almost wholly checked. The sensation of personal intercourse arises simply from the unaffected method of narrating, as if all that he tells were matter of personal observation. Though honestly renouncing himself, in the *action* of his story, he survives personally, as the best novelists should and do survive, in his *style*. Nothing can be more disastrous than the indifference to style so commonly manifested in the novels of the day. It would be a mistake to suppose that the cultivation of impersonality by the novelist, in his interpretation of character, need in any way lead to the neglect of style. All fine art is the interpretation of nature by the individual, and must, therefore, bear some trace of individual workmanship. We may accept, theoretically, Herbert Spencer's conclusion, that "To have a specific style is to be poor in speech;" but we must observe, nevertheless, that even Shakespeare, with all the variety of utterance which he commands, retains throughout a nameless but abiding quality of style, that unites the components of this variety under the dominion of his sovereign spirit. Style, to be sure, is an outgrowth of the author's personality. But impersonality — the universality of Shakespeare — springs naturally out of personality, also, and can be derived only thence. However impersonal the creative writer may become, he may, as has been said, survive still in his style, this being something of which neither he himself nor any one else can rob him. He sacrifices his own individuality, for the time being, in the creation; but when the work is finished, it has become, through his intervention, —

> "Prime nature with an added artistry."

This retiring attitude of the story-mover does not imply total invisibility, as we have just seen in the case of Thackeray, but only inofficiousness. The standpoint of entire impartiality, by taking nature out of the hands of the *man*, so to speak, and putting it under the calm, indicative finger of the *novelist*, necessitates a constantly renewed study of surrounding life, and study of the most sincere and sympathetic kind. When the leading interest lies in the unfolding of incident, or when too much of the book is made up of ruminations aloud on the motives and traits of the actors in it, it becomes dangerously easy for a writer to invent a different succession of incidents, with different scenery, and characters similar to those he had already used, or even precisely the same ones under new names, imagining all the while that he is composing a fresh work.

But if an author feels himself compelled constantly to institute the most vigorous investigations into life and character, he is apt always to find himself humbly brought back to nature; and that is the best of all attitudes in which he *can* find himself. It is, however, only a higher standard of popular taste and of criticism that can make him feel the constant spur to more careful study. We are not, in general, ready to take a hint from our novelist, unless we be told outright what it is intended to convey by that hint; or to enjoy a nice stroke of delineation, unless we be reminded in some way that it is a nice stroke. Let us here compare two passages, one of them taken from a popular living English novelist, the other from Ivan Turgénieff's Smoke. This is the first: —

"She bowed to the stranger, with studious politeness, but without uttering a word. '*I am obliged to listen to this person,*' *thought the old lady;* '*but I am not obliged to speak to her.*' "

Here the whole italicized statement is absolutely superfluous, and simply blunts the fine point with which the sentence preceding it, had it been allowed to stand alone, might have scored its due effect. Now take the passage from the Russian writer. Ratmirof has been questioning his wife as to her interest in Litvinof, the hero of the book. Without answering him, —

"Irene raised her hand, until the light shone full in her husband's face; then she looked him in the eyes attentively and curiously, and began to laugh aloud. 'What do you mean?' asked Ratmirof, with a frown. 'What do you mean?' he repeated, stamping his foot. He felt that he had been insulted and humiliated, but the beauty of this woman, standing before him with such an easy confidence, dazzled, while it pained him. Not one of her charms escaped his observation; even to the rosy reflection of her finger-tips in the dark bronze of the lamp which she held .... and the insult sank deeper in his breast. Irene continued to laugh. 'What! You! You are jealous?' she cried at last, and turning her back on her husband, she left the room. 'He is jealous!' he heard her say again, after the door had closed, with a fresh burst of mocking laughter."

Although the emotional crisis in this scene is very great, it will be observed that the writer allows himself only a single reference to Ratmirof's feeling; the effect is chiefly obtained by a studiously simple record of what the two persons said and did. A comparison of detached passages, in this way, is inadequate and unsatisfactory. But it is easy to observe what unnecessary importance the English writer has given to a point which the Russian artist would have passed without wasting a word. And if the reader should carry on comparisons of this kind for himself, he would speedily discover that the reckless expenditure of words on the part of novelists of the common stamp, and the consequent loss of time and of vigorous impressions, which falls to their audiences, is enormous.

The excess of subjectivity in the average contemporary novel is not distinctly enough recognized. But it is perhaps not more due to the character of the time than to inheritance. By a curious process of genius, Rousseau, drawing his inspiration from Richardson, transformed the type which the latter had founded, and which was to a great extent dramatic, into a vehicle of personality. In the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, he charged it with his own excess of morbid sentimentality, and in *Émile* converted it into a polemical agent for the dissemination of ideas supporting or connected with his attack upon existing civilization. And it was from Rousseau that Goethe derived *his* style of novel, although the Frenchman was a tyro, and the German a master. Goethe's deep critical insight enabled him to construct with great nicety, even though his objective power was somewhat coldly systematic. Nevertheless, he really followed Rousseau's lead, and was more or less influenced always by the source of this original impulse; although in the short tale entitled simply *Novelle* he

seems to have gone to the opposite extreme of depending on an almost invisible *raison d'être*. But *Werther*, published sixteen years after the Nouvelle Héloïse, was unmistakably an outgrowth of the latter. Afterwards, in The Elective Affinities, he advanced a theory in the form of an illustrative story, conducted with great skill, it must be confessed; and finally, in *Wilhelm Meister*, he embodied the results of life-long meditations, after a fashion which quite diverts the novel from its normal and predisposed direction of growth. This crowning structure he has so enriched, as to make it a treasury of inexhaustible suggestion; and yet, considered as a novel pure and simple, we cannot place the depth and variety of the author's abstract thought altogether to its credit. The peculiar efficacy of a novel, indeed, lies in its gradual, concrete, and insensible instillations of wisdom. Here and there, indeed, the author may give us a few golden grains of formulated wisdom; but in general the abstract truths which he has laboriously eliminated should pass through the substance of his book like some chemic which leaves no trace in the liquid that absorbs it, beyond an increased brilliancy and clearness. But with Goethe the mental discoveries are so wholly the subject of attention, in and for themselves, that he has no warmth of enjoyment left for the reproduction of those surface-appearances, forming a common ground on which the novel may unite readers of the most diverse tendencies and varying calibre. It is true, Wilhelm Meister gives evidence of much observation of these appearances, but they have really received the author's attention only as a matter of form; he does not love individualities. What do we care for Jarno, Laertes, Lothario, Mariana, Aurelia, Theresa, and Natalia? Even Wilhelm draws from us but a cold regard; and Mignon is almost the only person in the book calculated to establish anything like a relation founded upon affection, with the reader. On the whole, the figures float before us like the creatures of a phantasm, merely, — resembling colored shapes thrown on the screen before a magic lantern; thin, diaphanous, remote from the sphere of tangible entities within which the novel, as distinguished from allegory, should remain confined. We demand, first of all, that the novelist should preserve a sturdy delight in all visible forms and transient appearances, as well for themselves as for what may underlie them. But Goethe does not take hold of these with real gusto; scenes, persons, and incidents are with him always too exclusively viewed as inferior parts of the great allegorical mosaic he is putting together. Life is here presented as seen from his serene summit of universal culture, without sufficient regard for the stand-point of the ordinary observer. The highest beauties of all poems remain veiled to all but a few, who learn how to detect their presence beneath the drapery; but in Wilhelm Meister the veiled beauties are all in all, and he who is slow of appreciation for them must turn from the book hungry. Its external aspect is not only dry beyond endurance to the ordinary reader, but, in addition, a little repulsive, owing to the presence of a slight, contented sensuality which may disgust some and injure others, and which will only become inoperative with the charitable and mature reader, who looks by habit for the best, in preference to the less good. Of course, Goethe addresses himself by design to a limited audience. He has altogether the air of a man discoursing at ease, after dinner; and he has accordingly invited only a chosen circle; he wishes for none but good listeners. No one can dispute the depth of perception and the invigorating wisdom in this novel; but in our present inquiry, we have chiefly to consider the book as related to the development of the novel in its character of poetic form. So considered, it seems an erratic though splendid effort; it stands aside from that line of advance upon which the novel approaches its perfection, as a thing enjoyable for its own artistic perfection and the solid results of cause and effect in real life which it presents,

not less than for its power of imparting the subtlest and most ideal thoughts. But Goethe did not appreciate the inherent dramatic and realistic tendency of the novel; he had purposes of his own to be subserved by it, and even attempted to arrest its progress and fix it where he had left it, by a careful definition of the difference between it and the drama, which he set down to the absolute predominance of subjectivity in the novel.

Traces of the artistic practice of Rousseau and Goethe are to be found in some of the works of George Sand, and certain absurdities which appear in Victor Hugo's novels may perhaps be connected with their principles. But even among writers in our own language, who cannot be so directly associated with those eminent champions of the subjective novel, there is frequently an entirely mistaken notion as to the quality and range of this form of composition, which must be partially attributed to prevailing modes of thought. The scientific motive is the dominant one; our fiction-writers become minute and sectional investigators. They are in search of specimens; and when they have found them, they are very apt to set them before us, connected by some slight story, and laugh or sneer at them a little, as if this were the extent of their obligation, both to the persons of their fiction and to the reader. We need a more reverent view of human nature, for without this nothing constructive can be done in art; nothing great or beautiful. Now and then some one appears who can strike some chord of character with precision, and with harmonious results; but for the most part we are content with cynicism or buffoonery, or melodramatic effect, or argumentative haranguing. It is time that we should draw clear distinctions, and, to begin with, recognize a broad classification of all those novels worthy to be considered at all as works of art; placing in the first division such as more or less partake of the anecdotical style, — familiar narratives, — and those which are finished studies, like Middlemarch; while the second division should be reserved to those which achieve a consummate and ideal reproduction of characters and events — "a totality of forms, sounds, and incidents, in short elements and details, so closely united among themselves by inward dependencies, that their organization constitutes a living thing, surpassing in the imaginary world the profound harmony of the actual world."

As yet, the partial and critical, rather than the unifying and creative view, is the most popular. And this, partly owing to confused or mistaken views of the moral obligations of novel-art. Moral truth, however, is not best advanced in works of fiction by direct criticism, or by the opening of a strict debit and credit account, which shall leave the deserving and the undeserving characters at quits, before the finis is written; though a certain moral effect may sometimes appear by these means. Profound moral influence is wholly indirect, in art. When Richardson breaks the bones of one offender by an accidental fall, and makes another sinner swear reform out of hand, he has taught us nothing, added nothing to our wisdom or morality; because, though his intentions are excellent, the device is so clumsy and transparent as to excite our amusement. We smile at his endeavor to impose a mechanical morality upon us. The reformation of rakes in this fashion seems only a change of activity on the same plane with their previous misdeeds: it does not proceed from any deeper source. It is only through clear perceptions into the true quality of our common nature, excited by the artistically recounted history of certain beings possessed of that nature, that the *foundations* of morality are deepened and secured. When the artist succeeds in carrying us sympathetically through the history of these beings, so that we feel points of similarity between ourselves and them, and recognize how great are the possibilities of error and crime in us, as in them, he has quickened our morality by rousing a keener insight into ourselves; and, by questioning indirectly

the stability of our virtue, he summons our reserve forces to their support. But in the beginning, he must renounce the purpose of actually reforming anybody for good and all, by what he writes. It is only traits of very limited import that can be changed by this direct effort. Let him look well to his art. If he understands that, and thoroughly, conscientiously possesses himself of his theme, it will be strange indeed if his representation of life, like life itself, should not involve in every fold and turning some real moral enlightenment. Great must be the humility of the worthy novelist; and the greater the genius, often, the greater will be the humility in essential points of art, confessed to himself even though not placarded to the public. He must forget his personal likes and dislikes, in his writings, even cultivating a warm and sensitive charity. Distinctions of high life and low life, as such, should be forgotten by him; distinctions of good men and bad men cautiously used. He must regard each human being as an undetermined quantity, which it is his business to consider in all possible lights. And if he can approximate to a simple, unprejudiced presentation of his persons, he will be fortunate; without taking on himself the vast responsibility of judging them beyond possibility of reprieve. Of course, the degree in which he will exercise this impartiality will vary with varying artistic purposes. But, having imagined an ideal standard for him, we shall be better able to assign to each production its true relative position; and by studying nice distinctions, we shall do him all the more justice, in the end.

The impartiality which is here alluded to, however, must not be confounded with those weak condonations and palliations of error which find a somewhat too ready acceptance in these days. A popular novelist has recently exemplified, in a work to which he has given the forms of both novel and drama, that false and vicious charity which undiscerning readers will be apt to confound with the sincere and unvitiated impartiality of genius which is morally sound. Such performances can only be deplored, and left to the corrective treatment of wise critics, and the gradual growth of a public taste which can be liberal, without becoming tainted by the crime it pities and forgives. Meantime, they should not be allowed to throw discredit upon the endeavors of genuine artistic openness and charity. Those phases of existence which are the less happy, and those characters which are the less eminently good, are the more susceptible of poetical enhancement. The terrors and mistakes and tragedies of life call on the artist to redress them: he alone can give to them the unity of beauty — awe-striking, pity-inspiring beauty. Where passion enters in, there a path has been opened to the poet. He has little to do with people who are perfectly comfortable, who go about their business, and to whom nothing noteworthy happens. Nor are native nobility and self-sacrifice at their purest the most suitable subjects, always; being too good for speech, and rather fit for the completer recognition of heaven than the momentary catch-breath praise of earth. At all events, he cannot rest his chief light on these. The supremest good comes to him in the slenderest rays, falling like starlight upon the tragic life of his mimic humanity. Thus dramatic art deals with the victims of passion, of circumstance, of defeated aspiration, lifting them into a pure and sweet æsthetic atmosphere. To the dramatic artist, the tempests of life seem only to be clearing the air.

Keeping in mind the steady advance of the novel, through many centuries, with its distinct dramatic tendency, and combining with this the ideal standard we are at present able to apprehend, we shall learn how to estimate with some approach to justness the new achievements of new writers. We are proud of the modern love for reading, and flatter ourselves that the average taste in art and literature is advancing. But it can never really advance, unless based on genuine perceptions. People recognize and admire a good book, and are just as ready to admire a bad one, aft-

erward, because they have appreciated only emotionally; it is necessary to have intellectual perceptions, in order to build up a serviceable observatory for the taste. At present, the world swears by Shakespeare; and reads too much trash, because its allegiance to him is mainly perfunctory. Fashions change, and we fancy we have progressed. But this is not enough.

Still, in the lapse of some hundreds of years, the average merit of fiction has been increased. As we have seen, the worst came first, — the egg-shell romances; next, the polished anecdotes of the Italians intervened, followed by all sorts of fabulous adventures, and the affectation of long, simpering pastorals, in France. Then satire came; and the drama emptied its ebbing tide into the novel-form; and now we have seen the days of Jane Austen, Walter Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot, Balzac, and Hawthorne. For something like a century, we have been feeling earnestly after real life. The era of conscientious and artistic novel-writing has been fairly and fully inaugurated. But do not many of the highest summits of possible achievement in this region still remain unscaled? The few dry husks of knowledge here stripped off from that central life of artistic truth, which never will be shown in words, may avail to feed a public interest that is prophetic, in the interval through which we are now passing. But it remains for the masters whom the future may bring us, feeling the press of history behind them, and, within, the inextinguishable impulse to create, — it remains for these still further to expand and ennoble, in their own style, this vital and speaking form which we call the novel.

G. P. Lathrop.

MORPHINE.

I HAVE lived for ten years of my life in a dream; a waking dream. I say a dream because, although that term does not exactly describe my mental condition during the period alluded to, it still describes it with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes, and, when qualified by the adjective I have here associated with it, describes it perhaps more accurately than any other which I could employ. Yes, dear reader, I have spent ten years of my life in a dream; ten of the best years of my life, those occurring between thirty and forty years of age, — that period of a man's life when he is, or ought to be, in the prime and vigor of his manhood; when, if ever, the foundations of his fortune are laid; when, if ever, fame and distinction are acquired; when, if ever, he feels ambition stirring within him. During this most important period of my life I was living in a dream. It was a dream of morphine, opium. But for this I might have won fortune, and perhaps fame. But it was not to be. The light of my life was obscured by the dark clouds of opium. Thus were ten of the best years of my life wasted, utterly wasted.

I made my first acquaintance with morphine through the medium of a physician's prescription. From my earliest youth I had been afflicted with neuralgia, as had been my father before me, and other members of our family as well. In fact, the disease seemed to be hereditary in our family. At first it made its appearance in the form of *tic-douloureux*, a most excruciating pain in the face and jaws. Removing at nineteen years of age to a large city, where the services of better dentists could be had than a country place affords, the extraction of all badly decayed teeth, and some attention to those that remained, removed the exciting cause of

the *tic*, and so I was happily rid of this disturber of my peace for a period of some years.

This immunity from suffering was not however of permanent duration. In the summer of 1857 my old enemy returned. The stomach this time was selected as the point of attack; that being, I presume, the most vulnerable point. Every evening, about dark, the enemy commenced his assault. Then it was that for the first time, by direction of my physician, I took *morphine*. A solution was made of one grain sulphate of morphia in an ounce of water, of which I was directed to take one quarter, then wait for half an hour, and if by that time relief had not been obtained, I was to repeat the dose, and so on every half-hour, until I found myself free from pain. The first dose produced no sensible mitigation of the symptoms. The second merely took the wire edge off the pain, so to speak. The third dose rendered me comparatively comfortable, but it was only after I had taken the fourth and last portion, a whole grain of morphine in all, that I experienced full and entire relief. I may be pardoned the minuteness with which I have dwelt upon the circumstances connected with my taking morphine for the first time; because it was the first link in a long chain of evils. and as such it forms an incident in my life's history indelibly stamped upon the tablet of memory, and therefore not to be slightingly passed over; and because of the interest which others of my class — I mean the class of opium-eaters; and a large class it is — take in the recital of anything relating to their habit, not to speak of the interest which medical men and others have also in this subject. To say that I was now free from pain would be to describe only the negative effects of the drug I had taken. I went to bed and lay during the whole night in a most delightful reverie. Time seemed to speed onward with increased velocity. Oh how the hours flew by! It seemed to be but twenty minutes from one stroke of the clock to another. I felt a tingling sensation as of prickly heat, all over the body. With this trifling exception, my condition physically was one of the most perfect comfort and satisfaction; and not until morning came, did I feel that sense of drowsiness and stupor resulting from the morphine as its secondary effect.

Finding, then, that a grain of morphine was just the quantity required in my case, I took that amount every day, in the evening, while the neuralgia continued, which was for three or four weeks; when the disease left me. Being now free from pain, I ceased taking morphine, as the necessity for it had ceased. This was my first experience with morphine; would to God it had been my last! And this experience was pleasant, leaving no sting behind. Is it then to be wondered at, that upon the next attack of my hereditary enemy, and in all subsequent attacks, I employed a remedy which had worked so well before, in fact the only remedy I knew of for this painful affection? Before I became acquainted with morphine as a remedy for neuralgic pain, its periodical attacks were anticipated with dread. Now I was able to look the enemy in the face with some degree of composure, not to say complacency. Its advent was viewed with horror and dismay no longer. For had I not discovered a remedy, a sovereign remedy, a remedy at once prompt, efficient, and *safe?* And not only that, but one which at the same time that it relieved my sufferings, yielded me the most exquisite delight.

But there came a time when matters took a different turn, when my relations with morphine were not of so friendly a nature, and when my reflections became of a more sombre hue.

In the autumn of 1858, in consequence of an attack of typhoid fever, which was characterized throughout its continuance by extreme pain in the head, the battle-ground was again shifted from the stomach to the head. Though the pain varied much in its character and in its immediate locality; being sometimes in the front of the head and sometimes in the back; sometimes confined to one spot, as just over the right or the

left eye, or to one or the other of the posterior inferior angles of the cranium, and sometimes diffused over the whole coronal region, rendering the scalp sore to the touch — so sore that while it continued I could wear no head-covering except a knitted woolen cap, or a hat made of the softest and lightest felt; when to cut my hair was agony, and even to comb it drew tears: however much the disease varied in its manifestations or in its special locality, the *head* was always, from this time forward, the *point d'appui*. Not only was the seat of the pain changed from this time, but the character of the disease upon which it depended was also changed. Whereas before, it was periodical in its manifestations, occurring once or twice a year, and lasting from one to four weeks, now it continued — with the exception of such intermissions as I shall note in the course of my narrative — all the time. In short, the malady had changed from the acute to the chronic form.

Before I had fully recovered from the effects of the fever, the neuralgia set in, in the chronic form; and I was never free from pain a single day for four months, except when under the influence of morphine. In the mean time I had become an inmate of a water-cure, but had not as yet received any benefit from the treatment. At the end of four months the neuralgia suddenly ceased, and I immediately laid aside the morphine, as I had done always before on the subsidence of the pain. Although I had been using the drug in moderation, never exceeding a grain to a grain and a half daily, yet having taken it continuously for four months, I found a difficulty in thus suddenly leaving it off which I had never experienced before. I felt as weak as a child, and as though I was falling to pieces. All the secretions of the system, which under the influence of the morphine had been locked up, were now poured forth abundantly. Perspiration was profuse. Yet it was a cold and clammy sweat, and I was compelled to go to bed and cover up with blankets in order to keep warm in the middle of a July day. I had a gnawing sensation in my stomach which demanded for its satisfaction mustard, pepper, and other hot and stimulating condiments. And for eight days and nights I never closed an eye in sleep. But in a little over a week, the system had fully reacted, and I began to feel pretty comfortable. I had not yet become a confirmed opium-eater, but I had made a narrow escape. I had been standing on dangerous ground.

The neuralgia returned before I had been free from it a month. Being still at the water-cure, I brought to my aid all the resources of hydropathy. I tried cold baths and warm baths, and a most rigid diet, all to no purpose; and after suffering as none but a neuralgic invalid can suffer, I again resorted to the old remedy, and the only remedy for this protean malady. It may be that I resumed the use of the drug without proper reflection; but when does a man in severe and agonizing pain ever reflect? Although I suffered, suffered severely, when last I abandoned the use of the morphine, still I did not suffer as much from that cause as I was now suffering from neuralgic pain. I thought I was choosing the least of two evils.

I now struggled both against the disease and against the remedy. I tried hard not to become an opium-eater. I tried hard to sever the links of the chain rapidly forging about me, links which were becoming every day more adamantine. And at one time, and that within four months of the date of my last resumption, taking advantage of a temporary cessation of pain, I almost succeeded. Yet I did not succeed. After this period my pains increased, calling for increased doses of morphine.

I had now become a confirmed opium-eater. I had been taking morphine every day continuously for several months. My custom was to take it twice a day; the first portion immediately on rising in the morning, and the second about the middle of the afternoon; though sometimes I took it three or four times a day, if upon occasion I had more pain than common; and of course making the amount taken for that day largely in

excess of the usual daily quantum. I bought my supplies — one eighth of an ounce at a time — put up in the bottles containing that amount, which are familiar to druggists, physicians, and all others accustomed to use the article, and which I kept in the drawer of my washstand, convenient of access. Besides this I carried a little vial, — such as homeopathic physicians use to contain their pellets, — with a few grains, in my waistcoat pocket, so as to have it always at hand in case I should be away from home for a day or a part of a day.

My health was, during most of this winter (1859–60), very poor indeed. I was as thin as a shadow; did not weigh a hundred pounds. My complexion was sallow, the secretions of the body all locked up, and all the organic functions sluggishly performed. But the morphine kept me for the most part free from pain. Under its influence I slept well at night, and for a while in the beginning of the winter I spent the time, in daylight, in dozing upon the sofa. After mid-winter my health improved somewhat, I lessened the quantity of morphine I was using, and in consequence I became more wakeful, and my mind more active. I now spent my time mostly in reading and writing. I also took up the study of stenography. Although I had given up all idea of business long before, I was still unwilling that my time should be wholly lost; so I pursued this study not alone as a pastime, but with a view to its profitable employment at some future time as a means of gaining a livelihood, if I should ever be so fortunate as to recover my health sufficiently to work at it.

Towards spring I left the water-cure and went for a while to Philadelphia, and soon after to the country again, where I spent most of the two years following. I have nothing special to record as to this period of my career, until we come to the summer of 1861. It was at this time that I took the largest doses of morphine that I ever attained to, amounting to an average of ten grains daily. That was the maximum. The disease was generally worse in the winter season, owing to confinement indoors and want of exercise, thus requiring larger doses of morphine for its relief. Under these circumstances I sometimes took six or eight grains a day; but on the advent of warm and pleasant weather, when I could be more out-doors, my health would improve, so that I was enabled to come back to the old standard of about half that amount. But now at the end of summer, with all the advantages of the season in my favor, the disease grew worse than it had ever before been. It was under these circumstances that I gradually advanced to ten grains of morphine a day. My health, as I have just stated, was miserable indeed. Though when under the influence of the morphine I suffered no actual pain, still I never felt completely well; and taking the drug in such enormous quantity as I did, I could lie down and go to sleep at any hour of the day or night. In fact, it was difficult for me at all times to keep awake. Although the stimulating effect of the large doses I was taking at this time was very great, the narcotic effect was still greater, indeed overpowering. The drug had lost its exhilarating effect on the mind, and I had become gloomy and despondent. I had almost lost hope.

But just here, when I least expected it, deliverance came. It was on the night of the last day of September. I went to bed on that evening in my usual health, no better and no worse than common. But I awoke some time in the night feeling deathly sick, and suffering severe pain in the stomach. About daylight I attempted to take my usual morning dose of morphine. I had scarcely set down the glass from which I had taken it, dissolved in a little water, according to my customary method, when I threw it — the morphine — up again. This alarmed me very much, for I thought that if I should not be able to retain the morphine on my stomach, I should die for the want of it. I had not learned then, as I have since, that morphine could be dispensed with thus suddenly, after the habit of taking it had been formed. I made another attempt

to take morphine during the day, with better success. A critical action by vomiting and diarrhœa now commenced, which seemed to tear down the system to its very foundations. Every vestige of disease was cleared out by this convulsion of nature, and at the end of a week, when the vomiting ceased, I found myself, for the first time in some years, free from neuralgic pain. The diarrhœa continued for three months afterwards.

Owing to the absence of neuralgic pain, I was now enabled to reduce at once the daily rations of morphine to about half the amount I had lately been using. From this point I made further reduction, week by week and day by day, until by the first day of January following, just three months after the commencement of my late illness, I was able to lay it aside entirely. While the morphine was in process of reduction, and for some time afterwards, by medical advice I made free use of alcoholic stimulus, in order to supply the place of the stimulus of the morphine which was being gradually withdrawn. But whether this was of any advantage or not, I am not now able to say. I did not suffer much while disusing the morphine, except from that gnawing sensation in my stomach, which I have adverted to as occurring on a former occasion, when I left off the drug suddenly. I suffered also from sleeplessness. During the period of my convalescence I went to Philadelphia, and not being able to content myself in bed when I could not sleep, I usually spent the first half of the night at the theatre, or at some concert-saloon, listening to the music and drinking whisky punch. Sleep at length came back to me, and I was now in a better condition of health than I had enjoyed for years. I had gained about thirty pounds in weight.

In the month of March, 1862, I left Philadelphia and went to reside with Dr. ——, in southern New York, to enter upon the study of medicine, and at the same time to assist him in the conduct of the institution of which he was proprietor, a sort of private hospital. In the capacity of assistant to Dr. ——, I had an opportunity of witnessing the cure of several opium-eaters by his method, as a number of his patients were drawn from that class. Dr. ——'s plan was to have the patient abandon the use of the drug at once, without any preliminary. This plan, though always attended with an immense amount of suffering, was generally successful, at least for the time being, though relapses sometimes occurred after the patient had left the institution.

My health had now become pretty well established. But it was for a very brief period indeed. About the beginning of July of this year, symptoms of my old malady began again to make themselves felt. I took every precaution to ward off the attack. I tried all the resources of allopathy, homeopathy, and hydropathy, together with a most rigid regimen; for above all things I did not wish again to become an opium-eater. But what was to be done? Although my condition before, when taking morphine habitually, was a truly deplorable one, still it was more tolerable than my condition was now, without it. While using it moderately I could give some attention to business; I had still some enjoyment of life, especially in intellectual pursuits, for it seemed to stimulate the intellectual faculties to increased activity. And, barring all considerations of this kind, I was free from pain while under its influence. Now I was wholly incapacitated for business of any kind, and enjoyment was out of the question. I had no pleasure in existence; life was a burden. I fought the enemy long and desperately; fought him with the energy of despair, until, overcome with suffering, I finally succumbed. Then I took morphine for a single day, making a truce with the enemy, as it were, for that short period, only to renew the battle the day following. Then on the third day I took morphine again. In this way I kept the enemy at bay for several weeks, making it a rule never to take morphine two days in succession, thus giving the system time fully to recover from the effects of one dose before tak-

ing another. I thought that in this way I incurred less danger of falling back again into my old habits. But the time came when this rule could no longer be observed, and I took morphine every day; but once a day for a while, and, by the time winter had set in, twice a day, or oftener, as required. Thus, in about a year from the time I had gone through the tremendous crisis described a little further back, I was again in the gall of bitterness. Indeed, I had come to that condition in which I cared but little whether I lived or died. I had become, in short, perfectly reckless of consequences.

Under the influence of the morphine I was comparatively comfortable; and being at this season of the year — winter — in a measure released from duty in Dr. ——'s institution, I had increased opportunity to pursue my medical studies. I studied diligently this winter, and made good progress. In the spring, I left Dr. ——'s and went to Brooklyn to reside with another physician, in much the same capacity as that in which I had lived with Dr. ——. I still continued to pursue my medical studies, assisting my present preceptor as I had done my former one. In the autumn of 1863 I left Brooklyn and went again to the country. I was now entirely out of business.

It is needless here to recapitulate the numerous frantic attempts I made to break my fetters since my last resumption of morphine; how I tried to substitute chloroform in its stead, and sometimes liquor. All of which attempts failed, as I predict all such attempts must fail. Nor need I tell how, while yet I was in Brooklyn, I went resolutely to bed for a whole month and tried to starve out the neuralgia, taking no nourishment during that time except a plate of soup every day at dinner time. I had also a cup of cocoa for my breakfast, and a cup of tea for supper. There was no nourishment in these last, of course, except what was due to the milk and sugar which they contained. This experiment also was a failure. After this I gave over all such experiments, satisfied that they could never succeed.

My health was at this time variable, sometimes better and sometimes worse, and the amount of morphine used varied as did my health. Still I was not at this period of my career using it in inordinate quantities. The average, one month with another, was not more than three or four grains a day. Sometimes for months together it was even less than this. I now read a good deal, as formerly, especially on medical subjects; for having entered upon the study of medicine, I was determined to go through with it, my condition at this time being not so bad but that I could make good progress. I also kept up my practice at short-hand, and in time managed to acquire such a degree of expertness in the stenographic art, as to warrant me in offering my services as a professional reporter. I had now been out of employment for a long time, and began to feel the necessity of exerting myself to gain a livelihood. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1864 I went to New York and engaged as reporter at Fowler and Wells's, phrenologists, to report phrenological examinations. Soon after going to New York, I made trial of electricity for my neuralgia, but without experiencing any benefit.

Under the close confinement incident to a sedentary occupation, my health now still further declined, until at length I again got up to my old maximum of ten grains of morphine a day. Using a large amount of morphine as I did at this time, a time when the drug was at its highest price, and eating but little, my weekly bills therefor were sometimes in excess of the amount I paid at a restaurant of the middle class for food. Morphine was to me, at this period, board and lodging, fuel and washing, combined. It destroyed any natural appetite for food I might otherwise have had, and therefore but little food was required. And under the narcotic effect of such large doses, I could sit down and fall asleep anywhere, and at any time, night or day. As under like circumstances before, I could scarcely

keep sufficiently awake to attend to business. Stimulating as it was, it kept me always warm; and checking as it did the excretion from the skin, I could wear a shirt a week without soiling.

While in New York this winter I saw many openings for business in the line of the profession which I had adopted, which were suited to my capacities and tastes; opportunities to engage in enterprises affording scope to such talents as I possessed, but all of which I was compelled to forego in consequence of the state of my health. I was bound hand and foot. These considerations, at times, almost maddened me. I finally grew so restless under this condition of affairs that I determined to achieve my freedom at all hazards. My friend and former preceptor, Dr. ——, urged me to come to him, enter his institution as a patient, and give up the morphine at once and forever. It was one of Dr. ——'s favorite theories that any one in my circumstances, taking morphine for neuralgic pain, would have pain as long as he continued to take morphine. That is, that though he took morphine in consequence of pain, yet after a time the pain would persist in consequence of the daily doses of morphine — just as old coffee-drinkers sometimes have a headache which coffee alone will relieve, but which will return next day in consequence of the coffee drunk the day before to cure it. He thought that if I could but give up the morphine, I would in a week's time thereafter find myself free from pain.

Accordingly, in the beginning of March of the year we have now arrived at, that is, the year 1865, I left New York and went to Dr. ——'s. I arrived at my destination the same day I left the city. This was Saturday. In the morning, before going aboard the cars, I took five grains of morphine, and I had five grains yet remaining, which I had intended for my afternoon dose, thinking it would be the last I would take. But reflecting that the sooner the struggle commenced, the sooner it would be over, as I was not suffering much pain, I decided not to take it, for I would thereby gain a few hours' time. I had the five grains of morphine still in the little vial which I carried in my waistcoat pocket, when Dr. —— came to visit me in my room the next morning, and I gave it to him then and there, well knowing that the time would soon come when I would not be able to resist the temptation to make use of it if left anywhere within my reach. Two days afterwards I would have given five dollars for those five grains of morphine. Yes, I would have given all I was worth for even one grain.

I slept pretty well the first night, notwithstanding the want of my usual afternoon dose. This was, I suppose, partly owing to the fatigue of my journey. The next day I kept my bed, as I was suffering considerably from pain in the head; but I had not yet come out from under the influence of the morphine. I had my breakfast in bed; ate some dinner, too; but before tea-time I had got beyond the point where food could be tolerated. The second night I did not rest so well. But it was not until the morning of Monday, forty-eight hours after I had taken the last morphine, that the struggle may be said to have fairly commenced. I can take enough of morphine in one day to have its effects last for two days afterwards. During the forenoon of this day I rolled and tossed and threshed about in my bed, in a perfect agony of nervousness and distress. A freezing perspiration broke out over the whole body, alternated with flushes of heat. At one moment I felt as if buried deep in Arctic snows; the next as though I lay on a lake of burning lava. Then came violent and protracted sternutation. I sneezed like one taking a severe cold; sneezed as though I should dislocate some of the cervical vertebræ. At length a bilious diarrhœa set in, accompanied with vomiting of a dark, bilious matter. All the secretions of the body, long suppressed by the morphine, were now poured forth with unexampled profuseness. Nature, long cheated of her rights, was now making reprisals. The liver, especially, was now exacting cent

per cent. for long years of abuse. That terrible gnawing in my stomach, which I have alluded to before as occurring in like circumstances, was again felt. The vomiting gave relief to this for a few minutes afterwards. Sometimes, too, after vomiting I could lie back in bed and doze for perhaps five minutes. This was the only sleep I had, and the only cessation of my sufferings, night or day, for a week.

After this had gone on for three or four days, I begged the doctor to give me morphine — but a single grain — in order that I might have a short respite from my sufferings, promising that when the effect of that had passed off, I should want no more, but would allow things to take their course. But he was inexorable. I then wanted liquor of some kind. That too was refused. He said, however, he would give me some bromide of potash, which would make me sleep. Of this I took double, triple, quadruple doses, but all without the least effect. One night as I lay on my bed, suffering more than tongue can tell, I bethought me of a vial containing about two fluid-drachms of extra strong laudanum, which I had in a medical case in my trunk. Quick as lightning I bounded out of bed, got it out of my trunk, and before the attendant could prevent me, took out the cork and swallowed the whole. I had not time to return the vial to its case before I threw the laudanum up again. My stomach had by this time become too irritable to retain it. Thus nature was left to fight out the battle alone and unaided, and that was perhaps the best way, since the experiment had proceeded so far. Matters continued in pretty much the same state until the end of the week. On Saturday the violence of the reaction began to subside. At noon of that day I felt as though I could eat something, and accordingly I made a light dinner. This was the first food I had taken since noon of the Sunday previous, just six days. I was pretty comfortable during the afternoon.

I now felt that the long struggle was over. And more than all, I was now free from neuralgic pain. Dr. —— said that here was proof of the truth of his theory. I did not so regard it. I thought that my freedom from pain was alone due to the tremendous crisis I had just passed through, a crisis which few diseases could withstand. I was now a truly happy and thankful man. The next day — Sunday — I still kept my bed, happy in contrasting my situation now with what it had been but a week before. On Monday I was able to get out to the bath-room and take a bath, after which I went into the parlor and lay on the sofa for the rest of the day, only too glad to escape from confinement within the four walls of my chamber, the silent witnesses of my sufferings, and mingle once more with congenial society. I was extremely weak, as I might be supposed to be, after a week's battling with the enemy, and fasting the while. But my appetite was now keen, and my digestion rapid, and I bade fair to make up very soon for my previous fasting. I could hardly wait from one meal to the next.

Although the worst of my sufferings were now over, I was still far from being comfortable. That freezing perspiration was always present, especially down the spine, and I was exceedingly nervous and irritable and impatient, ready to fly into a passion upon the slightest occasion, or without occasion. And worse than all, I could not sleep. With the exception that immediately after a meal I could lie down on the sofa and doze for five or ten minutes, I got but an hour or two of sleep at night for a month afterwards. I kept a lamp burning on my table all night, while I lay in bed and read De Quincey. After an absence of four weeks I returned to New York and to business. I was not yet fit for business, being so nervous that I could scarcely write. I therefore remained in New York but a fortnight after my return, when I resigned my situation at Fowler and Wells's and went into the western part of the State, to recruit for awhile and then enter upon a professional engagement with another party.

It was now about six weeks since I had taken the last morphine. My health in the mean time had not improved to that degree which I thought I had a right to expect. I was free from neuralgic pain, it is true, but I was still nervous and irritable, and exceedingly uncomfortable every way. That cold and clammy perspiration still continued. It seemed indeed to be more profuse than it had been three weeks before. Other symptoms there were too, which, along with this, indicated a state of great relaxation of the general system. I saw that tonic remedies were called for, and I took quinine, but without any effect whatever. Mine is one of those constitutions upon which quinine never seems to have any effect. At length the time came when I must go to work, though in no fit condition for it. Short-hand reporting is a pursuit requiring in those who would practice it the best condition of mental and physical capacity. The mental faculties which it calls into action are put to the utmost stretch, and the physical health must be such as to give them adequate support. However, the attempt must be made, and I made it. I very soon found that without assistance from some quarter I could not succeed. What was to be done now? I ventured to take a grain of morphine. The effect was marvelous! I could report now, verbatim, never losing a word. And I could do any amount of labor at transcribing, the drudgery of the stenographer. I now liked to work, the harder and the more of it the better. The morphine had such a bracing and tonic effect! I felt when I walked as though I had a man on each side of me, supporting me. It brought such a feeling of physical and mental vigor, such a feeling of *wellness*, — to coin a word, — as I had never experienced before. The next day I felt not quite so vigorous, but still I was by no means so weak and languid as I had been two days before. It was not until the third day that I lapsed fully into my former condition. I then repeated the dose. Two days subsequently I took morphine again. I found myself necessitated to take it every second day in order to be able to work, and I was determined not to take it oftener, for I knew that in this way alone could I preserve my freedom. I thought that in the mean while, perhaps in two or three weeks, my system might rally, and so become able to work itself out of its relaxed condition, when the morphine could be dispensed with.

Here, and here only, do I acknowledge guilt in my dealings with morphine: that is, in taking it merely to remove languor of the system, and brace it up sufficiently to enable me to attend to business, at a time when I was not suffering actual pain. Had I had my time fully at my own command I would doubtless have acted differently. But I was the victim of circumstances. Work I must, and in my then condition I could not work. Say, ye cavilers, what in like circumstances would you have done? It seemed too as though I had now lost that wholesome fear of morphine which I had once entertained. I had once understood that the opium-habit was one from which, when once formed, there was no escape except by death; that to continue it was death, and to stop it was equally fatal. My recent experience had taught me differently. I had now learned that the habit could be broken off instantly with safety, if the unfortunate victim could but muster up the requisite degree of pluck to enable him without flinching to undergo the punishment that must of necessity ensue. I knew that if I should unluckily fall back into my old habits, I could get out of them again by the same course which I had taken so recently. So I played with morphine as a child plays with fire.

Instead of any improvement taking place in my physical condition, such as I had hoped for, matters only grew worse; and to add to my other difficulties, neuralgic troubles began again to make their appearance about this time. It was not long, under this new condition of affairs, before I found myself compelled to take morphine every day, then twice a day, and also to in-

crease the dose. Thus gradually and imperceptibly, almost before I knew whither I was drifting, I slipped back again into the gulf from which I had been so lately rescued. In a few months after this I got up to my old average of ten grains a day.

I continued to work at my profession all this summer, but I was determined as soon as circumstances would permit, that is, as soon as I should get a sufficient sum of money by me, to take a furlough, and turn my attention to the recovery of my health. Accordingly, in the autumn of this year I resigned my situation with this view, and went under medical treatment. I wished again to make the experiment which I had made six months before, that is, of giving up the morphine at once. My medical adviser this time, however, was a physician who was opposed to any such violent measures. His plan was to reduce the quantity of morphine used, day by day, and thus bring the patient down gradually, and almost insensibly, to nothing at all. I set out now, fully intending to pursue the course I had taken before; but after I had been for two days without morphine, I was induced by the doctor — and that without much persuasion on his part, you may be sure — to change my tactics, and consent to follow his plan instead of my own. By so doing, I succeeded in about a week in bringing down the daily quantum from ten grains to one, and that without much suffering except from a severe pain in the head, which, however, gradually declined, until at the end of the week it left me entirely.

Here now was pretty good proof of the correctness of Dr. ——'s theory before alluded to, namely, that the pain I suffered was in a great measure caused by the morphine I was constantly using. I was unwilling to believe this when I left off the morphine abruptly before, and found myself free from pain soon after; because, as I have already stated, I attributed my release from pain on that occasion to the violent revulsion which had resulted from its sudden abandonment. But in reducing the quantity consumed gradually, as I had now done, no such revulsion occurred. And although I was not yet entirely free from the morphine, still I was not taking it in an amount sufficient to interfere materially with the organic functions. I had arrived at that happy mean where the amount taken was just sufficient to answer the demands of an organism long accustomed to a powerful stimulus, yet not enough to oppress; and the system was working better under the influence of this small quantity than it was possible for it to do had the drug been wholly and at once withdrawn, which would only have created disturbance.

I wish just here to say a word to neuralgic sufferers in regard to this pain in the head which is caused by taking morphine or other preparations of opium. It is not true neuralgia. Persons who habitually use stimulants or narcotics of any kind are very apt to have headache when the effect of the dose begins to pass off, demanding a renewal of the dose for its relief, and thus a continued use of the agent they are accustomed to employ, whatever that may be. This headache is almost always worse in the morning, after having slept under the influence of the potion taken the evening before. One is most likely to awake out of a hypnotic sleep with a headache. To obtain permanent relief, then, from a headache caused thus indirectly by a stimulant or narcotic of whatever kind, the entire abandonment of such stimulant or narcotic is indicated. Although the affection under consideration might be termed a nervous headache, it is not neuralgic. I could always distinguish between it and neuralgia. Whereas the former is a dull pain diffused over the frontal region, the latter is a sharp, lancinating pain, mostly confined to one spot. Any one who has ever suffered from neuralgia never fails afterwards to distinguish it from every other kind of pain. In my own case, the affection in question usually followed an attack of neuralgia, in consequence of the morphine I had used to relieve it.

But to return to my story; I continued to take one grain of morphine daily during the second week, and after that I gradually reduced the amount from week to week, hoping in this way finally to abandon it altogether; but before I got quite to the end, I began to be again troubled with neuralgia, and so had to make a retrograde movement. I suppose I had not been sufficiently careful in my diet; for my stomach was yet weak, and under the lessened doses of morphine, and the full play of all the excretory functions incident thereto, my appetite became so keen that I could with difficulty control it. I believe this is the experience of all opium-eaters retiring — as De Quincey would say — or lately retired from business. Here then I again met with a defeat to all my recently cherished hopes, as I had often done before, and from the same cause.

Before six months had gone round, I once more arrived at my old maximum of ten grains of morphine a day. I kept up to the maximum but for a very short time now, however, and I may here state that this was the last time — namely, June, 1866 — that I ever attained to this large quantity. In all my subsequent experience, I never, under the most unfavorable circumstances, got much beyond half that amount as a daily ration. Herein is shown the falsity of the opinion very generally entertained, that the longer a man uses opium, the greater will his daily doses of it become. The same doctrine is held by most people in regard to other stimulants and narcotics, and I believe it to be equally fallacious as respects them.

Reflecting upon the many failures I had made to disuse the morphine, when I was almost at the point of success, I resolved that the next time I should succeed in bringing down the daily quantum to one grain, I would, then, and at that point, stop entirely, without waiting for a further reduction, and running the risk while doing so of having something interfere to cause a retrograde movement, and a loss of all that had been already gained, as had always occurred before. I thought that if I could go from ten grains of morphine a day to none at all, at one step, as I had once done, and yet live, I could surely step down from one grain to nothing without much inconvenience. The time came at length when I was afforded an opportunity of carrying my newly formed resolution into effect. I made the trial. I passed successfully through all the stages of nervousness and uneasiness, immediately following the abandonment of the morphine, and though my condition after that was one of unmitigated misery, still my sufferings were not greater than I was able to bear. But after the lapse of two days, that gnawing sensation in the stomach, before adverted to, again set in. It was worse now than it had ever been before under similar circumstances. It seemed to be even more severe now, when breaking off from a ration of one grain of morphine a day, than it had been when breaking off from ten grains a day. On the latter occasion, the revulsion that resulted was so great that the gastric disturbance was in some degree masked by the violence of the other symptoms. And moreover, the emesis that then occurred gave me some relief, as has been already stated. The change in coming down from one grain of morphine to nothing was not so great as to produce any such violent reaction as I had before experienced; and there was now no emesis. I bore my sufferings as well as I could till the end of the fourth day, and then I had to yield. A few weeks afterwards I made another trial with the same result. And in all subsequent trials that I made, I could never hold out against these gastric symptoms beyond the fourth day.

I had now been idle for a year and a half, and the time had come round again when, sick or well, I must work. I accordingly made an engagement as private secretary and amanuensis to a professional man living in western New York, who had a large correspondence, and who was also engaged in authorship. Though the salary was not large, the work to be done did not require my whole time. It was stipulated that

I should board in the family of my employer, who was a health reformer of the hygienic school. I had been compelled to use the graham bread ever since my use of morphine commenced. I was not always able to obtain as good a quality of the article as I wished, but here I got the staff of life made to perfection, together with an abundance of good fruit. The diet was plain and simple throughout, and I derived immense benefit from it. To this cause more than to any other, do I attribute the measure of comfort, not to say health, which I enjoyed while I remained in this situation. My daily consumption of morphine at this period was from two to three grains. It rarely, if ever, exceeded four grains. For weeks together I got along very well on two grains a day; one of the ordinary drachm bottles sometimes lasting a month.

When my time here expired by limitation, I refused to renew the engagement. I had now a little money ahead, and I determined to turn my attention for a while to the recovery of my health, and solely to that. Soon after this time I met with a gentleman, an old friend of mine, who had rather an exaggerated opinion of my capacities, and who in consequence offered to employ me at a much greater salary than I had yet received, if I would only quit taking morphine: this was a condition precedent to his employing me; and also that I took no morphine as long as I remained with him. He wished me to put myself under the care of a certain physician whom he named, and who he thought could cure me. This was an opening, to one in my circumstances, too good to be lost; and I thought it worth while to make some effort in order to take advantage of it. Accordingly I consented to the terms proposed, and in a few days afterwards commenced treatment in accordance with my friend's desires. I was deprived of all morphine at once, and put under surveillance, not being allowed to leave my room for any purpose whatever. I went through the usual course of suffering incident to the sudden abandonment of the morphine, until I arrived at the point where the gastric disturbance begins. I have spoken of this as a gnawing sensation in the stomach, which seemed to increase in severity at each subsequent attempt I had made to quit the morphine. But nothing that I have said of these gastric symptoms heretofore will serve adequately to describe what I suffered now. I felt as if the mucous membrane of the stomach was being torn with pincers. I endured it with as much fortitude as I could bring to bear on the case, until the end of the third day, when I saw that to endure it longer and at the same time retain my sanity was out of the question. I begged for morphine, but the doctor was inexorable, and the attendants were watchful that I should not get out of the house to go for it myself. I managed, however, to elude their vigilance by getting up one night at midnight and going with tottering steps to a drug store a mile distant. I took one grain at once before leaving the druggist's. I could scarcely wait until he weighed it out for me. I started for home as soon as I had taken it. Before I got half-way home I felt better. That is, my nervous system was composed, and I felt sufficiently stimulated by the morphine I had taken to walk along quite briskly. But that awful pinching, tearing sensation in my stomach was not yet entirely removed. It required an additional grain of morphine to give me complete relief from that. I have always found in the attempts I have made to quit the morphine abruptly, that if I allowed matters to progress until the stage of gastric irritation is reached, it took a triple or quadruple dose to bring me back to a condition of comfort. For instance: if I have been taking one grain of morphine daily for a week, and leave it off entirely, certain feelings of uneasiness and discomfort are felt for the first two or three days; then these may subside in some measure, and the gnawing sensation commences. If any time previous to the commencement of the latter, I take half to three quarters of a grain of

morphine, I am at once restored to comfort of body and serenity of mind. If, however, I wait until the gastric disturbance begins, a few hours later, nothing less than one and a half to two grains will then suffice to restore me to my former condition.

Thus I again failed to achieve my freedom; ingloriously failed, and that at a time when I had a powerful motive to succeed. I had now tried every plan I could think of, by which to escape from bondage, and they had all equally failed. The gradual plan of breaking off from my habit had failed a number of times. The abrupt plan had also failed. Although I did succeed at one time in quitting the morphine for a while, by the latter plan, still I had had no permanent success, having been driven to resume it again within two months. And my recent experience had demonstrated that, however successful that plan might have been at an earlier period of my career, it was now no longer feasible. I had no further plan to propose to myself, and I saw that if I got out of my difficulties at all, it must be in virtue of assistance derived from some source foreign to myself.

In the beginning of the next year — 1869 — I heard that opium-eaters were sometimes received at the New York State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, and that Dr. Day, the superintendent of that institution, had by his method of treatment succeeded in curing some desperate cases. I therefore wrote to Dr. Day, giving him a history of my case, and making inquiries. Dr. Day thought I might be cured, as he considered my case by no means a bad one. Accordingly, in the month of June, I went to Binghamton and became an inmate of the Inebriate Asylum. I had been more than usually unwell this spring, and for some time previous to this, I had been taking four grains of morphine a day. Upon entering the asylum I was wholly deprived of morphine, and given instead a substitute, which seemed fully to supply its place. At least, while using the substitute, I suffered no inconvenience from the want of the morphine. Here was a desideratum found at length, and I was highly elated with the prospect. What this substitute was composed of I know not. I once asked Dr. Day if it contained opium. He said it did not. He did not, however, say that it contained no morphine. His reply to my inquiry may, therefore, have been strictly correct; for although opium is morphine, and more, yet, strictly speaking, morphine is not opium. The greater always embraces the less. I thought it did contain morphine, or at least some preparation or some principle of opium, for it had all the effects of that upon the system. Whatever this substitute may have been, I took it in daily diminishing doses; and when, at the end of three weeks, — for causes, the explanation of which I need not enter upon here, — I left the asylum, I found myself still necessitated to use morphine, though in greatly lessened doses. The only result of my stay there was to reduce the daily consumption of morphine from four grains to one. I believe that had circumstances been such that I could have remained longer, I might have got entirely out of the difficulty, but the time was not sufficient to perfect the cure.

The question now arose, What is next to be done? In order to solve this problem satisfactorily, it became necessary to take a review of the situation. I knew that the amount of morphine I had been using of late years was considerably less than it had been formerly, and that this amount had been progressively decreasing from year to year. I knew that whereas for the first five years of my career as an opium-eater, the average daily consumption had been six grains, and the maximum ten grains; for the next three years the average had been about three and a half grains a day, and the maximum five; and for the last year the average had been only two and a half grains, with a maximum never exceeding four grains. Here was evidence that the habit, *as a habit*, had not grown upon me. I was not taking morphine for the sake of the morphine, but for relief from agonizing pain, and

as that was less severe than formerly, it required less morphine for its relief. I found some crumbs of comfort in these two associated facts. I had also learned in the course of my medical reading that the malady from which I suffered was in many cases limited to subjects under forty years of age, and that neuralgic sufferers often found relief from their ailments when they arrived at that period of life. Here was further ground for hope. As I was fast approaching that age beyond which I would most likely have no further trouble from neuralgia, and as I knew that the violence of the disease had already somewhat abated within the last few years, I cherished the hope that I might, at a time now not far distant, outgrow it entirely. And, if happily I should do so, I thought that I could in that case abandon the use of the morphine gradually and without suffering. I had never yet experienced much difficulty, indeed any difficulty, in reducing from day to day the quantity of morphine I was using, when *free from pain.* The only difficulty hitherto had been, that before sufficient time had elapsed to get quite to the bottom of the long descending scale, the neuralgia would return, preventing, for the time being, not only any further descent, but necessitating an upward movement. That I could disuse the morphine by degrees, and without suffering, if I could but procure exemption from pain for a sufficient length of time, I knew from the fact that I had once done so; namely, in 1861, after the occurrence of that violent illness already referred to. In consequence of that illness, and the critical action which then took place, the neuralgia was, for the time, so thoroughly cleared out of the system, that it did not return for a long time afterwards; so that I had upon this occasion sufficient time to bring the experiment to a successful issue, without the interference of any untoward occurrence to interrupt my progress. But such an opportunity as this had never since occurred.

Thus, upon a review of my entire career as an opium-eater, things did not, after all, look so desperate. All I had to do, I thought, was merely to have patience and wait. It was only a question of time. And however long that time might be, relief must come finally. I endeavored to console myself as well as I could with this reflection, but every now and then the thought would arise in my mind that I might have to wait too long; might have to wait, in fine, until the strength and vigor of manhood were past, beyond recall, and every opportunity for fulfilling life's mission forever gone.

I spent the summer and autumn of this year with my old friend and former preceptor, Dr. ——, giving him in exchange for my board and lodging such assistance in the oversight of his patients and the general conduct of his institution, as I was able in my then state of health to render. Although I was now sometimes free from neuralgic pain, sometimes I suffered severely. The favorite locality of the pain this season seemed to be in the left posterior inferior angle of the cranium. When situated here it seemed to be more severe than when felt anywhere else, requiring a larger amount of morphine to overcome it. I could hardly ever get relief with less than two or three grains. I began to be troubled also this summer with gastric irritation, in a way that I had never been troubled before. This, too, seemed to require large doses of morphine for its relief. So for a great part of the time, when I had not neuralgia I had gastric irritation, and when I had not gastric irritation I had neuralgia, and sometimes I had both together. I was thus placed between two fires, one or the other of which was always burning, and sometimes both together. Owing to this unlucky combination of circumstances, I was compelled to use the morphine to a greater extent than I had done the previous year; and it now began to tell with disastrous effect upon the general economy.

I had determined in the spring of this year that I would get out of my difficulties, if possible, before another winter should set in, as, owing to the chilliness

and the freezing sensation immediately succeeding the abandonment of the morphine, the summer is a rather more favorable time for laying it aside. But spring had run into summer, summer into autumn, and now winter was approaching, and I was still in the slough of despond. What could I do? All my previous attempts to free myself from this incubus had failed. I had never yet been able to endure that terrible gnawing sensation in my stomach beyond the fourth day. At length it occurred to me to try the following plan: to go without morphine for two or three days, then take a single moderate dose; then go without again for two or three days, and again take a moderate portion; and so on, perhaps increasing the length of the intervals of abstinence as I progressed, but never pushing the matter so far at any one time as to arrive at the stage where the gastric disturbance begins; for when I did this, it always took, as I have previously remarked, a much larger quantity of morphine to restore me to my pre-abstinent condition than it did when I stopped short of this stage. As I had always derived signal advantage from an abstinence from the morphine, if but for a few days, my general health being invariably improved thereby, which improvement sometimes continued for months afterwards, I thought the experiment which I now proposed to try, whether it succeeded fully or not, could not fail to be of some benefit to me. It might start some of the organic functions into activity, which seemed to have almost ceased; it might bring me, physically, up to the plane I had occupied six months before.

Accordingly, I laid the morphine aside for the space of two days and a half to begin with; then I took a single dose. Then I quit again for three days and a half; then took morphine again. I now thought that at the next trial I could abstain for a week; and if for a week, that I could do without it entirely, — for all time. I got along very well for three or four days. To my surprise, none of the untoward symptoms which usually succeed the sudden abandonment of the drug had as yet occurred. Although I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, there was no violent reaction. I did not refuse my food; had missed my meals scarcely for a single day. Were the powers of nature so far gone that there was not vigor of constitution left sufficient to get up a reaction? Matters went on in this way, without much variation, until about the end of the fourth day, when in the evening, after I had gone to bed, my old acquaintance, that terrible sensation in the stomach, again put in an appearance. I have before described this symptom as progressively increasing in severity at each subsequent trial I had made to abandon the use of the morphine, until at the last trial it seemed as though the mucous membrane of the stomach was being torn with pincers. It was now something exceeding even that in severity; something, indeed, far beyond all that I had ever before experienced. My stomach seemed to burn. *I seemed to be on fire of hell.* I now had evidence, very palpable evidence, that the powers of nature, though far spent, were not completely exhausted; that the nerves of sensation at least, though paralyzed, were not yet dead. I did not call for morphine, as it might be supposed that under such circumstances I would. No; I did not want that, for I knew that I had got beyond the point where a moderate quantity of morphine would bring relief. I wanted a diffusible stimulant; liquor of some kind. I knew that my suffering was caused by the want of stimulation, and an alcoholic stimulus would, I thought, best answer this indication. Accordingly, they brought me a glass of old bourbon, which I lost no time in drinking. The effect was truly magical. That glass of whisky, as soon as it touched the mucous membrane of my stomach, seemed to put out the fire that was raging there as quickly as you could extinguish the live coals in a brazier by pouring on them a dipperful of water. Two hours later the burning returned, when the same remedy was applied with the same happy effect.

I had now taken, within two hours, a quantity of liquor which, taken overnight by almost any man unaccustomed to it as I was, would be sufficient to produce a splitting headache next morning; but to my surprise, no such event occurred. On the contrary, I found that the severe pain in the head from which I had been suffering for two days previously had now altogether left me, and I now felt better every way than I had hitherto done. This was additional evidence that the whisky was, under the circumstances, an eminently proper remedy. I had no further trouble that night; but on the following night the burning in my stomach again returned, though it was less severe. It continued to return at intervals for a week afterwards, but with steadily decreasing severity. It always yielded promptly to the alcoholic stimulus.

I had now discovered a method by which the gastric disturbance, the only bar to my success heretofore in leaving off the morphine, could be controlled. But I was in other respects very uncomfortable. I had hoped that in about a week these other unpleasant feelings would subside, as they had done before when I abandoned the morphine abruptly, though I was taking ten grains a day. But now I seemed to be in this respect very little better at the end of a week than at the beginning. Then I suffered intensely for a week, when my sufferings suddenly ceased. By the persistent use of mercurials, I succeeded at length in getting the liver aroused to action, and the only difficulty that now remained was want of sleep. But after long and weary waiting, sleep did come to my eyes, and slumber to my eyelids at last.

I have now done with morphine, I hope, forever. And although my condition is one of comparative comfort, I am not yet restored to perfect health. That must be the work of time, if, indeed, it be ever accomplished. Had I known in the beginning all that I know now, I might have achieved my freedom much sooner; yes, years before. I think I could point out where my mistakes occurred, so that others of my class, in attempting to do what I have done, might avoid them. I believe that all opium-eaters, at least all who have not yet suffered some organic lesion, may be saved. And believing that my experience with morphine may be useful to others, it is now given to the public.

James Coulter Layard.

MORGAN STANWOOD.

Cape Ann, 1775.

Morgan Stanwood, patriot!
Little more is known;
Nothing of his home is left
But the door-step stone.

Morgan Stanwood, to our thought
You return once more;
Once again the meadows lift
Daisies to your door.

Once again the morn is sweet,
Half the hay is down, —
Hark! what means that sudden clang
From the distant town?

Larum bell and rolling drum
Answer sea-borne guns;
Larum bell and rolling drum
Summon Freedom's sons!

And the mower thinks to him
Cry both bell and drum,
"Morgan Stanwood, where art thou?
Here th' invaders come!"

"Morgan Stanwood" need no more
Bell and drum-beat call;
He is one who, hearing once,
Answers once for all.

Ne'er the mower murmured then,
"Half my grass is mown,
Homespun is n't soldier-wear,
Each may save his own."

Fallen scythe and aftermath
Lie forgotten now;
Winter need may come and find
But a barren mow.

Down the musket comes. "Good wife, —
Wife, a quicker flint!"
And the face that questions face
Hath no color in 't.

"Wife, if I am late to-night,
Milk the heifer first; —
Ruth, if I 'm not home at all, —
Worse has come to worst."

Morgan Stanwood sped along,
Not the common road;
Over wall and hill-top straight,
Straight to death, he strode;

Leaving her to hear at night
Tread of burdened men,
By the gate and through the gate,
At the door, and then —

Ever after that to hear,
When the grass is sweet,
Through the gate and through the night,
Slowly coming feet.

Morgan Stanwood's roof is gone;
Here the door-step lies;
One may stand thereon and think, —
For the thought will rise, —

Were we where the meadow was,
  Mowing grass alone,
Would we go the way he went,
  From this very stone?

Were we on the door-step here,
  Parting for a day,
Would we utter words as though
  Parting were for aye?

Would we? Heart, the hearth is dear,
  Meadow-math is sweet;
Parting be as parting may,
  After all, we meet.

Hiram Rich.

MOSE EVANS.

PART III.

IV.

Several weeks, I do not know how many, had passed away since my friend, — I confess I hesitated to speak of him since our meeting and parting in New York, even to my wife, as Mose Evans, — had gone West. No letter had arrived for her from Agnes Throop. You who are reading these lines may feel very certain as to the result, but Helen and myself, knowing the parties so much better than yourself, were not certain by any means; far from it! And if you, respected reader, find yourself wholly mistaken in the result in question, I think you will gracefully acknowledge it is not for the first time.

I remained silent, waiting anxiously the solving of this, as we always are of some one of the unceasing succession of conundrums coming up before and pressing upon us for solution, our life through. We were too deeply anxious to say much to each other upon the subject, Helen keeping up, whenever the matter was alluded to, something of her disdainful attitude. We all know that a woman holds to an opinion with a hundred times the grip of a man, unless where her heart is concerned, in which case she is far more eager to give up than she was, in the first place, to grasp; glad that she has something *to* give up. Well I knew, from her silence all along, still more from her dissent and criticism after I had told her of my meeting with Evans in New York, that she believed in that gentleman with all her soul, was eager as a child for his success. She had asked me with much unconcern for the one message I had from our friend after his arrival at Brownstown, — "My dear friend," it ran, "I have arrived safely. I have seen her. I will write," — with the hope of squeezing, so to speak, more meaning out of the message as by very pressure. I suppose, of repeated perusal.

Our suspense was not, however, to last without end. I was in our office in Charleston one afternoon, when who should enter, with his usual eager step, but the Rev. Mr. Parkinson.

"I am East to solicit help toward building our new church," he said im-

mediately after asking as to the health of my family. "You may hate to hear it as heartily as I do to mention it. But I am compelled to get aid, and I speak of it at once, so as to have an unpleasant subject stated and done with!"

"I do not see why I should hate it," I said. "But, never mind about that. How is General Throop?"

"Had you not heard? He is dead! He died very suddenly," my friend replied. I was shocked, for death is something wholly unnatural to us, at last. We had every reason to expect it in this case, yet it is always a surprise. In the eager questioning and reply which followed, I learned that General Throop had fallen, struck by death, one afternoon. There was something rumored about an altercation on the part of the General with Dr. Alexis Jones, who had mismanaged the case of a sick negro on the place, as bringing about his death. "The family were very reserved upon the subject," Mr. Parkinson said.

"The family? What family is there, beyond Miss Throop?" I began.

"Considering the circumstances, she is in excellent health. Do you know," he said with some abruptness, "that I am married? that I have my bride with me?" and he turned some shades paler as he said it, for excitement assumes that livery in the case of persons of his temperament.

"Bride!" I am certain I put too much astonishment in the exclamation, for my friend grew paler still. "Can it be possible" — and I had the sense to stop. My visitor understood me none the less. "It is not Miss Throop," he said. "I esteem and admire Miss Agnes Throop very greatly, but," and he added it with a degree of self-respect which wonderfully became him, "I have done far better, for myself I mean, — yes, and for her, — than that. Surely you know who it is? Come, guess!" with eager eyes. I knew politeness demanded I should say, and on the spot, "Oh, Miss Smith, of course, and a charming lady she is; let me congratulate you!" but, as I journeyed on the instant over the length and breadth of Brown County, in swift and eager search, I could not imagine anybody.

"Is it possible you do not remember Mary Robinson? they called her Molly!" he said.

"Why, my *dear* sir," I exclaimed, "you cannot mean little Molly Robinson, that rosy-cheeked dumpling" —

"The very same," he said with satisfaction.

"Indeed! I used to kiss her when I stayed with her father — Judge, General, I mean Squire Robinson. I beg your pardon, she was merely a child!" I exclaimed.

"Not sixteen when we were married, and she is a child, a mere child still, the merest child in the world!" and it was extraordinary, the glee with which the young husband said it, rubbing his hands.

"Yes," he said, as we hurried to the hotel. "We had just risen from dinner when I left her. She never was away from home in her life before. I would not be surprised if she has had a good cry since I left; she is the merest child, you know! I bought and left with her all the picture papers I could lay hands on before starting."

My friend would not allow me to wait in the parlor, but hurried me up with him to their room upon the highest floor, for hotel clerks can tell their grade of guest, city or rural, on sight; and we burst in upon the bride, to find her in a situation vastly more in keeping than if expecting us in parlor and in state. The little room was in utter confusion; clothing, picture papers, plates of fruit, a great paper of candy, too, I remember, strewed about on table, chair, and floor. Perched upon their great traveling trunk stood Mrs. Parkinson, hugging a cat to her bosom from the assaults of a poodle barking furiously below. "She *would* have that dog, I got it for her as we came along," my companion had explained the barking as we opened the door. "My dear, this is your old friend, Mr. Anderson," he said, and she stooped down to be kissed as of yore when I approached. For she was nothing but a child, plump, her honest,

somewhat freckled face round and full as a May moon, an abundance of brown hair down her back in the confusion of the moment, small and merry eyes, beautiful teeth, her dress a little short for a married woman, but that may have been owing to her pedestal — you can see scores of just such girls at Sunday-schools in country neighborhoods, without exaggeration, several millions of them, in fact, plentiful as daisies and buttercups! But I was far more interested in her husband's beautiful illusion in reference to her than in herself; you can witness the same — I did not say *de*lusion — in the case of many a pale, bookish man. But I am bound to say that Mr. Parkinson was vastly improved since that day I first saw him when shaving by the roadside. He was in stouter health, sturdier, manlier in every sense.

I did not enjoy our merry greeting and after conversation as much as I otherwise would, on account of conjecturing how Helen would like the matter.

My wife, I knew, understood how to manage matters far better than myself. Besides, they would have to get ready to go to my house. Bidding them good-by, in twenty minutes I was at my office and had sent our messenger boy home with this note: "Dear Helen. Mr. Parkinson and *bride* are at our old hotel! Have them to tea." I sat in my office-chair imagining my wife's bewilderment, the meeting and all, laughing as I had not laughed for months.

Somehow, exert myself as I will, Helen always gets the better of me, — always! When I entered our sitting-room I found the newly married pair, apart from a little shyness in their strange surroundings, peacefully at home with Helen. Largely on account of my wife being in such excellent spirits, evidently relieved in mind. A moment's reflection explained why, and I wondered I had not thought of it before. As I entered, Mr. Parkinson said, "I was just telling Mrs. Anderson about General Throop's funeral! I was speaking about the grief of the negroes. He had never owned those Brown County people, you know, yet they felt he was their natural master; on both sides they had been used all their life to the relation of slave and master as to nature itself. No monarch more feared and respected than that stately old gentleman by the entire county; it was the largest funeral ever known."

"Mr. Parkinson tells me Agnes bore it better than he could have hoped," Helen began.

"Much better!" our guest said, paling a little I imagined, and hastening to say, "I did not like to marry so soon after the funeral. I suppose I am somewhat impulsive, but we had made all our arrangements to be married, and I was anxious to be abroad in search of funds for our new church. And Molly, here, had never been out of the county. I was eager to show her the world. Harry Peters was greatly missed at the wedding, for he would not come, sending his wife instead. They ought to build the church themselves, I know, but I shrank from pressing it, as, I dare say, I should. I do not mean to urge the matter upon any one. To tell the truth, I hate to beg; I am the poorest person, for such business, living!"

They were our guests for some weeks, the bride remaining with us while Mr. Parkinson journeyed around upon his mission in other places. But Helen gave up, as well as myself, obtaining any final information in reference to Agnes Throop, to whom my wife had, of course, written in condolence immediately, urging her to make our house her home. "As to Mr. Parkinson's wife," Helen said to me the moment we were alone together, "she is a good, simple country girl. You need not have looked at me on Sunday when I spoke of my headache. I could not have accompanied her to church in that fearful white hat! How perfectly Mr. Parkinson has succeeded in deluding himself!" For the young husband had theorized his heart into entire sincerity in the matter!

"Nothing more natural than that," Helen explained to me. "He is a person of highly imaginative temperament, as you know. His failure in reference

to Agnes, his daily association with Miss Molly as her father's guest, too — nothing more natural, foolish as it seems!"

"She is so young, so uninformed in regard to everything!" he said to Helen and myself one confidential evening when his wife was out of the room. "She is like the whitest and softest of wax in my hands. If it is a glorious thing to be an artist and to carve an ideal nymph, or queen of wisdom or power or love, how much nobler to mold a living soul, to form and inspire an immortal for eternity! It came to me, — I boarded at her father's you know, — as a mere fancy. I was sitting on their front porch one afternoon when she came in from school, — her hat in one hand, her books in the other, her hair down upon her shoulders, — all glowing from her walk. I never was so lonely in my life, so desponding, I fear. As she came in, the idea flashed upon me, merely as a beautiful fancy at first, you observe. It slowly grew to be a glorious reality before I knew it! I do believe if you were to ask Molly the distance, say, to the moon, she would reply, I have n't the least idea! I intend to teach her Latin myself; I have bought the books already. I am advertising for a music teacher, some lady to play upon our melodeon at church, to return with us!"

"You have talked with her about it?" asked my wife without a smile, and with a measure of sympathy of manner for which I kissed her afterward.

"Of course! We talked of nothing else before we were married. Of nothing else, I assure you," Mr. Parkinson said eagerly. "Very often since! She is perfectly willing! The best-natured little darling you ever saw! I love her with all my heart, for what I am to make her. And she loves me far more than brides generally do, having some idea, at least, of all I will be to her!"

We sincerely liked Mr. Parkinson, but I fear we encouraged him to open his whole heart in reference to Mrs. Molly, in order to learn the sooner what he knew in regard to Agnes Throop and Mose Evans.

"I know none of the circumstances of Mr. Evans' first visit to General Throop's after his arrival," Mr. Parkinson said at last one evening. "There was much confusion; all my conversation with Miss Throop was, of course, in regard to her sudden and terrible loss. I know you have been anxious to have me say more about her and Mr. Evans, but we have talked since I came so much in regard to my plans for the church, and specially about Molly. Besides, to tell the truth, I was so taken up then, as I have said, with our getting married" —

"You have seen Evans?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly. He and Harry Peters had charge of the funeral, we were all so very busy. He seemed to me to be much improved."

I think our guest was somewhat ashamed of saying so little on that occasion, for it must have been the next evening at tea, he gave us an account of his first meeting with Evans.

"It was at their place, a day or two after the General's death," he said. "Miss Agnes was in her own room. I was seated beside the body, which had been prepared for burial. I was looking at the face of the dead, and thinking. Did you ever notice the aspect, Mrs. Anderson, of *dignity* in the countenance of the dead? I was never so struck with it as in the instance of General Throop. There was the grave, set, imperial something in the countenance of the grand old man, as of a monarch. It was Mr. Evans remarked all this to me as he seated himself by my side that day. I recall his remarks now, but I must say my attention was diverted at the moment entirely from the dead to Mr. Evans himself. I confess I was greatly struck by the transformation. Knowing, as I did through our old postmaster, that he had long been a hard student, I expected great change in him, of course. He had been abroad, too. You cannot tell how I look forward to that some day with Molly! I know," he added, with changing color, "that you are laughing at me, with all your kindness. But just wait and see!"

"We men, Mr. Anderson," he added,

"of slight build, cannot help envying stronger men. At least, a person of somewhat feeble physique from under-exercise and over-study, like myself, cannot but admire any person of Mr. Evans' health and vigor. He came into the room that day where I sat beside the dead, in such a glow, I had almost said glory, of full life and energy! not at all boisterous, saying little, very quiet — there is such evidence of reserve of power and happiness! I wish I had such stamina, constitution; heartily wish it, I confess."

"Do you know, Mr. Parkinson," my wife asked, "if they are to be married, Miss Throop and Mr. Evans?" We had to find out some time.

Our friend dropped his eyes to his plate as we sat after our tea, then raised them to my wife's face and gravely made answer. "No, madam, I do not. Owing in part to the hurry of funeral and wedding and — other matters. I esteem and honor Miss Throop," he continued, after some silence, "as we all cannot help doing. Her peculiar trials also have been such. She is so singularly alone in the world, too. I have spoken of Mr. Evans coming suddenly upon me. It was the strong contrast in him, that hour, of vigorous life side by side with the aged and the dead! The whole place, with its loss and sorrow and seclusion, even before death arrived, was like a sepulchre. Miss Throop, I say it sincerely, was like the angel at the sepulchre, full of life herself, but her work there ended with the death of her parents. All the circumstances help Mr. Evans, — are as shadow and background to him, so to speak."

"And you think Mr. Evans — one *cannot* well call him Mose Evans now — improved?" my wife asked, as she drew Molly to a seat beside her upon the sofa; "you know I have not seen him since we parted at that roadside hotel after his sickness."

"I knew him well before he went," our guest answered, "and I could not have imagined it even of him! He is as modest, I may say as simple, in his mode of thought and feeling, as ever. He had little to say except in reply to questions, but I was impressed with the force because of the freshness of what he said. I had asked him in one of our few interviews, I remember, as to the leading preachers in the East and in Europe. 'It seems absurd for a person like myself,' he remarked, 'to say such a thing, but it is a fact, and you cannot imagine how it has comforted and assured me, being what I am. What I mean is this. I attended service in a different place every Sabbath I could, in America and Europe, and I found that the praise, for instance, in the most successful churches of whatever sect, was as that of children together, simple and heartfelt. Exactly the same with the preachers who sway and impel the masses; in every case it was as a strong child, if I may so speak, talking in simplest words to the understanding and heart of children! I felt,' he added, 'that it was not such a hopeless thing with a man like myself, at last. I found that plain, childlike common-sense held the money of the world, and is rapidly coming to hold and wield all political power. Look at a picture or statue,' he added; 'listen to a leading scientist; it is the same!'"

"Ah, Mr. Parkinson," my wife said, drawing Mrs. Parkinson nearer to her as they sat on the sofa, "that was merely an effort of Mr. Evans to make the world into his own image. You are, like my husband here, perfectly infatuated about your Mr. Evans, with his external improvement, and that lying largely in his better clothing; abundant jewelry, too, I have not the least doubt. It is not so with us women; we have intuition, insight. That is my comfort in regard to Agnes Throop; she is too much like her mother to be deceived by externals, I am sure" —

Mr. Parkinson was regarding Helen as she spoke with eagerness so peculiar that I thought it well to say, "I do not think it respectful in you to your sex, Helen, to speak of — was it not? — their instinct!"

"Insight, Mrs. Anderson said," our

friend corrected me, "but it is instinct with Mose Evans. It would be more respectful to him to speak of a planet as true to its sun, in referring to his connection with Miss Agnes. It is nearer the truth to say his devotion to her is as that of a noble animal to its owner; the idea, even, of any other woman has never entered his mind!" There was so much in the tones with which Mr. Parkinson said it! "I do not know how Miss Throop will like one thing," he added, after a little. "Our friend does not bemoan the Confederacy, although he abhors the injustice, in many respects, of the North; and suffers with the South in its defeat. All this wretched devastation of greed and ignorance, North and South, he told some of us one day at the post-office, is but a transition period to such a oneness of prosperity and nobler freedom and civilization as none of us can yet understand. He is a child, too, in his perfect faith in our future."

"Just like your Molly," my wife said, "for I am tired of Mr. Evans. I am so glad you brought her with you, Mr. Parkinson. She has been everywhere over Charleston with me, and I have given her ever so much matronly advice. I think you and she have done wisely," my wife added, with a degree of conviction at which I winced a little. "I am sure she will make you," Helen added with singular warmth, "a wife true and good."

"I see that she is asleep," Mr. Parkinson said, looking lovingly upon his bride. With her head resting upon my wife's shoulder, the poor little girl was sound asleep, sure enough. It may have been the alterations made by my wife in the arrangement of the child's hair, the style and color of her dress, possibly the exchange of her set of jewelry for a much more costly but modest set, — Helen retaining the bride's as a keepsake in exchange, she said, — but she was improved, no denying that. Her perfect childishness, too, as to being married so soon and to such a man: one could not but take an interest in this brace of babes in the wood. She would outgrow her form of childhood; her husband would never get beyond his! As you would have acknowledged had you heard him then and there! He hoped to make a sort of evangelical Paris of Brownstown, whose lady of leading culture and Christian influence was to be the round and wholly unconscious Molly sleeping so sweetly, her careless head upon Helen's shoulder.

I ventured to ask him in regard to Odd Archer. Sure enough, as New Hampshire had informed Mr. Evans in his letter, the lawyer seemed, at least, to have reformed. "He has made some of the most eloquent temperance addresses ever heard," Mr. Parkinson told us. "After some hesitation, we have even called upon him to lead in our prayer-meetings. Impossible for a man to speak more earnestly and effectively! He has given me new ideas as to the best way of preaching, altogether, I assure you! But" —

"Yes, but," I echoed — "*but!*" And Helen, too, shook her head in concert with us.

"He is studying for the ministry at Columbia," Mr. Parkinson added. "So far he has stood firm. I have a good deal of hope, but, I am ashamed to say, very little faith. 'I would a little rather he was safely dead,' Harry Peters said."

However, up to the date of this writing, so far as I know, Mr. Archer stands like rock, and we can at least leave him in the existing halo of hope. But from the bottom of my heart I, for one, do wish we had a more honest faith in Him whose life and death and life again in this world it is to save; a loyal and entire faith that he can and does save any and every man who puts himself in his hands, body and soul, for time and eternity, from everything and thoroughly! Possibly if we immaculate people had such belief in him for the desperately hopeless cases, such sinners might have the same, as being the current religion, for themselves!

This is all incidental. It made but an eddy in our talk, which lasted till very late that evening. We dropped the lawyer out of our conversation, but

not more utterly than Mr. Parkinson did Miss Throop. She evidently was, like Madame Roland, the beautiful heroine of an extinct era! — so far, at least, as he was concerned.

And so our guests came and departed. It is an easy matter to imagine our deep anxiety in reference thereafter to our friends West; so anxious were we, in fact, that we ceased almost altogether from conversation, Helen and myself, upon the subject. She relieved her mind by writing every day or two to Agnes — like her sex. I presume I was true, likewise, to mine, in leaving Evans to write or not exactly as he saw fit; and in plunging myself all the deeper into my own matters, especially as real estate was beginning to look up again.

V.

I have run many risks in my diversified life. Sometimes it was on water. At times it was, and in more senses than one, by reason of the peculiarity of my business, and very literally, on land; to say nothing of peril to life itself during my toils, compulsory, in the service of the late lamented Confederacy. But I do say that I never undertook adventure quite so hazardous as I now do, in my mode of closing this narrative. The truth is, I should not have undertaken it, not having, to say the least, the necessary time from other and pressing and very different engagements. I had even contemplated abandoning the task altogether; possibly would have done so, although at this eleventh hour, for the present, at least, had not the recent letters to my wife from General Throop's daughter occurred to me. From sheer habit, which I have taught Helen as to documents, these letters have been carefully filed away, and they lie before me now, beautifully written, but crossed and recrossed as is the habit of the sex. They can but slay me — I refer to Helen, who is on a brief visit to her relatives to exhibit our latest baby, and Agnes — when they find it out; but, I have read it somewhere, and say it here to soften their coming wrath, Happy even death inflicted by hands so fair! Moreover I will carefully omit, from the copying of the letters, all I can of the correspondence, for my sake as well as theirs!

I should explain that matters may appear a little confused at the outset of what is here copied. It is always confusion where the heart precedes the intellect, which is why woman is so much better adapted to heaven and to home than to anything else.

"I am, this most beautiful morning, Helen dear, the happiest woman living," this first letter runs. "I am today as radiant as an angel in heaven, so far as happiness goes. I say this to explain why I write so freely, and we who have known each other all our lives, have sympathized in our terrible sorrows, certainly can feel with each other in our joys! Who would have supposed the languid brunette you are, Helen, would have made so spirited a woman? It was your marrying a New Englander. What noble children yours are! They are already urging *him* to run for Congress, and when he is elected I will get him to have a law passed that all marriages shall be illegal except between Northerners and Southerners; will speak to him about it this very afternoon as we ride to the post-office! I cannot help it! It is change of climate, I suppose, change only less than from earth to heaven in every respect. The day, too, is so brilliant, the very birds twitter and wheel about in the cloudless light as if they were beside themselves; I must write, too, as I please! And before I forget it, do invite Mr. Archer to visit you in Charleston. In his worst days he was always of good blood; he will make one of our most eloquent divines! I do believe it was because our dear, disagreeable old postmaster felt assured of this, at last, that he consented to die in his attack of pneumonia. What a grim, yet sincere Christian he was! I wonder if he allows himself to show any outer interest in what he sees and hears there! In heaven, I mean. But he must, I know, for we will all be

transparent to each other there, translucent to the light which falls upon us from God; just as I am this radiant day! You know he left enough to the church to build a handsome edifice and parsonage. There are some things I could tell you, Helen, about that excellent Mr. Parkinson! I am so glad he has found such a nice little wife, and that he has settled comfortably down; he has certainly done a world of good there. Was it not strange, the legacy of the dear old New Hampshire to *me*, when he hardly seemed to know of my existence! Yet we did endure actual poverty, Helen, and for years. One can neither eat nor wear land, you know. That was merely a portion, the smallest fraction of the long, long, long suffering, even from the beginning of the war. I suppose my gladness is reaction after so much, so very much pain, Helen. I do not want to tire you, but let me write, please, if it is only to calm myself. I can write from this distance, although I know I could not talk with you, were we together, with the same freedom.

"It was terrible as death, our loss of Theodore, then our breaking up from Charleston and moving West; the ending of the world to us! Death itself closes all, and this was the having to live on for years, alive yet in the utter wreck and dust of the grave! First, there was that gloomy old home of ours below Brownstown, old, at least, in the bearded and decaying live-oaks and the loneliness! The muddy river, the cypress swamp behind us, the dense forest, the very magnolias with their oppressive perfume, the heavy fog covering the world almost every morning like a shroud! We lived in miasma, in contrast with which this pure mountain air is like that of Paradise. Then we had so much trouble with the freedmen, at least until he took charge. Except when Mr. Anderson and yourself visited us, there was not a soul with whom we could associate, Mr. Parkinson excepted, — I mean with sympathy and pleasure, — and day after day for so very long. Next, and all the time, there was — you knew of it, Helen — my great trouble! I was so young and ignorant when it began! If I had a story to tell your little Henry, dear, I would take him on my lap and do it in this way: Once on a time there was a certain young woman, — not a man as the books have it, — who carved out of pure, cold, beautiful white marble the statue of a god. Her name was Pygmalia, not Pygmalion at all. She was very young and very foolish, and very skillful with her chisel, because she wanted a god to worship, and worked with all her ardent heart. It was a shame, but her statue seemed so beautiful that she loved it as if it was a living god. She found out afterward that the great God himself can and does make, and alone makes in his own time and way, the only objects that are really worthy of our love. But that was afterward, I say. I will add nothing about the incense, the tears and prayers, nor of what sort was the sacrifice she consumed before it. But, in this case, the statue never came to life, is merely marble still and forever. That is all! It was not the fault of the statue!

"And I will tell you here, Helen, a thing you never knew before. It happened when *he* and I were East — we were so sorry we could not run down to see you, dear, that trip! We were staying at a hotel in New York; we were in the parlor, just going out. Suddenly *they* came into the room, Mr. Clammeigh and his wife. Some power, with far-reaching hands, brought us all together in that way! The two men stood for the moment side by side, by His placing! It is not what I thought of the unspeakable contrast. It was not what she, poor thing, thought of it, for she is also a woman, and they did not even pretend to marry from love. I would have cheerfully taken what the little bell-boy, handing them the key of their room at the moment, thought of the two men in contrast! Ague in comparison with health; yes, ague, pallid, feeble, shrinking, beside noblest manhood in supreme vigor of body and soul! He could no more help himself, Helen,

than the coal on your hearth can keep from growing ashen when the strong sun shines full upon it! And I could not but be aware, too, of my husband's eyes, on her, on me!

"As it is only for your reading, Helen, I might tell you how people looked at us in the cars, in hotel parlors and dining-rooms! It was at him, Helen, my man of men! Who could believe that even the Creator could work, at least in this world, such change in a human being, and that person remain the same! And change, through awful suffering, in me, Helen. My only beauty, the overflowing of my great gladness: if there was but more of my father in me to weigh down the mother I inherit!

"My mother! That was the next in our terrible changes. Before we left Charleston she had abandoned almost everything to me, but she was never out of her mind, dear, if you ever feared so. It was years of intense, unintermitting affliction wearing upon a nature too sensitive at the beginning. You know the sainted dead are utterly withdrawn from earth, and us, although they love us still. Really, my mother died with Theodore! They neither read the Scriptures nor pray in heaven; she had heaven, if I may speak about such a matter, so steadily before her that she imagined herself done with all the *means* of approach thereto. Her death was a shock, and yet nothing could have seemed more natural, even beautiful, when we found her that morning not awakened out of her sleep, nor to awaken until another voice than ours shall break her slumber. I cannot speak of what followed upon that!

"Our home seemed afterward, as you may suppose, yet more like a cemetery, the great oaks closing nearer in upon us still with their drooping boughs and long gray moss. Oh, the sense of separation; the loneliness; the slow-footed hours; the sleepless nights; the winds sighing among the trees, — often the weeping clouds; the round of weary household affairs, day after day, and for what? I look back with amazement that I could have endured it all and live. Yet I did endure it. Along with unspeakable despair there was unceasing hope, actual gladness. When I had time I sang at my instrument, sang, *sang!* I was in such continual practice that I was not conscious half the time of the keys as I sang, especially with earliest waking, and every evening before the lamps were lit; and very often they were not lit except for prayers and to go to bed. There was I, far from all the world, no one left me but Aunty Washington, our one slave, — surely Heaven allowed her to fall into that delusion in kindness to us, — and my father! I cannot write any more to-day.

"I ceased writing yesterday, Helen, and for more reasons than because the weary days in my 'moated grange' had come back to my mind so vividly! To-day I have sat for hours by my open desk at the window, trying to think when it all began; I mean about *him!* I have often tried, but I cannot remember. I recall, of course, a day at the old church, the first day I was there, when I saw him as I did the rest, merely a good-looking country youth. When they told me, laughingly, the effect I had on him, it amused rather than pleased me. Afterward the mention of the matter wearied me, I was tired of the nonsense! Then, when you, Helen, and your husband spoke of it, I was deeply offended; you regarded me, I thought, as fallen indeed from former days!

"After that, without his seeking, he was much upon the place; came, in fact, and by a process as certain as summer, to have sole charge of our plantation, my father had become so feeble. Neither my mother nor my father ever dreamed, as you may well imagine, of such a thing; they fully believed — but I cannot speak of *that!* Should anything happen to them they relied entirely on that! I knew the deep and silent affection, devotion, rather, of the man, but not in any way from him. Had he said anything, done anything, I would have ended the matter instantly. I wonder if he knew it, or was it, as it was, the

instinctive nobleness of his nature! If he had been a coward as well as a country youth, had been sentimental, maudlin, pining, I would have laughed at and despised him; but with all his simple manhood he was, Helen, so calm, so strong, had mastery of himself as well as our freed-people, so quiet yet complete! When it was urged upon him by my father, he took charge of the place only after my father had made him full and distinct promise that the plantation should be absolutely under his control. He held and managed it with a hand so gentle and yet so strong, that no one ever thought even of making a suggestion. I knew that he loved me with all his soul, yet I knew he would not allow even me to interfere. I grew to respect him, Helen, as one does nature, so serene yet sovereign! And I had despised him because he was inferior — God help me! — to my marble god, marble so symmetrical, polished, beautiful!

"I had a last letter from *him* one day, Helen, and it happened it was this other that brought it from the office and handed it to me. I was at the front gate waiting, and with certainty, for a letter from Mr. Clammeigh, when he arrived with it from town. Part of the marble of the writer was that he had never prepared me for what was to come, or in the blind excess of my devotion I did not see it. The letter struck me like a dagger. I never yielded before, nor after; but it was following upon so long a strain, I was so entirely alone in the world, it was so sudden! I believe I fell. I was told he took me in his arms like a babe, his beard over my breast as he bore me into the house. Not the 'great house;' he had the singular thoughtfulness for my poor father to carry me around it and into Aunty Washington's cabin. Beside her and himself no soul has known of that until now; I could not tell even you, Helen, when you were with us.

"It chanced that the crop was all in. That very day he arranged with my father, as you know, that Harry Peters, our next neighbor, should manage our plantation, as well as his own, which he had leased to him. It was the afternoon of the day following. I would not have spoken to my mother, had she been alive. I had gone to my piano, partly from force of habit, largely in very desperation. It was all over in an instant. He merely stood beside me and said, 'Miss Agnes! I have come to bid you good-by.'

"I did not cease playing, but looked up. He stood there with the innocent and steady eyes of a child in mine.

"'I am learning, you know,' he said quietly. 'I wanted to say that I know what I am as well as you. I want to say this, too: I love you, — I must love you forever, even if I am only what I am.'

"That was all. I did not cease playing for a moment; it must have been the last sounds he heard as he rode away. I was too stunned, then, to be capable of feeling; stunned by other things; and I want to say this, and just here: I know nothing more of it all, Helen, than I do how the little seed begins to grow deep down in the earth. It was there long before I knew it, had life and growth and color before I was conscious it existed! I had your letters. I had his absence! I love, Helen dear, for the first time in my life! Before, it was half uneasy apprehension; now, I give my whole heart with certainty of my perfect safety in loving, I '*rest* in my love,' in the delicious words of old. But I hear the sound of hoofs, on the *gallop*, Helen! He is coming, and I prefer him to you, dear, a million times over! Good-by!"

So much for these two letters!

VI.

"It seemed to me, after Mr. Anderson and yourself had left us," this next letter runs, "as if not so much weary weeks, months, years, but centuries rather, were rolling over my head. Our solemn home was like a great clock whose pendulum had ceased to swing. Time itself had stopped! The last relative left on earth to occupy my heart

or my hand was my father. My great regret was that he left me so little to do for him. My mother's death had whitened him, so to speak, as with a sudden winter. Although more excitable, he grew more still and silent as he became more feeble. I will always have the sincerest regard for our overseer, Mr. Harry Peters, and his excellent little wife; they had given up their own home near by to live with us these days, and Mr. Peters overflowed as steadily as a mountain spring with his humor. It was only at times he could interest my father, at my request, in the affairs of our plantation; for my father had long since turned over the freedmen to themselves and to Mr. Peters in disgust. For months before his death I never knew him to open a paper. Ever since I can remember he had read the Charleston Mercury, and the extinction of that journal was to him the going out of the last orb of light in a sky of otherwise utter darkness! I so dreaded the stagnation of mind into which he might fall that I got Mr. Peters to tell him, of evenings, as we sat together upon our front porch, the last items of political news. My dear father would sit and smoke, his beard grown so long and white, as Mr. Peters read, wholly unmoved and uninterested as to events in the Northern States, at Washington even. The Federal government and people were more foreign to him than China or Beloochistan. It was only when Mr. Peters recounted some fresh injustice of the North, and its consummation at the South, that he would express, as of old, his deep indignation, Mr. Peters most heartily concurring with him; for my dear father was held, you know, Helen, in profound reverence and veneration by the entire county; they wanted to send him, at one election, to the Legislature, and thought that much the more of him for the loathing and contempt with which, under existing circumstances, he rejected the suggestion. And so he slept and waked, ate and conversed, confining himself gradually to the place, and at last to the house, so utterly alien to the present, so wholly wrapped up, almost even from me, in the past!

"I occupied myself as fully as possible in housekeeping, poor old Aunty Washington at my side all day, and *I* had no trouble with the freed women, — it all lies so much in putting yourself in their place, being patient and kind as if they were still your slaves. Then I would throw myself, as I have said, into music as if I was in training to be a prima donna; and I really have perfected myself, Helen, to a degree which has made our home out here the happier for it, if anything could make it happier. All at once I took to reading aloud to my father of mornings. Not fiction or poetry. My own experiences made these seem pale and poor in comparison. I wanted to get into another world, as it were, so I read history. I happened upon the years of strife between Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, I being a third and vastly wiser queen, forever coming between the other two to set them right. I do think it consoled my father a little as to the Federal government when I told him that, as the history showed, the race and the reformation seemed given over then of Heaven, and wholly, into the hands, as if it was a bonnet or a ball-dress, of two such squabbling milliners. The reading helped us both, helped my dear father in regard to the past, helped me in reference to the future. Besides, I would not tell you, but I will write it, — and for your eyes, not your husband's, — I constructed, all along as I read, a king for myself out of such material as the men of those days afforded, the courtiers and polished gentlemen of the time supplying me extremely little of it, I assure you. In fact, all my world had crumbled into chaos and was very slowly changing and reforming, as if during centuries on centuries, just then. God has finished it for me, at last, dear, and I know he pronounces it very good, for oh, Helen, Helen, it is beyond my poor pen to say how much, how very much my new world is better than my old!

"I was occupied, too, with keeping

in excellent health, for my father's sake and for the sake of my — future! Whenever I could I walked and walked. Several times during the week I would have Aunty Washington drive me to the post-office for your dear letters. As if I did not fully know that he knew every line he wrote so politely to you was intended for me, and, really, for me alone, Helen! And I slowly began to answer them, every one. Not that I ever actually wrote a syllable, as you and he well know; but, beginning with a cold line or two, I wrote at last sheets on sheets of replies, as I walked and rode and sat at my piano! It is the greatest pity they are not in real writing; I would love dearly to read them over to him now; would like so much to see how matters in regard to him began and grew and took the hues of life; for I do solemnly assure you, Helen, I have no more idea when it was nor how it was, than has either he or yourself!

"Every Sunday, through the rain even, I rode to church to hear Mr. Parkinson. Because I knew he would miss me so, but more especially to let him see that it could never be! I was so sorry for him then. But, dear, how could I love him? He was part of the poetry and fiction from which I shrank. I was so weary of it all, if it were only that we had just come out of the terrible epic of the war and the siege of Charleston. What I thirsted for was, not wine, but simple water from the rock; I wanted to get down out of the air upon the earth again. What I craved was nature, reality, fact. I am so glad he has married that good little Molly Robinson. She is as like to a thousand other country girls as one blackberry is to all the rest, but she will be the very wife, true and strong and sensible, that he needs. And I am so glad that, instead of molding her as he imagines he will into his ideal, she will steadily and very sweetly make him forget that such an ideal ever had place in his imagination. How wonderfully wisely, dear, Heaven orders all such things; and not in the least as we arrange, because so much better! Speaking of Molly reminds me of Mr. Peters's odd little children. When Mr. Peters began to live with us I took such a fancy to them. They had been lost once in the 'bottom' for days, and I think their experience has changed them for life; they were so quiet, with such wondering and sorrowful eyes, the mice hardly more stealthy and mute. I was glad of it on account of my father.

"I can almost hear you say, 'You provoking thing, why do you not go on to tell about Mr. Evans?' Did you ever hear, Helen, about people who never opened a letter from their dearest friend for days on days, reserving it, tantalizing themselves with the future enjoyment of it? Be patient, dear; I want to tell you about Mr. Harry Peters. You know all the negroes ceased to laugh and sing over their work, and when cooking and eating together almost all night in their cabins, as they used to do before freedom brought all the care and weight of themselves upon them. After Mr. Peters came he got them to laughing and singing again almost as much as before — he was so full of his fun, and his dear little wife of her responsive laughter, as much of an accomplishment in her as music, and far sweeter and more natural. He always had some funny kindness to show me. One day he brought me a tin bucket of — tadpoles! 'I wanted you to watch their legs come,' he explained. So I poured them into an old fruit-dish of glass, one of the few relics left by the cannon and shells of the siege.

"'Not a single sign of any legs as yet,' he said, 'only head and tail. Yet you wait, Miss Agnes, and as sure as you live the legs do come! Things don't stay as they now are forever. Changes do happen! Without the seeking of those tadpoles God gives them what they need. If we could only float about and wait as they do!' There was more in the merry eyes and manner of the man than in his words! I thought of my own helplessness, it flashed upon me about *him*. By *him* I don't mean Mr. Peters. I laughed and laughed until

Mrs. Peters and I cried for company. Now, worms browsing upon green leaves while their wings were forming within, to break forth some fine day into radiant butterflies, would have been more poetical. But one is so very familiar with that; the ugly tadpoles were more in keeping with my matters. I laughed every day as I leaned over them, swimming around and around in their world of water in the bowl on one end of my piano, as the people in the other world lean over and look and, possibly, laugh at us. I even told my father about it, and he used to smoke his cigar and watch them himself in his silent way. It did us good, and their legs *did* come; I saw the whole transition! A ludicrous medicine, but it did us good!

"So did Aunty Washington. You know the freeing of the slaves was merely the success of irreligion to her, the overturning of the Bible. It was like Philip of Spain, in my history, and the insurgent reformation. Aunty Washington would have had her race back into their normal and Heaven-ordained slavery if she could, was as bigoted as an inquisitor in her views of religion and heresy, her horror being at the 'fool talk' of the negro men, her double horror at the infatuation of the freed women. It was all I could do to keep anything like peace upon the plantation; she took an aversion to Mr. Parkinson, even, because he neglected in his preaching so fundamental a doctrine as that of slavery. Dr. Alexis Jones, the foppish young doctor, you remember, Helen, was liked by her because they agreed in the matter. It is hardly worth writing, but he argued from the researches of some Philadelphia Dr. Brown, I believe, that the blacks were not human; the hair being oval like that of animals, under the microscope, — 'trichometer,' he called it, — not round like that of the whites; but I would not mention this if it were not what followed from it, for she only knew he was pro-slavery and *would* have him as her physician! I had no idea of writing so much; it is the climate, the weather, my husband! And I have been much more eager to speak of him all this time than you can possibly have been to hear.

"How slowly my thoughts turned to him during all those long, long ages of time, as it seemed! He was away at college, in Europe, learning so much and so rapidly; and I was in *my* school, too, learning and unlearning even more. But, oh, the suffering, Helen! Mamma had said to me, 'I used to think, Agnes, that even the infinite God would grow tired with inflicting so much pain upon his creatures during so many ages! But we will soon know the meaning, love!' Her ideas, however, were more general, Helen, than mine. I have to centre my heart upon some one person, and it helped me to submit, knowing the Father that held the rod. But when I came to know the Son that stooped by our side, and for our sake, to the same terrible blows, I could endure it better! Some awful necessity of pain when even the eternal God stoops to suffer it, for us and with us! We will soon understand, it is eternity without pain, Helen, dear! Sometimes I would say, O man born of Mary, why not some little touch of womanly tenderness to me alone in the world! But, as I asked, it was like a mother's palm upon my head, Helen, the actual pressure of his peace! He was with me! I trembled sometimes in the hush and throbbing sense of his actual presence! No fanaticism, dear, for I would bathe my face afterward and go out and feed the chickens, visit the cabins, do household things, with a positive happiness which could not have sprung merely from within me, no material there for it at all!

"You see how I shrink from telling about the end! I cannot speak of my growing affection; it is a mystery sacred even to myself! Now and then a half-word from the old postmaster about him. Plenty of letters concerning him from yourself — I say nothing of the letters of his you forwarded; I will love you, darling, as long as I live! — and Mr. Harry Peters was, in his way, the ally of the absent. I stood by him, I remember, one day, where the hands were

digging yams; for I stayed in the house as little as possible, was over the whole plantation and in all weather, and took my father, if I could, with me; though time stood still, I must be in motion, or die! 'See this yam, Miss Agnes,' he said, holding up a potato which was half mud. 'Too muddy to touch. Now, see!' and he washed it in the bucket of water standing by, with its gourd, for the hands, and then held it up perfectly clean, as beautiful in its way as an orange. 'A man may be born,' Mr. Peters went on to say, 'may live all his life in a cypress swamp, and be clean from the mud *himself* all the time. Father Hailstorm said last Sunday, we will be dug out of the dust one day clean as you please; on the last day, I mean!' For matters changed after we came, Helen, and Harry is a 'shouting disciple' now; full and purified opportunity he has, these days, for his singular humor! And, by the bye, in the absence East of good Mr. Parkinson with his bride, it was Father Hailstorm who married us: only Harry Peters and his wife being present, for, with one soul beside, all Brown County must have been invited or mortally insulted at not being 'norated' to be present!

"I cannot hasten as I would; my mind came so slowly, in fact, to centre upon him; it *was* centuries, Helen! But it came, that day, that terrible yet happy day, at last! Aunty Washington's latest folly, poor soul, was her faith in Dr. Jones. We feared he was experimenting with her as he would have done with a dog. It was on his last visit to her cabin he persisted, I remember, — please have patience with me, Helen, — in telling me how his Dr. Brown of Philadelphia had written to him for specimens of the hair of all the Indians possible, to be put up in quills duly labeled, and he laughed about entering into competition with Indians, themselves too actively engaged already in a collection of human hair! Nonsense, but it all comes back so vividly I must write it to have it out of the way. The negro, he urged, was but a species of beaver; he had the folly to tell me that Aunty Washington need not concern herself about her soul; 'Has none,' he said, 'any more,' he added as he rode off, 'than any of the rest of us!' Pardon my recording such folly.

"She died before he was out of sight; died, Helen, as true to us and to her old-fashioned religion as any martyr of us all. I was worn out the next day, for she could not endure one of the 'colored ladies,' as she called them, near her when she could help it. I had been beside the dead all night. It was the gloomiest of days. It seemed as if the live-oaks had come yet closer about the house, to droop their mournful moss like crape over the dead. The air itself had halted, as it were. The river ran sullenly through the heavy silence. Except one or two very old negroes tending young turkeys in the yard, all the people were in the field, for Mrs. Peters had gone to her own house with her children for a few hours, after helping me with the dead. It was the deliberate doing of God, the arrival of such an hour, Helen! I had reached, at that moment, the deepest point of descent into the dark valley. My soul, partly in consequence of my reading about Queen Elizabeth, — the history did me that good, — had reached its strongest strength as by pressure of supreme strain. But the body was failing! It seemed to me I could not bear a straw's weight more and live.

"It is as if it took place yesterday. About four o'clock that dreadful afternoon I heard a noise! When I heard the front gate open and fall to in the dead silence, I knew it was not my father, for he had ridden to town, for the first time in months, in vague idea of seeing Dr. Jones, though what for he could have told no more than myself! And Dr. Jones need not have fled the county as he afterward did! Every one knew how very heavy, tremulous, feeble my father had grown! God forbid I should ever see that silly young physician again, but I do not think my father could have lasted, if he had not met him, much longer.

"I was sewing at a white band for

poor Aunty Washington, not weeping, too exhausted for that, not thinking, or feeling even; in the condition, I suppose, of the dying during the one moment before entering upon eternal life. The front gate fell to upon its latch, and all my soul returned again as from its lowest ebb! I knew who it was! I was calm, far more so than I am while I write, Helen. In one moment! And during that moment the centuries had rolled away! Were gone forever and ever! I rose and went out upon the porch. I knew him and did not know him as he stood there. On the instant of seeing him it was with me as when you look at an object in a stereoscope, first a blurring as by the slow blending of the two objects which are the same into one. One! It was but a moment, Helen, and the rude countryman of the centuries ago is blended into and forever lost in the noble Christian gentleman of to-day! But an instant, and we were to each other, and forever, as if we had known and loved each other all our lives. Natural! It was so perfectly *natural!* As it will be at death to us and our friends in heaven forever, after the first moment or two. Yes, natural as trees and sky and every other daily matter; not rapture, nor astonishment, — simple, sweet nature, and matter of course!

"I acknowledge I do not know how or when we would have first met had it not been as it was. He stood there, his hat in his hand, calm, strong, confident, like some royal duke; don't smile, Helen! In that one first glance I saw all he had gained during absence; observed, even, the slight band of red upon his brow from the pressure there of his hat.

"'Please do not be alarmed,' he said, 'but your father needs your care;' his manner expressed all the rest. You have heard it over and over again, Helen. My father had met Dr. Alexis Jones on the road coming to our house. I do not know that he said a syllable to exasperate my father when they met. I do not know what my father may have said to him, for he was greatly angered at his treatment of our poor servant; and then he was so shaken and feeble! He had fallen from his horse. Dr. Jones was off his horse too, trying with terrified face, his lancet in his hand, to lift the poor body from the mire, when *he* rode up from his long absence! It was near the door of Harry Peters' house, and now, there at our gate, was Mr. Peters' ambulance, and laid along in it and covered with a blanket, was my last relative on earth — and dead!

"It relieves me to write it, Helen! I was glad when Mr. Peters had gone home to bring his wife back, and he and I were left alone upon one side and the other of the lounge on which they had laid my father. I was not afraid, with him there, to uncover after a while the face of my, and his, dead. You know, Helen, the noble bearing of my father, and now his whole aspect was nobler than ever; the set face of a king throned forever far above the wreck of South, or North, or the world, or — of himself! You know, dear, I never *speak* upon such matters to any one, but I can write it; could it have been ordered better? The terrible preparation in both of us, my husband and myself, going before; the pain, in my case who needed it most, continued to the last degree I could endure and exist, and then? That when, in my father, my last hope was gone, with my dead father he should come! That, of all the world, he only should be there to aid me with my poor father as with the hands of a son! In the same act, Helen, he had brought me the last of all I had loved most dearly, and the first of all I now love, love, oh how much more! I suppose it will be that way at death; when I let go hereafter my husband's hand in dying, it will be to clasp, as I do so, the hands again of father, mother, Theodore, in heaven! Is it morbid, my talking so much of death and the other life? You know we *do* die as well as live, and that there *is* another world as well as this! and I dare say I will soon grow out of this period of my life, and become worldly enough.

"I spoke of heaven! I tremble at my happiness, Helen. He has come as I write, to the gate, riding his horse, lead-

ing mine saddled for our afternoon ride to the post-office, over the prairie. I will seal this without reading it and take it with me, for we gallop together every afternoon we can through the pure, bracing wind, to the next town for our mail, the very brooks we leap our horses over sparkling with secrets of the silver and gold below the soil. How my blood bounds, and, he says so, my cheeks glow and my eyes brighten! It is not fever but pure health, even if I laugh so much, have so much of nothing to say! Oh, beautiful world! Oh, beautiful God! My eyes dim with happy tears. God has been, in and by all my pain, too, so very, very good! I have called to him to wait only a moment while I beg of you, Helen, to look through my glad eyes at the glorious landscape in this our new home. Brown plain, glittering river, snow-capped mountains in the distance, atmosphere pure and brilliant and laughing with life. The people, too, are free and strong and impulsive as I am. But what do I care for anything else? There he sits upon his horse at the gate, Helen, in the glory of his pure and magnificent manhood, modest as a woman, wise and good and true! He is going into hard work. It may be at railroads, or mines, or schools, or politics if necessary, — pure and strong enough even for that! — whatever is best. For it is Eden, a new world; for a new man and a new woman! We are very happy! I know that it is as natural to our veins, after our long winter, as is its exuberant life, when spring comes to oak and to rose-bush, even if other winters are sure to come hereafter! Strange as it seems to say, part of the solid ground of my happiness is in knowing so well how he will endure calamity when it comes, as in some form it must come to us, too, in the future as in the past; endure it as the cliff of rock endures the sea! No, rather as a child, grown strong enough in virtue of all that has gone before, endures the dealing of one whom he has thoroughly found out to be his personal friend. And next to that other, Helen, I love this man! Love him, Helen, love him, *love* him! If I could only tell you, not merely write you, *how* I love him! I love, Helen darling, as I will love my Saviour and him in heaven eternally! Because by these two I have been made all I am. And he believes the same of me, as if my poor hands had ever lifted him from such a cypress swamp as his hands have lifted me! I respect and esteem your admirable husband, my dear; but mine is a grand duke, an emperor" —

And here I do sincerely think it is time to stop copying her letters! My nerve fails, and I will hasten, too, to mail all this, before reading it over, to the editor of this magazine, lest Helen should suddenly return and I should never do it at all. It is very hazardous! Besides, the entire venture is out of my line of business altogether. I am not as concerned about the opinions of the reader as I am in reference to what these two ladies will think of my mode of closing this simple narrative. Opinion of the reader? I make no pretense as to my way of relating matters, and what to anybody is the opinion people have of facts? You might as well speak of their opinions about iron or coal or land. Which reminds me to state that I intend to make it convenient to be at our company's office on Wall Street about the time the final chapters of this narrative are due in Charleston! I am safe, for the present, from the friends in California; unless, indeed, as is sure to be the case sooner or later, I fear, we have him in Congress; in which case there will be one man, at least, staunch as oak in Washington even!

Few readers of this magazine, to close with due solemnity, but must have heard something of the circumstances of this narrative, which got into certain papers both South and North. If we will wait awhile, unless I greatly mistake, we will all of us hear plenty more about him. About him, I mean, and I inscribe it here in no sense as an epitaph, whom I designate in these pages as — Mose Evans.

William M. Baker.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

I.

THE MUSTERING.

THAT was an admirable idea of De Quincey's, formally to postulate any startling theory upon which he desired to build an argument or a story, and to insist that his readers should regard the postulate as proved, on pain of losing altogether what he had to say. The plan is a very convenient one, saving a deal of argument, and establishing in the outset a very desirable relation of mastery and subordination between writer and reader. Indeed, but for some such device I should never be able to get on at all with these sketches, fully to understand which, the reader must make of himself, for the time at least, a Confederate. He must put himself in the place of the Southerners and look at some things through their eyes, if he would understand those things and their results at all; and as it is no part of my purpose to write a defense of the Southern view of any question, it will save a good deal of explanation on my part, and weariness on the part of the reader, if I follow De Quincey's example and do a little postulating to begin with. I shall make no attempt whatever to prove my postulates, but any one interested in these pages will find it to his advantage to accept them, one and all, as proved, pending the reading of what is to follow. After that he may relapse as speedily as he pleases into his own opinions. Here are the postulates: —

1. The Southerners honestly believed in the right of secession, not merely as a revolutionary, but as a constitutional right. They not only held that whenever any people finds the government under which it is living oppressive and subversive of the ends for which it was instituted, it is both the right and the duty of that people to throw off the government and establish a new one in its stead; but they believed also that every State in the Union held the reserved right, under the constitution, to withdraw peaceably from the Union at pleasure.

2. They believed that every man's allegiance was due to his State only, and that it was only by virtue of the State's continuance in the Union that any allegiance was due to the general government at all; wherefore the withdrawal of a State from the Union would of itself absolve all the citizens of that State from whatever obligations they were under to maintain and respect the Federal constitution. In other words, patriotism, as the South understood it, meant devotion to one's State, and only a secondary and consequential devotion to the Union, existing as a result of the State's action in making itself a part of the Union, and terminable at any time by the State's withdrawal.

3. They were as truly and purely patriotic in their secession and in the fighting which followed, as were the people of the North in their adherence to the Union itself. The difference was one of opinion as to what the duties of a patriot were, and not at all a difference in the degree of patriotism existing in the two sections.

4. You, reader, who shouldered your musket and fought like the hero you are, for the Union and the old flag, if you had been bred at the South, and had understood your duty as the Southerners did theirs, would have fought quite as bravely for secession as you did against it; and you would have been quite as truly a hero in the one case as in the other, because in either you would have risked your life for the sake of that which you held to be the right. If the reader will bear all this in mind we shall get on much better than we otherwise could, in our effort to catch a glimpse of the war from a Southern point of view.

With all its horrors and in spite of

the wretchedness it has wrought, this war of ours, in some of its aspects at least, begins to look like a very ridiculous affair, now that we are getting too far away from it to hear the rattle of the musketry; and I have a mind, in this paper, to review one of its most ridiculous phases, to wit, its beginning. We all remember Mr. Webster's pithy putting of the case with regard to our forefathers of a hundred years ago: "They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest in opposition to an assertion." Now it seems to me that something very much like this might be said of the Southerners, and particularly of the Virginians, without whose pluck and pith there could have been no war at all worth writing or talking about. They made war upon a catch-word, and fought until they were hopelessly ruined for the sake of an abstraction. And certainly history will not find it to the discredit of those people that they freely offered themselves upon the altar of an abstract principle of right, in a war which they knew must work hopeless ruin to themselves, whatever its other results might be. Virginia did not want to secede, and her decision to this effect was given in the election of a convention composed for the most part of men strongly opposed to secession. The Virginians believed they had both a moral and a constitutional right to withdraw voluntarily from a Union into which they had voluntarily gone, but the majority of them preferred to remain as they were. They did not feel themselves particularly aggrieved or threatened by the election of Mr. Lincoln, and so, while they never doubted that they had an unquestionable right to secede at will, they decided by their votes not to do anything of the kind. This decision was given in the most unmistakable way, by heavy majorities, in an election which involved no other issue whatever. But without Virginia the States which had already passed ordinances of secession would have been wholly unable to sustain themselves. Virginia's strength in men, material, and geographical position was very necessary, for one thing, and her moral influence on North Carolina, Arkansas, and other hesitating States, was even more essential to the success of the movement. Accordingly every possible effort was made to "fire the heart" of the conservative old commonwealth. Delegations, with ponderous stump speeches in their mouths and parchment appeals in their hands, were sent from the seceding States to Richmond, while every Virginian who actively favored secession was constituted a committee of one to cultivate a public sentiment in favor of the movement.

Then came such a deluge of stump speeches as would have been impossible in any other state or country in the civilized world, for there never yet was a Virginian who could not, on occasion, acquit himself very well on the hustings. The process of getting up the requisite amount of enthusiasm, in the country districts especially, was in many cases a very laughable one. In one county, I remember, the principal speakers were three lawyers of no very great weight except in a time of excitement. One of them was colonel of the county militia, another lieutenant-colonel, and the third captain of a troop of volunteer cavalry, a fine body of men, who spent three or four days of each month partly in practicing a system of drill which, I am persuaded, is as yet wholly undreamed of by any of the writers upon tactics, and partly in cultivating the social virtues over that peculiar species of feast known as a barbecue. When it became evident that the people of Virginia were not duly impressed with the wrong done them in the election of Mr. Lincoln, these were unquestionably the right men in the right places. They were especially fond of fervid speech-making, and not one of them had ever been known to neglect an opportunity to practice it; each could make a speech on any subject at a moment's warning. They spoke quite as well on a poor theme as on a good one, and it was even claimed for one of them that his

eloquence waxed hottest when he had no subject at all to talk about. Here, then, was their opportunity. The ever-full vials of their eloquence waited only for the uncorking. It was the rule of their lives to make a speech wherever and whenever they could get an audience, and under the militia law they could, at will, compel the attendance of a body of listeners consisting of pretty nearly all the voters of the county, plus the small boys. When they were big with speech they had only to order a drill. If a new gush of words or a felicitous illustration occurred to them overnight, they called a general muster for the next day. Two of them were candidates, against a quiet and sensible planter, for the one seat allowed the county in the convention, and the only difference of opinion there was between them was involved in the question whether the ordinance of secession should be adopted *before or after* breakfast on the morning of the first day of the convention's existence. One wanted coffee first and the other did not. On the day of election, a drunken fellow, without a thought of saying a good thing, apologized to one of them for not having voted for him, saying, "I promised you, Sam, — but I could n't do it. You 're a good fellow, Sam, and smart at a speech, but you see, Sam, you *have n't the weight o' head.*" The people, as the result of the election showed, entertained a like view of the matter, and the lawyers were both beaten by the old planter.

It was not until after the convention assembled, however, that the eloquence of the triad came into full play. They then labored unceasingly to find words with which to express their humiliation in view of the degeneracy and cowardice of the ancient commonwealth.

They rejoiced in the thought that sooner or later the People — which they always pronounced with an uncommonly big P — would "hurl those degenerate sons of illustrious sires," meaning thereby the gentlemen who had been elected to the convention, "from the seats which they were now polluting," and a good deal more of a similar sort, the point of which was that these orators longed for war of the bloodiest kind, and were happy in the belief that it would come, in spite of the fact that the convention was overwhelmingly against secession.

Now, in view of the subsequent history of these belligerent orators, it would be a very interesting thing to know just what they thought a war between the sections promised. One of them, as I have said, was colonel of the two or three hundred militia men mustered in the county. Another was lieutenant-colonel, and the third was captain of a volunteer troop, organized under the militia law, for purposes of amusement, chiefly. This last one could, of course, retain his rank, should his company be mustered into service, and the other two firmly believed that they would be called into camp as full-fledged field-officers. In view of this, the colonel, in one of his speeches, urged upon his men the necessity of a rigid self-examination, touching the matter of personal courage, before going, in his regiment, to the battle-field; "For," said he "where G. leads, brave men must follow," a bit of rhetoric which brought down the house as a matter of course. The others were equally valiant in anticipation of war and equally eager for its coming; and yet when the war did come, so sorely taxing the resources of the South as to make a levy *en masse* necessary, not one of the three ever managed to hear the whistle of a bullet. The colonel did indeed go as far as Richmond, during the spring of 1861, but discovering there that he was physically unfit for service, went no farther. The lieutenant-colonel ran away from the field while the battle was yet afar off, and the captain, suffering from "nervous prostration," sent in his resignation, which was unanimously accepted by his men, on the field during the first battle of Bull Run.

I sketch these three men and their military careers not without a purpose. They serve to correct an error. They were types of a class which brought

upon the South a deal of odium. Noisy speech-makers, they were too often believed by strangers to be, as they pretended, representative men, and their bragging, their intolerance, their contempt for the North, their arrogance, — all these were commonly laid to the charge of the Southern people as a whole. As a matter of fact, these were not representative men at all. They assumed the *rôle* of leadership on the court-house greens, but were repudiated by the people at the polls first, and afterwards when the volunteers were choosing officers to command them in actual warfare. These men were clamorous demagogues and nothing else. They had no influence whatever upon the real people. Their vaporings were applauded and laughed at. The applause was ridicule, and the laughter was closely akin to jeering.

Meantime a terrible dread was brooding over the minds of the Virginian people. They were brave men and patriots, who would maintain their honor at any cost. They were ready to sacrifice their lives and their treasures in a hopeless struggle about an abstraction, should the time come when their sense of right and honor required the sacrifice at their hands. There was no cowardice and no hesitation to be expected of them when the call should come. But they dreaded war, and most of them prayed that it might never be. They saw only desolation in its face. They knew it would lay waste their fields and bring want upon their families, however it might result in regard to the great political questions involved in it. And so they refused to go headlong into a war which meant for them destruction. Some of them, believing that there was no possibility of avoiding the struggle, thought it the part of wisdom to accept the inevitable and begin hostilities at once, while the North was still but poorly prepared for aggressive measures. But the majority of the Virginians were disposed to wait and to avoid war altogether, if that should prove possible. These said, "We should remain quiet until some overt act of hostility shall make resistance necessary." And these were called cowards and fogies by the brave men of the hustings already alluded to.

There was still another class of men who were opposed to secession in any case. Of these, William C. Wickham, of Hanover, and Jubal Early will serve as examples. They thought secession unnecessary and imprudent in any conceivable event. They believed that it offered no remedy for existing or possible ills, and that it could result only in the prostration of the South. They opposed it, therefore, with all their might; not only as not yet called for, but as suicidal in any event, and not to be thought of at all. And yet these men, when the war came, believed it to be their duty to side with their State, and fought so manfully in behalf of the South as to make themselves famous military leaders.

Why, then, the reader doubtless asks, if this was the temper of the Virginians, did Virginia secede after all? I answer, because circumstances ultimately so placed the Virginians that they could not, without cowardice and dishonor, do otherwise; and the Virginians are brave men and honorable ones. They believed, as I have said, in the abstract right of any State to secede at will. Indeed, this right was to them as wholly unquestioned and unquestionable as is the right of the States to establish free schools, or to do any other thing pertaining to local self-government. The question of the correctness or incorrectness of the doctrine is not now to the purpose. The Virginians, almost without an exception, believed and had always believed it absolutely, and believing it, they held of necessity that the general government had no right, legal or moral, to coerce a seceding State; and so, when the President called upon Virginia for her quota of troops with which to compel the return of the seceding States, she could not possibly obey without doing that which her people believed to be an outrage upon the rights of sister commonwealths, for which, as they held, there was no warrant in law or equity.

She heartily condemned the secession of South Carolina and the rest as unnecessary, ill-advised, and dangerous; but their secession did not concern her except as a looker-on, and she had not only refused to be a partaker in it, but had also felt a good deal of indignation against the men who were thus endangering the peace of the land. When she was called upon to assist in reducing these States to submission, however, she could no longer remain a spectator. She must furnish the troops, and so assist in doing that which she believed to be utterly wrong, or she must herself withdraw from the Union. The question was thus narrowed down to this: Should Virginia seek safety in dishonor, or should she meet destruction in doing that which she believed to be right? Such a question was not long to be debated. Two days after the proclamation was published Virginia seceded, not because she wanted to secede, — not because she believed it wise, — but because, as she understood the matter, the only other course open to her would have been cowardly and dishonorable.

Now, unless I am sadly mistaken, the Virginians understood what secession implied much more perfectly than did the rest of the Southern people. They anticipated no child's play, and having cast in their lot with the South, they began at once to get ready for war. From one end of the State to the other, every county seat became a drill field. The courts suspended their sessions, on the ground that it was not a proper time for the enforced collection of debts. Volunteer companies soon drained the militia organization of its men. Public opinion said that every man who did not embrace the very surest and earliest opportunity of getting himself mustered into actual service was a coward; and so, to withdraw from the militia and join a volunteer company, and make a formal tender of services to the State, became absolutely essential to the maintenance of one's reputation as a gentleman.

The drilling, of which there was literally no end, was simply funny. Maneuvers of the most utterly impossible sort were carefully taught to the men. Every amateur officer had his own pet system of tactics, and the effect of the incongruous teachings, when brought out in battalion drill, closely resembled that of the music at Mr. Bob Sawyer's party, where each guest sang the chorus to the tune he knew best.

The militia colonels, having assumed a sort of general authority over the volunteer companies which had been formed out of the old militia material, were not satisfied with daily musterings of the men under their captains, — musterings which left the field-officers nothing to do, — and so in a good many of the counties they ordered all the men into camp at the county seat, and drew upon the people for provisions with which to feed them. The camps were irregular, disorderly affairs, over which no rod of discipline could very well be held, as the men were not legally soldiers, and the only punishment possible for disobedience or neglect of duty was a small fine, which the willful men, with true Virginian contempt for money in small sums, paid cheerfully as a tax upon jollity.

The camping, however, was enjoyable in itself, and as most of the men had nothing else to do, the attendance upon roll-call was a pretty full one. Every man brought a servant or two with him, of course. How else were his boots and his accouterments to be kept clean, his horse to be groomed and his meals cooked? Most of the ladies came too, in their carriages every morning, returning to their homes only as night came on; and so the camps were very picturesque and very delightful places to be in. All the men wore epaulets of a gorgeousness rarely equaled except in portraits of field-marshals, and every man was a hero in immediate prospect.

One day an alarming report came, to the effect that a little transport steamer, well known in James River, was on her way up to Richmond with ten thousand troops on board, and instantly the camps at the court-houses along the railroads were astir. It entered into nobody's head to inquire

where so many troops could have come from at a time when the entire active force of the United States army from Maine to Oregon was hardly greater than that; nor did anybody seem surprised that the whole ten thousand had managed to bestow themselves on board a steamer the carrying capacity of which had thitherto been about four or five hundred men. The report was accepted as true, and everybody believed that the ten thousand men would be poured into Richmond's defenseless streets within an hour or two. In the particular county to which I have alluded in the beginning of this article, the cavalry captain sent for half a dozen grindstones, and set his men to grinding their sabres, — a process which utterly ruined the blades, of course. The militia colonel telegraphed a stump speech or two to Richmond, which did no particular harm, as the old station agent who officiated as operator could not for his life send a message of more than three words so that it could be read at the other end of the line. A little telegraphic swearing came back over the wires, but beyond that the colonel's glowing messages resulted in nothing. Turning his attention to matters more immediately within his control, therefore, he ordered the drums to beat, and assembling the men he marched them boldly down to the railroad station, where mounting a goods box he told them that the time for speech-making was now past; that the enemy (I am not sure that he did not say "vandal," and make some parenthetical remarks about "Attila flags" and things of that sort which were favorites with him) was now at our very thresholds; that he (the colonel) had marched his command to the depot in answer to the call of his country; that they would proceed thence by rail to Richmond and at once encounter the enemy, etc., etc., etc. He had already telegraphed, he said, to General Lee and to Governor Letcher, requesting them to dispatch a train (the colonel would have scorned to say "send cars" even in a telegram), and the iron horse was doubtless already on its way.

No train came, however, and after nightfall the men were marched back to their quarters in the court-house.

A few days later some genuine orders came from Richmond, accepting the proffered services of all the companies organized in the county, and ordering all, except the one cavalry troop, into camp at Richmond. These orders, by some strange oversight, the colonel explained, were addressed, not to him as colonel, but to the several captains individually. He was not disposed to stand on ceremony, however, he said; and so, without waiting for the clerical error to be rectified, he would comply with the spirit of the order, and take the troops to Richmond as soon as the necessary transportation should arrive. Transportation was a good, mouth-filling word, which suited the colonel exactly. In order that there should be no delay or miscarriage, he marched the men a hundred yards down the hill to the station, ten hours in advance of the time at which the cars were to be there; and as there was nothing else to do, he and his lieutenant thought the occasion a good one for the making of a speech apiece. The colonel expressed his hearty sympathy with the woes of the cavalry, who were to be left at home, while the infantry was winning renown. And yet, he said, he had expected this from the first. The time had been, he explained, when the cavalry was the quick-moving arm of the service, but now that the iron horse — The reader must imagine the rest of that grandiloquent sentence. I value my reputation for veracity too much to risk it by following the colonel in this, his supreme burst of impassioned oratory. He was sorry for the cavalry, but they should console themselves with the thought that, as preservers of order in the community and protectors of their homes, they would not be wholly useless in their own humble way; and should any of them visit the army, they would always meet a hearty welcome in his camp. For the present his head-quarters would be in the Spottswood Hotel, and he would be glad, whenever military duty did not

too greatly absorb his attention, to grasp the hand of any member of the troop who, wishing to catch a glimpse of real warfare, should seek him there.

The train came, after a while, and the unappreciative railroad men obstinately insisted that the State paid for the passage of certain designated companies only, and that these distinguished field-officers, if they traveled by that train at all, must pay their way at regular passenger rates. The colonel and his lieutenant pocketed the insult, and paid their fare; but when, upon the arrival of the troops at Richmond, nobody seemed to know anything about these field-officers, and the companies were sent, without them, into camps of instruction, the gallant leaders returned by passenger train to their homes. The colonel came back, he said in a speech at the station, still further to stir the patriotism of the people. He had been in consultation with the authorities in Richmond; and while it would not be proper for him to reveal even to them, his patriotic countrymen, the full plan of campaign confided to him as a field-officer, he might at least say to them that the government, within ten days, would have fifteen thousand men in line on the Potomac, and then, with perchance a bloody but very brief struggle, this overwhelming force would dictate terms to the tyrants at Washington.

This time the colonel got himself unmistakably laughed at, and, so far as I have heard, he made no more speeches.

Meantime it had become evident to everybody that a very real and a very terrible war was in prospect, and there was no longer any disposition to tolerate nonsense of the sort I have been describing. As fast as arrangements could be made for their accommodation, the volunteers from every part of the State were ordered into camps of instruction at Richmond and Ashland. As soon as any company was deemed fit for service, it was sent to the front and assigned to a regiment. Troops from other States were constantly pouring into Richmond, and marching thence to the armies which were forming in the field. The speech-making was over forever, and the work of the war had begun.

George Cary Eggleston.

YOUNG AND OLD.

When young, I slighted art, yet sighed for fame;
Dashed into careless rhyme, and toyed with thought.
When art and thoughts with age and wisdom came,
I laid aside the verse that youth had wrought.
These fruits, I said, were green, that from my bough,
When windy fancies swept, so lightly fell.
A mellower autumn sun is shining now,
That shames the cruder crop youth loved so well.
Yet when it chanced some tender hearts had found
A sweeter flavor in the juiceless things
That lay in heaps neglected on the ground,
Than in the fruits the ripening season brings,
I thought, Must then the freed bird seek its cage,
And youth sing songs for youth, and age for age?

C. P. Cranch.

MODERN CATS.

LET us examine the interior of the cat, and take an inventory of his moral and intellectual furniture.

Webster, in an early edition of his dictionary, goes out of his way to abuse the creature, and even makes himself little less than slanderous. "The domestic cat," he says, "is a deceitful animal, and when enraged extremely spiteful. It is kept in houses, chiefly for the purpose of catching rats and mice."

Would a dog have done worse? In all the sixty thousand words of the English language, which of course the great lexicographer knew by heart, could he not find a couple of dozen that would have been more applicable, or at least more charitable? If he had been born as weak as pussy, and had found it as hard to escape kicks and pick up a living, might he not have grown up a bit of a diplomatist? I should like to know, also, whether he was not himself subject to be "extremely spiteful when enraged."

Then, too, "kept in houses chiefly for the purpose of catching rats and mice!" No account taken of the gamesome ways of kittens; of the pleasure derivable from the grateful purr, the gracious movements, the furry caresses; of the affection which man, woman, and child have lavished upon the most pettable of all pets. It is enough to make one reject Webster's derivations and throw overboard his new orthographies.

As a member of the living household which man has pleased himself in collecting, the cat is useful but not slavish. The bargain which he struck with us was not submission, as was the case with the dog, but alliance. "House me," he said, "smooth my back, give me a bed for my morning naps, and I'll kill your rats and purr to you." What right have we to demand slavishness? We are too ready to suppose that everything was made for man. Perhaps the feline intellect and sense of justice have reached the conclusion that cats were made for themselves. Have they not a right to be as egotistic as we?

According to a late census there are three hundred and fifty thousand cats in England. Counting their board and stealing, here seems a waste; but counting the vermin they destroy, what a prodigious saving! A venerable and trustworthy grimalkin (attached to the editorial staff of the London Standard) assures me that he estimates one mouse and five rats to every acre in England, making a total of ninety-one million one hundred and sixteen thousand of these animals, which annually consume grain enough to feed nearly three million human beings. He adds that, if it were not for the incessant exertions of his kind, these rodents might root out the present population of the island, as the Saxons rooted out the Celtic Britons.

Add to this salvation the innocent and home-like pleasure furnished; the amusing pranks of say one hundred thousand kittens; the multitudinous purrings and rubbings and grave trickeries and expositions of instinct; the old ladies and invalids and lonesome ones whose lives are cheered; the children who are provided with a living doll. True, some birds suffer; but may there not be birds enough for all? On the whole, there must be a large balance due the cats.

In spite of slanders to the contrary, the animal is capable of affection for persons. I had one that used to walk up and down the room with me; another that ran about after me all over the house. A third, after a separation of five months, greeted me with extravagant demonstrations of joy, leaping into my lap, down again, up again, rolling over, tremulous from head to foot, and all the while purring to split his throat. A cat belonging to a lady who died some years since was one of the most pathetic of mourners, insisting with affectionate

persistence upon sitting by the body, wailing as if his heart would break, and remaining for a long time inconsolable. Instances of this sort are by no means uncommon.

It is true that in general the cat is fonder of places than of people. He likes the old home because he knows it thoroughly; because he has investigated its every mouse-hole and studied the advantages of its every retreat from dogs and other enemies; because he, a weak animal, feels sure that he can there feed and protect himself. Moreover, his bump of locality is prodigious, as is shown by the ease with which he finds his way back to the familiar spot, though carried blindfold a long distance from it. A friend of mine transported a cat several times five miles from home, and dismissed it into the wide liberty of earth, only to find it at his house when he returned, or very shortly afterward. A Flemish peasant, says Champfleury, offered to bet that his cat would get home from a distance of eight leagues sooner than twelve pigeons which should be let loose with him. The wager was accepted, and the animal won it. Another story of Champfleury's concerns the favorite grimalkin of a village curate, who was made rector in a little city five leagues from his former parish. Besides the cat, the priest's family consisted of an old servant and a crow. Tommy was something of a thief; the crow had a passion for pecking at his quadruped companion; the granny scolded them both, and the rector interested himself in these small quarrels. The day after the removal, to the great grief of priest, granny, and crow, the cat disappeared. A few days later he was found caterwauling around the old parsonage, was seized and carried back to the rectory. A second flight; the successor of the curate was kept awake by the nightly lamentations of the animal; another forcible restitution, pussy being now in a frightful state of leanness. The old housekeeper tried to win him by kindness, fed him luxuriously, and left the pantry open so that he could indulge his propensity for small stealings. All useless; once more the ancient parish resounded with his caterwaulings; there was danger that wrathful peasants might blow him out of the world with sacrilegious fowling-pieces. But the affection of the housekeeper followed him, and she persuaded a masculine friend to undertake his reformation. The cat was caught once more, popped into a sack, and dipped in a puddle, after which he was carried to the rectory dripping wet and in a state of indignation which can be imagined. The remedy was effectual, and here ended his escapades.

Cats are made uneasy by changes in their domicile. When I lately had a door opened between two rooms in my house, my two pussies surveyed the operations of the carpenters with evident anxiety and distrust, frequently coming up to me with a look which seemed to say, Do you know what these men are about? The door finished, they examined it from one side; walked around the chimney and examined it from the other side; peered through, drew back, looked aloft, smelled, investigated in every fashion; all this before venturing to make use of the new passage. If there is a packing of trunks, a preparation for removal or for a journey, these animals are equally disturbed. In short, they are silver gray conservatives.

There is a prejudice against cats because dogs hate them. We defer overmuch to the opinion of the dog because he is "faithful," or in other words, because he is our humble boot-licker and toady. One of the greatest satisfactions of my boyhood consisted in watching the warfare which was carried on against the canine race by a little and lissome black tabby who abode in the principal "store" of the village. She seemed to be crazy to avenge the wrongs of her kind: she went at every dog-skin on four legs the moment she saw it; disparity of size or numbers was a matter of no consideration. On one occasion a cur rolled howling out of the store in agony; two other canines, who had heard the noise of the conflict, arrived

simultaneously; whereupon the black paws struck out right, left, and forward, one, two, three, with the quickness of rapiers; the result being a victorious cat in the middle and three yelping fugitives taking three different roads for safety. The miller's black and tan terrier, having been once pitched bleeding down a staircase, conceived such a terror of this fierce avenger of centuries of wrong, that, when his master came to the store for groceries, he could not be wheedled nearer than the blacksmith's shop, an eighth of a mile away, but remained there barking anxiously until the imprudent human should return. As for the postmaster's dog, a long, lean, and frouzy spaniel, much given to pointing and setting at stray bones and swill-pails, scarcely a week passed that he was not caught in the storekeeper's garden and soundly scratched for his poachings. Hurry scurry through the squash vines and green corn; dog "a leetle ahead," but pussy close on his bushy tail; now the fugitive reaches the board fence and squats for a leap; in that moment a streak of furry lightning mounts his back and draws a yelp; away now to another hopeful corner, and another and another; a lucky bound at last and then a straight race for life; of course the longest legs win it. This feline fencer was tremendous on eyes; she lunged right at them and held on like a tiger. I have seen a short-legged, stout-bodied, obstinate cur whirl her three times around his head, with her claws fastened in the skin of his stolid physiognomy. She was pitched a couple of yards at last, and with great violence; but the moment she struck earth she was up like Antæus, and at him again. Of all the dogs in the neighboring country, only big Pomp Wheeler was ever known to make Pussy Lewis turn her tail. Both these heroic combatants are now with Hector and Julius Cæsar. Peace to their *manes*, such as they had!

Have cats intellect? A living Frenchman, resurrecting and amplifying some nonsense of Descartes, has undertaken to prove that the spiritual action of the lower animals is not intelligent but automatic. Cats dream; sometimes they dream terrible things, as you can see by their twitchings and cryings; sometimes what is agreeable, as is obvious by their awakening with a look and gesture of pleasure. Now, can any one tell me positively whether dreaming is a result of mental power, or whether it demands something as high as automatic ability? My own heresy is that a dreaming animal must be a thinking animal, and that a thinking animal must possess intellect. As to the question, "What is intellect?" I decline to try to answer it, foreseeing that I shall not have time enough in this life. All that I venture to urge is that the brain action of the cat probably differs from our brain action in degree rather than in nature.

Observe the patient intelligence with which he performs his special duty of watching for prey. He loves ease and warmth; but he will sit for hours in the cold beside a mouse-hole; and before he commenced his siege he had examined the whole room to see if there was any other exit for the vermin; he had effected a reconnoissance which would have done credit to a Mohawk scalp-hunter, or an experienced general. During the last summer my two youthful cats accomplished such a slaughter of birds as made my heart ache, bringing in one or two nearly every day. Now it must require no little reflection, caution, and adroitness, to enable an animal who has merely legs to catch one who has both legs and wings. If the reader doubts, let him try it, and though he take a bag of salt with him, I wager that he does not bring home a robin. It was amusing to observe the plaintive mew of annoyance with which my hunters watched a bird who was obviously beyond their reach.

Champfleury tells us of a cat who used to divide her game between her master and her kittens, only she always brought her rats to the former and her mice to the latter, judging that the larger creature needed and could manage the bigger mouthfuls. My Maltese opens a door which is ajar most judi-

ciously; he does not put nose or foot into the opening, knowing that the former might get banged and the latter pinched; he places one paw against the obstacle, braces himself sidewise on the other three legs, and so pushes; the operation is admirable for caution and for calculation of the needed power. In Greenville, South Carolina, I had the honor of knowing a magnificent tom, weighing eight pounds, who opened doors by leaping up, seizing the knob forcibly between his fore-paws, and turning it, his only defect in the matter being that he could not close the door after him. Some years ago a family residing in New Haven, Connecticut, was alarmed by what the servants supposed to be a ghost, and the lady of the house, a thief. An outside door was repeatedly opened, no one entering but the cat. In spite of watching, nobody was discovered, and the mystery grew to be frightful. At last the ghost was caught, and it proved to be pussy. She had observed, she had reflected, she had drawn an inference; in other words, she had performed three distinct intellectual operations. The result was that she knew how to open doors by leaping up to the latch and pressing her paw on the thumb-piece.

Champfleury quotes from the Baron von Gleichen, a German diplomatist of the last century, a story which shows the feline powers of observation and reasoning. The baron had noticed that his cat was much interested in the mystery of mirrors, looking at her own reflection in them, withdrawing, approaching, and scratching at the frames. His mirrors being all set in pieces of furniture, and an obstacle being thereby put to the animal's investigations, he bought for her especial use a toilette glass and placed it in the middle of a room. Pussy discovered it, walked up to it, butted against it, and thus assured herself that it resembled the others. Next she rushed behind it repeatedly, each time running faster than before. Not catching a cat in this manner, she went to the edge of the mirror, and looked first along the rear and then along the front. Her conclusion evidently was, that, as this strange creature which she had seen was neither before the glass, nor behind it, it must be inside. Sitting up on her hind legs, she stretched out her fore paws and carefully felt the thickness of the plate until she had satisfied herself that it was too thin to contain anything of the bigness of a cat. This fact established in her mind, she seemed to come to the decision that here was a phenomenon which was beyond the circle of her ideas and which it was therefore useless for her to investigate; and, giving it up with a common-sense promptness worthy of the imitation of many human philosophers who have got beyond their depth, she walked away from the mirror and never afterwards was seen to look into one.

As for feline language, there is not a doubt of its existence, nor of its easy comprehensibility to those who are born to it. When one of my cats comes in hungry from a fruitless expedition, he smells of his comrade's nose to see if the latter has had dinner, and, if the mute response is a fragrant one, he "yowps" for his share. From this simple means of communication up to the mew of distress, the mew of inquiry for the whereabouts of the family, the *krr* of joy at finding some one, the purr of calm satisfaction, the caterwauling of rage, the spitting of fright, and the vastly various notes of love-making, there is an extensive gamut. Much of it is comprehensible to us, and all of it is perfectly comprehensible to cats. Have they not orators and songsters among them who are reckoned superior to other orators and songsters? I doubt it not. When two furry rivals or lovers squall at each other by the hour together under the light of the moon, do you suppose that they are not saying a great deal and that it is not all understood? The supposition that so much noise is made without a meaning is preposterous. A vast store would be added to man's knowledge, if he could fully comprehend the speech of animals. He might learn that what he now calls instinct is reason, and that on some points it is a reason as acute as his own.

Let us turn to cat morality. Here we must make the same distinction as if we were studying human nature; we must divide morality into the natural and the social, the innate and the acquired. Can it be absolutely proved that natural morality includes anything more than the proper play of the affections? Supposing this to constitute the whole of it, the cats certainly possess it; at least they possess all of it that is necessary or even possible to an animal in their conditions. A mother who has three or four children at a birth, and perhaps two or three births a year, cannot follow each and every one of her offspring with affection and care during all her life. But while the kittens may be under their parent's charge, what a beautiful spectacle of love she exhibits! The paws open and shut softly; the whole face expresses gratitude, joy, and affection. No other quadruped is so morally and physically beautiful in the act of nursing its young.

The cat brings her kittens to her master to have them admired and to secure their adoption into the family. If he takes one up and caresses it, she rubs against his legs with maternal pride and thankfulness, while at the same time she cannot always repress a little mew of anxiety. What if he should drop it? You can see a shudder in her eyes as she thinks of that, and if it is dropped, she seizes it hastily and bears it away indignantly. After the nursing comes the education: the mother renewing her youth to join in the sports of her infant; now and then a velvety pat to signify, "Enough! don't be silly;" the largest share of the milk as soon as it can lap, and presents of mice as soon as it can devour; a wise and yet tender initiation into the maturities of feline existence. It is true that tabbies are sometimes jealous of the superior favor granted to their playful babies. But I have actually seen a human mother who sought to be the rival of her own daughter.

When to maternal affection we have added the affection of gratitude which the cat bears to her master or mistress, we have reached the end of the natural morality of the species. As for its social ethics, they depend, like the social ethics of man, on education. You can teach a cat that it is wrong to steal; if he won't stop it, he will at least show a guilty conscience; he will squat to receive his punishment, or he will run away to avoid it. Even his strong instincts of the chase can be overcome by tuition. Multitudes of us have seen "happy families," in which cats lived peaceably with mice and birds. I have been amused in Barnum's Museum to observe two diminutive monkeys quarreling for a bed on the large, furry flank of a monstrous Thomas of Angora. What struck me, however, as humiliating to my human vanity, was the fact that this cat purred on being stroked by a monkey, precisely as if he had received the same compliment from myself. Vigneul-Marville tells us of a lady at Paris who taught a dog, a cat, a sparrow, and a mouse to live together like brothers and sisters, sleeping in the same bed and eating out of the same plate. The dog was the most selfish, probably as being the biggest; but although he helped himself first and heartily, he allowed certain morsels to the cat; and both these larger animals surrendered the little bits to the sparrow and the mouse. The dog licked the cat, and the cat licked the dog; the mouse played unhurt between the feline paws; the sparrow pecked one and another without losing a feather. The life of this family of brutes was never disturbed by a quarrel.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, the cat has a high moral standing. Considering his limited means for washing himself, he certainly performs that duty with praiseworthy zeal. He is temperate also, not only as to strong liquors, but in the matter of eating. Such a thing as a gluttonous, corpulent, unwieldy feline is almost unknown. I did, however, have one gourmand of a cat, who was so lazy and luxurious that he would eat lying down, and so fat that he was no good at hunting. I remember his having a half-hour's fight with a chipmunk, which ended in no

greater victory than that the squirrel beat a retreat. Both creatures were out of breath; the cat lay down and panted; the savage foe squatted. Then at it again, pussy cuffing and spitting, the squirrel standing on his hind legs, snapping and squeaking. As I have already said, my corpulent friend remained master of the field of battle, but so tired that he slept all the rest of the day.

Have cats religion? Let us not hastily decide to the contrary. My two cats are aware of no one who has more goodness or puissance than I; and it is quite possible that their veneration for me is religious, or at least superstitious. Of course, they see other mighty men and some mighty women (for instance, the cook); but it does not necessarily follow in their minds that, because I have rivals, therefore I am commonplace. I am strongly inclined to believe that the purrings with which they greet me as soon as possible after daybreak constitute a species of morning devotion. It is true that I am a sham deity, but so were Moloch, Baal, Lucifer, and Ashtaroth false gods, and yet they were honestly and zealously bowed down to.

I have so often alluded to my cats that I feel bound to interpolate a history of them. Nearly two years ago I adopted a couple of twins, a brother and a sister, Patrick and Bridget. They were born on St. Patrick's Day, amid the rejoicings of our Hibernian fellow-citizens. Both had dappled-gray coats, but Patrick was distinguished by his coarser hair and larger frame, while Bridget's glossy fur and elegant outlines were the admiration of all beholders. Different *morale* also: the brother grew up mild, sociable, and affable; you could see it in his countenance. The sister remained wild; she was suspicious of your intentions; she was always on the lookout for her safety; she was caught with difficulty, and was unwilling to be held; she had the expression of a beast of the forest. Amazing was their agility in play, and quite equal their activity after victuals. It took two persons to feed them; one to set down the dish and another to hold the animals, and even then they often broke away and upset the mess. To see them standing on their hind legs, pawing at the plate of meat or saucer of milk, was as appetizing as mustard. The dinner-bell they soon learned to comprehend, rushing for the dining-room at the sound of it in a style which reminded one of old times in our hotels and steamboats, and once there, soliciting food with great energy in their several fashions. Bridget's habit was to mount a chair, stick out her head, glare like a hungry "poor white" of the South, and mew perseveringly. Patrick, a gentleman by instinct, tried what singing and rubbing could do. Both were excessively polite in the matter of receiving caresses. A single touch on the spine would make them rise to their feet and arch their backs, meanwhile pouring out a stream of purr. Tigers in hunting, they were sure shots on any mouse who came within range, and they effected among birds a perfect massacre of the innocents. I was obliged to compose myself by reflecting that, if the Maker of all things taught his cats to catch his robins, I had no right to be miserable over it.

After a time we were tempted by the beauty of a kitten, a pure Maltese without speck of white, to add him to our family. Fierce jealousy on the part of Patrick and Bridget, who lost their appetites and kept out of the house; or, if set to eat with the new-comer, spit venomously and ran away. After a while, however, this bitterness disappeared under the pressure of hunger and of daily habituation. The Maltese was as different from Patrick and Bridget as they were from each other. The most sociable of creatures, he yelled to be taken up, sang like a music-box in response to a touch, was willing to sleep under bedclothes, would endure anything for human companionship. Having commenced life in a fish shop, he had a remarkable taste for New Haven oysters, a delicacy which was rather disdained by his two comrades. Like other pet cats, he was exceedingly fond of warmth, and would lie imprudently near the fire. The result was that he had a fit, and

became for a time sickly and absurdly stolid. On one occasion, as he snoozed on a rug before a Franklin stove, a bit of red-hot anthracite rolled down from the grate and lodged on his stomach. Kitty looked at it and refused to stir; seemed to declare that nothing should get him up; only started from his bed when a large hole had been burnt in his waistcoat. This adventure, coupled with his previous dullness, infuriated us into giving him the name of *Stupid*, a sarcasm which still clings to him, although he no longer deserves it. There is one elevated taste, however, which he has never shared with his companions. As is proper in the friends of a literary man, Patrick and Bridget have developed a great fondness for manuscripts, always selecting them to sit or lie upon when attainable.

When Bridget died (was she indeed poisoned while foraging in a neighbor's yard?) Patrick became thoroughly reconciled with Stupid. But even the solace of this friendship did not cause the Maltese's life to run smoothly. He was a cat of misfortunes; he had a disease which a young medical friend pronounced to be typhoid fever; his ears were hot, his strength gone, and three circular bald spots disfigured his beautiful pelisse. The spots were rubbed with an ointment of lard and zinc, which he licked off; and he was bathed in a decoction of oak bark, which puckered up his tongue so that he could n't lick it off; and the result of the dual treatment was that he survived. Next came a swelling in his left ear. Another young medical friend declared it an external symptom of an abscess in the head. Tied up in a towel, he was laid on a table, and the swelling was lanced. I shall never forget his mew of surprise and pain as he raised his agonized eyes and stared at the surgeon when the knife pierced the flesh. But he did not struggle; he seemed to realize at once that this thing was for his good; and, after a glare of inquiry, he submitted in perfect quiet to the *suites* of the operation. Now came a treatment of lint; then a second lancing, a third, and many; at last he would sit up without compulsion to have his ear treated; in fact, I am ready to risk a Quaker's oath that he held his head on one side, so that it might be got at the easier. The recovery was a long business.

At the suggestion and expense of the human infant of the family, the two cats celebrated Patrick's last birthday, in conjunction with the Hibernian population. While masses were said in the churches and processions trampled after music through the streets, the cats feasted within on lumps of raw meat and slaked their thirst from a pint of milk set out for them in a quiet closet. They ate and slept well all day. Next morning they went to the closet, and stared in amazement to see no milk there. I should like to know what they thought of that day's dispensation, and of the comparatively dry time which followed it.

Every morning they come up to the bedrooms to worship their false gods (ourselves) and to get a nap. Every afternoon Stupid is seized by a certain lady, who insists upon his taking another nap with her, a beneficence against which he sometimes rebels, seeking refuge in alien gardens and other wildernesses. He is a favorite because of his singularly thick, soft, and glossy fur, and because in his youth he was so affectionate and pettable. But he is pettable no longer; he does not often deign to sing when he is stroked; he is a spoiled baby. Meanwhile coarse-haired Patrick purrs most gratefully under caresses; moreover he bows and scrapes and humps his back like a gentleman of the old school; there never was a more courteous and affable grimalkin.

Every week or two I observe some new eccentricity in these animals. One whim is to select a particular spot for repose, sleep there regularly for a while, and afterwards never go near it. Now you will always find one in the hall; next week he takes his nap on a particular chair; then on a special bed or sofa; then up garret. It seems probable that in course of time they will become

as notional as two old bachelors. This need of variety, this disgust taken to old things without any assignable reason, is only one of the many points in which cats resemble human creatures.

But I must return to Champfleury. He has one interesting chapter on the love of distinguished characters for cats. Here, by the way, one is tempted to look through the other end of the telescope and ask, Why not "the love of cats for distinguished characters"?

Tasso addressed the finest of his sonnets to his cat; Petrarch had his favorite cat embalmed in the Egyptian style; Cardinal Wolsey gave audience with his cat seated beside him. There is or was a statue in a niche of the ancient prison of Newgate, representing the famous Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, with his right hand resting on a cat. Mahomet on one occasion cut off the skirt of his robe, so that he might rise without disturbing his cat, which was sleeping on it. Cardinal Richelieu, the great prime minister of France, always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet to amuse him with their pranks. Chateaubriand loved cats all his life, and his passion for them was so notorious, that when he was ambassador at Rome, the Pope made him a present of one. Michelet, the historian and the essayist on Love and Woman, is so fond of these animals that he will even pet a deformed one, and will not allow it to be molested. Moncrif, a clever French writer and member of the Academy, was another cat lover, and wrote *Les Lettres sur les Chats*. Then come the German story-writer, Hoffmann, the French poets Baudelaire, Gautier, and Victor Hugo, the historian Mérimée, and our own Edgar Poe, besides a well-known list of English writers. On the whole, the cats have no reason to be ashamed of their intimates.

There have been artists who have loved this creature well enough to do much good work in drawing and painting him. Champfleury's book is illustrated by eighty excellent wood-cuts, which give us at least a hint of what has been done in this line by the Egyptians, the Romans, the Japanese; by the German Gottfried Mind, "the Raphael of cats;" by the Dutch Cornelius Wischer; by the Frenchmen, Grandville, Rouvière, and Delacroix; by the English Burbank, and several others. It is remarkable that one of the very best of these limners of the feline race is the Japanese Hok'sai, or Fo-Koa-Say, an artist of really distinguished merit, who died some fifty years since, leaving a prodigious number of sketches, many of which have reached Paris. The cats of Hok'sai are so plump and smooth and gracious, that you feel a desire to catch and fondle them. They are even more like nature than the best work of Delacroix, and they are hardly surpassed by the highly finished pieces of Mind and Wischer and Burbank.

J. W. DeForest.

RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

No American story-teller has of late years had greater success, of a good kind, than Mr. Eggleston, who in four years has given us consecutively, The Hoosier Schoolmaster, The End of the World, The Mystery of Metropolisville, and now The Circuit Rider. His books have been read by the hundred thousands; they have been respectfully considered by the most difficult criticism amongst us, they have been translated, we believe, and misunderstood in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, they have enjoyed the immortality of English republication. They merited as much. They were exceedingly well theorized. Mr. Eggleston considered the vast fields of fiction lying untouched in the region of his birth and the home of his early manhood, and for his plots, scenes, and characters, he acted on Mr. Greeley's famous advice, and went West. It must have been that he truthfully painted the conditions and people whom he aimed to portray, for it was in the West that his popularity began, and it is there doubtless that it is now the greatest. He does not deal with the contemporary West, but with the West of forty or fifty years ago; and except in The Mystery of Metropolisville he does not leave the familiar ground of the Ohio Valley. The scene of his first two stories is in Southern Indiana, that of the last is in Southern Ohio. On this ground he was at home, yet he was able to view all the people and situations from the outside, and in the light of subsequent life in the East. Some disadvantages came from this advantage. He was too conscious of the oddity of his material, and he placed an inartistic stress upon unimportant details of dialect, customs, and character. Even in The Circuit Rider, he stops from time to time, in the description of some rude or grotesque scene, to make the reader an ironical or defiant apology for treating of such unrefined matters; or, if he has some wild incident or trait to handle, pauses to expatiate upon it and caress its singularity. This is bad art, as Mr. Eggleston must himself feel, and he ought not to indulge it. The novelist's business is to paint such facts of character and custom as he finds so strongly that their relative value in his picture will be at once apparent to the reader without a word of comment: otherwise his historical picture falls to the level of the panorama with a showman lecturing upon the striking points and picking them out for observance with a long stick. It is not in this way that the masters of the art which Mr. Eggleston reveres accomplish their results. Björnson does not add a word to impress on our imaginations the Norwegian incidents and characters he sets before us in *Arne;* and Turgénieff, in such a Russian tale as The Lear of the Steppes, leaves all comment to the reader. Everything necessary to the reader's intelligence should be quietly and artfully supplied, and nothing else should be added.

We speak the more frankly of this blemish in Mr. Eggleston's last work because we find The Circuit Rider such a vast advance upon his former stories. The Mystery of Metropolisville was disappointing; for

1 *The Circuit Rider: A Tale of the Heroic Age.* By Edward Eggleston. Illustrated. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1874.

Thorpe Regis. A Novel. By the author of The Rose-Garden and Unawares. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. A Compact Itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria, and Italy. With Maps. Edition for 1874. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

Baddeck and that Sort of Thing. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

French Home Life. Reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Life under Glass. Containing Suggestions towards the Formation of Artificial Climates. By George A. Shove. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

The International Scientific Series. The Conservation of Energy. By Balfour Stewart, LL. D., F. R. S., Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Owen's College, Manchester. With an Appendix treating of the Vital and Mental Applications of the Doctrine. New York: Appleton. 1874.

On Missions. A Lecture delivered in Westminster Abbey, on December 3, 1873, by F. Max Müller, M. A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford; with an Introductory Sermon by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

Laocoön. An Essay upon the Limits of Painting and Poetry. With Remarks illustrative of various Points in the History of Ancient Art. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

The Sources of Standard English. By T. L. Kington Oliphant, M. A., of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

though it showed a good sense of character and the story was interesting, it was not so fresh as The Hoosier Schoolmaster, and it had not such poetic elements as The End of the World. It was not an advance; it was something of a retrogression. But in our pleasure with The Circuit Rider we have been willing to forget this, and we are glad to recognize the author in his most fortunate effort. The story is of backwoods life in Ohio at the time when the Methodists began to establish the foundations of their church in the new land, among the children of the Indian-fighters and pioneers, and the hero of the story is one of those ardent young preachers who throughout the Southwest were known as circuit riders. They were each given a certain field of labor by the Conference, and they traveled on horseback from point to point in this field, preaching, praying, and turning sinners to repentance, and at due seasons assembling their forces in mighty camp-meetings, and gathering whole neighborhoods into the capacious bosom of their church at once. No history is more picturesque or dramatic than theirs, and Mr. Eggleston has well called their time the heroic age.

The tale is a very simple love-story, in which Morton Goodwin, amidst the lawless impulses of his first youth, is converted to Methodism, and becomes the Circuit Rider, and Patty Lumsden, the prettiest and richest and proudest girl of the region, who, preserving in the backwoods the tradition of the Old Virginia Anglicanism of her mother's family, resents his conversion, and ends by becoming herself a Methodist, and in due course the Circuit Rider's wife. Abundant incident of many sorts promotes and delays this conclusion, and all the persons of an early Western neighborhood figure before us. The civilizing forces of Methodism in conflict with the native tendencies to horse-stealing, counterfeiting, bloodshed, drunkenness, gaming, and dancing are very well and very distinctly studied. The coarseness, touched here and there with inborn delicacy and fineness; the sordid rapacity of some and the barbaric generosity of most; the despotism of public opinion; the elevation and purifying of popular feeling by the strong religious fervors of Methodism, are facts of the time and place very forcibly seized. The heroine is a real girl, as Mr. Eggleston's heroines are apt to be, and the hero is a heartily conceived ideal of young manhood submitting itself to duty, and turning its wild tendencies to account in battling with sin and in personal encounter with unrepentant sinners; for Morton Goodwin's spiritual progress is from the point where he helps to break up a Methodist meeting, to the point where he leads the sheriff's posse in thrashing and dispersing the interlopers at a camp-meeting in which he is himself an exhorter. Yet we confess that the glimpse we have of the fair, the wily, and (as it is hinted) the many-experienced Sister Meachem, provokes a greater interest in us than Miss Patty's fortunes awaken and we fancy that in the adventurous career of the former the social life of the time could have been more vividly painted. We forgive ourselves for liking this sinner because we have so high an estimate of the most sublime character of the book, Kike Lumsden, who is also, to our thinking, the most powerfully presented. He is the cousin of Patty, and her father is about to cheat him out of his property when the story begins. He is "sixteen; one of those sallow-skinned boys with straight black hair, that one often sees in southern latitudes," and he is of the homicidal southwestern temperament. He defies his uncle and it is in his heart to kill him, when suddenly the circuit rider Magruder appears in the neighborhood, and preaches of each man's sins, as well as of the common wickedness, to him.

"When at last he came to speak of revenge, Kike, who had listened intently from the first, found himself breathing hard. The preacher showed how the revengeful man was 'as much a murderer as if he had already killed his enemy, and hid his mangled body in the woods, where none but the wolf could ever find him.' At these words, he turned to the part of the room where Kike sat, white with feeling. Magruder, looking always for the effect of his arrows, noted Kike's emotion, and paused. The house was utterly still, save now and then a sob from some anguish-smitten soul. The people were sitting as if waiting their doom. Kike already saw the mutilated form of his uncle Enoch hidden in the leaves, and scented by the hungry wolves. He waited to hear his own sentence. Hitherto the preacher had spoken with vehemence. Now he stopped, and began again with tears and a voice broken with emotion, looking in a general way toward where Kike sat: 'O young man, there are stains of blood on your hands! How dare you hold them up before the Judge of all? You are another Cain, and God sends his messenger to you to-day to inquire after him

whom you have already killed in your heart. *You are a murderer!* Nothing but God's mercy can snatch you from hell!' . . . Kike's . . . frail form shook with fear and penitence, as it had before shaken with wrath. 'O God, what a wretch I am!' cried he, hiding his face in his hands." Kike becomes himself a preacher at once. He meets his uncle shortly afterwards, the old man taunts him with his conversion, and strikes him in the face; the young apostle, in heroic obedience to Scripture, has the force literally to "offer him the other cheek also."

He is a sickly, slender boy, and under the hardships of his vocation he breaks down at a camp-meeting, and is carried to the house of the nearest doctor, whose young daughter nurses him through his sickness. They love, and a great struggle takes place in Kike's heart between this passion and his sense of responsibility in his calling; if he marries he must cease to be a circuit rider, the vineyard must lose a laborer. He leaves his love unspoken, and, rising from his bed, goes forth again upon his mission. In a few years he wears out; he is brought back to the good doctor's house to die, and on his death-bed he weds with his love. It is a noble tragedy, finely set forth. It is worthy to have formed in itself the substance of a romance. Of all the figures in Mr. Eggleston's book, Kike stands first in our imagination.

— Thorpe Regis is a novel with a tolerably ingenious plot, carefully drawn characters, and many interesting situations; it shows no lack of observation on the part of the writer, who, moreover, adds a great many amusing remarks of her own in the pauses of telling her story; but, notwithstanding these merits, which might seem all that was needed to make a novel successful, it must be confessed that the interest is very languid, and that the novel is in this way inferior to the other two from the same lady's pen. The story suffers from a general dilution of the material which would have made a better short story, but which is made to do duty in the rather bulky form of the present volume, with the aid of some very pleasing descriptions, and some characters, like David Stephens, who have a very disproportionate importance to the story, in spite of the clearing up of Anthony's character when David is finally made away with. The smoothness with which the filling in is done half hides the fault, but it tells in making the whole novel dull.

Perhaps the best thing in the story is the very pleasing description of the heroine, Winifred. She is very well set before us as a young girl with her disappointment, a sorrow which comes to her not, as is so often the case in novels, because she had thrust her love upon a man who rejected it, but because she has shown a reasonable joy at the promise of what she would have gladly received had it not been denied her. That part of the novel is very well done. Almost as good is Marion's selfishness; and the silliness of Ada, the girl whose character "was just one which the dullest woman would have fathomed, and scarcely a man have read rightly," is not made the vehicle of heavy satire. In fact, the novel is remarkably free from striking faults; it has, however, the taint of dullness. Objection might be made to the improbability of the plot with so much depending on the loss of the letter, but the fault seems to us to lie deeper than that. One can allow almost any vagaries in the construction of a plot, if only, when it is chosen, the characters are kept in the proper relation to it and to one another. Thorpe Regis is, in short, a dull novel with a great many good points. It is like certain amiable people who inspire more respect than love.

— To the third annual edition of Hurd and Houghton's Satchel Guide to Europe have been added three new maps and a calendar of church and popular festivals, pilgrimages, fairs, etc. The Appendix, in which the latest information is embodied, has been rewritten; and the volume may now be safely praised as one of the best of its kind. We have been unable to convict it of frivolity or bad taste, which is saying much for a sort of literature that is apt in its American phase to be trivial and vulgar; and its instructions to travelers on the ground most familiar to us strike us as always sensible, comprehensive, and well-directed. In the small space at his command, the author is, of course, not able to mention more than a hundredth or a thousandth part of the things worthy to be seen in the famous places of Europe, and no doubt the traveler who has had time thoroughly to explore them would find this Satchel Guide's array of objects of interest surprisingly meagre. But this is not the point from which to judge such a book. One must put one's self in the place of the hurried tourist for whom it is prepared, and who wishes to see the things most worthy to be seen. For him it is a safe guide, and

if it has a fault it is likely to be that of superabundance rather than poverty. The amount and the variety of information given is really the occasion for surprise. The chapter of Introductory Hints is very good; and throughout the book the *utile* of statistics about fares, fees, hotel rates, etc., is artfully combined with the *dulce* of opinions upon art and local spirit and character from recent American travelers. Herein, too, the author's limitations have stayed his scissors, and these quotations are apt rather than profuse. And as to Byron, the tutelar deity of the guide-book makers, we believe there is but a solitary passage from him even in the chapters upon Italy.

— By critics who like their humor thick, it has been objected that Mr. Warner's humor is "thin." We do not well understand this sort of criticism, and we have sometimes suspected it of cheapness. It appears to us that it is better to ask of a man's humor whether it is funny or not, and not whether it is thick or thin; and it is by no means certain that the dullness is all in the humorist if one does not enjoy his joke. In his Baddeck, Mr. Warner offers us a pleasure less like that given in My Summer in a Garden, or in Backlog Studies, than that one takes in his Saunterings. There is little interest in the places visited, however, and you must look for your entertainment entirely to the author's mood. The little book is the history of two weeks' sojourn in the down-east British Provinces, chiefly at the hitherto unheard-of Baddeck; and its humor is that of the American vacationist dropping a grotesque comment about this or that which he sees, standing the heat, cold, hunger, and vigils of American and Provincial travel with the comical amiability of our race, and taking his revenge of all discomfort in a laugh — amused at his own inability to grumble seriously at anything, and rejoiced at the smallest opportunity to enjoy anything. The character sketched is mostly that of casually seen fellow-sufferers, and this is always lightly done, from the porter who wakes up the wrong Smith, to the paternal bully catechizing his daughter in Greek history in the railroad car. Droll bits abound, as the bragging Irish gentleman who confides his pugnacity to his friend on the steamer, the various people who did not know the how or when of the way to Baddeck, the drivers and horses of all the Provincial localities, the sleepy fiddler who bumped his head on the back of the seat in front of him, the solitary prisoner of the Baddeck jail, the balky horse of that strange place, the family on the steamer home whose members kept everybody awake by bidding each other good night. The account of the Gaelic neighborhoods of Baddeck, with their old Scotch Sabbaths and their awful religious solemnities, is both novel and entertaining, and there is a very pleasant foreignness in the scenes and faces in this part of the book, which is altogether a very charming addition to the gentler sort of humorous literature. It does not thrust you in the ribs, nor seek to keep you upon the broad grin, but it can hardly fail to amuse you, unless you are one of those austere spirits who require to have their amusement logically accounted for. In this case, Baddeck will not amuse you, for the author nowhere attempts to defend the manifest impropriety of being simply a good comrade, a shrewd and amiable satirist, a humorous observer of matters which many good people would never have thought droll; in short, of not being a thick humorist. His easy and graceful style will add to his offense, which you will feel that he ought not to carry off so jauntily.

— Reserve is not commonly taken to be a French characteristic, but yet in many ways it is one that may be fairly ascribed to that people. There is hardly a country in Europe that receives yearly so large a stream of travelers, who all visit Paris, dine at half a dozen different *cafés*, indulge in the amusements of that city, and perhaps there or in the provinces get a faint insight into the life of some one family, but who in general have to form their opinion of domestic life in France from the novels which avowedly represent but one side of the society of a great country. It is the fashion in this country to bewail the utter lack of home life among the French. The men we imagine to be faithless, and the women too; the corruption of French society is an old story. On the other hand, the French people who see anything of those Americans figuring in Parisian society wonder at the empty lives of the men, and at the heartlessness of the women towards their children, and their wild love of pleasure. We can easily convict them of ignorance; and that we do not see all sides of the question becomes plain enough in the light of so excellent a book as French Home Life, which is evidently written by one who knows well what he writes about. In the chapter on servants, he speaks of the

peculiarities of the English serving-man, and into comparison with him he brings the French servant, showing very well the differences between the systems of the two countries. In France are to be found cheery, active, and generally useful servants, on good terms with their masters and mistresses, and free from the aversion to one another's work which is so often caricatured in the pages of Punch. The reasons of the superiority of the French method the author states to be the feeling of equality which exists in that country, and the kindness generally shown by masters to their servants, who are treated like fellow-beings. Then, too, the adaptability of the French, especially in their personal relations, aids them in getting along well together. Their easy politeness is more useful than the stiff manners of an Englishman.

Perhaps the chapter that will create the greatest interest is that on the children. The French mother devotes herself to her daughters, who, "as a whole, are singularly docile; most of them obey for the best of all possible reasons — because they love. They live in such unceasing intimacy with their father and mother, that the tie between them indisputably grows stronger than in other lands where there is less constant community of heart and thought. In evidence of this, it is sufficient to point out the numerous examples which are to be found in France of three generations lodging together: the old people, their children, and their grandchildren, all united and harmonious. The fact is — and it is a fact, however prodigious it may appear to people who have always believed the contrary — that the family bond is extraordinarily powerful in France." While the effect of their method is most salutary on the girls in making them affectionate and domestic, it tends unfortunately towards making the boys girlish, and very often what in English we call sneaks. The notion of manliness among boys is wanting.

— The reader cannot have forgotten that Atlantic paper of Mr. Shove's, on Life under Glass, which he has now reprinted with some amplifications. There was nothing more taking in this dream of whole communities of invalids and luxurious idlers housed against the vicissitudes of climate, in vast palaces of glass, than the author's firm belief in its practicality; and this we shall be far from questioning. Too many fantastic visions of the past are now the commonplace facts of the present, to suffer us to sit down among the scornful, when any reverie proposes to become a serious project. In fact, we see no good reason why Mr. Shove's plan should not be tried by the same generation which puts an electric "girdle round the earth in forty minutes" whenever it likes. It would be a grim piece of humor, instead of abandoning this abominable climate of ours, to fence it out, drive it into the ocean and let the Gulf Stream swallow it up, or carry it over and Americanize England with it. At least, ordinary enterprise might act upon our author's suggestion to roof and inclose city sidewalks with glass, which could be heated by registers in the pavement, so that people from the country, who are now in the habit of trying to warm their feet over the coal-hole gratings, need no longer be disappointed. In the mean time, Mr. Shove's little book merits perusal.

— The chief infelicity of the very timely and promising enterprise of The International Scientific Series is that it is an attempt to construct a royal road to knowledge, and that this effort must in the nature of the case be something of a failure even when made by royal engineers. The Conservation of Energy and the Correlation of Forces is a topic too intricate, comprehensive, and new to be summarized without vagueness in a treatise of two hundred pages, addressed to readers supposed to be previously uninformed on the theme. We have no hesitation in commending even to popular use Professor Tyndall's more detailed discussions of Heat as a Form of Motion, or the collection of essays by Grove, Helmholtz, Meyer, Faraday, Liebig, and Carpenter, published in this country by Professor Youmans in a volume on the Correlation and Conservation of Forces, as likely to prove more remunerative reading than this essay by Professor Balfour Stewart. But the style of the latter has great merit, and the enrichment of his treatise in the American edition by essays by Professor Le Conte on the correlation of vital with chemical and physical forces, and by Professor Bain on that of the nervous and mental forces, make the American copy of this number of The International Scientific Series an encouraging if not brilliant addition to the list.

Heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and mechanical force are transmutable into each other, back and forth; and, amid all these changes, the amount of force remains unchanged; but, if vital force

and mental action are to be explained by this law of the mutual convertibility and persistence of forces, evidently the phenomenon of a free will and our consciousness that we originate force must appear to the new philosophy insoluble mysteries. This greatest of the standing objections to the theory of the convertibility of physical, vital, and mental forces is here (on page 194 in Professor Le Conte's essay) simply skipped.

— Dean Stanley and Professor Müller, speaking on the same day in Westminster Abbey on Christian Missions, treat Keshub Chunder Sen's famous lecture on Christ and Christianity and the moral theology of the Brahmo Somaj, much as Paul is said, in the ancient Latin hymn, to have treated the tomb of Virgil when he landed at Puteoli and turned aside to the hill of Posilippo to shed a tear over the grave, and thought how much he might have made of that noble soul if he had found him still on earth:

> Ad Maronis mausoleum
> Ductus, fudit super eum
> Piæ rorem lacrymæ —
> Quantum, dixit, te fecissem,
> Si te vivum invenissem,
> Poetarum maxime.

The two lectures are a plea for a broad toleration of variety of means in the prosecution of missions; and they have much local significance as addressed to the church establishment of England from Westminster Abbey, by a dean of the cathedral, and by that professor who is perhaps the best living authority on the history of heathen religions. Müller's rather hastily written Lectures on the Science of Religion have been accused with some justice of exhibiting the moral theology of paganism with so many omissions of historical facts as to its adulterate elements, that the whole picture is of a partisan tinge. But the shallow error of treating Christian morals patronizingly is not committed in this address in Westminster Abbey; and, although the production has no great literary merit, it is a valuable appendix to Professor Müller's previous discussions of Comparative Theology, a theme the literature of which is growing rapidly.

— An English translation of Lessing's Laocoön has long been needed, and Miss Frothingham is deserving of all praise for filling the gap in our book-shelves. In execution her book is all that could be desired, and it is made of greater practical convenience by the rendering into English of all the quotations from other languages, with the exception of some few unimportant ones. The value of the book has been long since determined. It is a masterly exposition of the boundaries of the different arts, as divided into plastic and descriptive. The influence of the Laocoön was very great at the time of its publication, a little more than a century ago, and although it has served the specific purpose for which it was written, in refuting some errors made by Winckelmann, the liveliness of its style, and the clearness with which the author's views are expressed, make it a book that is always fresh. Moreover, errors die hard, and need to be overthrown more than once. The printing of the book is also deserving of commendation; it is in every way creditable to the publishers.

— In his little volume Mr. Oliphant has furnished some valuable material toward the history of our language. He traces the growth of English from the earliest times, showing the way in which successive alterations made their appearance, to what influences the changes were due, and what traces of older forms are still to be found in dialectic use. The greater weight of authority he gives to the northern shires of England. He has prepared a very readable book, which will be found of value by the rapidly increasing class of persons who, inspired by the attractiveness of the subject as it is presented in the many new philological books, are giving their attention to their own language. Like many of his fellow-workers, Mr. Oliphant is full of whims; words from the Latin fill his soul with hot wrath, and the reporter's English is an object of his bitterest scorn. Besides these reasonable antipathies he shows great zeal in using Teutonic words; for example, "The first token of the change in English is the ever-waxing distaste for words compounded with prepositions." Another instance is his use of "even as" for "just as," which seems to savor of affectation, but every page bears the mark of this peculiarity.

Other Publications.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Philosophers and Fools. A Study. By Julia Duhring. — Plato. By Clifton M. Collins, M. A. (Ancient Classics for English Readers.) — History of the Conquest of Peru, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas. By William H.

Prescott. New and revised Edition, with the Author's latest Corrections and Additions. By John Foster Kirke. — The Heir of Malreward; or, Restored. By the Author of Son and Heir, etc. — Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. I.

Harper and Brothers, New York: Armadale. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. — Through Fire and Water. A Tale of City Life. By Frederick Talbot. — Colonel Dacre. A Novel. By the Author of Caste, etc. — The Doctrine of Evolution: its Data, its Principles, and its Theistic Bearings. By Alex. Winchell, LL. D. — The Office and Duty of a Christian Pastor. By Stephen H. Tyng, D. D.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: "Good Luck!" Translated by Francis A. Shaw from the German of Ernest Werner. — The Rhine from Rotterdam to Constance. Handbook for Travelers. By K. Baedeker. Fifth Edition, revised and augmented.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: The Seven Gray Pilgrims. A Personal Romance. By a Subaltern of Artillery.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: First Steps in General History. A Suggestive Outline. By Arthur Gilman, M. A.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Responsibility in Mental Disease. By Henry Maudesley, M. D. — A Daughter of Bohemia. A Novel. By Christian Reid.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Chapters on Animals. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With 20 Illustrations by J. Veyrassat and Karl Bodmer.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: A History of American Currency, with Chapters on English Bank Restrictions and Austrian Paper Money. By William G. Sumner. To which is appended "The Bullion Report."

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Religion and the State. Protection or Alliance? Taxation or Exemption? By Alvah Hovey, D. D. — Guizot's Popular History of France. Parts VIII., IX., X. — Elena, an Italian Tale. By L. N. Comyn.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Essays on Educational Reformers. By Robert Herbert Quick.

Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago: Truths for To-Day. Spoken in the Past Winter. By Rev. David Swing.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: The Italian Girl. By Katharine Sedgwick Washburn.

James Miller, New York: Christ the Spirit: Being an Attempt to state the Primitive View of Christianity. By the Author of Swedenborg an Hermetic Philosopher, etc.

Sheldon & Co., New York: The Wetherel Affair. By J. W. DeForest.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: Heroes of the Seven Hills. By Mrs. C. H. B. Laing, Author of The Seven Kings of the Seven Hills.

Dodd and Mead, New York: Our Fred; or, Seminary Life at Thurston. A Sequel to The Old-Fashioned Boy. By Martha Farquharson.

French and German.[1]

At length, after the interruption caused by the war and the succeeding troubles of France, there appears one sign of tranquillity which has for a long time been absent, in the shape of the new books, which now almost rival their former profusion. For this month there is nothing so important to record as Mérimée's *Lettres à une Inconnue* or Victor Hugo's latest novel, but in Théophile Gautier's *Histoire du Romantisme* we have a book which, as its title indicates, is closely connected with Victor Hugo's earlier work, and, so little has he changed, so constant has he been to his old idols, with what he does now.

The literary revival of 1830 has always rivaled in the minds of Frenchmen the greater revolution which has since been immortalized by Hugo's last novel; and foreigners have been of different minds about it, varying between that veiled contempt which calls itself impartiality, and lavish adulation. As is well known, the culmination of the great struggle was over Hugo's *Hernani*, a play which flew in the face of all the rigid conventionalities that had previously governed poetry and the stage. It broke all the laws of verse-making, and neglected all the theatrical etiquette of formality; there was no web of resounding Alexandrine verse to cover every remark; a line like

"'Est-il minuit?' 'Minuit bientôt,'"

excited a tumult, and a three days' strug-

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Histoire du Romantisme. Par Théophile Gautier. Paris. 1874.

Théophile Gautier. Souvenirs Intimes. Par Ernest Feydeau. Paris. 1874.

gle. As Gautier says, it is impossible for us nowadays to understand the bitterness of the dissension. The line quoted above he says "was considered trivial, familiar, unsuitable; a king asks what o'clock it is like any ordinary man, and he is told, as if he were a country boor, *midnight*." While in this way it did good, any amount of opposition to it seems intelligent when we look at it simply with regard to its own merits, and without considering how much deep and more genuine feeling lay behind it in the minds of those who were loudest in their applause of its unrealities. It belongs to that branch of literature of which an exact description sounds like defamatory criticism. If it is said on the one hand that the lash of novelty has to be very cutting to pierce through so many prejudices, it may be answered that a reformation which begins with principles so awry is unlikely to bring forth good fruit. And, in fact, the issue of it all is extremely disappointing. Victor Hugo remains the greatest of all, and almost unchanged. Théophile Gautier, with all his varying merit, nowhere appears so charming as in this little volume with his tender recollections of his hot youth, when at the bringing out of Hernani he was conspicuous for his red waistcoat and his violent applause. He explains, with all the tolerance and wisdom of a kind-hearted man who has outlived the fanaticism of his youth, and can afford to be amused at it, all that the young reformers of that time meant. He draws a picture of the school of worshipers of Victor Hugo, of these youths with their ardent love of Shakespeare, and their intense hatred of the respectability of their own poets, with a great deal of warmth and affection for his old friends. It was one of those rare times when very young men were promoted from their proper obscurity to unusual prominence. He says, "In the Romantic army, as in that of Italy, every one was young. Most of the soldiers had not attained their majority, and the oldest of the band was the commander-in-chief, aged twenty-eight. This was the age of Bonaparte and of Victor Hugo at that date."

Not unamusing is his description of his introduction to Victor Hugo in those days. He had earned the right by hard work, applauding at thirty representations of Hernani, and he plucked up courage enough to pay a visit to the object of his adoration. At the door his courage failed him, and in extreme terror he sat down upon the stairs, "and suddenly Victor Hugo appeared in all his glory. Like Esther before Ahasuerus, we nearly fainted. Hugo was not able to hold out the golden sceptre, as did Ahasuerus, to encourage us, because there was no golden sceptre in his hand, which astonished us. He smiled, but he did not seem surprised, for he was in the habit of meeting every day, upon his staircase, terrified young poets, blushing crimson or pale as death, and even grown men, confused and stammering. He received us with the most gracious politeness, and invited us into his parlor."

With the same half-amused air, sometimes accompanied by a gentle pathos, he gives an account of all the companions of his youth. In no one of his books is there a pleasanter personal flavor than in this. His books of travel are cleverer and more brilliant in every way; his *Capitaine Fracasse*, of course, is not nearly rivaled, but the amiability and kindliness of heart which fill this volume are extremely pleasant. He seems absolutely devoid of jealousy, to have been warmly devoted to his friends, and ready to ignore their faults and pick out their virtues, after a fashion which must have made him very dear to them.

— A less agreeable impression is given by Feydeau's *Théophile Gautier*, a book which has every fault that a biography can have. It is three quarters Feydeau and the rest very much diluted Gautier. It is to be remembered that it is the last work of a man never conspicuous for intellectual vigor, after he had been seized by a mortal disease, and written when he was more inclined to make than to write books. All of Feydeau's recent books show the lamentable weakness of a man who was puffed up with every sort of vanity and self-importance, and these qualities sadly disfigure this slight sketch. Underneath all the verbiage we get the same impression of Gautier's kindliness. In him, and much more in Feydeau, his disciple, we also detect the extreme unsatisfactoriness of that well-worn battle-cry of a certain school of writers of art for art's sake. Perhaps a rallying shout like that phrase is not to be examined too critically by those who are anxious to find out its meaning, but still, since it is brought forward as a trite argument, such an examination may not be out of place. If there were no other feeling in the mind of men than one for art, it would be only natural and proper that all creative work of the brain should have no other aim than that of gratifying this feeling, but in that case, of course, it could not fail to do it,

and the maxim would become a platitude. Since, however, man is a notoriously complex being, it is impossible and so unadvisable for him to try to silence every other demand of his nature, and especially the instinctive utterances of his conscience, for the titillation which the enjoyment of things he cannot approve gives him. Feydeau and Gautier felt themselves sorely pressed by those critics who brought the test of what was decorous to the judgment of literary work. Not that they ignored every sense of propriety, but that their rules were very lax. They fought, or at least Gautier did, for Feydeau need not be counted, against the Philistinism of the every-day world. Yet, while it would be a gloomy world in which all the books were tracts, it is also not hard to imagine a state of things in which men who followed out the most conspicuous tendency of those who advocate "art for art's sake," might make reading a less improving exercise of the mind than it is now customary to regard it.

The most conclusive argument against the fallacy is the decay, the gradual dry-rot, which has infested so much modern French literature. "Art for art's sake" was taken as meaning freedom to use any sort of vileness to lash the jaded appetite which is insatiably demanding more and more highly-spiced food, without the existence of a right to examine the soundness of the enjoyment that may be derived from it. What is the impression made by Victor Hugo? Is it not that of a man who with many and rare talents has spent his life in following chimeras, in continuing as a grown man what was only endurable when part of the aggressive excess of youth? Like a certain number of musicians he wins our attention by perpetually striking discords. Gautier, while he leaves a melancholy sense of incompleteness, was a master of good writing, and generally of good taste, but as a whole the failure of the school is most noticeable.

At the end of Gautier's volume is an account of the progress of French poetry since 1848, which is in fact a history of it since 1830. This was a barren subject even for his easy pen. His criticism, or rather, his narration, belongs to the "genial" style of which he was so accomplished a master. Praise is distributed with a lavish hand. Even when he does his best, the showing is but a poor one. On the whole, the volume is deserving of praise for the light it throws upon the character of the writer, and the information it gives us about the most interesting period in the French literature of this century. In fact, to form an adequate idea of it, it will be absolutely necessary to read this entertaining volume.

ART.

During the months of April and May, society in New York enjoyed a new experience. It found itself taking pleasure in one of the yearly exhibitions of the National Academy of Design. A long time had elapsed since it had cared to know even so much as that the exhibition was opened; as for wasting its precious time in visiting it, and giving up to pot-boilers and experiments what was meant for shopping and the matinées — that was a thing that had long ceased to occur to it. And certainly no one could blame society for its indifference. The artists themselves had so long neglected the interests of their own institution, that it was on the very verge of bankruptcy; they had wasted, in bickerings, the time that should have been used in hard work, and they had tried every scheme to mend the fortunes of the academy, and to put money in its purse, but the one scheme of painting the best pictures they knew how to paint, and making of them an exhibition that would at least deserve the respect that is due to well-meant endeavor. This being the state of things, who could wonder that the academy declined?

There was a time when no one who knew the condition of affairs would have been much surprised to hear that the academy no longer existed; that it was hopelessly bankrupt, and that the building was to be sold. Yet, though the public was prepared to hear this, it is not to be doubted that it would have been unwelcome news. For, strange as it may seem to say of a great city like New York, yet it is true that the academy is almost the only historic link

that connects the culture of to-day with the culture of half a century ago, when the city was just emerging from boyhood into manhood. As soon as the new academy was fairly established, it proved a centre about which whatever was educated, cultured, and refined in the city had naturally gathered; and the best society had honored, in the persons of the artists, the art which they served with all the ability they were possessed of. It is easy to speak slightingly of our elder artists, and to compare their work disparagingly with the pictures that are painted to-day, but it is only just to them to declare our conviction that in proportion to their powers they did more for the general culture than those that have followed them are doing to-day. There was not only a heartier and wider sympathy among the artists themselves, but they held by closer ties to the cultivated society of their time. That things are different to-day is neither the fault of the artists nor of society. It is one of the inevitable results of the great change that has come over the country at large, in the last twenty-five years, and which, perhaps, has produced no more striking change anywhere than in the city of New York.

All that we have felt a right to complain of has been that the artists themselves did not do what might fairly be expected of them. There was a general inertness in the whole body of artists; there were very few of them who accomplished in any given year either all the work they could have done, or work of as good quality as they were able to produce. We heard a great deal about "receptions" and "private views" and "Saturdays," and there was a get-up about the cards and invitations to these exclusive gatherings that was suggestive of heavy stationer's bills, if of nothing else. But when one came to see the pictures to which all this satin paper, and double envelope, and gold printing, invited us, one too often perceived a sad discrepancy. There were elegantly furnished rooms, filled with ladies and gentlemen, the artist's personal friends; there were flowers, and sometimes music, and sometimes refreshments and general enjoyment; but there was as little art as possible, while an uncomfortable suspicion that the whole affair was "shop," made itself felt. The truth is, the artists had a great deal to contend against in the indifference of the society in which they lived to culture and the arts, and, what was perhaps as serious an obstacle, in the influx of a great number of the more skillful, more showy, and more interesting productions of European painters. There can be no denying that these works, the product of a school accomplished by long years of training, not only satisfied, more fully than the productions of our own men, the demands of educated and cultivated Americans, but that they did an immense deal to elevate the standard in art of the whole community, at least so far as technics are concerned; and while this process of teaching was going on, our artists were suffering in their pockets, and were greatly discouraged. They could not please the people who buy pictures, and they could not stand up against the critics, and so it came about that they saw no other resource but to put out as attractive a bait as they could for society and the newspaper men, and try if it were only possible to make artists and art the fashionable thing.

Of late, matters have been sensibly mending. For one thing, the character of the foreign pictures imported into this country has greatly fallen off. The competition not only among our dealers at home, but also between these and the dealers in England and France, has been so great that for the last two or three years it has been difficult for the artists abroad to supply the demand for their pictures, and they themselves have in too many cases fallen into evil ways. But a more affirmative and more encouraging reason for the better state of things that has begun to exist among us is to be found in the fact that the artists themselves are showing more earnestness, and are beginning to take hold of things by the handle. There are enough of them who never bent the knee to Baal, and who, when "receptions" were hottest, stuck to their craft, and loved the silence and the privacy of their studios, to come to the rescue now that the old order is changing, giving place to new. And we feel that with only a few men born artists, living in their vocation, and trained by serious study, a complete revival can be accomplished; is, indeed, actually being accomplished.

There has, however, been danger this year, that in the general pleasure at the improved character of the exhibition, the proverbial good-nature of our public might work some mischief. We are still too much like children, easily depressed, easily pleased, and the artists have been making it so uncomfortable of late with their yearly exhibitions, that a show even a little better than

usual seems a great improvement, and we talk and write about the exhibition of the present year as if it left very little to be desired. But, after all, when we come to look at it with coolness, we find that the excellence of the collection is reflected over the whole from a few really good pictures, and from a few whose authors tried hard to make them good; while there is the negative recommendation that there are very few of those pictures that in former years made the exhibitions of the academy a mortification to its friends, and a laughing-stock to its enemies. Mr. Rossiter and Mr. Leutze are dead, Mr. Lang has returned to Europe and paints no longer, and Mr. Bierstadt has gone West and finds, let us hope, among Pikes and Diggers more congenial and unsuspicious spectators of his wonderful works than he could hope for in the sophisticated East. Lest we should forget him utterly, however, he has sent one picture to the present exhibition, of which we refrain from saying anything, since his friends deprecatingly assure us that "it is a long time, you know, since Bierstadt saw any good pictures, and he could not tell how this one would look, and, beside, it was not fair to hang it in so conspicuous a situation."

There are, however, signs enough that people are still ready to welcome any one who can make "a sensation," and the most popular pictures in the present exhibition have been Vaini's Veronica gazing upon the Head of her Dead Rival, S. J. Grey's Going to the Opera, and Schenck's Lost: A Souvenir of the Auvergnes. Schenck is a well-known contributor to the Paris Salon, and his pictures of sheep — sheep are his *spécialité* — have been often photographed and engraved. He is not an American, but a native of Holstein, and he has long been a resident of Ecouen, where he is one of the favorite members of the artist society of the little village Édouard Frère has made famous, and whence he often comes to Paris and seeks the society of Americans, for which he has a particular liking. It is worth remarking, by the way, that the group of American artists associated with Ecouen, and, indeed, the French-American artists in general, are but little known among their own countrymen, while deserving better than to be wholly unknown. Yet how many of us have ever heard of Bacon, or Meyer, or Helmuth, or Bridgman — names not famous, we admit, but every one of them a name that was once at least rich in promise; nor is it easy to understand why we have not from some one of them received a work or works that might have justified the early hopes they excited. Schenck's picture (the French pronounce the artist's name, Shenk) is a striking and spirited representation of a group of sheep overtaken by a whirlwind of snow in the mountains of Auvergne. It has, in one sense, no right in the exhibition, which ought to be made up of pictures by American artists exclusively, but it is well to have smuggled in so strong a work under any pretense. There is thoroughly good drawing and effective composition in this picture; in color it is nothing, being indeed not much more than a drawing in black and white. Its size and the vigor with which it is painted have secured for it the place of honor, in the middle of the long wall of the large south room.

Mr. Vaini's pictures are the first appearance among us of an Italian artist who has lately settled in New York, and technically speaking his pictures have no more right in the exhibition than that of Mr. Schenck. And it is really a pity that so convenient excuse had not been accepted for rejecting such morbid and disagreeable performances. The Veronica represents an Italian lady, of whom one of Guerrazzi's romances tells us that she had the head of her rival cut off and sent to her faithless husband done up in his week's wash. The picture is meant for horrible, but it comes only so near it that our gorge rises at it. Veronica is a weak little woman, who is scowling in make-believe passion of some kind, she does not exactly know what. She clutches the arm of her chair with a hand out of drawing; the head of the other lady lies on the table in a garnish of ruffles, and a bloody cloth with some bloody straw, in which the head has been wrapped, lies on the floor. At the opening of the exhibition this picture made considerable talk, but after a while the public reasoned itself into a better state of mind, and came to the sensible conclusion that such pictures could not be pleasing to the gods and ought not to be pleasing to men.

Mr. Grey's Going to the Opera disappointed all the friends of this really clever and skillful artist, who for his part must have felt also disappointed at the reception a work on which he had spent so much time, and on which he had built so many hopes, met with from the whole body of responsible writers for the press — a body, we may say, with whom Mr. Grey has been a

particular favorite. The picture contains at least fifteen figures, all portraits, and they are grouped in a composition intended to show us a family gathering on an ordinary evening when some of the party were to go to the opera. The grouping is forced and unreal, every face stares, and every figure has the ease of attitude communicated by the head-nipper of the photographer to his sitter, while as if to impress us with the fact that the photographer's part had been no small one, the head of the family is shown sitting apart in the foreground, timing the whole group with his watch as if he were bathing a negative. The time of day is represented by a lighted chandelier of the most hideous design, painted with make-believe realism, and looking, as too many of these monsters do, like a locomotive after a collision.

These, if we except Mr. Page's unfortunate William Shakespeare, were the chief attractions of the exhibition to the great body of the public, but even the crowd came to take pleasure in Mr. W. T. Richards' noble sea-piece, in Mr. Whittredge's fine landscape, A Home by the Sea, in Huntington's fine portrait of Mrs. Tibbits, — the best portrait in the exhibition, — in C. C. Coleman's Street in Rome, and the Chapel of the Cambio at Perugia, in Mr. S. R. Gifford's Sunset on the Sweetwater, and not a few others, that did yeomen's service in redeeming the year from the fate of its predecessors. The attendance was unusually large from the opening of the exhibition to its close, and, what is of importance to the artists, more pictures were sold, and at good prices, than were ever sold before, certainly at any one exhibition, and more we suspect than were sold in at least the five preceding years put together. This is encouraging, but we earnestly hope it may not prove too encouraging. Our artists are too easily satisfied, and the public is not exacting enough. The exhibition contained less than a dozen first-rate works, and not one work of high imagination or even of masterly technical skill. The finest works were Mr. W. T. Richards' Sea-piece and Mr. C. C. Coleman's Chapel of the Cambio; but, beautiful as both these were, they showed only in Mr. Coleman great manual patience and dexterity, and a highly refined taste, and in Mr. Richards an equal patience devoted to a grander subject, and a strong sympathy with nature. But these things cannot satisfy our craving for some one who shall carry out for us the promise made so long ago, in the days when our world was young, by Allston, whose wand seems buried fifty fathom deep. Is it a mere chance or is some fault in us at home, that we have no one among us who can be to us what our strayed children might have been to us, and what they have been to the land they preferred to ours? We have given England our Stuart Newton, our Leslies, — father and son, — our Boughton, and our Whistler.

— The necessities of magazine publishing have prevented our referring earlier, as we should have been glad to do, to a service rendered early in March by the New York Tribune, in printing a letter from Mr. Bayard Taylor giving an account of Dr. Schliemann and his recent discoveries in the Troad. A few days after the publication of Mr. Taylor's letter, we received from B. Westermann & Co., New York, a copy of Dr. Schliemann's book with the accompanying atlas of 218 photographic plates, illustrating not only the objects discovered in the diggings at Hissarlik, but the localities themselves. The atlas, so long looked for with lively expectations of a renewal of the pleasure received from the Di Cesnola Collection of Cypriote Antiquities, is certainly disappointing at first sight. The photographs themselves are rude, in many cases nearly impossible to make out, and what is worse, they are in great part taken, not from the objects themselves, but from (Dr. Schliemann's?) drawings of the objects. Let us say at once, however, that these drawings are not open to the suspicion of being dressed up to make them attractive. They rather give the notion that they do injustice to their originals, by showing them less shapely and less highly finished than they are. On closer examination, however, and on comparing the photographs from drawings with those from the real objects, it is plain that the drawings sufficiently represent the reality, the articles found by Dr. Schliemann betraying a very rude state of civilization, akin to that of the lake-dwellers, or of the people who made the rudest of the objects in the Di Cesnola Collection. So far as beauty of form or a feeling for design are concerned, we are in no way gainers by Dr. Schliemann's find. The jewelry is savage, recalling the wampum of our own Indians, there is no glass, and among all the specimens of pottery there is hardly one graceful shape. The most interesting objects are the so-called disks, which must to many persons recall the sea-urchin, and the arrangement of the lines (scratched?)

upon them, in astonishing variety, is evidently based upon the figures so delicately, and with such beautiful and symmetrical design, pricked upon the flattened side of the sea-urchin. The interest of Dr. Schliemann's discovery is almost purely archæological, but in this field it is one of the most important and widely interesting finds that has been made in modern times.

— One of those slanders of American artists abroad, which appear from time to time, has just been extinguished, perhaps more effectually than any former falsehood of the kind. A Mr. Stephen Weston Healy, studying sculpture at Florence, wrote to a New York paper charging that Mr. Story, of Rome, and Messrs. Gould, Mead, Connolly, Park, Turner, and others, of Florence, were in the habit of having great part of their modeling done for them by a Florentine named Mazzuoli, and declaring that certain other sculptors would substantiate this charge. The friends of each of the artists accused have appeared in his defense, and satisfactorily vindicated his good fame. The sculptors to whom Mr. Healy permitted himself to refer for confirmation have denied all complicity in his charges. Finally, Signor Mazzuoli has made oath that he never did the work imputed to him, but simply cut draperies designed by the sculptors. Such is the fate of Mr. Healy's slander, which, we take pleasure in assuring the American sculptors in Rome and Florence, was never entertained in America except by prejudiced or ignorant people.

MUSIC.

The most readable, and in several ways the most repaying book on general musical topics, among the host of similar works that are constantly appearing in Germany, is A. W. Ambros' second series of *Bunte Blätter*.[1] The author treats whatever subject he is handling with a graceful lightness of touch that has all the easy fascination of the best French *feuilleton* style, while the sound knowledge, the perfect grasp of his subject that inevitably makes itself felt through all his pleasant chit-chat, gives the reader a comfortable sense of not wasting his time on the mere amenities of graceful diction. Neither are special Teutonic characteristics wanting; his thirst for generalization is immense, and he seems always eager to attack his subject *in toto*, in its widest possible signification. He delights in intellectual genealogy, and cannot rest until he has traced every fact that comes under his notice back to its aboriginal prototype. Like most chatty writers, when once launched in debate, he wants plenty of sea-room. Time and space are nothing to him, and if he thinks that he can give the reader a clearer, and above all a more comprehensive view of the subject by transporting him suddenly to the Feejee Islands, or taking a flight back over two or three centuries, he is perfectly ready to do it. Of persistent argument we find little in his writings; he seems to take for granted that the reader is of his opinion, and it never occurs to him to take up the didactic vein. His book is full of valuable suggestions rather than of fixed doctrines. He takes a view of his subject from so many different positions that we are not seldom at a loss to know what special conclusion he has at last arrived at. Perhaps he very often comes to no distinct and final conclusion himself. In working up his subject, all the exact information he gives us is merely incidental; the variety of ideas he suggests is immense, but when the ideas are once suggested, he leaves them to take their own course unassisted, and immediately hurries on to some other as yet untried point of view. After reading the Bunte Blätter it would be impossible to say what particular school of music he pins his faith to. His object in writing seems to be rather to learn than to instruct; the public are let into his intellectual laboratory, and are there allowed to pick up what bits of knowledge they can.

Many chapters in the book are well worth translating into English, especially the one entitled, *Die musikalische Wasserpest*, in which he treats of Offenbach *et*

[1] *Bunte Blätter*, Skizzen und Studien für Freunde der Musik und der Bildenden Kunst. Von A. W. Ambros. Neue Folge. Leipzig: Verlag von F. E. C. Leuckart (Constantin Sander). 1874. (To be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street Boston.)

hoc genus omne, and which is, perhaps, everything considered, the best in the book. It is one of the very few justly appreciative criticisms of Opéra Bouffe that we have yet seen. Taking Hamlet's "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps," for his motto, the author begins quite an elaborate notice of humorous opera in general from the time of Monteverde down to the present day. It were difficult to find more instructive matter, compressed into so small a space, than he gives us in the first twenty and odd pages, in which he passes in review the principal composers of comic opera in Europe from Alessandro Scarlatti down to Auber. Among other excellent things, we must particularly praise his masterly notice of Cherubini's *Les deux Journées*. When he has dwelt sufficiently upon Auber, Adam, Hérold, and the French composers of that stamp, he goes on: —

"While the sun of old Auber was setting, and he nevertheless continued composing, there sprang up in Paris a German, *i. e.*, a composer accidentally born in Germany, of the same race as Meyerbeer, an inverted Antonio Montecatino of Goethe, around whose cradle the Graces assembled, but on the other hand all the other gods stayed away — a composer who perhaps did not in the beginning suspect that he was appointed to become a musical world-power: Jacques Offenbach. When his *Orphée aux Enfers* came across the Rhine, we could all laugh heartily, and without any scruples, at his topsy-turvied Olympus. Who has not been amused when Orpheus, who in reality thanks all the gods that he is rid of his Eurydice, is forced by an allegorically embodied Public Opinion to fetch her up again out of the lower world? (Offenbach hardly dreamed that in Monteverde's *Orfeo* the hero is in like manner escorted down to Orcus by Hope — *La Speme!*) The *Mariage aux Lanternes* showed, on the other hand, that Offenbach was trying to walk in Auber's footsteps, a path which he was destined to leave soon enough. The abysmal corruption of the second empire was not to be served by wit and humor alone; it demanded a moral game-flavor — the stronger the better! Offenbach's comic muse (or whatever the capricious being who inspires him may be called) began to show more and more plainly her faun's smile, and at last in *La belle Hélène* struck the key-note, which has since then been the prevailing one in Offenbach and the *servum pecus imitatorum* who have composed after him."

Ambros goes on to notice more particularly the Offenbach operas that were produced in Vienna in 1872, *Fantasio*, *La Boule de Neige*, and *Le Corsair Noir*. He says, quoting from the *Augsburger allgemeine Zeitung*: "The Egyptian plague of the century has been Sardou's and Offenbach's muse; the sensuous destruction of taste through a vulgarity of the stage that is fast becoming classic." He speaks at some length of Offenbach's power of caricature, ending with, —

"The French are masters in this sort of comic production (think, for instance, of Grandville's drawings and the well-known busts of Dantan, among a host of others!), and Offenbach has caught their idea and applied it to music. This decided, and certainly by no means despicable talent which Offenbach was endowed with, and has cultivated in the fittest place in the world, namely, in Paris, has led him, even in the choice of his subjects, to enter upon a path in which this talent of his can exercise itself in the most brilliant manner. Rossini's Doctor Bartolo is really a second Cato when brought into comparison with the mad figures that go rollicking about in *Barbe-bleue*, *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, or *La Princesse de Trébizonde*. We may shake our heads ever so suspiciously in the midst of this madcap world of grimaces, in this antic carnival of the mind, but we cannot help feeling cheerfully stimulated, and the accusation we are about to make is stifled in the unquenchable laughter into which we break out in spite of ourselves. These musical farces have, after all, their own significance as works of art, in the history of music; by which I do not mean to say that they are classic music of permanent value. Offenbach is an original, and if not exactly praiseworthy, or in any way a model worthy of general imitation, he is yet a remarkable phenomenon of his kind. But Heaven preserve us from his imitators, who are already beginning to spring up here and there."

How much real artistic harm is or can be done by these *bouffes* farces is a question that it is difficult to make up one's mind on. We cannot think but that Ambros overrates the evil in this respect. We think that a much more pregnant source of anxiety to the art-lover is hinted at in the author's next chapter, on Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet*. He says: "Hamlet as an opera! — as a modern French opera in the grand style! . . . If matters continue in the path they are now traveling at racing speed,

we shall soon have the entire German and English classical tragic literature worked up into opera libretti. We have already a *Don Carlos* by Verdi, a *Luisa Miller* by Verdi, a *Giovanna d'Arco* by Verdi, *Masnadieri* by Mercadante, *Guillaume Tell* by Rossini, *Faust* by Gounod, *Roméo et Juliette* by Gounod, *Otello* by Rossini, *Macbeth* by Chelard and the same by Verdi — and now also *Hamlet* by Ambroise Thomas. The worst of the business is, that the originals of Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, are pretty well knocked on the head for the general public by the respective opera scores. Are they supposed to have such a preponderance of merit or of real effective power? Oh no; but a tragedy is most serious enjoyment; it demands the participation of the spectator, mental absorption, and even somewhat of intellectual work: in the form of an opera, on the other hand, this intellectual work has become once for all pure, sensual enjoyment; the spectator's ear is tickled with melodies, is set a-quiver by masses of sound, his eye is dazzled by ballets, processions, and splendid decorations — and instead of having to rivet his attention upon whether a fine histrionic talent conceives aright the dramatic character of an Othello, a Hamlet, a Desdemona, or an Ophelia, and carries out this conception with corresponding power, he is only disposed to listen to the favorite songster or songstress; and a successful *roulade*, a brilliant trill, accompanied with the traditional opera gesticulation, richly compensates him for the want of good declamation and true acting."

We must insist that true art is in far greater danger of suffering from the widespread popularity of these operatized classic tragedies, which come before the world with all the pomp and assurance of serious works, and which can for the most part only be listened to as fashionable after-dinner keep-awakes, than from the most outrageous parodies of the Opéra Bouffe. The moral injury which these French bouffes may inflict upon a community is a very different thing. The recent visit to Boston of Mademoiselle Aimée's company has called out almost a torrent of virtuous indignation from the daily press. Yet, of all the forms of tainted literature and art, Opéra Bouffe is the least injurious. Compared with a large class of French fiction, not of the universally tabooed sort like that infamous, turbid cloaca of *not* transcendental sensuality that shut the doors of the Académie on Théophile Gautier, but of the recognized and more mentionable sort, of which Balzac's otherwise insignificant *Les Secrets de la Princesse Cadignan* is a fair example — compared with these even Hervé's *Petit Faust* and Offenbach's *Geneviève de Brabant* are as innocent sugar-plums, fit for the nourishment of babes and sucklings. Opéra Bouffe at most offends the sense of decency. It is in itself a lively parody, if a coarse one, upon those very vices it is intended to pamper. Frivolous at best, it is and must be. It sets before us a number of impossible, but nevertheless excruciatingly life-like caricatures, whose primary essence is vice, and makes them amusing simply through their enormous viciousness. But it only makes them amusing. That the taste is not offended by the way in which it is done bespeaks a certain degree of preëxisting depravity in the spectator. But what mortal was ever excited to sympathy with their vicious caracoling? Many of the more serious dramas with which the French stage is infested, and which come thence, as from the world's dramatic reservoir, upon all other stages, seem to be written with the sole intent to make vice attractive and to excite our sympathy. "Vice cured of its deformity" ought to be their motto. In them we see beautiful, fascinating, and persecuted vice in passionate death-grips with log-headed, utterly uninteresting virtue, and when in the fifth act virtue has her traditional triumph and beams upon the audience in stupid felicity, while poor vice is writhing under her heel, it must be the spontaneous impulse of a large part of the audience chivalrously to lift poor vice on their gallant shoulders and rush headlong down to perdition as a mark of their sympathy with her sufferings. Little space remains for us to notice the many other excellent things in Ambros' book. A chapter on J. R. Zumsteeg, the ballad composer, is extremely interesting, and ought to help in making Zumsteeg more generally known than he is. The chapter on "Musical Restoring and Retouching" is a vigorous discussion of a much-vexed question.

— A curious little bit of piano-forte music entitled *A Relic*,[1] and purporting to have been composed by Mozart, is published by

[1] *A Relic*. Fantasia impromptu. By Mozart. Edited by Adolphe Maas. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

Wolfram's Invocation. Romance from Richard Wagner's opera Tannhäuser, arranged for the piano-forte by Franz Liszt. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

George Willig & Co., Baltimore. The story runs that Mozart improvised the piece while stopping at a lady's house in the country, and that his hostess, being of a tenacious memory, remembered the music, although it was never written down. The little air was handed down as a sort of heir-loom from generation to generation in the family, until an English-woman of equally tenacious memory learned it by heart and afterwards imparted it to the present editor. There is just enough of Mozart in the innocent little undulating theme to give those who feel themselves disposed an excuse for believing that it has not lost quite all its identity by friction against two or three generations of amateurs. The same publishers send us a reprint of Liszt's transcription of the Evening Star Song from *Tannhäuser*. The transcription is masterly, but we are sorry to see any editions of pianoforte music with the old "English" fingering, which ought by this time to be wholly abandoned.

H. Lichner's *Devotion* is a simple, smoothly enough written bit of harmony, rather above the general average of such things, and far superior to an *Album Leaf* by Zeckwer, which, though more pretentiously written and, indeed, quite sonorously put upon the instrument, is sadly wanting in coherence. A *Nocturne* in A flat by the same composer is well written for the pianoforte, and is open to no graver charge than that of sentimental vapidity.

Stars the Night Adorning, a serenade written by J. B. Wekerlin to the words beginning, —

"À quoi bon entendre
Les oiseaux des bois?
L'oiseau le plus tendre
Chante dans ta voix,"

from Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, is one of the very smoothest and most singable things of its kind that we have seen for some time. It would only take some competent singer, high in the good graces of the public, to make this song quite as popular as Paladilhe's Mandolinata.

EDUCATION.

It would be a boon to society if facts and statistics could be presented on the subject of the higher education of women, instead of the mass of theoretical assumptions now showered upon the reading public in regard to this question. There are, however, no data sufficiently comprehensive from which conclusions can be drawn. The local examinations in England appear at first sight a probable source of information in regard to the capabilities of women for pursuing, profitably, courses of scientific study. We learn from these examinations that women appear to be less competent in the sciences than in the languages. Yet when we consider that good teaching in elementary science is as rare in England as in our own country, we are forced to doubt any conclusions that may be drawn at present from these examinations. The summer courses of instruction in Harvard College in 1873 were attended by women, sixteen in all, of which number thirteen took the course in botany, three that in chemistry, and none that of physics. We learn from the second annual report of the Woman's Education Association of Boston, 1873-1874, that their aid was asked by Dr. Samuel Eliot to forward a plan for the advanced instruction in chemistry of a class of young women. "The money was subscribed by members of the association, and the class was formed in February, 1873, under the supervision of Professor Crafts, of the School of Technology. It consisted of sixteen young women, who, with perhaps two exceptions, were rather over than under twenty-two years of age.

"Fully half of them were actually engaged in teaching at the same time; but, nevertheless, two afternoons a week were regularly given to the study of qualitative analysis for about five months."

The instructors reported very gratifying results at the final examinations.

Here our facts desert us, and only theories

Devotion. By H. Lichner. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

Album Leaf and *Nocturne* for piano-forte. By Richard Zeckwer. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

Stars the Night Adorning. Serenade from Victor Hugo's Ruy Blas. English words by Mrs. N. Macfarren. Music by J. B. Wekerlin. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

for and against a higher education in science remain. There is no doubt that questions relating to the higher education of women will not sleep, and the agitation of the subject will doubtless result in a certain reform. The views of those who have had a scientific training, the estimation of its effects from their standpoint, and of the means best qualified to improve the elementary education in science, have more or less value in the absence of statistics.

There is, at the present moment, an increasing enthusiasm for science in America. Leading publishers have large orders for science primers, science series, and popular expositions of scientific truths. The scientific branches of learning in our colleges are daily receiving more and more attention. The principal instrument makers abroad receive large orders from Americans. Browning, the optician in London, told the writer that his American orders exceeded those from any other nation. The brilliant achievements of science have much to do with this enthusiasm. The instantaneous communication opened between the Old and New World by cables beneath the ocean; the improvements in mechanical science; tunnels driven speedily beneath miles of mountains; railroads laid across continents; new engines that, fed with iron, produce, automatically, refined products; multiform electro-magnetic engines that change motion into light and bid fair to light steamships on their dark and perilous way across the ocean; the discoveries in regard to the phenomena daily taking place on the sun's surface; the facts in regard to the correlation and conservation of forces: all appeal to the utilitarian imagination of a new people. That much of this popular enthusiasm is the result of a prevailing fashion is undoubtedly true. This fashion in due time will recognize the well-established claims of the old curriculum of study; and the advocates of a purely linguistic training will see much to admire in the new education.

It is very natural that women should desire to know more of the sciences which are attracting such universal attention by the brilliancy of their applications. At the lectures delivered by Tyndall in our great cities during the winter of 1872, ladies young and old could be seen with note-books in their hands, industriously jotting down facts in regard to the polarization of light. The more learned of the male sex could not but smile, for the subject-matter of the brilliant lecturer, after the flash of splendid experiments had disappeared, was often enveloped in mathematical gloom even to them. There was strong evidence of a desire for knowledge, however, which could not be smiled down. This desire is further exemplified by the full attendance of women at free courses of laboratory instruction wherever they are opened. In a family of boys and girls there is generally one sister who looks with envy on the course open to her brothers at college. She listens with eagerness to their stories; she is infected by their enthusiasm, and sets resolutely and blindly at work to pursue a plan of study comprehensive enough for a life-time. A fixed number of pages must be read every day in Tytler's Universal History, Buckle's History of Civilization, Tyndall's Heat as a Mode of Motion, Roscoe's Elements of Chemistry. And a paper mark is moved forward, conscientiously, by the same amount each day, with a feeling of exultation. Such desires grow by repression, and nothing short of a wide extension of scientific studies will enable the doctrine of natural selection to add its facts to corroborate or refute the opponents of a severe scientific training for women.

Every thinking American, as he grows older, is conscious in a dim way that his education at home was defective; he is brought in contact, it may be, with an intelligent German, who tells him of the early training given him by parents in scientific and artistic studies. He looks back and recalls nothing of the kind in his own education. The bustling life of American men will not allow them to direct, except in rare cases, the home education of their children. If a son manifests a taste for catching butterflies, it is true, the father will generally be indulgent and allow him to follow his bent; if the child is fond of engines or of electrical machines, he is allowed to sacrifice valuable time to the detriment of a solid foundation. The mother who does not know the value of scientific training, or the requirements for the successful prosecution of scientific studies, cannot influence the son, who frequently finds that his early desire to become a naturalist, an artist, or a chemist, has led him to a wrong choice of a profession, in which he cannot compete with men who have been properly trained, and cannot recede from because he is too old to begin a new course of study for another profession. There is no doubt that intelligent home instruction and home direction, so to speak, of the

mind of a child, is of more value than all that is learned in the lower grade of public schools. The mother, then, can exercise a great influence if she knows the value of economical and scientific processes of education.

To the question, "What were the various mistakes of my life due to?" most men and women will answer, if they have considered the subject, "To deficiency in judgment; to a want of concentration of effort; to an ignorance of the economy of nature and of the doctrine of the conservation of force." Most men, as well as women, are perplexed by the question, "How much weight shall I give to this or that consideration, or in mathematical language, what will be the probable error of my results?"

Having lately had charge of a physical laboratory, the writer has been struck by the effect of scientific methods of work upon certain types of students. A young man with an undue excess of imagination, and with an extensive acquaintance with books, enters the laboratory and takes his place at the laboratory table with apparatus before him. He has read about the subject of physics all his school life, it may be; and he is now told to perform an experiment. Face to face with the thing itself, he stands aghast. He realizes in a dim way that life and the actual duties of a profession will confront him as this battery or that spectroscope now does. He finds that all his knowledge on the subject before him is of no practical value, simply because it is not definite. In that moment he learns, or is firmly impressed with, the value of definite ideas; and a feeling arises that perhaps his knowledge of other things, out of the domain of physics, may fail him when he comes to the point of applying it.

He can readily be pardoned, however, for a want of technical knowledge — how this screw or that slide may affect his instrument. He goes more confidently to work, and at last brings forth a result which he characterizes as "about right." He is very much dejected when he is informed that no margin is allowable, and that results which are not exact are useless. He goes away much dispirited by his day's experience; his observations are useless because they have been taken at random, without method; and he relapses with a sigh of relief into studies which allow his imagination free play, and in which he is not bound by rigid, inexorable limits. His next essay may be more successful; but it will require weeks and months of patient labor to overcome slovenly habits of thought. Let us stand at his table after experience has had its more or less perfect work. He is told to perform a certain experiment which will test the truth or falsity of a law. His questions are to the point; he sees what is necessary to accomplish his object, and his manner of handling his instruments shows that, having grasped the salient points of the idea, he has the power of working it out. He has got an insight into a new manner of using his mind, substantially different from that which he has used in the study of the languages.

Waiving the question of physical disabilities, which have been perhaps too strongly insisted upon as a bar to improvement, the education of women is more defective in the cultivation of definite ideas, and in the training of the judgment, than that of men. They have studied chemistry and physics at school, and perhaps remember one or two experiments with Leyden jars and with philosophers' wool, and do not know whether the furnace at home is a Fahrenheit or a Centigrade. Their romantic sensibilities have been cultivated by a purely literary training to almost a morbid pitch. Yet in the administration of the household, questions involving a certain amount of scientific knowledge and a scientific habit of judgment are of constant occurrence — questions of ventilation, of humidity and temperature, of the proper distribution of light and of color; and of economic processes. The ever-increasing attention paid by women to drawing and painting suggests strongly the need of scientific judgment. At the very outset they often receive instruction which is radically unscientific. Hours are spent in fine work, in stippling, without any exercise of the judgment to determine what should be the proper method of work. Instruction in art is supposed by many to be radically different from that in other subjects. A certain reliance is placed upon indefinite and mystical feelings. Yet the same methods which are of value in scientific investigation are here also especially applicable. In no pursuit can there be found a more blind obedience to wrong methods than in the study of drawing. Judgment seems to be thrown aside. Contrast the darkness of mind prevailing in the mind of a feminine art student at the end even of a long course of instruction, in regard to the economy of processes, with the clearness of aim of a student in science.

"At one time we have to study the errors of our instruments, with a view to their diminution, or, where they cannot be removed, to compass their detrimental influence; while at other times we have to watch for the moment when an organism presents itself under circumstances most favorable for research. Again, in the course of our investigation we learn for the first time of possible errors which vitiate the result, or perhaps merely raise a suspicion that it may be vitiated, and we find ourselves compelled to begin the work anew, till every shadow of doubt is removed. And it is only when the observer takes such a grip of the subject, so fixes all his thoughts and all his interests upon it, that he cannot separate himself from it for weeks, for months, even for years, cannot force himself away from it, in short, till he has mastered every detail, and feels assured of all those results which must come in time, that a perfect and valuable piece of work is done." [1]

It will perhaps be readily granted that a knowledge of botany, zoölogy, and physiology is greatly to be desired in young ladies; nor do they need to be incited to a study of the first two sciences. A natural love for flowers is implanted in their nature. A visit to the sea-shore easily excites in their minds curiosity in regard to star-fishes, sea-anemones, and other inhabitants of the sea-floor. In most cases the love for the thing itself is greater than the desire to know its species. The curious appearance of the sea-urchin excites more interest than the homology between it and the star-fish. The love of nature for its own sake is greatly to be desired; the ability to refer a plant at sight to its order and genus does not increase, necessarily, our love for flowers; but a more intimate acquaintance with the relationship between plants must increase our interest in them. The fact that most women, if they study botany or zoölogy, rarely advance to the point of observing homologies, and of using their powers of analysis and judgment, speaks volumes in favor of a more intelligent scientific training. The fruit of their education in these sciences has been mainly a stock of names. That the powers of observation have been quickened even by collecting specimens is not to be denied. A woman in whom this taste is implanted will the more readily direct the attention of her children to natural objects, and thus give them the means of passing many a fascinating and profitable hour in the fields and at the sea-shore. Education of the judgment does not result from the study of natural history as it is now pursued in young ladies' schools. It may be because the teachers themselves have not been brought face to face with the things concerning which they teach.

The science of chemistry in its earlier steps is also attractive to many women. Their powers of observation are quickened, and certain instincts and fondness for delicate processes are gratified to a greater or less extent by their study of this science. In the short time during which the majority of women receive their preliminary education, the study of the natural sciences and chemistry can be said to exercise the powers of observation more than literary studies. If a severe training of the reflective powers of the mind is to be sought in the minimum amount of time, — and it is not yet proved that this concentrated rigid training would be desirable, — the subjects of natural history and chemistry, in so far as they are and can be pursued by young ladies, do not afford it. The subject of physics, embracing light, heat, electricity, and the conservation of force, certainly calls into play the maximum amount of reflection in the minimum of time. This is shown by the greater need of mathematical knowledge at the outset. Theoretically it would appear that the study of physics, except in a descriptive way, in which respect it possesses no advantage over chemistry in the power of training the reflective faculties, would be undesirable, if "*Delectando pariterque monendo*" is the spirit, alone, of our scientific education of women. Does our scientific education as it is now opened, and as it is now pursued by women, do more than cultivate the powers of observation, — powers with which women are liberally endowed by nature? The establishment of local examinations for women by Harvard University makes it obligatory, to a certain extent, upon those establishing the tests, to decide upon a proper course of study in the preparatory schools. The teachers of the high and normal schools assert that their courses of instruction cannot bear any increase in the direction of a particular study. The time allotted is already too short for the proper prosecution of the studies pursued in it. Natural philosophy has an equal chance with chemistry, and both receive a fair amount of attention. In many of the high schools there are recitations in these subjects every day. In some

1 Helmholtz, *Opening address at the Naturforscher Versammlung in Innspruck in* 1869.

schools there are even practical exercises in small chemical laboratories. How can more be required? One is tempted to criticise, at first, the text-books in science and the manner of using them. Most treatises on physics are filled with description of pieces of apparatus which the student never sees or has the opportunity of using. The recitations are conducted on the principle of cramming with uncorrelated facts. The result of the use of such text-books, illustrated by such teaching, is to create a disgust in the minds of the pupils. Their time might have been better employed upon history, political economy, or sociology; for in these subjects the mind is certainly led to reflect and to notice a logical order of events. Must we then wait for a new text-book? The truth is, no text-book in physics can ever be written which shall cover the ground. Competent instructors are needed. The aim of scientific teaching in schools should be to simplify, to interest, and to present in a logical order, not a multitude of isolated facts, but a few from which broad deductions result. The student should be led to rediscover, by well-directed habits of thought, facts already known to exist in the literature of the subject. Experimental lectures should be given; and, above all, opportunities should be presented to earnest students, of handling the instruments and repeating the experiments themselves. The elective system should be introduced even in high schools, so far as to offer an advanced course to those young ladies who are fitted to receive higher instruction in science. Even in such higher instruction, technical instruction and the mere accumulation of facts should be avoided. In chemistry Eliot and Storer's manual leaves little to be desired. In physics the most available books are Faraday's Lectures to Children, Balfour Stewart's Elementary Physics, Tyndall's Heat as a Mode of Motion, Helmholtz' Popular Lectures, Pickering's Physical Manipulations.

In regard to the practical use of instruments, it will be urged that this is impossible in large schools, where the numbers of pupils form an insuperable bar. We can only answer that one experiment thoroughly performed by a student would teach him more than weeks of instruction in the class room; and the apparatus needed may be of the simplest character. In view of this great good, thus obtainable, the time certainly could be set apart some time during the week for a practical exercise by each capable young lady. In order to obtain the best results, teachers who have a living interest in the science which they teach are needed. It is probable that the examinations offered by Harvard University will be attended by two classes of women: one class comprising those who intend to become teachers or are teachers; and the other including those young ladies who have a strong desire for a university education. For these applicants, in our opinion, there should be experimental lectures, — lectures on methods of study in science and laboratory practice. The ways and means for affording instruction to women in laboratories are not yet apparent; yet the obstacles are not insuperable. Scientific education for women would therefore seem to be brought about most speedily by the higher education, in true scientific methods, of those women who have a strong desire to elevate the standard of education of their own sex.

Sanguine spirits can hope to see women occupied in original investigations, when a proper scientific training shall have been added to their alleged superior quickness of mind. Long-continued observations are much needed at the present time on many phenomena, such as periodical changes of temperature, of humidity, observations on atmospheric electricity, on the growth and behavior of plants. Many of the observations can be conducted as easily by women as by men. Men occupied with original work in science are comparatively rare in our community. There are very few who are willing to devote their lives to an idea, and live as workers do in Germany in comparative poverty and seclusion, occupied in investigations. Cannot the vacuity of many feminine lives be filled by the prosecution of some scientific work, to the advantage of science and society?

"Dress Reform." — A great deal of earnest effort is made every year by well-meaning women to secure certain reforms which will do away with some of the annoyances and absurdities of the average female dress. The arguments which are made are unanswerable. Everybody of both sexes is fully convinced that the ladies have borne with the tyranny of fashion at least two hundred years too long, and that now is the time, in this enlightened age and nation, to break the bonds and set the prisoners free. Yet, when the female Moses, so to say, appears, she finds no disciples, and she goes through the streets, like the unhappy Dr. Walker, snubbed by the women, derided by the men, and with no followers but the street Arabs, a martyr to the cause of reform. The women look in disgust at the dress made upon scientific principles for comfort and use, and straightway add another story to the panier, an additional length to the skirts, a new wrinkle to the redingote, or whatever may be its name, and proceed to sweep the dirty streets with more resolution and resignation than ever before. . . . . .

"The reform which will be most acceptable to the young man of moderate income who pines for the luxury of a wife, will be the adoption of more serviceable and less expensive materials. The reformers who expect to achieve success will begin here rather than in attempts to wear the pantaloons in a lady-like manner."

The above is taken from one of our leading Daily Papers, and is, we believe, from the pen of a gifted contributor to the "Atlantic."

We are surprised, however, that a writer, with such a store of general information, should not have added some practical suggestions, and told us that "the more serviceable and less expensive materials" which are needed by the dress reformers, already exist in the *American Silks made by Cheney Brothers*, which are everything that can be desired. So the young man with a moderate income, who pines for the luxury of a wife, need pine no longer.

True Political Economy points to the securing of a maximum of results from a minimum of toil. In whatever aspect you study the question of sewing machines, this maxim of political economy places you in front of the "Willcox & Gibbs" machine with one foot on the treadle.

The close of the thirty-third volume of the Atlantic Monthly gives an opportunity for a summary of its contents. It certainly has been a volume of unusual variety and interest. The series of articles on Evolution was cut short by the death of the author, but the first, which was prepared by Mr. Agassiz with extraordinary care — he had five or six successive proofs, so great was his anxiety that it should exactly define his position on the question treated — remains his last word on science. The reminiscences of Mr. Whittier, so pleasantly begun in his notices of the Anti-slavery Convention of 1833, were interrupted by his ill-health, but will probably be resumed at some time during the year. The two serial stories completed in June, Mr. Aldrich's Prudence Palfrey, and Mr. Baker's Mose Evans, have been as thoroughly characteristic of their authors as they have been acceptable to all readers, and diverse in scene, incident, and material. Mr. Robert Dale Owen has contributed two of his most delightful chapters of autobiography. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has charmed all lovers of gentle and refined humor by his travels to and from Baddeck. Mr. Henry James, Jr., is represented by three articles, a capital romance and two admirable studies of Italian cities. The financial papers, by Hon. D. A. Wells, are as entertaining as they are valuable. Mr. P. Deming's stories have been widely copied, as they deserved. John's Trial is simply a masterpiece in its way. It may interest many readers to know that the story of Backwood's Life in Canada is from first to last a veritable experience. Owen Brown's Escape from Harper's Ferry, by Ralph Keeler, is on all accounts one of the most remarkable contributions ever printed.

In the volume there are thirty prose papers, besides the serials and the articles mentioned, by the best writers of the country, and thirty poems by Lowell, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Trowbridge, Mrs. Thaxter, Stedman, Lucy Larcom, Miss Phelps, Cranch, Whittier, and others. To dwell upon no others, Mr. Lowell's elegy on Agassiz takes its place at once among the greatest poems of the kind in the language.

A new editorial department, on Education, has been received with great favor. The criticisms of Music and Art (the latter both in New York and Boston) have been full, thoroughly considered, and impartial. Some seventy-five books have been reviewed, including nearly all the leading works in recent American, French, and German literature.

The ATLANTIC, while losing nothing of its old distinctive character as a representative of the New England literary world, has vastly broadened its phylacteries, and is now, in the scope of its topics, the liberality of its sympathies, and the geographical distribution of its contributors, the most national periodical in the country. Besides the well known Boston and New York names, and the famous names throughout the East, those of the new writers who are making their mark in its pages, attest not only the fact that THE ATLANTIC welcomes talent from every quarter, but that the literary faculty belongs to no section. Taking these names *seriatim:* Mr. Nadal is a Virginian by birth, and now a New York journalist; Miss Lucy and Miss Clara Guernsey are of Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Lathrop, now of Cambridge, and Mr. Coan, now of New York, are natives of the Sandwich Islands; Mr. Deming is a lawyer of Albany, Mr. Bone is a journalist of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. W. L. Fawcette a Chicago editor;

Mr. Eggleston is a native of Indiana, brought up in Virginia, and now living in New York; Mr. Harney, now of Florida, is a Kentuckian; Mr. James Maurice Thompson, is a Georgian, now practicing law in Crawfordsville, Indiana; Miss Bushnell is a daughter of Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford; Mr. A. L. Carlton is a young lawyer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Miss Ellen Frances Terry and Miss C. F. Woolson are of Cleveland, though now sojourning in the South; Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose poem "Fancies" shows such an uncommon sense of words and colors, and such close and imaginative observation, is of Port Chester, N. Y.

The first chapter of Mr. Howells' new story, "A Foregone Conclusion," will be begun in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July. The scene of the story is laid chiefly in Venice, while the characters are mainly Americans; thus the author will be able to use a background familiar to him and of romantic interest, against which to paint characters that in their nationality will be familiar to his readers. A story of Italian life by an American might be remote from general interest, but a story of American life in Italy can hardly fail to present most excellent opportunities to the novelist, especially to one like Mr. Howells, who has sketched Venetian life so delightfully, and has introduced such real people to us as the characters in "Their Wedding Journey," and "A Chance Acquaintance."

Hurd and Houghton, New York; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, announce for early publication "A Practical Treatise on the American Law of Mortgages of Real Property and of Liens thereon," by Leonard A. Jones. The importance of the work will be conceded when it is considered what changes have taken place in the law of the subject, of late years, and especially how much law there is in late reports on the subject of Powers of Sale, a matter of consequence, since within a comparatively recent period almost all mortgages have come to be made with powers of sale, and there is very little of all this to be found in any text or reference book. The treatise will be one of practical value in every part of the United States.

One of the most noticeable of the minor excellences in Mr. Gilman's "First Steps in General History," just ready by Hurd and Houghton, New York; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, is the reference made to books that will further inform the reader. Every little while one finds a foot-note referring not so much to authorities for statements in the text, as to illustrative books, like Shakespeare's plays, Scott's novels, or books recounting particular periods of history. In addition to these there is a suggestive bibliography at the close of the volume, giving the names of books that may be consulted in each division of the history. This will be helpful both to teacher and scholar. We like the author's reference to books which are not generally considered histories, for a reader who knows a period only by disjointed facts has missed the truthfulness of the picture, and that will be supplied by the romance of Walter Scott, the moral lives of Plutarch, or the character sketches of Shakespeare. The book becomes thus not only a text-book, but a guide to historical reading, and an enticement to ready scholars.

"A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" is the modest title of a hand-book first issued by Hurd and Houghton, New York: The Riverside Press, Cambridge, in the spring of 1872. The book was enlarged last year, and has been still further improved the present season. It is, as its sub-title declares, a compact itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria, and Italy. It differs from other guide-books in describing one continuous route, arranged to take in the maximum of what is best worth seeing, with the minimum of travel. Indeed, its excellence is discovered in what it does not contain, as well as in what it does. It does not bewilder the reader by a great variety of expensive routes of inferior interest, nor does it give valuable space to the propagation of twaddle. The poetry which it quotes could all be got into a page of the book. It is a book moreover for the tourist who is not ashamed to travel economically, and it assumes him to be a person of self-respect and intelligence. We mention some of the points in which the book may claim special value.

1. *Its introductory hints.* These thirty pages are full of brief suggestions for the tourist in making his preparations for the journey; his travelling *impedimenta*, the books to consult, the provision for money, the various steamship lines, etc. 2. *Its method.* It leads the traveller by an intelligible route, carefully chosen, to bring in the most notable sights that one would wish to see, in a trip of a few weeks' duration. 3. *Its exact information.* Like Baedeker's books, this is scientific in its arrangement of distances, prices, hotels, modes of conveyance, and constantly gives the traveller useful hints, saving time, money, and vexation. 4. *The traveller's calendar.* An entirely new feature, giving the time and place of ecclesiastical and popular festivals, pilgrimages, fairs, etc. Many a traveller has just missed a most interesting local celebration for lack of this useful guide. 5. *Eminent preachers.* A list of the most noted preachers in Edinburgh and London, with the places of service. 6. *Maps*, occupying two pages each, not flapping out from the book, nor tucked into pockets, but handy for reference and free from needless details. The book is stoutly bound in red leather, and the experience of travellers who have used it thus far is most heartily in its favor. It is unquestionably the most satisfactory, cheap, and thorough guide to be found either at home or abroad.

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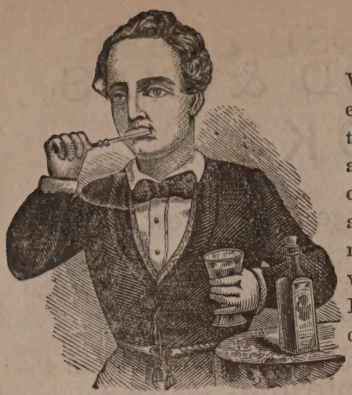

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